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VOL. VI.

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Drawn by W. J. Hennessy.

"AND SHE TORE THE LETTER TWICE ACROSS, AND THREW THE SCRAPS INTO THE SEA."—Page 20.

THE GALAXY.

VOL. VI. — JULY, 1868. — No. 1.

OSBORNE'S REVENGE.

I.

PHILIP OSBORNE and Robert Graham were intimate friends. The latter had been spending the summer at certain medicinal springs in New York, the use of which had been recommended by his physician. Osborne, on the other hand—a lawyer by profession, and with a rapidly increasing practice—had been confined to the city, and had suffered June and July to pass, not unheeded, heaven knows, but utterly unhonored. Toward the middle of July he began to feel uneasy at not hearing from his friend, habitually the best of correspondents. Graham had a charming literary talent, and plenty of leisure, being without a family, and without business. Osborne wrote to him, asking the reason of his silence, and demanding an immediate reply. He received in the course of a few days the following letter:

DEAR PHILIP: I am, as you conjectured, not well. These infernal waters have done me no good. On the contrary—they have poisoned me. They have poisoned my life, and I wish to God I had never come to them. Do you remember the *White Lady* in *The Monastery*, who used to appear to the hero at the spring? There is such a one here, at this spring—which you know tastes of sulphur. Judge of the quality of the young woman. She has charmed me, and I can't get away. But I mean to try again. Don't think I'm cracked, but expect me next week. Yours always, R. G.

The day after he received this letter, Osborne met, at the house of a female friend detained in town by the illness of one of her children, a lady who had just come from the region in which Graham had fixed himself. This lady, Mrs. Dodd by name, and a widow, had seen a great deal of the young man, and she drew a very long face and threw great expression into her eyes as she spoke of him. Seeing that she was inclined to be confidential, Osborne made it possible that she should converse with him privately. She assured him, behind her fan, that his friend was dying of a broken heart. Something should be done. The story was briefly this. Graham had made the acquaintance, in the early part of the summer, of a young lady, a certain Miss Congreve, who was living in the neighborhood with a married sister. She was not pretty, but she was clever, graceful, and pleasing, and Graham had immediately fallen in love with her.

She had encouraged his addresses, to the knowledge of all their friends, and at the end of a month—heart-histories are very rapid at the smaller watering places—their engagement, although not announced, was hourly expected. But at this moment a stranger had effected an entrance into the little society of which Miss Congreve was one of the most brilliant ornaments—a Mr. Holland, out of the West—a man of Graham's age, but better favored in person. Heedless of the circumstance that her affections were notoriously preoccupied, he had immediately begun to be attentive to the young girl. Equally reckless of the same circumstance, Henrietta Congreve had been all smiles—all seduction. In the course of a week, in fact, she had deliberately transferred her favors from the old love to the new. Graham had been turned out into the cold; she had ceased to look at him, to speak to him, to think of him. He nevertheless remained at the springs, as if he found a sort of fascination in the sense of his injury, and in seeing Miss Congreve and Holland together. Besides, he doubtless wished people to fancy that, for good reasons, he had withdrawn his suit, and it was therefore not for him to hide himself. He was proud, reserved, and silent, but his friends had no difficulty in seeing that his pain was intense, and that his wound was almost mortal. Mrs. Dodd declared that unless he was diverted from his sorrow, and removed from contact with the various scenes and objects which reminded him of his unhappy passion—and above all, deprived of the daily chance of meeting Miss Congreve—she would not answer for his sanity.

Osborne made all possible allowance for exaggeration. A woman, he reflected, likes so to round off her story—especially if it is a dismal one. Nevertheless he felt very anxious, and he forthwith wrote his friend a long letter, asking him to what extent Mrs. Dodd's little romance was true, and urging him to come immediately to town, where, if it was substantially true, he might look for diversion. Graham answered by arriving in person. At first, Osborne was decidedly relieved. His friend looked better and stronger than he had looked for months. But on coming to talk with him, he found him morally, at least, a sad invalid. He was listless, abstracted, and utterly inactive in mind. Osborne observed with regret that he made no response to his attempts at interrogation and to his proffered sympathy. Osborne had by nature no great respect for sentimental woes. He was not a man to lighten his tread because his neighbor below stairs was laid up with a broken heart. But he saw that it would never do to poke fun at poor Graham, and that he was quite proof against the contagion of gayety. Graham begged him not to think him morbid or indifferent to his kindness, and to allow him not to speak of his trouble until it was over. He had resolved to forget it. When he had forgotten it—as one forgets such things—when he had contrived to push the further end of it at least into the past—then he would tell him all about it. For the present he must occupy his thoughts with something else. It was hard to decide what to do. It was hard to travel without an aim. Yet the intolerable heat made it impossible that he should stay in New York. He might go to Newport.

"A moment," said Osborne. "Has Miss Congreve gone to Newport?"

"Not that I know of."

"Does she intend to go?"

Graham was silent. "Good heavens!" he cried, at last, "forbid it then! All I want is to have it forbidden. *I* can't forbid it.. Did you ever see a human creature so degraded?" he added, with a ghastly smile. "Where *shall* I go?"

Philip went to his table and began to overhaul a mass of papers fastened

with red tape. He selected several of these documents and placed them apart. Then turning to his friend, "You're to go out to Minnesota," he said, "looking him in the eyes. The proposal was a grave one, and gravely as it was meant, Osborne would have been glad to have Graham offer some resistance. But he sat looking at him with a solemn stare which (in the light of subsequent events) cast a lugubrious shade over the whole transaction. "The deuce!" thought Osborne. "Has it made him stupid?—What you need," he said aloud, "is to have something else to think about. An idle man can't expect to get over such troubles. I have some business to be done at St. Paul, and I know that if you'll give your attention to it, you're as well able to do it as any man. It's a simple matter, but it needs a trustworthy person. So I shall depend upon you."

Graham came and took up the papers and looked over them mechanically.

"Never mind them now," said Osborne; "its past midnight; you must go to bed. To-morrow morning I'll put you *au fait*, and the day after, if you like, you can start."

The next morning Graham seemed to have recovered a considerable portion of his old cheerfulness. He talked about indifferent matters, laughed, and seemed for a couple of hours to have forgotten Miss Congreve. Osborne began to doubt that the journey was necessary, and he was glad to be able to think, afterwards, that he had expressed his doubts, and that his friend had strongly combatted them and insisted upon having the affair explained to him. He mastered it, to Osborne's satisfaction, and started across the continent.

During the ensuing week Philip was so pressed with business that he had very little time to think of the success of Graham's mission. Within the fortnight he received the following letter:

DEAR PHILIP: Here I am, safe, but anything but sound. I don't know what to think of it, but I have completely forgotten the terms of my embassy. I can't for my life remember what I'm to do or say, and neither the papers nor your notes assist me a whit. 12th.—I wrote so much yesterday and then went out to take a walk and collect my thoughts. I *have* collected them, once for all. Do you understand, dearest Philip? Don't call me insane, or impious, or anything that merely expresses your own impatience and intolerance, without throwing a ray of light on the state of my own mind. He only can understand it who has felt it, and he who has felt it can do but as I do. Life has lost, I don't say its charm—that I could willingly dispense with—but its meaning. I shall live in your memory and your love, which is a vast deal better than living in my own self-contempt. Farewell. R. G.

Osborne learned the circumstances of his friend's death three days later, through his correspondent at St. Paul—the person to whom Graham had been addressed. The unhappy young man had shot himself through the head in his room at the hotel. He had left money, and written directions for the disposal of his remains—directions which were, of course, observed. As Graham possessed no near relative, the effect of his death was confined to a narrow circle; to the circle, I may say, of Philip Osborne's capacious personality. The two young men had been united by an almost passionate friendship. Now that Graham had ceased to be, Osborne became sensible of the strength of this bond; he felt that he cared more for it than for any human tie. They had known each other ten years, and their intimacy had grown with their growth during the most active period of their lives. It had been strengthened within and without by the common enjoyment of so many pleasures, the experience of so many hazards, the exchange of so much advice, so much confidence, and so many pledges of mutual

interest, that each had grown to regard it as the single absolute certainty in life, the one fixed fact in a shifting world. As constantly happens with intimate friends, the two were perfectly diverse in character, tastes and appearance. Graham was three years the elder, slight, undersized, feeble in health, sensitive, indolent, whimsical, generous, and in reality of a far finer clay than his friend, as the latter, moreover, perfectly well knew. Their intimacy was often a puzzle to observers. Disinterested parties were at loss to discover how Osborne had come to set his heart upon an insignificant, lounging invalid, who, in general company, talked in monosyllables, in a weak voice, and gave himself the airs of one whom nature had endowed with the right to be fastidious, without ever having done a stroke of work. Graham's partisans, on the other hand, who were chiefly women (which, by the way, effectually relieves him from the accusation occasionally brought against him of being "effeminate") were quite unable to penetrate the motives of his interest in a commonplace, hard-working lawyer, who addressed a charming woman as if he were exhorting a jury of grocers and undertakers, and viewed the universe as one vast "case." This account of Osborne's mind and manners would have been too satirical to be wholly just, and yet it would have been excusable as an attempt to depict a figure in striking contrast with poor Graham. Osborne was in all respects a large fellow. He was six feet two in height, with a chest like a boxing-master, and a clear, brown complexion, which successfully resisted the deleterious action of a sedentary life. He was, in fact, without a particle of vanity, a particularly handsome man. His character corresponded to his person, or, as one may say, continued and completed it, and his mind kept the promise of his character. He was all of one piece—all health and breadth, capacity and energy. Graham had once told his friend somewhat brutally—for in his little, weak voice Graham said things far more brutal than Osborne, just as he said things far more fine—he had told him that he worked like a horse and loved like a dog.

Theoretically, Osborne's remedy for mental trouble was work. He redoubled his attention to his professional affairs, and strove to reconcile himself, once for all, to his loss. But he found his grief far stronger than his will, and felt that it obstinately refused to be pacified without some act of sacrifice or devotion. Osborne had an essentially kind heart and plenty of pity and charity for deserving objects; but at the bottom of his soul there lay a well of bitterness and resentment which, when his nature was strongly shaken by a sense of wrong, was sure to ferment and raise its level, and at last to swamp his conscience. These bitter waters had been stirred, and he felt that they were rising fast. His thoughts travelled back with stubborn iteration from Graham's death to the young girl who figured in the prologue to the tragedy. He felt in his breast a savage need of hating her. Osborne's friends observed in these days that he looked by no means pleasant; and if he had not been such an excellent fellow he might easily have passed for an intolerable brute. He was not softened and mellowed by suffering; he was exasperated. It seemed to him that justice cried aloud that Henrietta Congreve should be confronted with the results of her folly, and made to carry forever in her thoughts, in all the hideousness of suicide, the image of her miserable victim. Osborne was, perhaps, in error, but he was assuredly sincere; and it is strong evidence of the energy of genuine affection that this lusty intellect should have been brought, in the interest of another, to favor a scheme which it would have deemed wholly, ludicrously impotent to assuage the injured dignity of its own possessor. Osborne must have been very

fond of his friend not to have pronounced him a drivelling fool. It is true that he had always pitied him as much as he loved him, although Graham's incontestable gifts and virtues had kept this feeling in the background. Now that he was gone, pity came uppermost, and bade fair to drive him to a merciless disallowance of all claims to extenuation on the part of the accused. It was unlikely that, for a long time at least, he would listen to anything but that Graham had been foully wronged, and that the light of his life had been wantonly quenched. He found it impossible to sit down in resignation. The best that he could do, indeed, would not call Graham back to life; but he might at least discharge his gall, and have the comfort of feeling that Miss Congreve was the worse for it. He was quite unable to work. He roamed about for three days in a disconsolate, angry fashion. On the third, he called upon Mrs. Dodd, from whom he learned that Miss Congreve had gone to Newport, to stay with a second married sister. He went home and packed up a valise, and—without knowing why, feeling only that to do so was to do something, and to put himself in the way of doing more—drove down to the Newport boat.

II.

His first inquiry on his arrival, after he had looked up several of his friends and encountered a number of acquaintances, was about Miss Congreve's whereabouts and habits. He found that she was very little known. She lived with her sister, Mrs. Wilkes, and as yet had made but a single appearance in company. Mrs. Wilkes, moreover, he learned, was an invalid and led a very quiet life. He ascertained the situation of her house and gave himself the satisfaction of walking past it. It was a pretty place, on a secluded by-road, marked by various tokens of wealth and comfort. He heard, as he passed, through the closed shutters of the drawing-room window, the sound of a high, melodious voice, warbling and trilling to the accompaniment of a piano. Osborne had no soul for music, but he stopped and listened, and as he did so, he remembered Graham's passion for the charming art and fancied that these were the very accents that had lured him to his sorrow. Poor Graham! here too, as in all things, he had showed his taste. The singer discharged a magnificent volley of roulades and flourishes and became silent. Osborne, fancying he heard a movement of the lattice of the shutters, slowly walked away. A couple of days later he found himself strolling, alone and disconsolate, upon the long avenue which runs parallel to the Newport cliffs, which, as all the world knows, may be reached by five minutes' walk from any part of it. He had been on the field, now, for nearly a week, and he was no nearer his revenge. His unsatisfied desire haunted his steps and hovered in a ghostly fashion about thoughts which perpetual contact with old friends and new, and the entertaining spectacle of a heterogeneous throng of pleasure seekers and pleasure venders, might have made free and happy. Osborne was very fond of the world, and while he still clung to his resentment, he yet tacitly felt that it lurked as a skeleton at his banquet. He was fond of nature, too, and betwixt these two predilections, he grew at moments ashamed of his rancor. At all events, he felt a grateful sense of relief when as he pursued his course along this sacred way of fashion, he caught a glimpse of the deep blue expanse of the ocean, shining at the end of a cross road. He forthwith took his way down to the cliffs. At the point where the road ceased, he found an open barouche, whose occupants appeared to have wandered out of

sight. Passing this carriage, he reached a spot where the surface of the cliff communicates with the beach, by means of an abrupt footpath. This path he descended and found himself on a level with the broad expanse of sand and the rapidly rising tide. The wind was blowing fresh from the sea and the little breakers tumbling in with their multitudinous liquid clamor. In a very few moments Osborne felt a sensible exhilaration of spirits. He had not advanced many steps under the influence of this joyous feeling, when, on turning a slight projection in the cliff, he descried a sight which caused him to hasten forward. On a broad flat rock, at about a dozen yards from the shore, stood a child of some five years—a handsome boy, fair-haired and well dressed—stamping his feet and wringing his hands in an apparent agony of terror. It was easy to understand the situation. The child had ventured out on the rock while the water was still low, and had become so much absorbed in paddling with his little wooden spade among the rich marine deposits on its surface, that he had failed to observe the advance of the waves, which had now completely covered the intermediate fragments of rock and were foaming and weltering betwixt him and the shore. The poor little fellow stood screaming to the winds and waters, and quite unable to answer Osborne's shouts of interrogation and comfort. Meanwhile, the latter prepared to fetch him ashore. He saw with some disgust that the channel was too wide to warrant a leap, and yet, as the child's companions might at any moment appear, in the shape of distracted importunate women, he judged it imprudent to divest himself of any part of his apparel. He accordingly plunged in without further ado, waded forward, seized the child and finally restored him to *terra firma*. He felt him trembling in his arms like a frightened bird. He set him on his feet, soothed him, and asked him what had become of his guardians.

The boy pointed toward a rock, lying at a certain distance, close under the cliff, and Osborne, following his gesture, distinguished what seemed to be the hat and feather of a lady sitting on the further side of it.

"That's Aunt Henrietta," said the child.

"Aunt Henrietta deserves a scolding," said Osborne. "Come, we'll go and give it to her." And he took the boy's hand and led him toward his culpable relative. They walked along the beach until they came abreast of the rock, and approached the lady in front. At the sound of their feet on the stones, she raised her head. She was a young woman, seated on a boulder, with an album in her lap, apparently absorbed in the act of sketching. Seeing at a glance that something was amiss, she rose to her feet and thrust the album into her pocket. Osborne's wet trousers and the bespattered garments and discomposed physiognomy of the child revealed the nature of the calamity. She held out her arms to her little nephew. He dropped Philip's hand, and ran and threw himself on his aunt's neck. She raised him up and kissed him, and looked interrogatively at Osborne.

"I couldn't help seeing him safely in your hands," said the latter, removing his hat. "He has had a terrific adventure."

"What is it, darling?" cried the young lady, again kissing the little fellow's bloodless face.

"He came into the water after me," cried the boy. "Why did you leave me there?"

"What has happened, sir?" asked the young girl, in a somewhat peremptory tone.

"You had apparently left him on that rock, madam, with a channel betwixt him and the shore deep enough to drown him. I took the liberty of displacing him. But he's more frightened than hurt."

The young girl had a pale face and dark eyes. There was no beauty in her features; but Osborne had already perceived that they were extremely expressive and intelligent. Her face flushed a little, and her eyes flashed; the former, it seemed to Philip, with mortification at her own neglect, and the latter with irritation at the reproach conveyed in his accents. But he may have been wrong. She sat down on the rock, with the child on her knees, kissing him repeatedly and holding him with a sort of convulsive pressure. When she looked up, the flashes in her eyes had melted into a couple of tears. Seeing that Philip was a gentleman, she offered a few words of self-justification. She had kept the boy constantly within sight, and only within a few minutes had allowed her attention to be drawn away. Her apology was interrupted by the arrival of a second young woman—apparently a nursery-maid—who emerged from the concealment of the neighboring rocks, leading a little girl by the hand. Instinctively, her eyes fell upon the child's wet clothes.

"Ah! Miss Congreve," she cried, in true nursery-maid style, "what 'll Mrs. Wilkes say to that?"

"She will say that she is very thankful to this gentleman," said Miss Congreve, with decision.

Philip had been looking at the young girl as she spoke, forcibly struck by her face and manner. He detected in her appearance a peculiar union of modesty and frankness, of youthful freshness and elegant mannerism, which suggested vague possibilities of further acquaintance. He had already found it pleasant to observe her. He had been for ten days in search of a wicked girl, and it was a momentary relief to find himself suddenly face to face with a charming one. The nursery-maid's apostrophe was like an electric shock.

It is, nevertheless, to be supposed that he concealed his surprise, inasmuch as Miss Congreve gave no sign of having perceived that he was startled. She had come to a tardy sense of his personal discomfort. She besought him to make use of her carriage, which he would find on the cliff, and quickly return home. He thanked her and declined her offer, declaring that it was better policy to walk. He put out his hand to his little friend and bade him good-by. Miss Congreve liberated the child and he came and put his hand in Philip's.

"One of these days," said Osborne, "you'll have long legs, too, and then you'll not mind the water." He spoke to the boy, but he looked hard at Miss Congreve, who, perhaps, thought he was asking for some formal expression of gratitude.

"His mother," she said, "will give herself the pleasure of thanking you."

"The trouble," said Osborne, "the very unnecessary trouble. Your best plan," he added, with a smile (for, wonderful to tell, he actually smiled) "is to say nothing about it."

"If I consulted my own interests alone," said the young girl, with a gracious light in her dark eyes, "I should certainly hold my tongue. But I hope my little victim is not so ungrateful as to promise silence."

Osborne stiffened himself up; for this was more or less of a compliment. He made his bow in silence and started for home at a rapid pace. On the following day he received this note by post:

Mrs. Wilkes begs to thank Mr. Osborne most warmly for the prompt and generous

relief afforded to her little boy. She regrets that Mr. Osborne's walk should have been interrupted, and hopes that his exertions have been attended with no bad effects.

Enclosed in the note was a pocket-handkerchief, bearing Philip's name, which he remembered to have made the child take, to wipe his tears. His answer was, of course, brief.

Mr. Osborne begs to assure Mrs. Wilkes that she exaggerates the importance of the service rendered to her son, and that he has no cause to regret his very trifling efforts. He takes the liberty of presenting his compliments to Master Wilkes, and of hoping that he has recovered from his painful sensations.

The correspondence naturally went no further, and for some days no additional light was thrown upon Miss Congreve. Now that Philip had met her, face to face, and found her a commonplace young girl—a clever girl, doubtless, for she looked it, and an agreeable one—but still a mere young lady, mindful of the proprieties, with a face innocent enough, and even a trifle sad, and a couple of pretty children who called her "aunt," and whom, indeed, in a moment of enthusiastic devotion to nature and art, she left to the mercy of the waves, but whom she finally kissed and comforted and handled with all due tenderness—now that he had met Miss Congreve under these circumstances, he felt his mission sitting more lightly on his conscience. Ideally she had been repulsive; actually, she was a person whom, if he had not been committed to detest her, he would find it very pleasant to like. She had been humanized, to his view, by the mere accidents of her flesh and blood. Philip was by no means prepared to to give up his resentment. Poor Graham's ghost sat grim and upright in his memory, and fed the flickering flame. But it was something of a problem to reconcile the heroine of his vengeful longings, with the heroine of the little scene on the beach, and to accommodate this inoffensive figure, in turn, to the color of his retribution. A dozen matters conspired to keep him from coming to the point, and to put him in a comparatively good humor. He was invited to the right and the left; he lounged and bathed, and talked, and smoked, and rode, and dined out, and saw an endless succession of new faces, and in short, reduced the vestments of his outward mood to a suit of very cheerful half-mourning. And all this, moreover, without any sense of being faithless to his friend. Oddly enough, Graham had never seemed so living as now that he was dead. In the flesh, he had possessed but a half-vitality. His spirit had been exquisitely willing, but his flesh had been fatally weak. He was at best a baffled, disappointed man. It was his spirit, his affections, his sympathies and perceptions, that were warm and active, and Osborne knew that he had fallen sole heir to these. He felt his bosom swell with a wholesome sense of the magnitude of the heritage, and he was conscious with each successive day, of less desire to invoke poor Graham in dark corners, and mourn him in lonely places. By a single solemn, irrevocable aspiration, he had placed his own tough organism and his energetic will at the service of his friend's virtues. So as he found his excursion turning into a holiday, he stretched his long limbs and with the least bit of a yawn whispered *Amen.*

Within a week after his encounter with Miss Congreve, he went with a friend to witness some private theatricals, given in the house of a lady of great social repute. The entertainment consisted of two plays, the first of which was so flat and poor that when the curtain fell Philip prepared to make his escape, thinking he might easily bring the day to some less impotent conclusion. As he passed along the narrow alley between the seats and the wall of the drawing-room, he

brushed a printed programme out of a lady's hand. Stooping to pick it up, his eye fell upon the name of Miss Congreve among the performers in the second piece. He immediately retraced his steps. The overture began, the curtain rose again, and several persons appeared on the stage, arrayed in the powder and patches of the last century. Finally, amid loud acclamations, walked on Miss Congreve, as the heroine, powdered and patched in perfection. She represented a young countess—a widow in the most interesting predicament—and for all good histrionic purposes, she was irresistibly beautiful. She was dressed, painted, and equipped with great skill and in the very best taste. She looked as if she had stepped out of the frame of one of those charming full length panel portraits of the ladies in Louis XV.'s time, which they show you in French palaces. But she was not alone all grace and elegance and *finesse;* she had dignity; she was serious at moments, and severe; she frowned and commanded; and, at the proper time, she wept the most natural tears. It was plain that Miss Congreve was a true artist. Osborne had never seen better acting—never, indeed, any so good; for here was an actress who was at once a perfect young lady and a consummate mistress of dramatic effect. The audience was roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and Miss Congreve's fellow-players were left quite in the lurch. The beautiful Miss Latimer, celebrated in polite society for her face and figure, who had undertaken the second female part, was compelled for the nonce to have neither figure nor face. The play had been marked in the bills as adapted from the French "especially for this occasion;" and when the curtain fell for the last time, the audience, in great good humor, clamored for the adapter. Some time elapsed before any notice was taken of their call, which they took as a provocation of their curiosity. Finally, a gentleman made his way before the curtain, and proclaimed that the version of the piece which his associates had had the honor of performing was from the accomplished pen of the young lady who had won their applause in the character of the heroine. At this announcement, a dozen enthusiasts lifted their voices and demanded that Miss Congreve should be caused to re-appear; but the gentleman cut short their appeal by saying that she had already left the house. This was not true, as Osborne subsequently learned. Henrietta was sitting on a sofa behind the scenes, waiting for her carriage, fingering an immense bouquet, and listening with a tired smile to compliments—hard by Miss Latimer, who sat eating an ice beside her mother, the latter lady looking in a very grim fashion at that very plain, **dreadfully thin Miss Congreve.**

Osborne walked home thrilled and excited, but decidedly bewildered. He felt that he had reckoned without his host, and that Graham's fickle mistress was not a person to be snubbed and done for. He was utterly at a loss as to what to think of her. She broke men's hearts and turned their heads; whatever she put her hand to she marked with her genius. She was a coquette, a musician, an artist, an actress, an author—a prodigy. Of what stuff was she made? What had she done with her heart and her conscience? She painted her face, and frolicked among lamps and flowers to the clapping of a thousand hands, while poor Graham lay imprisoned in eternal silence. Osborne was put on his mettle. To draw a penitent tear from those deep and charming eyes was **assuredly a task for a clever man.**

The plays had been acted on a Wednesday. On the following Saturday Philip was invited to take part in a picnic, organized by Mrs. Carpenter, the lady who had conducted the plays, and who had a mania for making up parties. The

persons whom she had now enlisted were to proceed by water to a certain pastoral spot consecrated by nature to picnics, and there to have lunch upon the grass, to dance and play nursery-games. They were carried over in two large sailing boats, and during the transit Philip talked awhile with Mrs. Carpenter, whom he found a very amiable, loquacious person. At the further end of the boat in which, with his hostess, he had taken his place, he observed a young girl in a white dress, with a thick, blue veil drawn over her face. Through the veil, directed toward his own person, he perceived the steady glance of two fine dark eyes. For a moment he was at a loss to recognize their possessor; but his uncertainty was rapidly dispelled.

"I see you have Miss Congreve," he said to Mrs. Carpenter—"the actress of the other evening."

"Yes," said Mrs. Carpenter, "I persuaded her to come. She's all the fashion since Wednesday."

"Was she unwilling to come?" asked Philip.

"Yes, at first. You see she's a good, quiet girl; she hates to have a noise made about her."

"She had enough noise the other night. She has wonderful talent."

"Wonderful, wonderful. And heaven knows where she gets it. Do you know her family? The most matter-of-fact, least dramatic, least imaginative people in the world—people who are shy of the theatre on moral grounds."

"I see. They won't go to the theatre; the theatre comes to them."

"Exactly. It serves them right. Mrs. Wilkes, Henrietta's sister, was in a dreadful state about her attempting to act. But now, since Henrietta's success, she's talking about it to all the world."

When the boat came to shore, a plank was stretched from the prow to an adjacent rock for the accommodation of the ladies. Philip stood at the head of the plank, offering his hand for their assistance. Mrs. Carpenter came last, with Miss Congreve, who declined Osborne's aid but gave him a little bow, through her veil. Half an hour later Philip again found himself at the side of his hostess, and again spoke of Miss Congreve. Mrs. Carpenter warned him that she was standing close at hand, in a group of young girls.

"Have you heard," he asked, lowering his voice, "of her being engaged to be married—or of her having been?"

"No," said Mrs. Carpenter, "I've heard nothing. To whom?—stay. I've heard vaguely of something this summer at Sharon. She had a sort of flirtation with some man, whose name I forget."

"Was it Holland?"

"I think not. He left her for that very silly little Mrs. Dodd—who hasn't been a widow six months. I think the name was Graham."

Osborne broke into a peal of laughter so loud and harsh that his companion turned upon him in surprise. "Excuse me," said he. "It's false."

"You ask questions, Mr. Osborne," said Mrs. Carpenter, "but you seem to know more about Miss Congreve than I do."

"Very likely. You see I knew Robert Graham." Philip's words were uttered with such emphasis and resonance that two or three of the young girls in the adjoining group turned about and looked at him.

"She heard you," said Mrs. Carpenter.

"She didn't turn round," said Philip.

"That proves what I say. I meant to introduce you, and now I can't."

"Thank you," said Philip. "I shall introduce myself." Osborne felt in his bosom all the heat of his old resentment. This perverse and heartless girl, then, his soul cried out, not content with driving poor Graham to impious self-destruction, had caused it to be believed that he had killed himself from remorse at his own misconduct. He resolved to strike while the iron was hot. But although he was an avenger, he was still a gentleman, and he approached the young girl with a very civil face.

"If I am not mistaken," he said, removing his hat, "you have already done me the honor of recognizing me."

Miss Congreve's bow, as she left the boat, had been so obviously a sign of recognition, that Philip was amazed at the vacant smile with which she received his greeting. Something had happened in the interval to make her change her mind. Philip could think of no other motive than her having overheard his mention of Graham's name.

"I have an impression," she said, "of having met you before; but I confess that I'm unable to place you."

Osborne looked at her a moment. "I can't deny myself," he said, "the pleasure of asking about little Mr. Wilkes."

"I remember you now," said Miss Congreve, simply. "You carried my nephew out of the water."

"I hope he has got over his fright."

"He denies, I believe, that he was frightened. Of course, for my credit, I don't contradict him."

Miss Congreve's words were followed by a long pause, by which she seemed in no degree embarrassed. Philip was confounded by her apparent self-possession—to call it by no worse name. Considering that she had Graham's death on her conscience, and that, hearing his name on Osborne's lips, she must have perceived the latter to be identical with that dear friend of whom Graham must often have spoken, she was certainly showing a very brave face. But had she indeed heard of Graham's death? For a moment Osborne gave her the benefit of the doubt. He felt that he would take a grim satisfaction in being bearer of the tidings. In order to confer due honor on the disclosure, he saw that it was needful to detach the young girl from her companions. As, therefore, the latter at this moment began to disperse in clusters and couples along the shore, he proposed that they should stroll further a-field. Miss Congreve looked about at the other young girls as if to call one of them to her side, but none of them seemed available. So she slowly moved forward under Philip's guidance, with a half-suppressed look of reluctance. Philip began by paying her a very substantial compliment upon her acting. It was a most inconsequential speech, in the actual state of his feelings, but he couldn't help it. She was perhaps as wicked a girl as you shall easily meet, but her acting was perfect. Having paid this little tribute to equity, he broke ground for Graham.

"I don't feel, Miss Congreve," he said, "as if you were a new acquaintance. I have heard you a great deal talked about." This was not literally true, the reader will remember. All Philip's information had been acquired in his half hour with Mrs. Dodd.

"By whom, pray?" asked Henrietta.

"By Robert Graham."

"Ah, yes. I was half prepared to hear you speak of him. I remember hearing him speak of a person of your name."

Philip was puzzled. Did she know, or not? "I believe you knew him quite well yourself," he said, somewhat peremptorily.

"As well as he would let me—I doubt if any one knew him well."

"So you've heard of his death," said Philip.

"Yes, from himself."

"How, from himself?"

"He wrote me a letter, in his last hours, leaving his approaching end to be inferred, rather than positively announcing it. I wrote an answer, with the request that if my letter was not immediately called for, it should be returned by the post office. It was returned within a week.—And now, Mr. Osborne," the young girl added, "let me make a request."

Philip bowed.

"I shall feel particularly obliged if you will say no more about Mr. Graham."

This was a stroke for which Osborne was not prepared. It had at least the merit of directness. Osborne looked at his companion. There was a faint flush in her cheeks, and a serious light in her eyes. There was plainly no want of energy in her wish. He felt that he must suspend operations and make his approach from another quarter. But it was some moments before he could bring himself to accede to her request. She looked at him, expecting an answer, and he felt her dark eyes on his face.

"Just as you please," he said, at last, mechanically.

They walked along for some moments in silence. Then, suddenly coming upon a young married woman, whom Mrs. Carpenter had pressed into her service as a lieutenant, Miss Congreve took leave of Philip, on a slight pretext, and entered into talk with this lady. Philip strolled away and walked about for an hour alone. He had met with a check, but he was resolved that, though he had fallen back, it would be only to leap the further. During the half-hour that Philip sauntered along by the water, the dark cloud suspended above poor Miss Congreve's head doubled its portentous volume. And, indeed, from Philip's point of view, could anything well be more shameless and more heartless than the young girl's request?

At last Osborne remembered that he was neglecting the duties laid upon him by Mrs. Carpenter. He retraced his steps and made his way back to the spot devoted to the banquet. Mrs. Carpenter called him to her, said that she had been looking for him for an hour, and, when she learned how he had been spending his time, slapped him with her parasol, called him a horrid creature, and declared she would never again invite him to anything of hers. She then introduced him to her niece, a somewhat undeveloped young lady, with whom he went and sat down over the water. They found very little to talk about. Osborne was thinking of Miss Congreve, and Mrs. Carpenter's niece, who was very timid and fluttering, having but one foot yet, as one may say, in society, was abashed and unnerved at finding herself alone with so very tall and mature and handsome a gentleman as Philip. He gave her a little confidence in the course of time, however, by making little stones skip over the surface of the water for her amusement. But he still kept thinking of Henrietta Congreve, and he at last bethought himself of asking his companion whether she knew her. Yes, she knew her slightly; but she threw no light on the subject. She was evidently not of an analytical turn of mind, and she was too innocent to gossip. She contented herself with saying that she believed Henrietta was wonderfully clever, and that she read Latin and Greek.

"Clever, clever," said Philip, "I hear nothing else. I shall begin to think she's a demon."

"No, Henrietta Congreve is very good," said his companion. "She's very religious. She visits the poor and reads sermons. You know the other night she acted for the poor. She's anything but a demon. I think she's so nice."

Before long the party was summoned to lunch. Straggling couples came wandering into sight, gentlemen assisting young girls out of rocky retreats into which no one would have supposed them capable of penetrating, and to which—more wonderful still—no one had observed them to direct their steps.

The table was laid in the shade, on the grass, and the feasters sat about on rugs and shawls. As Osborne took his place along with Mrs. Carpenter's niece, he noticed that Miss Congreve had not yet re-appeared. He called his companion's attention to the circumstance, and she mentioned it to her aunt, who said that the young girl had last been seen in company with Mr. Stone—a person unknown to Osborne—and that she would, doubtless, soon turn up.

"I suppose she's quite safe," said Philip's neighbor—innocently or wittily, he hardly knew which; "she's with a clergyman."

In a few moments the missing couple appeared on the crest of an adjacent hill. Osborne watched them as they came down. Mr. Stone was a comely-faced young man, in a clerical necktie and garments of an exaggerated sacerdotal cut—a divine, evidently of strong "ritualistic" tendencies. Miss Congreve drew near, pale, graceful, and grave, and Philip, with his eyes fixed on her in the interval, lost not a movement of her person, nor a glance of her eyes. She wore a white muslin dress, short, in the prevailing fashion, with trimmings of yellow ribbon inserted in the skirt; and round her shoulders a shawl of heavy black lace, crossed over her bosom and tied in a big knot behind. In her hand she carried a great bunch of wild flowers, with which, as Philip's neighbor whispered to him, she had "ruined" her gloves. Osborne wondered whether there was any meaning in her having taken up with a clergyman. Had she suddenly felt the tardy pangs of remorse, and been moved to seek spiritual advice? Neither on the countenance of her ecclesiastical gallant, nor on her own, were there any visible traces of pious discourse. On the contrary, poor Mr. Stone looked sadly demoralized; their conversation had been wholly of profane things. His white cravat had lost its conservative rigidity, and his hat its unimpassioned equipoise. Worse than all, a little blue forget-me-not had found its way into his button-hole. As for Henrietta, her face wore that look of half-severe serenity which was its wonted expression, but there was no sign of her having seen her lover's ghost.

Osborne went mechanically through the movements of being attentive to the insipid little person at his side. But his thoughts were occupied with Miss Congreve and his eyes constantly turning to her face. From time to time, they met her own. A fierce disgust muttered in his bosom. What Henrietta Congreve needed, he said to himself, was to be used as she used others, as she was evidently now using this poor little parson. He was already over his ears in love—vainly feeling for bottom in midstream, while she sat dry-shod on the brink. She needed a lesson; but who should give it? She knew more than all her teachers. Men approached her only to be dazzled and charmed. If she could only find her equal or her master! one with as clear a head, as lively a fancy, as relentless a will as her own; one who would turn the tables, anticipate her, fascinate her, and then suddenly look at his watch and bid her good morning. Then, perhaps, Graham might settle to sleep in his grave. Then she would feel

what it was to play with hearts, for then her own would have been as glass against bronze. Osborne looked about the table, but none of Mrs. Carpenter's male guests bore the least resemblance to the hero of his vision—a man with a heart of bronze and a head of crystal. They were, indeed very proper swains for the young ladies at their sides, but Henrietta Congreve was not one of these. She was not a mere twaddling ball-room flirt. There was in her coquetry something serious and exalted. It was an intellectual joy. She drained honest men's hearts to the last drop, and bloomed white upon the monstrous diet. As Philip glanced around the circle, his eye fell upon a young girl who seemed for a moment to have forgotten her neighbors, her sandwiches and her champagne, and was very innocently contemplating his own person. As soon as she perceived that he had observed her, she of course dropped her eyes on her plate. But Philip had read the meaning of her glance. It seemed to say—this lingering virginal eyebeam—in language easily translated, Thou art the man! It said, in other words, in less transcendental fashion, My dear Mr. Osborne, you are a very good looking fellow. Philip felt his pulse quicken; he had received his baptism. Not that good looks were a sufficient outfit for breaking Miss Congreve's heart; but they were the outward sign of his mission.

The feasting at last came to an end. A fiddler, who had been brought along, began to tune his instrument, and Mrs. Carpenter proceeded to organize a dance. The *débris* of the collation was cleared away, and the level space thus uncovered converted into a dancing floor. Osborne, not being a dancing man, sat at a distance, with two or three other spectators, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Stone. Each of these gentlemen watched with close attention the movements of Henrietta Congreve. Osborne, however, occasionally glanced at his companion, who, on his side, was quite too absorbed in looking at Miss Congreve to think of anyone else.

"They look very charming, those young ladies," said Philip, addressing the young clergyman, to whom he had just been introduced. "Some of them dance particularly well."

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Stone, with fervor. And then, as if he feared that he had committed himself to an invidious distinction unbecoming his cloth: "I think they all dance well."

But Philip, as a lawyer, naturally took a different view of the matter from Mr. Stone, as a clergyman. "Some of them very much better than others, it seems to me. I had no idea that there could be such a difference. Look at Miss Congreve, for instance."

Mr. Stone, whose eyes were fixed on Miss Congreve, obeyed this injunction by moving them away for a moment, and directing them to a very substantial and somewhat heavy-footed young lady, who was figuring beside her. "Oh, yes, she's very graceful," he said, with unction. "So light, so free, so quiet!"

Philip smiled. "You, too, most excellent simpleton," he said, to himself—"you, too, shall be avenged." And then—"Miss Congreve is a very remarkable person," he added, aloud.

"Oh, very!"

"She has extraordinary versatility."

"Most extraordinary."

"Have you seen her act?"

"Yes—yes; I infringed upon my usage in regard to entertainments of that nature, and went the other evening. It was a most brilliant performance."

"And you know she wrote the play."

"Ah, not exactly," said Mr. Stone, with a little protesting gesture; "she translated it."

"Yes; but she had to write it quite over. Do you know it in French?"—and Philip mentioned the original title.

Mr. Stone signified that he was unacquainted with the work.

"It would never have done, you know," said Philip, "to play it as it stands. I saw it in Paris. Miss Congreve eliminated the little difficulties with uncommon skill."

Mr. Stone was silent. The violin uttered a long-drawn note, and the ladies curtsied low to their gentlemen. Miss Congreve's partner stood with his back to our two friends, and her own obeisance was, therefore, executed directly in front of them. As she bent toward the ground, she raised her eyes and looked at them. If Mr. Stone's enthusiasm had been damped by Philip's irreverent freedom, it was rekindled by this glance. "I suppose you've heard her sing," he said, after a pause.

"Yes, indeed," said Philip, without hesitation.

"She sings sacred music with the most beautiful fervor."

"Yes, so I'm told. And I'm told, moreover, that she's very learned—that she has a passion for books."

"I think it very likely. In fact, she's quite an accomplished theologian. We had this morning a very lively discussion."

"You differed, then?" said Philip.

"Oh," said Mr. Stone, with charming *naïveté*, "*I* didn't differ. It was she!"

"Isn't she a little—the least bit—" and Philip paused, to select his word.

"The least bit?" asked Mr. Stone, in a benevolent tone. And then, as Philip still hesitated—"The least bit heterodox?"

"The least bit of a coquette?"

"Oh, Mr. Osborne!" cried the young divine—"that's the last thing I should call Miss Congreve."

At this moment, Mrs. Carpenter drew nigh. "What is the last thing you should call Miss Congreve?" she asked, overhearing the clergyman's words.

"A coquette."

"It seems to me," said the lady, "that it's the first thing I should call her. You have to come to it, I fancy. You always do, you know. I should get it off my mind at once, and then I should sing her charms."

"Oh, Mrs. Carpenter!" said Mr. Stone.

"Yes, my dear young man. She's quiet but she's deep—I see Mr. Osborne knows," and Mrs. Carpenter passed on.

"She's deep—that's what I say," said Mr. Stone, with mild firmness.—"What do you know, Mr. Osborne?"

Philip fancied that the poor fellow had turned pale; he certainly looked grave.

"Oh, I know nothing," said Philip. "I affirmed nothing. I merely inquired."

"Well then, my dear sir"—and the young man's candid visage flushed a little with the intensity of his feelings—"I give you my word for it, that I believe Miss Congreve to be not only the most accomplished, but the most noble-minded, the most truthful, the most truly christian young lady—in this whole assembly.

"I'm sure, I'm much obliged to you for the assurance," said Philip. "I shall value it and remember it."

It would not have been hard for Philip to set down Mr. Stone as a mere soft-hearted, philandering parson—a type ready made to his hand. Mrs. Carpenter, on the other hand, was a shrewd sagacious woman. But somehow he was impressed by the minister's words, and quite untouched by those of the lady. At last those of the dancers who were tired of the sport, left the circle and wandered back to the shore. The afternoon was drawing to a close, the western sky was beginning to blush crimson and the shadows to grow long on the grass. Only half an hour remained before the moment fixed for the return to Newport. Philip resolved to turn it to account. He followed Miss Congreve to a certain rocky platform, overlooking the water, whither, with a couple of elderly ladies, she had gone to watch the sunset. He found no difficulty in persuading her to wander aside from her companions. There was no mistrust in her keen and delicate face. It was incredible that she should have meant defiance; but her very repose and placidity had a strangely irritating action upon Philip. They affected him as the climax of insolence. He drew from his breast-pocket a small portfolio, containing a dozen letters, among which was the last one he had received from Graham.

"I shall take the liberty, for once, Miss Congreve," he said, "of violating the injunction which you laid upon me this morning with regard to Robert Graham. I have here a letter which I should like you to see."

"From Mr. Graham himself?"

"From Graham himself—written just before his death." He held it out, but Henrietta made no movement to take it.

"I have no desire to see it," she said. "I had rather not. You know he wrote also to me at that moment."

"I'm sure," said Philip, "I should not refuse to see your letter."

"I can't offer to show it to you. I immediately destroyed it."

"Well, you see I've kept mine.—It's not long," Osborne pursued.

Miss Congreve, as if with a strong effort, put out her hand and took the document. She looked at the direction for some moments, in silence, and then raised her eyes toward Osborne. "Do you value it?" she asked. "Does it contain anything you wish to keep?"

"No; I give it to you, for that matter."

"Well then!" said Henrietta. And she tore the letter twice across, and threw the scraps into the sea.

"Ah!" cried Osborne, "what the devil have you done?"

"Don't be violent, Mr. Osborne," said the young girl. "I hadn't the slightest intention of reading it. You are properly punished for having disobeyed me."

Philip swallowed his rage at a gulp, and followed her as she turned away.

III.

In the middle of September Mrs. Dodd came to Newport, to stay with a friend—somewhat out of humor at having been invited at the fag end of the season, but on the whole very much the same Mrs. Dodd as before; or rather not quite the same, for, in her way, she had taken Graham's death very much to heart. A couple of days after her arrival, she met Philip in the street, and

stopped him. "I'm glad to find *some one* still here," she said; for she was with her friend, and having introduced Philip to this lady, she begged him to come and see her. On the next day but one, accordingly, Philip presented himself, and saw Mrs. Dodd alone. She began to talk about Graham; she became very much affected, and with a little more encouragement from Osborne, she would certainly have shed tears. But, somehow, Philip was loth to countenance her grief; he made short responses. Mrs. Dodd struck him as weak and silly and morbidly sentimental. He wondered whether there could have been any truth in the rumor that Graham had cared for her. Not certainly if there was any truth in the story of his passion for Henrietta Congreve. It was impossible that he should have cared for both. Philip made this reflection, but he stopped short of adding that Mrs. Dodd failed signally to please him, because during the past three weeks he had constantly enjoyed Henrietta's society.

For Mrs. Dodd, of course, the transition was easy from Graham to Miss Congreve. "I'm told Miss Congreve is still here," she said. "Have you made her acquaintance?"

"Perfectly," said Philip.

"You seem to take it very easily. I hope you have brought her to a sense of her iniquities. There's a task, Mr. Osborne. You ought to convert her."

"I've not attempted to convert her. I've taken her as she is."

"Does she wear mourning for Mr. Graham? It's the least she can do."

"Wear mourning?" said Philip. "Why, she has been going to a party every other night."

"Of course I don't suppose she has put on a black dress. But does she mourn *here?*" And Mrs. Dodd laid her hand on her heart.

"You mean in her heart? Well, you know, it's problematical that she has one."

"I suppose she disapproves of suicide," said Mrs. Dodd, with a little acrid smile. "Bless my soul, so do I."

"So do I, Mrs. Dodd," said Philip. And he remained for a moment thoughtful. "I wish to heaven," he cried, "that Graham were here! It seems to me at moments that he and Miss Congreve might have come to an understanding again."

Mrs. Dodd threw out her hands in horror. "Why, has she given up her last lover?"

"Her last lover? Whom do you mean?"

"Why, the man I told you of—Mr. Holland."

Philip appeared quite to have forgotten this point in Mrs. Dodd's recital. He broke into a loud, nervous laugh. "I'll be hanged," he cried, "if I know! One thing is certain," he pursued, with emphasis, recovering himself; "Mr. Holland—whoever he is—has for the past three weeks seen nothing of Miss Congreve."

Mrs. Dodd sat silent, with her eyes lowered. At last, looking up, "You, on the other hand, I infer," she said, "have seen a great deal of her."

"Yes, I've seen her constantly."

Mrs. Dodd raised her eyebrows and distended her lips in a smile which was emphatically not a smile. "Well, you'll think it an odd question, Mr. Osborne," she said, "but how do you reconcile your intimacy with Miss Congreve with your devotion to Mr. Graham?"

Philip frowned—quite too severely for good manners. Decidedly, Mrs.

Dodd was extremely silly. "Oh," he rejoined, "I reconcile the two things perfectly. Moreover, my dear Mrs. Dodd, allow me to say that it's my own business. At all events," he added, more gently, "perhaps, one of these days, you'll read the enigma."

"Oh, if it's an enigma," cried the lady, "perhaps I can guess it."

Philip had risen to his feet to take his leave, and Mrs. Dodd threw herself back on the sofa, clasped her hands in her lap, and looked up at him with a penetrating smile. She shook her finger at him reproachfully. Philip saw that she had an idea; perhaps it was the right one. At all events, he blushed. Upon this Mrs. Dodd cried out.

"I've guessed it," she said. "Oh, Mr. Osborne!"

"What have you guessed?" asked Philip, not knowing why in the world he should blush.

"If I've guessed right," said Mrs. Dodd, "it's a charming idea. It does you credit. It's quite romantic. It would do in a novel."

"I doubt," said Philip, "whether I know what you are talking about."

"Oh, yes, you do. I wish you good luck. To another man I should say it was a dangerous game. But to you!"—and with an insinuating movement of her head, Mrs. Dodd measured with a glance the length and breadth of Philip's fine person.

Osborne was inexpressibly disgusted, and without further delay he took his leave.

The reader will be at a loss to understand why Philip should have been disgusted with the mere foreshadowing on the part of another, of a scheme which, three weeks before, he had thought a very happy invention. For we may as well say outright, that although Mrs. Dodd was silly, she was not so silly but that she had divined his original intentions with regard to Henrietta. The fact is that in three weeks Philip's humor had undergone a great change. The reader has gathered for himself that Henrietta Congreve was no ordinary girl, that she was, on the contrary, a person of distinguished gifts and remarkable character. Until within a very few months she had seen very little of the world, and her mind and talents had been gradually formed in seclusion, study, and it is not too much to say, meditation. Thanks to her circumscribed life and her long contemplative leisures, she had reached a pitch of rare intellectual perfection. She was educated, one may say, in a sense in which the term may be used of very few young girls, however richly endowed by nature. When at a later period than most girls, owing to domestic circumstances which it is needless to unfold, she made her entrance into society and learned what it was to be in the world and of the world, to talk and listen, to please and be pleased, to be admired, flattered and interested, her admirable faculties and beautiful intellect, ripened in studious solitude, burst into luxuriant bloom and bore the fairest fruit. Miss Congreve was accordingly a person for whom a man of taste and of feeling could not help entertaining a serious regard. Philip Osborne was emphatically such a man; the manner in which he was affected by his friend's death proves, I think, that he had feeling; and it is ample evidence of his taste that he had chosen such a friend. He had no sooner begun to act in obedience to the impulse mystically bestowed, as it were, at the close of Mrs. Carpenter's feast —he had no sooner obtained an introduction at Mrs. Wilkes's, and, with excellent tact and discretion, made good his footing there, than he began to feel in his inmost heart that in staking his life upon Miss Congreve's favor, poor Graham

had indeed revealed the depths of his exquisite sensibility. For a week at least —a week during which, with unprecedented good fortune and a degree of assurance worthy of a better cause, Philip contrived in one way and another to talk with his fair victim no less than a dozen times—he was under the empire of a feverish excitement which kept him from seeing the young girl in all her beautiful integrity. He was pre-occupied with his own intentions and the effect of his own manœuvres. But gradually he quite forgot himself while he was in her presence, and only remembered that he had a sacred part to play, after he had left the house. Then it was that he conceived the intensity of Graham's despair, and then it was that he began to be sadly, wofully puzzled by the idea that a woman could unite so much loveliness with so much treachery, so much light with so much darkness. He was as certain of the bright surface of her nature as of its cold and dark reverse, and he was utterly unable to discover a link of connection between the two. At moments he wondered how in the world he had become saddled with this metaphysical burden: *que diable venait-il faire dans cette galère?* But nevertheless he was afloat; he must row his boat over the current to where the restless spirit of his friend paced the opposite shore.

Henrietta Congreve, after a first movement of apparent aversion, was very well pleased to accept Osborne as a friend and as an *habitué* of her sister's house. Osborne fancied that he might believe without fatuity—for whatever the reader may think, it is needless to say that Philip was very far from supposing his whole course to be a piece of infatuated coxcombry—that she preferred him to most of the young men of her circle. Philip had a just estimate of his own endowments, and he knew that for the finer social purposes, if not for strictly sentimental ones, he contained the stuff of an important personage. He had no taste for trivialities, but trivialities played but a small part in Mrs. Wilkes's drawing-room. Mrs. Wilkes was a simple woman, but she was neither silly nor frivolous; and Miss Congreve was exempt from these foibles for even better reasons. "Women really care only for men who can tell them something," Osborne remembered once to have heard Graham say, not without bitterness. "They are always famished for news." Philip now reflected with satisfaction that he could give Miss Congreve more news than most of her constituted gossips. He had an admirable memory and a very lively observation. In these respects Henrietta was herself equally well endowed; but Philip's experience of the world had of course been tenfold more extensive, and he was able continually to complete her partial inductions and to rectify her false conjectures. Sometimes they seemed to him wonderfully shrewd, and sometimes delightfully innocent. He nevertheless frequently found himself in a position to make her acquainted with facts possessing the charm of absolute novelty. He had travelled and seen a great variety of men and women, and of course he had read a number of books which a woman is not expected to read. Philip was keenly sensible of these advantages; but it nevertheless seemed to him that if the exhibition of his mental treasures furnished Miss Congreve with a great deal of entertainment, her attention, on the other hand, had a most refreshing effect upon his mind.

At the end of three weeks Philip might, perhaps not unreasonably, have supposed himself in a position to strike his blow. It is true that, for a woman of sense, there is a long step between thinking a man an excellent friend and a charming talker, and surrendering her heart to him. Philip had every reason to believe that Henrietta thought these good things of himself; but if he had hereupon

turned about to make his exit, with the conviction that when he had closed the parlor-door behind him he should, by lending an attentive ear, hear her fall in a swoon on the carpet, he might have been sadly snubbed and disappointed. He longed for an opportunity to test the quality of his empire. If he could only pretend for a week to be charmed by another woman, Miss Congreve might perhaps commit herself. Philip flattered himself that he could read very small signs. But what other woman could decently serve as the object of a passion thus extemporized? The only woman Philip could think of was Mrs. Dodd; and to think of Mrs. Dodd was to give it up. For a man who was intimate with Miss Congreve to pretend to care for any other woman (except a very old friend) was to act in flagrant contempt of all verisimilitude. Philip had, therefore, to content himself with playing off his own assumed want of heart against Henrietta's cordial regard. But at this rate the game moved very slowly. Work was accumulating at a prodigious rate at his office, and he couldn't dangle about Miss Congreve forever. He bethought himself of a harmless artifice for drawing her out. It seemed to him that his move was not altogether unsuccessful, and that, at a pinch, Henrietta might become jealous of a rival in his affections. Nevertheless, he was strongly tempted to take up his hand and leave the game. It was too confoundedly exciting.

The incident of which I speak happened within a few days after Osborne's visit to Mrs. Dodd. Finding it impossible to establish an imaginary passion for an actual, visible young lady, Philip resolved to invent not only the passion, but the young lady, too. One morning, as he was passing the show-case of one of the several photographers who came to Newport for the season, he was struck by the portrait of a very pretty young girl. She was fair in color, graceful, well dressed, well placed, her face was charming, she was plainly a lady. Philip went in and asked who she was. The photographer had destroyed the negative and had kept no register of her name. He remembered her, however, distinctly. The portrait had not been taken during the summer; it had been taken during the preceding winter, in Boston, the photographer's headquarters. "I kept it," he said, "because I thought it so very perfect a picture. And such a charming sitter! We haven't many like that." He added, however, that it was too good to please the masses, and that Philip was the first gentleman who had had the taste to observe it.

"So much the better," thought Philip, and forthwith proposed to the man to part with it. The latter, of course, had conscientious scruples; it was against his principles to dispose of the portraits of ladies who came to him in confidence. To do him justice, he adhered to his principles, and Philip was unable to persuade him to sell it. He consented, however, to give it to Mr. Osborne, *gratis*. Mr. Osborne deserved it, and he had another for himself. By this time Philip had grown absolutely fond of the picture; at this latter intelligence he looked grave, and suggested that if the artist would not sell one, perhaps he would sell two. The photographer declined, reiterated his offer, and Philip finally accepted. By way of compensation, however, he proceeded to sit for his own portrait. In the course of half an hour the photographer gave him a dozen reflections of his head and shoulders, distinguished by as many different attitudes and expressions.

"You sit first-rate, sir," said the artist. "You take beautifully. You're quite a match for my young lady."

Philip went off with his dozen prints, promising to examine them at his leisure, select and give a liberal order.

In the evening he went to Mrs. Wilkes's. He found this lady on her verandah, drinking tea in the open air with a guest, whom in the darkness he failed to recognize. As Mrs. Wilkes proceeded to introduce him, her companion graciously revealed herself as Mrs. Dodd. "How on earth," thought Philip, "did she get here?" To find Mrs. Dodd instead of Miss Congreve was, of course, a gross discomfiture. Philip sat down, however, with a good grace, to all appearance, hoping that Henrietta would turn up. Finally, moving his chair to a line with the drawing room window, he saw the young girl within, reading by the lamp. She was alone and intent upon her book. She wore a dress of white grenadine, covered with ornaments and arabesques of crimson silk, which gave her a somewhat fantastical air. For the rest, her expression was grave enough, and her brows contracted, as if she were completely absorbed in her book. Her right elbow rested on the table, and with her hand she mechanically twisted the long curl depending from her *chignon*. Watching his opportunity, Osborne escaped from the ladies on the verandah and made his way into the drawing-room. Miss Congreve received him as an old friend, without rising from her chair.

Philip began by pretending to scold her for shirking the society of Mrs. Dodd.

"Shirking!" said Henrietta. "You are very polite to Mrs. Dodd."

"It seems to me," rejoined Osborne, "that I'm quite as polite as you."

"Well, perhaps you are. To tell the truth, I'm not very polite. At all events, she don't care to see me. She must have come to see my sister."

"I didn't know she knew Mrs. Wilkes."

"It's an acquaintance of a couple of hours' standing. I met her, you know, at Sharon in July. She was once very impertinent to me, and I fancied she had quite given me up. But this afternoon, during our drive, as my sister and I got out of the carriage, on the rocks, who should I see but Mrs. Dodd, wandering about alone, with a bunch of sea-weed as big as her head. She rushed up to me; I introduced her to Anna, and finding that she had walked quite a distance, Anna made her get into the carriage. It appears that she's staying with a friend, who has no carriage, and she's very miserable. We drove her about for an hour. Mrs. Dodd was fascinating, she threw away her sea-weed, and Anna asked her to come home to tea. After tea, having endured her for two mortal hours, I took refuge here."

"If she was fascinating," said Philip, "why do you call it enduring her?"

"It's all the more reason, I assure you."

"I see, you have not forgiven her impertinence."

"No, I confess I have not. The woman was positively revolting."

"She appears nevertheless, to have forgiven you."

"She has nothing to forgive."

In a few moments, Philip took his photographs out of his pocket, handed them to Henrietta, and asked her advice as to which he should choose. Miss Congreve inspected them attentively, and selected but one. "This one is excellent," she said. "All the others are worthless in comparison."

"You advise me then to order that alone?"

"Why, you'll do as you please. I advise you to order that, at any rate. If you do, I shall ask you for one; but I shall care nothing for the rest."

Philip protested that he saw very little difference between this favored picture and the others, and Miss Congreve declared that there was all the difference in the

world. As Philip replaced the specimens in his pocket-book, he dropped on the carpet the portrait of the young lady of Boston.

"Ah," said Henrietta, "a young lady. I suppose I may see it."

"On one condition," said Philip, picking it up. "You'll please not to look at the back of the card."

I am very much ashamed to have to tell such things of poor Philip; for in point of fact, the back of the card was a most innocent blank. If Miss Congreve had ventured to disobey him, he would have made a very foolish figure. But there was so little that was boisterous in Henrietta's demeanor, that Osborne felt that he ran no risk.

"Who is she?" asked Henrietta, looking at the portrait. "She's charming."

"She's a Miss Thompson, of Philadelphia."

"Dear me, not Dora Thompson, assuredly."

"No indeed," said Philip, a little nervously. "Her name's not Dora—nor anything like it."

"You needn't resent the insinuation, sir. Dora's a very pretty name."

"Yes, but her own is prettier."

"I'm very curious to hear it."

Philip suddenly found himself in deep waters. He struck out blindly and anwered at random, "Angelica."

Miss Congreve smiled—somewhat ironically, it seemed to Philip. "Well," she said, "I like her face better than her name."

"Dear me, if you come to that, so do I!" cried Philip, with a laugh.

"Tell me about her, Mr. Osborne," pursued Henrietta. "She must be, with that face and figure, just the nicest girl in the world."

"Well, well, well," said Philip, leaning back in his chair, and looking at the ceiling—"perhaps she is—or at least, you'll excuse me if I say *I* think she is."

"I should think it inexcusable if you didn't say so," said Henrietta, giving him the card. "I'm sure I've seen her somewhere.

"Very likely. She comes to New York," said Philip. And he thought it prudent, on the whole, to divert the conversation to another topic. Miss Congreve remained silent and he fancied pensive. Was she jealous of Angelica Thompson? It seemed to Philip that, without fatuity, he might infer that she was, and that she was too proud to ask questions.

Mrs. Wilkes had enabled Mrs. Dodd to send tidings to her hostess of her whereabouts, and had promised to furnish her with an escort on her return. When Mrs. Dodd prepared to take her leave, Philip, finding himself also ready to depart, offered to walk home with her.

"Well, sir," said the lady, when they had left the house, "your little game seems to be getting on."

Philip said nothing.

"Ah, Mr. Osborne," said Mrs. Dodd, with ill-concealed impatience, "I'm afraid you're too good for it."

"Well, I'm afraid I am."

"If you hadn't been in such a hurry to agree with me," said Mrs. Dodd, "I should have said that I meant, in other words, that you're too stupid."

"Oh, I agree to that, too," said Philip.

The next day he received a letter from his partner in business, telling him of a great pressure of work, and urging him to return at his earliest convenience. "We are told," added this gentleman, "of a certain Miss ——, I forget the

name. If she's essential to your comfort, bring her along; but, at any rate, come yourself. In your absence the office is at a stand-still—a fearful case of repletion without digestion."

This appeal came home to Philip's mind, to use a very old metaphor, like the sound of the brazen trumpet to an old cavalry charger. He felt himself overwhelmed with a sudden shame at the thought of the precious hours he had wasted and the long mornings he had consigned to perdition. He had been burning incense to a shadow, and the fumes had effaced it. In the afternoon he walked down toward the cliffs, feeling wofully perplexed, and exasperated in mind, and longing only to take a farewell look at the sea. He was not prepared to admit that he had played with fire and burned his fingers; but it was certain that he had gained nothing at the game. How the deuce had Henrietta Congreve come to thrust herself into his life—to steal away his time and his energies and to put him into a savage humor with himself? He would have given a great deal to be able to banish her from his thoughts; but she remained, and, while she remained, he hated her. After all, he had not been wholly cheated of his revenge. He had begun by hating her and he hated her still. On his way to the cliffs he met Mrs. Wilkes, driving alone. Henrietta's place, vacant beside her, seemed to admonish him that she was at home, and almost, indeed, that she expected him. At all events, instead of going to bid farewell to the sea, he went to bid farewell to Miss Congreve. He felt that his farewell might easily be cold and formal, and indeed bitter.

He was admitted, he passed through the drawing-room to the verandah, and found Henrietta sitting on the grass, in the garden, holding her little nephew on her knee and reading him a fairy tale. She made room for him on the garden bench beside her, but kept the child. Philip felt himself seriously discomposed by this spectacle. In a few moments he took the boy upon his own knees. He then told Miss Congreve briefly that he intended that evening to leave Newport. "And you," he said, "when are you coming?"

"My sister," said Henrietta, "means to stay till Christmas. I hope to be able to remain as long."

Poor Philip bowed his head and heard his illusions tumbling most unmusically about his ears. His blow had smitten but the senseless air. He waited to see her color fade, or to hear her voice tremble. But he waited in vain. When he looked up and his eyes met Henrietta's, she was startled by the expression of his face.

"Tom," she said to the child, "go and ask Jane for my fan."

The child walked off, and Philip rose to his feet. Henrietta, hesitating a moment, also rose. "Must you go?" she asked.

Philip made no answer, but stood looking at her with blood-shot eyes, and with an intensity which puzzled and frightened the young girl.

"Miss Congreve," he said, abruptly, "I'm a miserable man!"

"Oh, no!" said Henrietta, gently.

"I love a woman who doesn't care a straw for me!"

"Are you sure?" said Henrietta, innocently.

"Sure! I adore her!"

"Are you sure she doesn't care for you?"

"Ah, Miss Congreve!" cried Philip. "If I could imagine, if I could hope —" and he put out his hand, as if to take her own.

Henrietta drew back, pale and frowning, carrying her hand to her heart. "Hope for nothing!" she said.

At this moment, little Tom Wilkes re-appeared, issuing from the drawing-room window. "Aunt Henrietta," he cried, "here's a new gentleman!"

Miss Congreve and Philip turned about, and saw a young man step out upon the verandah from the drawing-room. Henrietta, with a little cry, hastened to meet him. Philip stood in his place. Miss Congreve exchanged a cordial greeting with the stranger, and led him down to the lawn. As she came toward him, Philip saw that Henrietta's pallor had made way for a rosy flush. She was beautiful.

"Mr. Osborne," she said, "Mr. Holland."

Mr. Holland bowed graciously; but Philip bowed not at all. "Good-by, then," he said, to the young girl.

She bowed, without speaking.

"Who's your friend, Henrietta?" asked her companion, when they were alone.

"He's a Mr. Osborne, of New York," said Miss Congreve; "a friend of poor Mr. Graham."

"By the way, I suppose you've heard of poor Graham's death."

"Oh, yes; Mr. Osborne told me. And, indeed—what do you think? Mr. Graham wrote to me that he expected to die."

"Expected? Is that what he said?"

"I don't remember his words. I destroyed the letter."

"I must say, I think it would have been in better taste not to write."

"Taste! He had long since parted company with taste."

"I don't know. There was a method in his madness; and, as a rule, when a man kills himself, he shouldn't send out circulars.

"Kills himself? Good heavens, George! what do you mean?" Miss Congreve had turned pale, and stood looking at her companion with eyes dilated with horror.

"Why, my dear Henrietta," said the young man, "excuse my abruptness. Didn't you know it?"

"How strange—how fearful!" said Henrietta, slowly. "I wish I had kept his letter."

"I'm glad you didn't," said Holland. "It's a horrible business. Forget it."

"Horrible—horrible," murmured the young girl, in a tremulous tone. Her voice was shaken with irrepressible tears. Poor girl! in the space of five minutes, she had been three times surprised. She gave way to her emotion and burst into sobs. George Holland drew her against him, and pressed his arm about her, and kissed her, and whispered comfort in her ear.

In the evening, Philip started for New York. On the steamer, he found Mrs. Dodd, who had come to an end of her visit. She was accompanied by a certain Major Dodd, of the Army, a brother of her deceased husband, and in addition, as it happened, her cousin. He was an unmarried man, a good-natured man, and a very kind friend to his sister-in-law, who had no family of her own, and who was in a position to be grateful for the services of a gentleman. In spite of a general impression to the contrary, I may affirm that the Major had no desire to make his little services a matter of course. "I'm related to Maria twice over already," he had been known to say, in a moment of expansion. "If I ever marry, I shall

prefer to do it not quite so much in the family." He had come to Newport to conduct his sister home, who forthwith introduced him to Philip.

It was a clear, mild night, and, when the steamer had got under way, Mrs. Dodd and the two gentlemen betook themselves to the upper deck, and sat down in the starlight. Philip, it may be readily imagined, was in no humor for conversation; but he felt that he could not wholly neglect Mrs. Dodd. Under the influence of the beautiful evening, the darkly-shining sea, the glittering constellations, this lady became rabidly sentimental. She talked of friendship, and love, and death, and immortality. Philip saw what was coming. Before many moments, she had the bad taste (considering the Major's presence, as it seemed to Philip) to take poor Graham as a text for a rhapsody. Osborne lost patience, and interrupted her by asking if she would mind his lighting a cigar. She was scandalized, and immediately announced that she would go below. Philip had no wish to be uncivil. He attempted to restore himself to her favor by offering to see her down to the cabin. She accepted his escort, and he went with her to the door of her state-room, where she gave him her hand for good-night.

"Well," she said—"and Miss Congreve?"

Philip positively scowled. "Miss Congreve," he said, "is engaged to be married."

"To Mr. ——?"

"To Mr. Holland."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Dodd, dropping his hand, "why didn't you break the engagement!"

"My dear Mrs. Dodd," said Philip, "you don't know what you're talking about."

Mrs. Dodd smiled a pitiful smile, shrugged her shoulders, and turned away. "Poor Graham!" she said.

Her words came to Philip like a blow in the face. "Graham!" he cried. "Graham was a fool!" He had struck back; he couldn't help it.

He made his way up stairs again, and came out on the deck, still trembling with the violence of his retort. He walked to the edge of the boat and leaned over the railing, looking down into the black gulfs of water which foamed and swirled in the wake of the vessel. He knocked off the end of his cigar, and watched the red particles fly downward and go out in the darkness. He was a disappointed, saddened man. There in the surging, furious darkness, yawned instant death. Did it tempt him, too? He drew back with a shudder, and returned to his place by Major Dodd.

The Major preserved for some moments a meditative silence. Then, at last, with a half apologetic laugh, "Mrs. Dodd," he said, "labors under a singular illusion."

"Ah?" said Philip.

"But you knew Mr. Graham yourself?" pursued the Major.

"Oh, yes; I knew him."

"It was a very melancholy case," said Major Dodd.

"A very melancholy case;" and Philip repeated his words.

"I don't know how it is that Mrs. Dodd was beguiled into such fanaticism on the subject. I believe she went so far as once to blow out at the young lady."

"The young lady?" said Philip.

"Miss Congreve, you know, the object of his persecutions."

"Oh, yes," said Philip, painfully mystified.

"The fact is," said the Major, leaning over, and lowering his voice confidentially, "Mrs. Dodd was in love with him—as far, that is, as a woman can be in love with a man in that state."

"Is it possible?" said Philip, disgusted and revolted at he knew not what; for his companion's allusions were an enigma.

"Oh, I was at Sharon for three weeks," the Major continued; "I went up for my sister-in-law; I saw it all. I wanted to bring poor Graham away, but he woulnd't listen to me—not that he wasn't very quiet. He made no talk, and opened himself only to Mrs. Dodd and me—we lived in the same house, you know. Of course, I very soon saw through it, and I felt very sorry for poor Miss Congreve. She bore it very well, but it must have been very annoying."

Philip started up from his chair. "For heaven's sake, Major Dodd," he cried, "what are you talking about?"

The Major stared a moment, and then burst into a peal of laughter. "You agree, then, with Mrs. Dodd?" he said, recovering himself.

"I understand Mrs. Dodd no better than I do you."

"Why, my dear sir," said the Major, rising to his feet and extending his hand, "I beg a hundred pardons. But you must excuse me if I adhere to my opinion."

"First, please, be so good as to inform me of your opinion."

"Why, sir, the whole story is simply bosh."

"Good heavens," cried Philip, "that's no opinion!"

"Well, then, sir, if you will have it: the man was as mad as a March hare."

"Oh!" cried Philip. His exclamation said a great many things, but the Major took it as a protest.

"He was a monomaniac."

Philip said nothing.

"The idea is not new to you?"

"Well," said Philip, "to tell the truth, it is.

"Well," said the Major, with a courteous flourish, "there you have it—for nothing."

Philip drew a long breath. "Ah, no!" he said, gravely, "not for nothing." He stood silent for some time, with his eyes fixed on the deck. Major Dodd puffed his cigar and eyed him askance. At last Philip looked up. "And Henrietta Congreve?"

"Henrietta Congreve," said the major, with military freedom and gallantry, "is the sweetest girl in the world. Don't talk to me! I know her."

"She never became engaged to Graham?"

"Engaged? She never looked at him."

"But he was in love with her."

"Ah, that was his own business. He worried her to death. She tried gentleness and kindness—it made him worse. Then, when she declined to see him, the poor fellow swore that she had jilted him. It was a fixed idea. He got Mrs. Dodd to believe it."

Philip's silent reflections—the hushed eloquence of his amazed unburdened heart—we have no space to interpret. But as the major lightened the load with one hand, he added to it with the other. Philip had never pitied his friend till now. "I knew him well," he said, aloud. "He was the best of men. She might very well have cared for him."

"Good heavens! my dear sir, how could the woman love a madman?"

"You use strong language. When I parted with him in June, he was as sane as you or I."

"Well, then, apparently, he lost his mind in the interval. He was in wretched health.

"But a man doesn't lose his mind without a cause."

"Let us admit, then," said the major, "that Miss Congreve was the cause. I insist that she was the innocent cause. How should she have trifled with him? She was engaged to another man. The ways of the Lord are inscrutable. Fortunately," continued the Major, "she doesn't know the worst."

"How, the worst?"

"Why, you know he shot himself."

"Bless your soul, Miss Congreve knows it."

"I think you're mistaken. She didn't know it this morning."

Philip was sickened and bewildered by the tissue of horrors in which he found himself entangled. "Oh," he said, bitterly, "she has forgotten it then. She knew it a month ago."

"No, no, no," rejoined the major, with decision. "I took the liberty, this morning, of calling upon her, and as we had had some conversation upon Mr. Graham at Sharon, I touched upon his death. I saw she had heard of it, and I said nothing more—"

"Well then?" said Philip.

"Well, then, my dear sir, she thinks he died in his bed. May she never think otherwise!"

In the course of that night—he sat out on deck till two o'clock, alone—Philip, revolving many things, fervently echoed this last wish of Major Dodd.

Aux grands maux les grands remèdes. Philip is now a married man; and curious to narrate, his wife bears a striking likeness to the young lady whose photograph he purchased for the price of six dozen of his own. And yet her name is not Angelica Thompson—nor even Dora.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

OUR GREAT DIAMONDS.

ARE diamonds a charm?

It was once believed through all the Orient that this precious stone did preserve from madness: and Serapius says that it will drive away "lemures, incubes, and succubos," and will make men brave and generous; also, that it completely nullifies the magnet and the North Pole. If this were once true, it is surely a curious fact. Now, it may be said, that the diamond acts in another and reverse way, and generates a species of madness.

Taking a simple and cold-blooded view of the gem, I find that a small crystal called the "Koh-i-noor" diamond, weighing 106 1-16 carats—less than one ounce—will sell (if the Government of England would sell it) for $5,000,000 or $10,000,000. There is no possible price to be put upon it, that somebody would not give it. Bear it in mind, then, that this pretty little stone, which no one can eat or use in any possible way, which no one would dare to wear upon his person, which no one can keep except in the Tower of London, guarded by soldiers and locked behind bars of steel, will to-day find purchasers, at the price of five million days' work of a stalwart man. Consider this and then ask yourself, Does not this little stone produce a singular and amazing madness? A few words more of the story of this "Mountain of Light" may make this more clear. It was once the light of the God Krischna; when Delhi was conquered by Ala-ed-din, he seized the gem; then one of the Mogul dynasty obtained it in 1526; by-and-by Nadir Shah conquered India and got it into his treasury; then Runjet Singh wrested it from the son of the Shah; and after the capture of Lahore, during the Sikh mutiny, the British troops got possession of it, and presented it to the Queen of England, in the year 1850. How many wars, and what amount of bloodshed it has already cost, who can say? How much more it is to stimulate, who knows?

I was led to look into this curious matter by a question asked me by a friend:

"Have you seen Mrs. Malthus's diamonds?"

Not only had I not seen them, but I may here confess that I never before had heard of Mrs. Malthus. Now my young friend's eyes were very large as he asked me the question—

"Have you seen Mrs. Malthus's diamonds?"

"No," said I. "Are they fine?"

"Fine? Splendid! I should think so—fine!"

"Where did she get them?" I asked.

"Get them? Bought them, I s'pose. Where should she get them?"

"Only," I said, "the old fashioned way of getting fine diamonds was to rob them. So Malthus is not a duke, or a pirate, or a shah—nothing of that sort?"

"Pooh!" said he. "What are you driving at? Malthus—he's a speculator.

He has been operating in cotton, and he was one of those fellows who bull'd gold through the war. He's made pots of money—don't you see?"

I saw at once, and it was clear to me who Mrs. Malthus was, and how she came to have fine diamonds, and so became the town talk.

I was a little curious to learn what was going on here in New York, in my own country, about diamonds; right under my eyes, and yet I had never seen it. I went, therefore, to those who knew, and asked a few questions; and you may be glad to know the result.

I find that two or three great houses in New York sell of diamonds to the extent of over $1,000,000 each per year; that there are some $20,000,000 worth of these gems in this city in private hands; that there are probably fifteen persons here who own diamonds to the amount of $100,000 to $300,000; and between fifty and one hundred who own them to the extent of $50,000; that the highest priced diamonds sold here are about $10,000 each; that the purchase of diamonds is on the increase; and that they have doubled in value in the last twenty-five years.

A curious thing in this curious matter is, that the purchasers of the most valuable diamonds may be found among, first—the rich and pious; and second—among the gamblers and loose ladies of their acquaintance. Some of the largest holders of the gems make no display of them, never wear them, and indulge in the taste or fancy, partly as a fancy, and partly because they believe the investment a good one. But it will be seen from what has been stated, that as an investment it does not at all compare to a savings bank. The diamond doubles in twenty-five years, the savings-bank quadruples.

It appears that for nigh a thousand years the desire for diamonds has been a mania in nearly all Asia, Europe, and latterly in America. By a sort of universal consent, mankind has agreed to consider them the most valuable things on this earth; and to do and dare any and all things to get them. They have, of course, come to be a distinguishing possession of kings and princes. There was reason for this, not only because they were matters of display upon State occasions, but because they were the most condensed and portable of all properties. Then every sensible mogul, emperor, or duke prepared himself for a convulsion; he had every reason to believe that his own people would some fine day rise against him, and compel him to fly; but he had also to reflect that some one or more of his brother moguls, emperors, or dukes would attack and take his city and palace, and if he had the good fortune to save his life, what joy to have in his pocket a few Koh-i-noors! *Noblesse oblige* seemed therefore to make a good stock of crown jewels an attribute of royalty. But *Noblesse oblige* seems hardly to require our good and pious ladies of the Avenue to keep a supply on hand, merely to prove their nobility. We know them noble and good, and we ask, if they have the gems, that they will wear them for the delight of our eyes, and not shut them away from the light in the secret drawers of their caskets.

It is not so that the gamblers and their friends do. They buy gems to show them to the world, on any and all fitting occasions; and I am informed—I do not know from my own sight—that on some nights a finer flashing of brilliants may be seen in some of our gambling-rooms than is ever seen in any of our drawing-rooms. Such a strange world this new one has already got to be!

I find, however, that among princely and noble families of Europe, are many whose jewels have been sold or pawned; and that on many a high bosom shine, on days of coronation and pageantry, stones which are not diamonds, but

"paste." It is as well, perhaps, for the position of the wearer makes "paste" do. But among our ladies, almost no false gems are worn. It would not answer here, because the diamonds *may* make the wearer do, and not the wearer the "paste." Thus we are as yet more genuine than the lords and ladies of European courts.

By a sort of general consent, too, which few disregard, the diamond is attached to woman. Its sparkle and brilliancy seem to add to her charms, to illustrate or light them, perhaps—while her grace and beauty humanize the gem, which becomes blended in her personality. Diamonds become a part of woman, as they never do of man; and we look with some doubt and distrust upon him who seeks to add to his manliness by their adventitious aid. Gentlemen are and must be shy of wearing merely beautiful things; and when worn, they should be such as are peculiar or useful, rather than simply and solely ornamental.

Beauty is the birthright of every woman, though most of them are defrauded of it by their forefathers. There never was a woman, at least an intelligent one, who was insensible to the charms of beauty; who did not desire to possess these charms in her own person. Even the "strong minded," greatly as they value the "strong mind," do also value the charming person and the beautiful adornments which seem to set off that person, as the fine setting does the beautiful jewel. The setting does not detract from the jewel, nor does the gem detract from the woman; but the reverse. Jewels may, however, be worn absurdly, as any other fine thing may be abused; but worn appropriately, they do add a charm and heighten a grace. They are, therefore, a laudable desire, and a legitimate possession.

Now beauty is also the birthright of every man, of which he, too, is mostly defrauded by his forefathers; but *strength* is also his birthright, and this is the quality upon which man most prides himself. Therefore, it seems that mere adornment which heightens beauty, and does not increase strength, is not for him.

While, therefore, woman may legitimately indulge in diamonds and rubies, and emeralds and sapphires, man must be cautious; he may not wear these in his ears or on his hands, but he may indulge a pet fancy for a single carbuncle, or a moss-agate, or an onyx, or an Egyptian intaglio.

Woman, however, may bear it in mind, that a diamond may cost more than it comes to, and may never be worth its cost. There are no jewels like generosity, virtue, and truth; so it has always been told to me, and I believe it. If these go to pay for the diamonds, then the diamonds cost too much. It is best not to discover this too late.

But the fact that from the most eastern shores of the Yellow Sea to the western limits of the California Gulf, the diamond is recognized as the most valuable thing on earth, seems to be based upon something other than a mere whim. I confess I am unable altogether to explain the response which comes from every woman's heart, and from many a man's, when the wonderful light of this gem flashes into the brain; but it does come; and I never see a diamond of five carats, or even of one, that I do not thrill. It is not with pleasure; it does not provoke in me a desire to own it; but I experience a sensation. My blood moves, and I admit I am attracted, drawn to the wearer, if a woman. Then I look, I wonder, I speculate, and then if she be really beautiful and good, I enjoy the diamond more and more.

The diamond does seize the eye and hold it as no other gem does. I con-

clude there is some *magic* in this limpid stone, which can be but faintly shadowed by mine or by any words; and that this divine light, this subtle charm, does find a chord in human nature which it touches—upon which it plays. It could not be otherwise, that all human beings, except the Esquimaux, desire it so greatly; it is not all a conventional value.

There is a "charm" somewhere in this world—so profound Rabbis say—that is most potent, most wonderful; it is the seal of Solomon: a great diamond upon which is engraved the "Name of God." No one knows where this potent charm is, which all devils, witches, and sorcerers obey like slaves; no one knows the characters which make the "Name of God;" but throughout the East it is known or believed to exist. How much of this power is in the gem, and how much in the name, who can say? The charm of charms is that which shall make us greatly desired of our friends, and altogether lovely. If the diamond will do it, in heaven's name let us seek the diamond.

There is some philosophy—which is another name for good sense—to be applied to this matter, which I propose to apply in this way:

My own great diamonds I do not wear or keep in my own house. If I were a railroad conductor, or the proprietor of a first-class saloon, with private rooms above it, it might be appropriate for me to wear a great diamond shirt-pin; but as bookkeeper in a grocery house, I have never been willing to wear any of my large diamonds, such as the "Koh-i-noor," or the "Orloff," or the "Polar Star," about my person. This may be mere sentimentalism on my part; but besides this, if I were to ride home after dark in the Third avenue cars, with the "Orloff" in my bosom, I fancy my life would not be safe without the whole Seventh Regiment to guard me. These are my reasons for not wearing my large diamonds. It may gratify the reader, not familiar with these treasures, to know what and where they are. Let me specify:

	Weight. Carats.
1. The Koh-i-noor,	106 1-16
2. The Mattam,	367
3. The Orloff,	194 1-4
4. The Cumberland,	
5. The Polar Star,	40
6. The Shah,	86
7. The Regent or Pitt,	136 3-4
8. The Eugenie,	51
9. The Florentine,	139 1-2
10. The Sancy,	53 1-2
11. The Pasha of Egypt,	40
12. The Nassak,	78 5-8
13. The Pigott,	82 1-4
14. The Hope,	44 1-2
15. The Star of the South	125

The "Koh-i-noor," as has been said, is kept now by the Queen of England, and is guarded with great care.

The "Mattam" is beyond price, and is among the treasures of the Rajah of Mattam, who will, no doubt, be robbed of it sooner or later, and will lose his life at the same time. It is pear-shaped, and is uncut.

The "Orloff" is in the care of Russia, and is now set in the Imperial sceptre.

The "Cumberland" is, or was, in possession of the King of Hanover. But as there is now no King of Hanover, I am not certain where the gem is kept.

The "Polar Star" and the "Shah" are both among the crown jewels of Russia.

The "Pitt" is among the crown jewels of France, and was once worn by the first Napoleon in the hilt of his sword.

The "Eugenie" was given by the present Emperor of France to his wife, who now has charge of it.

The "Florentine" is the great yellow diamond of the Austrian crown; it is supposed to have once been in possession of Charles the Bold, and the story says it was lost at the battle of Granson. The soldier who found it sold it for a florin, and got drunk with the money.

The "Sancy" was once an heir-loom of the Dukes of Burgundy, and dates back before the year 1479. It has gone from hand to hand in strange and bloody ways and is in possession of an Indian merchant named Jejee-bhoy.

The "Nassak" has been sold from hand to hand since it came into possession of the East India Company, and is said to be now in the hands of the Marquis of Westminster.

I am unable to say who now keeps the "Pigott;" but the "Star of the South" is in possession of the Costars of Amsterdam, who are the greatest of diamond cutters; and any one who would like to keep it might get the privilege for one million dollars gold. The "Hope" is the largest and most perfect of blue diamonds, and is in possession of the "Hopes" of Amsterdam. Its color is a brilliant sapphire blue.

So much for the names of some of my great diamonds. My philosophy tells me that I own them, and enjoy them, just as those do who have the care of them. The most they can do is to go and look at them, and bathe in their brilliant, flashing lights, and that I can do whenever I wish. This ownership, my dear reader, I now confer upon you. It would be impossible for me or for you to keep, to guard these fifteen gems, valued, perhaps, at some $15,000,000. We should never sleep o' nights, fire would be a horrible thought, we should certainly be murdered in our beds, or we should—fifteen of us—be raving maniacs in mad-houses. Should any of the present owners ask me to take his diamond, I here state that I would positively and peremptorily refuse. I have a sacred regard for my stomach and brain which would render it impossible.

Beside the great diamonds mentioned is one called the "Braganza," in possession of the Crown of Portugal, which, in its rough state, is said to weigh 1,880 carats. But great doubt exists as to whether it is really diamond, and the Portuguese do not seem anxious to have the problem solved. There are also fine diamonds belonging to the Turkish crown, and there is a sort of half-knowledge of most rare and precious gems to be found among the strange despotisms of Asia. The Viscount Pollington tells of what he saw in Persia in this way:

In this there were some forty gold rings, each with a single diamond, of which the largest (diamond, not ring) was some one and a half inches round, and the smallest a quarter of an inch. One with a large yellow diamond. Two diamonds were placed as pendants at the end of a necklace of pearls, and most gracefully, looking like two drops of dew. Two pearl necklaces, each pearl perfectly round and white, and about the size of a large pea. In two little drawers two or three more necklaces, the pearls this time much larger; and in the bottom drawer another, of the largest pearls we have yet seen, arranged —an oblong one, and a perfectly round one alternately, each, without the smallest exaggeration, being the size of a sour cherry. This casket always follows the Shah wherever

he goes. Next came a collection of a dozen belts, each surpassing the other in costliness and taste. One of these had the fastening buckle, about eight inches long and three broad, studded with perfect rubies, each about half an inch round, set in gold. Another, diamonds only; a third, the whole band set in emeralds and diamonds, and so on. We then were shown four sabres; all had the flat side of the scabbard richly enameled in gold; one was one blaze of diamonds on the hilt and scabbard; another was studded with pearls like large peas; a third was set with diamonds and other stones to represent flowers. Two other necklaces we were shown were about two and a half feet long each, and formed of large emeralds, each about an inch and a quarter long, alternating with bunches of pearls. An aigrette presented by some Emperor of Austria was exquisitely worked as a bouquet of flowers, set in diamonds, with one large amethyst set *a jour*. The last tray of jewels was the "*bonne bouche*." On this we saw a belt of pliant gold work, the buckle consisting of the celebrated "Derichnoor," or "Sea of Light," a diamond perfectly flat, except at the edges, and almost two inches long by one and a quarter in breadth; it was set round with other smaller diamonds.

Now if diamonds would make a man as happy as a cherub, the Shah of Persia might be such a cherub. But he has none of the appearance of a cherub, and we have no reason to suppose he has any of its bliss. So we will for the present leave his diamonds with him. But what hidden gems exist in the recesses of those Oriental mogulships and satrapys we as yet have no means of knowing; it would be an edifying matter of inquiry for some enterprising and daring philosopher of an inquisitive turn of mind.

There are, however, vast treasures nearer home, which are accessible to the curious traveller. In the World's Exhibition of 1851, Jahn & Bolin, the great jewellers of St. Petersburg, exhibited a diadem, which contained eleven superb opals, sixty-seven rubies, one thousand eight hundred and eleven brilliants, and one thousand seven hundred and twelve rose diamonds. Hunt & Roskell, London jewellers, exhibited gems valued at one and a half millions. Messrs. Blogg & Martin, diamond merchants of London, showed to Dr. Feuchtwanger "three bags, weighing about five pounds each, of diamonds," every diamond of which was of the first water, and weighed from ten to twenty carats. Their value could not have been less than two to four millions of dollars; and they were not in the market for sale.

I know of no accurate and full lists of the crown jewels of the world, but some statements are possible which may interest the reader.

Russia is said to contain the most, and the most valuable diamonds of any country. The crowns of the Czars are wonderful. That of Ivan Alexiowitch contained eight hundred and eighty-one diamonds; that of Peter the Great eight hundred and forty-seven; that of Catharine, two thousand five hundred and thirty-six; and those of Nicholas and his son are beyond price. These the visitor to Moscow must look for in the treasuries of the Kremlin.

The crown jewels of France have been set down at 29,000,000 francs, in this way:

Diamonds	16,730,203
Pearls (506)	996,700
Rubies (230), Sapphires (134), Emeralds (150) and other colored stones	360,604
Mounted Jewels	5,834,490
Ornaments, etc., etc.	5,144,390
Total	29,066,487

But these are constantly changing in character and price, and may be now very different from what they were when Dr. Feuchtwanger wrote about them. In the Great Revolution (1792), the crown jewels were stolen, and many were never recovered, among them a diamond of a rich sky-blue color, which was of immense value, and has never been restored. There is a vague rumor that it is now among the Demidoff jewels in Russia.

Few of us Americans have ever seen the likeness of a kingly crown; and a brief description may, therefore, be here admitted. It is that of the crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria (June 28, 1838), and is as follows:

The crown weighs little more than three pounds. It is composed of hoops of silver inclosing a cap of deep purple, or rather blue velvet; the hoops are completely covered with precious stones surmounted with a ball covered with small diamonds, and having a Maltese cross of brilliants on the top of it.

The cross has in its centre a splendid sapphire; the rim of the crown is clustered with brilliants and ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis* and Maltese crosses equally rich. In the front of the Maltese cross, which is in front of the crown, is the enormous heart-shaped ruby once worn by the chivalrous Edward the Black Prince, but now destined to adorn the head of [then] a virgin queen. Beneath this, in a circular rim, is an immense oblong sapphire. There are many other precious gems, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, and several small clusters of drop pearls. The lower part of the crown is surrounded by ermine. It is upon the whole a most dazzling and splendid crown.

The value of the jewels was at the time estimated as follows:

20 diamonds on the circle, £1,500 each	£30,000
2 large centre diamonds, £2,000 each	4,000
54 smaller diamonds at the angles	100
4 crosses, each 25 diamonds	12,000
4 large diamonds on top of the crosses	40,000
18 diamonds in the *fleur-de-lis*	10,000
18 smaller diamonds in the same	2,000
Pearls and diamonds on the crosses, etc.	10,000
141 diamonds on the mound	500
26 diamonds on the upper cross	3,000
2 circles of pearls	800
Total	£112,400

Equal to $550,000 then, and vastly more valuable now.

I may say here that the Queen is not obliged to sleep in this, nor to wear it about her daily business.

The best diamonds came from India, and the districts of Rohilcund and Golconda were most celebrated. The gems are found in a conglomerate of sandstone and ferruginous sand. The crystals are octahedrons, but many diamonds when found are shapeless. The natives believe that the diamond produces diamond, and that the same ground once washed over, will by-and-by produce another crop. But for all that, the production of diamonds is a poor business, and pays less than to grow wheat.

In 1728, diamonds were discovered in Brazil, since which time great quantities have been brought from there. As many as five thousand negro slaves were employed at the washings in 1775; they had dwindled to one thousand in 1818, and are still less now. In spite of all precautions, nearly all the large diamonds were stolen, and the Government abandoned the business to private hands long ago. Borneo produces some fine diamonds, and Humboldt discovered them in

1829 on the west side of the Ural Mountains, in Russia. But the great supplies yet come from India and Brazil.

Diamond fanciers and dealers love old diamonds best; now who can say whether those of India, or Brazil, or Borneo, or Russia, are the most ancient? No one: and it is not, which did God make first, but which did man first *polish* in the dim light of the past, which still glitter in the blazing sunlight of the present?

I have seen a brilliant which the owner *believes* was once worn on the hand or in the diadem of one of the Pharaohs—and why not? Just how he could *prove* it I did not care to ask. What tales might this flashing gem not tell us of manhood, and virtue, and suffering, and crime, which existed in that wondrous old land, could it but speak a language that we might comprehend!

And this brings me to another little fact—*the diamond does speak, and it speaks truth.* Cheating of all sorts has been and still is practised by the sellers of false gems. But to the expert the gem itself whispers—"I am true; I am real." By rubbing or sounding the stones against one another they emit a whisper which is said to be infallible; a sound such as no crystal, or paste, or invention, is capable of emitting. What a pity that this test might not be applied to men!

Words are curious things, which brings us to the word "carat," now almost wholly attached to the diamond. It seems that centuries ago the pods of the coral-tree *Kaura* were used somewhere in weighing gold dust, and this weight has come to be universal in selling the diamond. The carat is four grains, so that in one ounce are one hundred and twenty carats. "Water," too, has come to have a technical meaning—and "first, second, and third water," express three grades of the gem. The finest are those which are purest and whitest, and these command the highest price. Though it is also true that exceptional diamonds of other colors, green or red, also command the highest prices. Few of the diamonds in use with us exceed five carats, and these are the prices we must now pay in gold:

1 carat, finest,	$125 to $150
2 carat, finest,	450 to 600
3 carat, finest,	700 to 900
4 carat, finest,	1000 to 1500
5 carat, finest,	2000 to 3000

A ten carat stone is about as large as our people buy, and they are not yet very common.

A few high dames in our midst possess jewels like these:

A Necklace, worth	$50,000
A Bracelet, worth	10,000 to 20,000
A Pin, worth	10,000
A pair of Brilliants, worth	10,000
A Tiara, worth	50,000

But as I said before, one of our largest collections is never worn. I am told that its worthy possessor loves to invest a few thousands from time to time in a beautiful gem, and that she is a judge excelled by none. She can show a number of individual, unset stones, unsurpassed in brilliancy and quality, ranging from $3,000 to $10,000 each. This taste is, therefore, not always one of ostentation or decoration, but is the taste of a collector, one who knows and enjoys differences and degrees: and it is a taste which grows with what it feeds

on. It is analagous to that of the collector in England, who had gathered together every picture and print of Charles I. that had ever been published; and he would travel thousands of miles, and spend any money to secure a new, or rather, a different one.

But it is a task which, if not vast in its proportions, is, or may be, vast in its outlay, and one which we should hardly think it worth while to encourage. It is not an *American* taste or passion, and until we found dynasties and families is not likely to be.

I will close my paper, however, by mentioning a curious conversation which I was long ago a party to. It was with Colonel Croghan, then the owner of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. He said—

"Yes. I bought it for $4,000, and it has been a good purchase. I have been buying caves now this twenty years. The first one I owned was in Illinois, and I now own fifteen. People found I was fond of caves and they brought them to me, and I bought them. They are curious things. *I always was fond of caves.*"

That, I call in America taste; and that, I think a peculiarly American collection—a museum of caves. Quite different from the collection of jewels in the Tower of London.

T. W.

DESIDERO TE.

SO sweet in that moonlighted air
Dwelt the breath of the damp mignonette—
As sweet as the pain and the love
Of that time when we met.

Your face in the radiance there,
Turned to my own in the dusk,—
The clasp of your hand upon mine,—
The odors of flowery musk,—

The murmur of words that you said—
That music of love which I heard—
Far in the trees of the garden
The song of a lonely night bird,—

Sweetest brown eyes in the world,
Giving all to my heart that it asked,—
Dearest of lips smiling on me—
Souls to each other unmasked,—

O heart of my heart, do you wonder
The days are long while you stay?
That I wait with passionate wishes
For the touch of a hand that's away?

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE NERVES.

I.

THE BRAIN AND SPINAL CORD.

IF there is any one feature in the organization of man which makes him superior to all other created beings, it is the extent and delicacy of his nervous system. Some animals may excel him in acuteness of sight, of hearing, or of smell, but they employ these senses almost entirely as means of securing their food or ensuring their safety from enemies, while man makes them minister in a thousand ways to his physical or intellectual enjoyment. As regards touch and taste, in no animal do they reach the high degree of refinement to which they are developed in man.

The nervous system in man consists of the brain, the spinal cord, the sympathetic ganglia, and numerous nerves. Each of these exists in a more or less highly elaborated form in all vertebrates. As we descend in the scale we find first one and then another becoming less perfect, or altogether disappearing until we reach those dubious beings scarcely animal, though more than vegetable, in which no traces of a nervous system have yet been discovered.

Two very different kinds of tissue enter into the composition of the nervous substance. One of these, the white, is formed of fibres, or rather tubes. It serves merely for the transmission of impressions and the mandates of the will, and has nothing to do with the origination of thoughts or nervous force. The nerves which are distributed to the different parts of the body are composed entirely of this white matter. It is likewise found in large amount in the brain and spinal cord.

The other, the gray substance, is situated upon the outside of the brain where it forms a thin coating, and in small isolated masses placed at its base. It is also present in the centre of the spinal cord throughout its length, and in certain enlargements which exist on the posterior roots of the spinal nerves and along the course of the sympathetic nerve. A mass of gray matter is called a ganglion or nerve-centre. The brain consists of several ganglia—the cerebrum, the cerebellum, the optic thalami, and others. The spinal cord is also a ganglion, and the sympathetic nerve has many which are in direct relation with the heart, the stomach, and other organs. The gray matter originates ideas, emotions, the will, and all nervous force of whatever kind. It is the perceptive part of the nervous system.

In the higher members of the class mammalia the surface of the brain is not smooth as it is in the lower animals, but is marked by convolutions with fissures between them. Among the animals thus characterized are those which are most remarkable for their intelligence, such as man, the monkeys, the dog, the bear, the seal, the elephant, and the horse, while among those with smooth-surfaced

brains are to be found the rabbit, the guinea pig, the sloth, the mole, the kangaroo, the opossum, and that paradoxical being, the ornithorhynchus. None of the birds, reptiles, or fish have convoluted brains.

Professor Richard Owen, in his work on the classification and geographical distribution of the mammalia, proposes to divide them into four groups; the typical characteristic of each being the degree of development attained by the brain. Two of these groups have smooth brains; in the other two this organ is convoluted. There are certain objections to this arrangement which it is not necessary to consider now, and the circumstance is only mentioned in order that the reader may know that one of the most eminent comparative anatomists of the age attaches very great importance to these convolutions. In fact, it is generally admitted by physiologists that the amount of intelligence possessed by animals is directly proportional to the quantity of gray matter found in their brains, and to the number, extent, and general complexity of the cerebral convolutions. Not only is this true as regards the several genera and species, but it is equally true as regards individuals of any species. In man great differences have been observed in this respect. The brains of idiots are found either to have very few convolutions, or else they are slightly marked, while in persons remarkable for mental vigor the convolutions are numerous and strongly indicated. In the brain of an idiot which the writer examined a few years since, the convolutions were exceedingly sparse and superficial, and the gray matter, instead of being of the normal thickness of about the eight of an inch, was scarcely thicker than a sheet of paper, and in some parts could scarcely be distinguished at all. The gray matter on the surface of Daniel Webster's brain, was three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and the depth of the spaces between the convolutions was on the vertex seven-eighths of an inch. As the gray matter covers the convolutions throughout all their ramifications, Mr. Webster's brain must necessarily have contained a large amount of it.

One other element requires consideration in our determination of the intelligence of animals, and that is the size of the brain. This, however, is so much modified by the very important element of quality, that no absolute rule can be laid down. In general, however, other things being equal, the intellectual develment is directly proportional to the quantity of brain-substance.

The researches of European observers give 49 1-2 ounces as the weight of the average brain of the white inhabitant of Europe, the maximum, that of Cuvier, being 64 1-3 ounces, and the minimum consistent with fair intelligence, 34 ounces. Webster's brain (allowance being made for disease which existed) weighed 63 3-4 ounces; Dr. Abercrombie's 63 ounces, and Spurzheim's 55 1-16 ounces. The average of 24 white American brains, accurately weighed by Dr. Ira Russell, was 52.06 ounces; the maximum 64, and the minimum 44 1-4. The same observer found the average full negro brain, as determined from 147 specimens, to be but 46.96 ounces.

The capacity of Daniel Webster's cranium was the largest on record, being 122 cubic inches. That of the Teutonic family, including English, Germans, and Americans, is 92 cubic inches. In the native African negro it is 83 cubic inches; and in the Australian and Hottentot, but 75. The brain of the idiot seldom weighs over 23 ounces, and is often much less than this. In the instance already referred to as coming under the writer's notice, the weight of the entire brain was but 14 1-2 ounces. Mr. Gore has related in the "Anthropological Review," the particulars of a case of microcephaly in which the brain weighed but

10 ounces and 5 grains. The subject, a female, though forty-two years of age, had an intellect which is described as "infantine." She could say a few words, such as "good," "child," "morning," with tolerable distinctness, but without connection or clear meaning, and was quite incapable of anything like conversation. Her habits were decent and cleanly; but she could not feed herself, at least, with any degree of method or precision. She was fond of carrying and nursing a doll. In a case described in a subsequent number of the same journal, by Professor Marshall, the weight of the entire brain was but 8 1-2 ounces. The subject was a boy twelve years of age. Nothing is said relative to the intelligence manifested.

Absolutely the normal human brain is larger than that of any other animal except that of the elephant and the whale. *Relatively to the weight of the body* it very greatly exceeds the proportion existing in either. Leuret found the mean proportional weight of the brain to the rest of the body, to be in fishes as 1 to 5,668. The range in these animals is, however, very great. In the bass as the average of 11 observations, the writer found it to be as 1 to 523; in the eel, 22 observations, as 1 to 1,429; and in the garfish, 9 observations, 1 to 8,915.

In reptiles of different orders, Leuret determined the average to be as 1 to 1,321. The writer found the proportion in frogs to be as 1 to 520; in lizards as 1 to 180; and in the rattlesnake as 1 to 1,825. The brain of an alligator over six feet in length, which the writer examined, weighed but a little over half an ounce.

Next in order come the birds, and here we find a very decided increase in the proportion. From many determinations made by Haller, Cuvier, Carus, and himself, Leuret gives the average as 1 to 212. In the tomtit he found it as 1 to 12; in the canary-bird as 1 to 14; in the pigeon as 1 to 91; in the duck as 1 to 241; in the chicken as 1 to 377; and in the goose as 1 to 3,600. These are very great differences, and, as Leuret remarks, bear no constant relation to the intelligence. It is worthy of notice that the brain is proportionately smaller in those birds which are domesticated, and which, therefore, have to make a less severe struggle for existence than the wild birds, and their bodies consequently are more encumbered with fat. From determinations made by the writer, it was ascertained that the brain of the canary-bird reared in the United States was in weight, compared to that of the body, as 1 to 10.5, and in the Arctic sparrow as 1 to 11. No observations on record show proportionally larger brains than these.

Among mammals we find a still greater increase in the weight of the brain as compared with that of the body. Leuret found it to range in the monkeys from 1 to 22, 24, and 25; in the dolphin it was as 1 to 36; in the cat as 1 to 94; in the rat as 1 to 130; in the fox as 1 to 205; in the dog as 1 to 305; in the sheep as 1 to 351; in the horse as 1 to 700; and in the ox as 1 to 750. The mean for the class of mammals, exclusive of man, was as 1 to 186. The observations of the writer accord very closely with those of Leuret. He found that in the prairie wolf the proportion between the brain and the body was as 1 to 220; in the wild-cat as 1 to 158; and in the rat as 1 to 132.

Now although there is no definite relation existing between the intelligence and the size of the brain in individual animals of any one class, yet when we compare the different classes with each other, we find the connection very well marked. Thus, taking the data collected by Leuret, it appears that in fishes the brain is but one 5,668th part of the body; in reptiles it is one 1,321st part; in

birds, one 212th part; and in mammals, one 186th part. There is, therefore, beginning with the lowest class, a regular ascent in the volume of the brain, till it reaches the maximum in mammals. And although some individuals of a lower class may have brains proportionally larger than those met with in some animals of a higher class, yet, when we regard the class as a whole, we discover the law to hold good, that the lower the class in the scale of creation, the smaller is the brain when compared with the body. Man stands at the head of the class of mammals, yet it is rarely the case that the brain is more than one 50th the weight of the body—a proportion which is much greater in several other mammals, and is largely exceeded by many of the smaller birds.

But, though the weight of the entire brain in man is absolutely and relatively less than in some other animals, no other has so large an amount of gray matter. To this fact he undoubtedly owes the great mental development which places him so far above all living beings.

An organ closely connected with the brain is the spinal cord. It contains a large quantity of gray matter, not placed as in the brain on the outside, but running down the middle, enclosed in the white matter. This nerve-centre is capable of carrying on many movements perfectly independently of the brain, and so well defined and striking is this power that some physiologists consider it to be possessed of perceptive faculties. There is no way of arriving at definite conclusions relative to the functions of the nervous system but by experiments, and sometimes these involve the destruction or mutilation of the animals upon which they are performed. Fortunately for our sensibilities and for the progress of physiological science, the frog is an animal incapable of experiencing any material degree of pain, and yet is so tenacious of life as to be invaluable to those in search of the truth in the mysteries of Providence. Experiments performed upon this creature appear to show that the spinal cord really is possessed of the faculty of perceiving impressions made upon the body, and of commanding the execution of the motions proper to be made in consequence.

Thus, if the entire brain be removed from a frog, the animal will continue to perform those functions which are immediately connected with the maintenance of life. The heart beats, the stomach digests, and the glands of the body continue to elaborate the several secretions proper to them. These actions are immediately due to the sympathetic system, though they soon cease if the spinal cord be materially injured. But in addition, still more striking movements are effected—movements which are well calculated to excite astonishment in those who see them, and who have embraced the idea that all intelligence resides in the brain.

For instance, if in such a frog the web between the toes be pinched, the limb is immediately drawn away; if the shoulder be scratched with a needle the hind foot of the same side is raised to remove the instrument; if the animal be held up by one leg it struggles to escape; if placed on its back—a position to which frogs have a great antipathy—it immediately turns over on its belly; if one foot be held firmly with a pair of forceps the frog endeavors to draw it away, if unsuccessful, it places the other foot against the instrument and pushes firmly against it, still not succeeding, it writhes the body from side to side and makes a movement forward.

All these and even more complicated motions are performed by the decapitated alligator, and, in fact, may be witnessed to some extent in all animals. The writer has repeatedly seen the headless body of the rattlesnake coil itself

into a threatening attitude, and, when irritated, strike its bleeding trunk against the offending body. Upon one occasion, a man had decapitated one of these reptiles, and while bending down to examine it more carefully was struck by it full in the forehead. So powerfnl was the shock to his nervous system that he fainted, and remained insensible for several minutes. According to Maine de Biran, Perrault reports that a viper whose head had been cut off moved determinately toward its hole in the wall. Analogous movements in man are very effectively carried on during sleep—that condition in which the influence of the brain upon the body is for a time suspended. During this state, if the position in bed be uneasy, it is changed; if the feet be tickled they are drawn away; if the skin be gently pricked, movements are excited, and all these without the slightest agency of the brain, which is not even cognizant of what is going on. They are all set in action by the spinal cord, which never sleeps. And when we reflect that this organ, when acting independently of the brain, is cut off from all communication with the external world by means of the senses of sight, hearing, smell, and taste, and has only that of touch to bring it in relation with impressions and objects, we may be still more surprised at these evidences of its activity.

Such facts certainly seem to show that the nerve centre in question possesses the power of perception, for the movements are such as the occasion giving rise to them ought naturally to produce, and are not those indeterminate actions performed without an object. Such is not, however, the explanation ordinarily given by physiologists, who generally regard them as being examples of what is called reflex action. According to this theory an irritation made upon the extremity of a sensory nerve is conveyed to the spinal cord and is there converted into a motor impulse, which returns to the point of origin through the motor nerve. But this theory, though now almost universally accepted, requires too much to be taken for granted, and must, as science and thought advance, inevitably yield to the one first stated. For (if no other objection be alleged) why should any precise and definite motion be performed unless the spinal cord were aware of the character and extent of the irritation? If the cord is simply a converter of impressions into motor impulses the resultant movements would be altogether without reference to the object to be attained, whereas anyone who observes them as they occur in decapitated frogs will at once perceive how exactly they are in relation with what would normally be the desire of the animal.

But besides originating its own force the spinal cord serves as a conductor for the nerve power which comes from the brain—distributing it to all parts of the body through the several pairs of nerves which it gives off. Each of these spinal nerves arises by two roots. Of these the anterior is exclusively motor, and the posterior is entirely sensory. Thus if the anterior root be divided and the cut extremity not attached to the skin be irritated, movements ensue in the muscles to which the nerve is distributed, but no pain. Irritation of the other cut end produces no effect whatever. This shows the two facts that the anterior root is the root of motion, and that the motor impulse travels from the spine to the extremities of the nerve. On the other hand, if the posterior root be divided and the unattached end be irritated, no effect is produced, but if the irritation be applied to the extremity in connection with the cord pain is felt. This experiment shows that the posterior root is the root of sensation, and that sensibility travels from the periphery to the centre.

Very soon after being given off, the two roots unite, and thus a spinal nerve,

endowed with both the power of sensation and motion, is produced. There are thirty-one pairs of these compound nerves, the sensory and motor fibres of which are so commingled as to render it an impossible undertaking to separate them by any means at present known.

Now if, for instance, a needle be stuck into one of the fingers, the sensory fibres take the impression through the nerve and the posterior root to the spinal cord and thence to the brain. The command goes out to "draw the finger away." The mandate travels down the spinal cord to the anterior root, and thence through the motor fibres of the nerve to the muscles, which immediately act, and the finger is at once removed. All this takes place with great rapidity, but yet with nothing like the celerity once imagined. The researches of Helmholtz, a distinguished German physiologist, have shown with great exactitude the rate of speed with which the nervous fluid travels; and other observers, among whom Schelske deserves mention, have given a great deal of time and patience to this and kindred questions. As the result of many deliberations, it was ascertained that the nervous fluid moves at the rate of about 97.1 feet in a second. Now electricity travels with a speed exceeding 1,200,000,000 feet in a second, and light over 900,000,000. A shooting star moves with a velocity of 200,000 feet in a second, and the earth in its orbit around the sun, 100,000. A cannon ball has a mean velocity of 1,800 feet in a second; an eagle, 130; a locomotive, 95; and a race horse, 80. We thus perceive that the nervous fluid has no very remarkable rate of speed. A fact which, among many others, serves to indicate its non-identity with electricity.

Professor Donders, of Utrecht, has recently been making some interesting experiments in regard to the rapidity of thought, which are likewise interesting. By means of two instruments which he calls the noëmatachograph and the noëmatachometer, he promises some important details. For the present, he announces that a simple idea requires the brain to act for .067 of a second for its elaboration. Doubtless the time required is not the same for all brains, and that by means of these instruments we may obtain definite indications relative to the mental calibre of our friends. What invaluable instruments they would be for nominating caucuses for vestries, for trustees of colleges, for merchants in want of bookkeepers; in short, for all having appointments of any kind to make!

For the eye to receive an impression requires .077 of a second, and for the ear to appreciate a sound, .149 of a second are necessary. The eye, therefore, acts with nearly twice the rapidity of the ear.

The sympathetic system yet remains to be described; but this is so extensive, and is so intimately connected with the well-being of the better half of creation, that policy and politeness require that it shall have a separate chapter to itself.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M.D.

Drawn by Sol Eytinge.

IT WAS A LOCKET CONTAINING A MINIATURE UPON IVORY.—Page 58.

AUNT PENELOPE'S GIRLHOOD.

AUNT PENELOPE'S girlhood began in those rare old times, those simple, curious old times, whose charm eludes the patient, literal plodder, and is preserved for us in quaint, poetic chronicles that blossom like flowers along the dull highways of history, and whose delicious freshness, in contrast with musty binding and crabbed text, delight and surprise; it lingers, too, in the memories of ancient story-tellers, like Aunt Penelope, from whom we get glimpses of a real life; a life vivid as our own with the joy of love, the sorrow of loss, the baleful-ness of sin, the grandeur of aspiration.

"When I was a girl" is Aunt Pen's usual exordium—it may be of a sharp sarcasm upon the degeneracy of the present age, or of a delightful old-time story, that holds us in a charmed circle and keeps our hands idle and our hearts eager in pursuit of hero and heroine through perils of misunderstanding and love unrequited or hardly won, and the bafflings of cruel Fate, to safe anchorage in the haven of marriage. And then, of coure, the interest suddenly dies, for are not the storms overpast, and the waves conquered, and does not satiety wait, as usual, upon unalloyed content?

Aunt Pen, you perceive, is no more philosophic than those other *raconteurs* who tell their stories to a wider audience. The true seers are wiser. Was it not Goethe who, defending himself for crossing that magical rubicon with his hero, said that, at marriage, he deemed a man's life but just begun?

But to return to Aunt Pen. She is a lovely, bright, kindly old lady. There are traditions of her having been very beautiful in her youth, and for my part I think her so still.

Her complexion, a wonderfully pure blonde in her girlhood, is quite smooth and fair yet; her brown eyes are keen, and merry, and tender; and her own soft, wavy brown hair is put back, Madonna-wise, over a calm forehead, and if time has stolen its luxuriance you scarcely guess it. When she is dressed in black silk, as she almost always is of an afternoon, with her lace kerchief crossed at her throat, and is throned in her own arm-chair, with some pretty work in her white, unwrinkled old hands, I think she makes a picture sweet enough to allure the eye of man or woman.

I would rather look at her then than at any young girl whom I know; and yet, on one of the golden days just passed, with pomp, and ceremony, and thankfulness, and a tender, solemn awe, we celebrated Aunt Pen's hundredth birthday!

There is a portrait in our parlor, a little hard and crude in coloring, yet so striking, and so manifestly true to life, that strangers never fail to notice it. It is a girl of about twenty; the face is proud, spirited, noble; the mouth red and smiling; the eyes laugh at you and challenge aquaintance; the gold-brown hair is dressed at each side in two puffs, whose amplitude testifies to the wealth of that beautiful adornment, for in the old times the shams of rats and cushions

were not. Behind the puffs it is drawn back with amazing tightness, and wound into a coil high up upon the head, a fashion not unlike that of to-day, for which the only thing to be said is, that it gives our maidens the quaint, old-fashioned look of an ancient portrait.

The dress is brocaded silk of a grotesque, straggling pattern; the sleeves are slashed, revealing a daintily-embroidered undersleeve; the bodice is modestly *décolleté*, as became those pinks of propriety, our great-grandmothers.

No one ever looked from this portrait to Aunt Pen without recognizing the original. And the recognition was always followed by the wondering question—Why did she never marry? It is always asked, you know, of every spinster not absolutely plain; curiously enough, too, when one considers the hosts of ugly women who marry.

But this question was always privately put. No one dared ask it of Aunt Pen. Even I, privileged beyond most, shrank from that audacity. Who knew whether lawless curiosity would unveil an angel or a skeleton?

It is many years now since the benediction of her presence first came into our home, and it is only lately she has told me the story.

Our home is like all the homes of this world. It has had its seasons of turmoil, its worries, and its cares, and also its days of quietude, when our souls have ripened in a mellow Indian summer of content; when life has worn on as serenely as this perfect June day wears to its close—to set, so we trust, in golden glory at last.

Our house sits on a hill. There is a green slope to the valley, full all summer of verdure, and the music of the brook, and bird songs. Now autumn has glorified it. The woodlands glow through a tender mist, as flame through smoke; the southwest gently stirs the fallen leaves; the fringed gentian lifts its blue cup by the brook; the golden-rod wastes its splendor by the wayside. The year has indued its royal robes. It dies in kingly magnificence.

All last winter the landscape was a wide waste of snow. For days and days the sun turned his back upon us, or shone with a wintry coldness, more cruel and disheartening than the sombreness of storms. It was winter in my heart, too—dreary, dismal winter.

Paul and I had quarrelled. Or, if not quite quarrelled, we had let a shadow fall between us. Paul was imperious, and I was wilful. Paul would, and I would not. And so we made each other as miserable as we could, and two people who love one another can do a great deal in that way. At last, Paul went away, not in a pet—that I could have forgiven, and there would have been mutual confessions and tears, and the sweetness of peace after warfare. But Paul was altogether too good to get angry. He is one of your exasperatingly perfect people. And so he drew himself up in his coldest, most stoical manner, and told me with killing gravity that I was out of myself, and perhaps he had better go away till I was come to my senses; and then departed. And I was left alone with my remorse, and my tears, and Aunt Pen.

Aunt Pen was knitting placidly in a corner. I stood at the window watching Paul's straight figure as it went sturdily along through the snow, every step taking him farther and farther from me, and feeling very childishly miserably for a grown-up woman.

"Come to the fire, child!" said Aunt Pen. "There is no need for you to get sick because you are unhappy."

I went reluctantly. I was in that wayward mood that I would a little rather have been ill than not.

Aunt Pen gave me a keen look.

"You think you are a very ill-used woman, Janet?"

"I do, indeed. Paul is so determined, so—so obstinate!" I said, in despair.

"He *is* very set in his way," returned the old lady, quietly.

"Set in his way! I should think so, indeed! He is as immovable as a rock. I may beat myself to pieces against his will, and not stir him. I do think, Aunt Pen, a will like Paul's is about the worst fault a man can have."

"Most men have faults," said Aunt Pen, with a curious twinkle in her eyes. "I have known a good many men in my day, but never one that I could call perfect. As for Paul—what would you prefer to obstinacy? A lack of principle, dishonesty, meanness?"

"Oh, don't, Aunt Pen," I cried. "Paul is as good as gold. But then he is sometimes hard to get along with."

An absent expression had stolen over her face.

"Yes dear!" she said, slowly. "When I was a girl—"

She paused. A strange audacity took possession of me.

"Tell me all about it, Aunt Pen. When you were a girl you must have had lovers."

She smiled. There was a little flicker of color in the aged cheek.

"Lovers? Yes, child, I had more than most girls. I had two, and one was considered enough in those days. We did not parade our victims as an Indian warrior his scalps, nor con them over in secret as a fine lady does her jewels. There was more true heart-love in those days than now, though you may think that an old woman's fancy. But when the country was thinly settled, and when you were shut up by yourself half the year, the heart had time to grow. It seems to me now, sometimes, that people seldom get at the deepest in themselves. Then, when the country was new, and the terror of the Indians might any day send you flying for your life to your neighbor, it was no time for petty superficial likings. What friendship there was struck its roots deep down. Life was in dead earnest. There was no play in making love, or in anything else.

"I was born in the woods, as I've often told you. Father went to New Hampshire very early, and took up a tract of land. It touched Winnipiseogee on the south, and ran northward to the Conway meadows—big enough almost for a county, and lonelier and wilder than you can imagine. I used to look down in the bright days at the still, smiling waters of the lake, and over the great, dark waves of woodland that ran away to the horizon, and up to the shining mountains, so awful, and desolate, and inaccessible, and I grew sick and afraid —sick for the sight of human faces and pleasant, homely sounds, and afraid of the solemn majesty before which we were so insignificant and mean. Yet the mountains had a fascination for me. Sometimes, in the still, moonlight nights, I used to wake and creep softly to my window. The room looked to the north, and I used to fancy that I saw the great hills parting, and parting before me, letting me into the awful, secret, solitary places where no human eye had seen or foot trodden. Father had a fancy that smiling valleys and a fertile, hospitable country lay beyond the mountains, and he said he should not wonder if the day came when one could cross them easily. Then, in summer days, the mountains were great company for me. They put aside their majesty, and the great domes shone fair and tempting like heavenly islands in the sky, angel homes that just touched earth on one side. I had all the wild fancies that a lonely, imaginative child would be apt to have.

"Once or twice in the summer, people travelling to Canada would stop over night at our house, and perhaps once in the winter a trading party would call to see us. And this was all the society we had. Father liked it well enough, but mother was delicate and timid, and had always secretly pined for the settlements. Father was well to do, and there was no need for him to rough it in the woods. And so, being a persuadable man, she at last coaxed him to sell out and move back down country. The money he got for the farm was quite a fortune, mother said.

"It was in the winter that we started to go down below. The ice bridged the streams, and the cold had stiffened the swamps, and along the water courses the snow was not too deep for us, and father said it was the best time to go. The furniture of the house, and the boxes with our clothes and household linen, and father and mother and I, were all piled upon an ox-sled, drawn by two pairs of oxen.

"We had cousins living in most of the settlements, and when we did not find them we easily made friends. There were no public houses on the way, but we were welcome everywhere. Mother had roasted chickens and boiled a whole ham, and made bread and doughnuts enough to last the whole journey, so that we only had to ask for a night's lodging, and everybody was more than glad to give us that for the sake of our news. We picked up the news as we went, and carried it from village to village, and our coming was the signal for a general holiday.

"It was a long, cold journey, but at last we got where it was more thickly settled, and then mother and I rested at a tavern, while father went looking for a home. It was just a happy chance that he found this farm. The owner had gone to England on business, and once there, could not make up his mind to come out to the colony again, and so the farm was sold.

"It was spring before we were settled, for spring came earlier here than it did in the new State. Mother worked cheerfully, and was so happy, it was good to see her. I've often wondered since, if father knew when they were married what a cross he was putting upon her, in taking her away from civilized life and all the comforts to which she had been accustomed. She never spoke of it, I am sure, for she was not one to make a sacrifice, and then go mourning about it all her days. Only now you could guess what it had been to her. She blossomed out into gladness, and grew young in a strange, beautiful way.

"The farm was different then from what it is now, but so much cleared land was very pleasant to our New Hampshire eyes. And yet the hollow yonder was full of woods, and the brook never caught the sunshine till it crossed the meadow, and ran across the turnpike.

"It was delightful to be only twenty miles from Boston. Sister Ruth, the daughter of father's first wife, lived there; and to see the mail-carrier go by once a week, was like hearing from her. Once in a while, too, we had a letter, not often, for postage was expensive, and prudent folks economized in their correspondence.

"It was in the spring of 1775 that we settled on the new farm. I was only a child of ten, but such a child picks up a good deal, and in spite of the rubbish I have stowed away in my memory since, a great many incidents of those days crop out quite plainly.

"I had a vague idea that great events were at hand. Mother said I must not ask questions, but I used to sit in the corner and hear father and the neighbors talk, and I became as good a hater of King George as any of them.

"One night I went away to bed, and left them in the kitchen. I suppose it was about midnight, when mother came and woke me, and said I was to go and sleep in a truckle bed, in a little room off her's; and when I fretted, sleepily, she said Elkanah Parsons and David Warren were to stay all night, and the spare bed was not yet set up. These were two young men who often dropped in on their way to Boston with the produce of their farms.

"I fell asleep again, and had a long nap, from which I was wakened suddenly by a loud shout. I sprang up frightened, and called for mother, but she did not come. I lay there trembling, a minute or two, and presently I heard the two young men come running down stairs; pretty soon father's steady step crossed the kitchen floor. The outside door opened. There was a confused sound of voices, and then the tramping of hoofs; then all was still as death. I was too frightened to stay alone, and I got up and put on my clothes, and felt my way to the kitchen. A light shone out from under the door. I opened it. There were some candles flaring on the table. Father and the young men stood there looking pale and excited. Mother was behind them.

"When the door opened father started, and seeing me, called out, 'Polly! here's that child!'

"Mother came to me then, and led me back into her bedroom. She was crying so she could hardly speak, but I made out what the trouble was. A messenger had ridden out from Boston to warn us that the British soldiers were coming. He was rousing the people far and near, and all the neighbors were going out to meet them. Of course father was not the man to stay behind. 'Then we're going to have war?' I said, for this was what I had heard talked of so much. But mother was crying so, that she took no notice of my question.

"Pretty soon, father and the two young men went away. Just as they were starting, the sun came up as red as blood. Mother pointed to it and said she prayed God it was not a bad omen. But father told her to be of good cheer, and they shook hands, and then he was gone.

"That was a strange day to us. It was like Sunday, only I played under the sycamore, and I was never allowed to play on Sunday.

"All the forenoon, straggling parties kept coming along the turnpike. They would stop a minute to see what news we had, and then hurry on. Now and then, we heard firing, and toward the south there was a blue cloud, which mother said was smoke. But by-and-by that ceased. Nobody came along the road now. We were all alone.

"Mother sat down in the door with her knitting. But she could not keep about it. She would knit a minute or two, and then walk out where she could see a good way along the road.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon, two horsemen rode up. They were dressed in gay uniform, and, to my eyes, were very splendid. One was young, and had fair hair and smiling blue eyes, and sat his horse like a prince. The other was older and plain, and rode carelessly. This one knit his black brows, and, looking at me very hard, said:

"'Where is your father, little girl?'

"'Gone to fight King George's men,' was my innocent reply.

"The young man laughed merrily at this, and the other swore an oath. But he laughed, too.

"'You little rebel! Do you know whom you are talking to?'

"'No, sir!'

"'No! Else you wouldn't have made that audacious reply. I am Major Laycock, of His Majesty's service, and this is Captain Chalonier. What do you suppose we do to rebels?' and he glowered at me quite fiercely.

"'Don't frighten the child, Major,' said Captain Chalonier, kindly. 'Little girl, we have accidentally separated from our companions, and we want to know—,' and then he stopped short, and took off his hat, for my mother stood in the door—pale, composed—watching us steadily.

"At sight of her, Major Laycock removed his hat also, but reluctantly. A little parley followed, mother directed them as they desired, and they rode away.

"I watched the gold lace flash out of sight, and then I cried out in praise of them.

"'Hush, Pen!' said my mother, sternly. 'They are the enemies of your country.'

"'But mother, Captain Chalonier looked so kind!'

"'But, Pen! what if that handsome right hand of his has slain one of our countrymen to-day!'

"I was awed and silent. Could anybody who looked so good be so wicked? I thought about it all the rest of the afternoon, till the cows came home, and mother fed them, and gave me my supper of bread and milk. I ate it sitting in the doorway with my porringer on my knee, and afterward fell asleep there.

"It was quite dark when the sound of footsteps aroused me. A group of men were coming up to the door, carrying some heavy burden between them. I caught one glimpse of it, and then ran in terror to mother.

"They came into the kitchen, laid their burden down on the settle, and stood around with pale, stern faces. Their clothes were dusty and splashed with blood-stains, worn with the day's fatigue—common-looking men enough, but the first heroes who fought in the great struggle.

"At last father said, solemnly:

"'Elkanah Parsons has given his life for liberty. He has died well. Let us pray!'

"We all knelt, and father prayed. I had heard people say that father had a great gift in prayer. Now I began to understand it. When we rose from our knees I did not tremble. I did not want to weep. My blood was all on fire. And this, thought I, is war.

"There was a great funeral the next day. Many of the men had not yet returned from the pursuit of the British, but the women came from all around.

"I remember that I walked to the grave, holding David Warren's hand. David was just Elkanah's age—eighteen. I haven't forgotten the hard grip he gave my hand when the first earth was thrown upon the coffin, and I, looking up in his face, and seeing the cold light in his eyes, and the close, shut lips, did not dare to cry.

"It is as though the events I have just related were the story of the whole year, for I recollect nothing else with any distinctness. After this, the years slipped fast away. There were battles lost and won. There were hard times in the house.

"A company of soldiers was made up in the neighborhood, and mother gave her beautiful crimson-cloth cloak to make coats for two of them. David Warren wanted to go with these men; but his father was old, and would not hear of it, and mother said David was just as much a hero as those who went.

"After this, more years slipped away, and all the time I was getting into

womanhood. This growing up is so strange a thing! When I recall the thoughts and feelings I had then, they seem more like the experience of another than my own.

"All this time, David had been often at our house. He helped father in haying time, and husked with us in the autumn, and was better than any of us at popping corn. I should have missed him very much. Except Patty Parsons, he was the only young friend I had.

"At last, one day, Ruth came bustling up from Boston to see us. She had not been over-sisterly, and she was so handsome and stylish, and such a great lady, that I was almost afraid of her. Ruth favored father. She had a dark, fine-grained skin, with a bright red in the cheeks, and crisp, black, curling hair. She had brisk, gay ways, that domineered over, but pleased everybody. She was very fine, too, in her blue velvet jockey and stiff brocade. Ruth's husband was rich, and she was made much of in the politest society. I had often heard father grieve over her worldliness. And then it was a great cross to him that Samuel Dana was a Tory. I suppose this was the reason he did not come with Ruth to see us. But it didn't matter.

"I was proud and fond of Ruth, and listened with delight to her gay stories There would be plenty of gayety in Boston that winter, she said. The war was as good as over, and there were a great many British officers who would not get away home before spring—well-bred, polished gentlemen, fond of pleasure, and charming companions.

"Once father got quite angry. It was when Ruth took out of her trunk a package of tea she had brought as a present, and mother happening to say that we had not used anything except liberty tea since before the war, Ruth laughed, and said we were very silly, and what difference could our using tea have made?

"Then father broke out with a stern rebuke that made even Ruth look a little pale. But she got over it, and didn't seem to lay up any hardness.

"Pretty soon, her errand came out. I was to go to Boston with her and spend the winter.

"I was dazed at the thought. It quite took my breath away. Mother shook her head and father frowned, and neither of them would hear a word of it. But Ruth knew how to get her way, and she gave them no peace.

"'Do you mean the child shall never see any society?'

"'Pen is contented at home,' answered father, smiling at me. And so I was, Yet a vague longing stirred in me whenever Ruth spoke of the town.

"At last her persuasions prevailed. All along mother had cherished a half-expressed wish that I should enjoy some of the pleasures of girlhood. She had been fond of dancing in her day, and it was a great change when she married my father, who thought all such things were sinful.

"When I found I was really going, I was almost sorry. I stole away from Ruth's congratulations, and cried about it. How was I ever to do without mother so long.

"That evening, David Warren came in to see us. He was a little abashed in the presence of Ruth and her fine ways, and did not show his best side. Perhaps it wasn't strange that she thought him awkward, particularly in contrast with the elegant gentlemen of the town.

"When David went away, I walked with him to the gate. 'When is this fine sister of yours going away?' he said, lingering. 'Your old friends have no chance of you while she is here.'

"'Oh, David, I am going too,' I cried, full of the great news. 'Only think. I shall be gone six months.'

"'Going away for six months,' he echoed.

"'Yes! Ruth wants me. Won't it be a change for a little country girl like me?' and with that I looked up in his face, and saw all he could have said if he had talked forever.

"For a minute, I was dumb with consternation.

"'Do you care so much?' I said at last.

"And he answered, that the thought of losing me was like that of death; that he did not know how he could bear it, if I did not promise to come back and be his wife. And having said this in a tone so different from his usual steady voice that it affected me strangely, he was silent.

"I remember how the white moonlight lay on the grass, and the wind sounded in the top of the tall sycamore, and father's step in the kitchen, and Ruth singing to her baby.

"By-and-by, David asked me gently, if I knew him well enough to trust my happiness with him, and if, after a little while, I could not think of him as my husband.

"I hardly knew how I felt at this. David was upright and good. It gave me a sense of deep peace to think of having one so true to love, and to love me all my life. It would be strange if I could not learn to love him. And I was sure I liked him better than any one whom I knew. So after a little, I told him that I must speak to mother about it, and if she approved, and gave a glad consent, I did not think I would hold back mine.

"David was so happy and grateful at this, that I prayed in my heart I might be as thankful as I ought to be for this great blessing.

"When I went in there was nobody in the fore room. But presently, Ruth came, and, leaning over my chair, said:

"'What were you and David talking about so long, out there?'

"I knew I should have to tell her, but I didn't like it. So I said, 'Can't you guess, Ruth?'

"'Guess? Boys and girls talk a great deal of nonsense,' she said, lightly. 'They sometimes play at making love.'

"Her tone hurt me.

"'David is not a man to play at making love,' I said, with indignation.

"'You don't know much about men, Penelope,' said Ruth.

"'I don't want to know any one better than David,' I replied, and then I told her. But I saw at once that she was annoyed.

"'You are very much vexed, Ruth.'

"'Vexed? Why, yes, a little. You are so young, child.'

"Mother came in just now, and when she had heard the whole matter, she said in her kind, sensible way, that we were both young, and she did not think I ought to bind myself yet. If when I came back from Boston we were both in the same mind, and father was willing, we might call it an engagement.

"So that was the way it was settled.

"A week after this I was in Ruth's house.

"My new life was very strange at first. It was odd having servants to wait upon one; to sleep late in the morning instead of bustling about breakfast; and to wear my best clothes every day.

"But Ruth laughingly declared, that I took to luxury as naturally as if I was

to the manner born. I may as well own that I liked pretty things. I liked Ruth's soft carpets, and tall mirrors, the new dresses she bought me, and to have my hands smooth and white. And I enjoyed, particularly, the drives in the handsome carriage with the black footman. It was a chariot, the body painted yellow, and lined with blue damask.

"Four o'clock in the afternoon was the fashionable hour for driving, and then one was sure to meet a great many carriages. I have seen as many as fifty in going from the State House to Governor Hancock's.

"Gentlemen usually rode. In those days every gentleman could ride.

"One day a horseman rode up to our carriage, and I heard Ruth playfully scold him for not coming to see her. And then she turned and presented him to me, and who do you suppose it was, except Captain Chalonier.

"He was just the same as ever, a little older only, and perhaps handsomer. His face had the beauty of a picture. The outlines were delicate yet strong, the coloring bright and mellow. Ages of culture cannot help telling. It was no special grace of his that all his attitudes were unconsciously such as an artist would have chosen, that his voice had a rhythmic beauty about it that charmed like music. But it was very much to his advantage.

"When I had looked at him an instant, and he had bowed very low—in the way that was then the fashion—and said he was proud to know me, I said:

"'I think we have met before, Captain Chalonier.'

"He was not aware that he had had that pleasure.

"'It was several years ago and only for a moment,' I said mischievously. 'I recollect that Captain Chalonier and his friend Major Laycock were exceedingly anxious to get back to Boston.'

"A puzzled expression ran over his face, then a light broke, and he said laughing:

"'I may be forgiven for wishing to forget that day. Indeed, Miss Meredith, it was the beginning of a bad business. Thank Heaven, it is almost ended.'

"'And rightly ended,' I said fervently.

"'Hush, Pen!' said Ruth, who began to understand us. 'You must excuse my sister, Captain Chalonier. She was brought up an ardent rebel.'

"'Anything may be forgiven to such an opponent,' said the Captain, with a gallant bow. But I don't forswear my loyalty by saying that it was all a sad mistake. After such a confession I hope, Miss Meredith, you will not look upon me as an enemy.'

"I'm afraid I should have found it hard in any case to do that. He was my first specimen of a cultured, well-bred man. I was quite delighted to hear Ruth invite him to dinner that afternoon.

"We parted very cordially, and I rode home in a pleasant dream.

"I went up stairs very absently to dress for dinner. Ruth came in before I was half ready.

"'Not that dress, Pen! See here!' and she shook out the folds of a beautiful brocaded silk, and showed me the sleeves heavy with lace, and the great gold buckle set with pearls that was to accompany it, and the embroidered stomacher, and the high-heeled, peaked slippers.

"When I was dressed I ran down and surveyed myself in the pier-glass. I was at least two inches taller than usual, and my train was like a queen's for length, and there was a color in my cheeks, and a light in my eyes that I had never seen there before.

"Ruth danced around me delighted.

"'Isn't she a beauty, Samuel?' she cried.

"And then Samuel walked me up and down the room and made me practise making courtesies—which I had much ado to perform rightly, owing to the heels of the slippers and the long dress—and finally said he didn't think he should be ashamed of me, and that I should go the next day, in the same dress, and sit for my portrait.

"'Then David can see how I looked at my first dinner,' I said.

"'David!'

"Ruth said the word in such a tone that I looked up in astonishment, but before I could speak there was a knock at the door and Captain Chalonier was shown in.

"If I had liked him in the morning, how much more now that he was come on purpose to be agreeable. For, Janet, my dear, the most sincere people dare not go into society with their manners in *déshabillé*. There is always an unconscious putting of the best foot forward.

"The evening flew fast. When Captain Chalonier left he had promised to come for us the next day, and accompany us to the rooms of the portrait painter. In those days girls didn't go everywhere alone. It was considered proper to have an escort.

"And so our acquaintance began. But it did not seem new. There was a sweet, familiar feeling about it, a sense of naturalness, a pleasant giving up of the past and forgetfulness of the future.

"For weeks I saw Captain Chalonier every day and I never once thought to ask myself whither I was tending.

"My old life at home, David, even father and mother faded almost out of my mind. I tried sometimes to rouse myself, to pick up the broken links and bring back the old feeling.

"But the life that was gone did not seem mine. There was a new Penelope Meredith in place of the old one, a creature with a world of vivid sensations which that simple girl never knew. Life seemed to open out and around me indefinitely, and upward it rose as high as heaven.

"By-and-by the portrait was done and sent home. Ruth and I went into the parlor the next morning and found Captain Chalonier standing before it.

"'You must give it to me, Mrs. Dana, you must indeed!' he said quickly.

"Ruth lifted her eyebrows archly.

"'No, indeed, Captain Chalonier! You must be generous enough to give *me* the portrait.'

"His face suddenly darkened; he said not a word in answer, and presently went away. Nor did he come again for a week.

"I was hurt and troubled. I missed my friend. I had a sorrowful presentiment of coming evil. The days went slowly and had no delight in them.

"At last, one morning, I heard his knock, and in a moment he was beside me, but so altered that I exclaimed—

"'Have you been ill?'

"'No! I have been doing penance.'

"'I don't understand you,' I returned, bewildered.

"'I have staid away from you a week. Is not that a punishment?'

"'But you have come back. I don't know what sin haunts you, but if you are repentant I will absolve you.'

"'Will you?" he asked eagerly. 'Does repentance atone for wrong-doing?

"'Reparation may.'

"'Ah! But if no reparation is possible?' and his face clouded as he spoke.

"I was quite puzzled.

"He smiled presently, seeing it.

"'Pardon me. I didn't come to annoy, but to ask you to ride with me. The day is beautiful and the roads are good.'

"I could not decline so tempting an invitation, and presently I was upon Ruth's pony ambling beside him.

"The day was so sweet, my friend was so gracious and genial, it was so pleasant to be with him again, that my cloud dissolved in the ether.

"By-and-by I should go home. When I took up the old life again its charm would come back. For the present, why not be glad in the way that was natural. So I was happy for that one brief hour, little guessing how soon the night was to close around me.

"We were in the midst of the crowd, urging our horses through it, when suddenly I felt the saddle-girth slipping, and in a moment more I should have been down among the trampling feet. But somebody, who was just abreast of us, sprang from the sidewalk and caught me in his arms. I looked up in his face, and—oh! it was David! And something had happened at home.

"'What is it?' I whispered.

"'Don't be frightened! Your mother is sick; not dangerously; but she has sent for you to come home.'

"In my sudden distress I did not think to introduce Captain Chalonier for a minute or two. When I did so the two gentlemen bowed coldly. David refused to go home with us, but he would come for me at one o'clock if I would be ready.

"And so Captain Chalonier and I rode back alone. He hardly spoke to me, hardly even looked at me. But he went into the house, having sent the horses away; and when I came down stairs, after slipping off my habit, I found him in the parlor. He came to meet me with a wistful look on his face that touched me.

"'I staid to bid you good-by,' he said, holding out his hand.

"'Good-by!' I tried to repeat the words, but they died on my lips.

"'A last good-by,' he said, with sudden vehemence. 'Do you know we're parting forever? Oh, how can I let you go?'

"Suddenly, as by a blaze of heavenly light, I saw my own heart. No need of learning to love here, no need of delay, no room for doubt. My soul leapt up to meet its king, my heart recognized its mate chosen from the beginning.

"'You can't part with me,' I whispered.

"'I must! God help me, I must.'

"I looked up at him. His face was scarred with pain.

"'I must give you up to that other lover. God bless you both and pity me.'

"He dropped my hand and turned away. Then, perhaps I was unwomanly, I cried out—

"'Richard, come back to me! Did you think I loved *him?* Oh, no!' and I reached out my hands to him.

"He did not touch them, but his countenance suddenly was luminous. A wonderful light shone in his eyes. But it ebbed swiftly. He stood looking at me wistfully, without speaking.

"'What is it, Richard?' I said, with a strange calmness. For all at once I knew that his love was not for me. And with that thought the bitterness of death passed.

"'What is it? You would not treat me so without great cause. You would not—dishonor yourself in my eyes.'

"'I am dishonored in my own eyes,' he said, huskily. 'I ought to have kept away from you. I was lonesome, and homesick, and wretched, and your sweet society comforted me. I was fool enough to think I could see you every day and not love you. And your sister told me about David Warren, and I thought—'

"He stopped, and with trembling haste pulled out something attached to a ribbon and worn inside his waistcoat. It was a locket containing a miniature upon ivory. He put it into my hand, and through a mist of tears I saw the face that came between my love and me.

"It was a fair girl with blue eyes, and smooth, brown hair, and red mouth meant for kisses; a girl trustful, and innocent, and loving; proud, and gentle, and sweet; a right womanly woman, one to sit in the blessed household corner with her children around her knees, to wear his name with graceful pride, to crown his table with her stately, matronly beauty, to comfort him in all wifely ways.

"'She is my cousin,' he said. 'Her father and mine arranged the marriage. It was not distasteful to me. I never rebelled against my bonds till I saw you.'

"'Does she love you?'

"A minute's silence, and then he said: 'I think she is fond of me, but—'

"'You will go back to her, Richard,' I interrupted, quite calmly.

"'Is it so easy for you to say that?' he said, in a tone of keen reproach. But he gave me one look, and then broke forth passionately: 'Forgive me. I know not whether it is most joy or pain to see you suffer. It is heaven to know that you love me. Penelope, is it an angel or a devil that speaks to me? It says that a promise made blindly is better broken than kept? that only to you can I be a true husband? that I should do Lucia a greater wrong to marry her than to leave her? My love, tell me what is right?'

"A hush as of the grave fell around us. Clearly as if I looked from above, I saw it all.

"Oh, the temptation was so strong! On the one hand, the safe bliss of love, the long shelter of his home. On the other—what? I was only seventeen. It is so hard to give up all one's hopes at seventeen. Need I? ought I? Surely, God meant him for me. What was a promise, compared to this mighty power that shook my soul? that made a strong man sob before me?

"But that girl! She would haunt me all my life. What was my sorrow more than hers? And how would it be with Richard? If I married him he would love me; he would make my life very sweet. But people submit to the inevitable. And our acquaintance had been so brief. If he went back to Lucia, the loss of me would wear out. Our love would seem like a dream, and, as the years went on, it would grow fainter and fainter in his memory. And nobody would have suffered greatly but me.

"So I had decided. Janet, Janet! to this day, I am not sure that I was right!"

Poor Aunt Pen. She rocked back and forth and sobbed with the vehemence of youth.

"So I said: 'You must shut your heart to that voice, Richard. Nay, it *is* your heart, and not conscience at all. Go to Lucia. May she love you so well that you will never miss me. And now, bid me good-by, and kiss me once,' for I thought Lucia would not grudge me so little. But he held me in his arms, and I had to wrench myself away and fly from his love, as if it were a lure of the

wicked one. I did not see him again. That afternoon, I went home with David."

After a little while I said: "Did you never see him again, Auntie?"

"Once, my dear, a good many years afterward. Ruth's husband had business in London, and he took us over with him. And there, at a great dinner-party, I met Captain and Mrs. Chalonier. She had grown very stout, and was ruddy and handsome. She did not look as if she had ever seen any trouble. Captain Chalonier was greatly altered. He looked old, and thin, and haggard. But he was in public life, and was a very busy man. We only exchanged a word or two in the crowd, and then the sea of silence flowed between us again."

Aunt Pen ended, drearily, and fell into reverie. But I must know one thing more.

"What became of David Warren?"

She roused up with difficulty.

"David? He married Patty Parsons. I stood up at their wedding. They have been dead nigh upon forty years. I thought I was an old woman when Patty died. A hundred years, Janet! The way has been a long one, and at times very hard, because of its loneliness. But there have been few places where I could not sing hymns. And now Heaven is close at hand. I think Richard is waiting for me there. Sometimes, as I sit here alone, all these lonely years fall out of my life, and he is with me again, and we have never been divided. And that I humbly trust is the way it will be. But, Janet, I was thinking this afternoon, while I was listening to you and Paul, that if Richard Chalonier had been given to me here I should have been willing to put up with a great deal. The love of God is infinitely precious, but I doubt if he meant it ever to quite make up for the lack of human love."

The beautiful old face was pale and sorrowful; the voice was low and weak. But the immortal love is close upon its fruition. Soon God will give rest to *His* beloved.

ANNA L. JOHNSON.

THE NATIONAL PROSPECTS AND RESOURCES.

IT is a familiar assertion, but one to which each new step taken in the civilization of the globe adds fresh pungency and force, that the geographical position of the United States of America, both as regards interior development and foreign commerce, is superior to that of any other nation in the world. A country extending from latitude 25 deg. to 49 deg. North, and from longitude 75 deg. to 125 deg. West, not only contains climates to suit all temperaments, but comprises an area (including the lately acquired possessions in the far Northwest) of 2,208,900,000 acres. This vast territory is filling up with emigrants from all parts of the world, bringing their money and household effects, and their hardy frames and muscles wherewith to open up the wealth that lies buried in the mountains and valleys of the land. Germans, Irish, French, Scotch, Americans, vie with each other to see who shall push farthest the bound of civilization.

The enormous strides made by the United States—a nation not a century old—are, of course, due to the fact that it came into existence during an age of progress. "Brother Jonathan" has surely lived longer than old Noah, who, in his 950 years, saw only forty days and nights of events which caused him any excitement or promised the least progress. I think the chances are that the nundreds of years passed by those antediluvians upon earth, were spent in a kind of lethargy, and that instead of advancing they were often set back.

Annual statistics almost bewilder the reader with their exhibit of material wealth that yearly flows into our possession, while cities are springing up as if by magic, where but yesterday the antelope and the buffalo divided with the savage the sovereignty of a wilderness. The general mineral resources of the United States are doubtless greater than those of any country on the globe ; but its inexhaustible coal mines, with the measureless wealth they contain or represent, are worthy of special comment. The coal fields already discovered cover an area of 200,000 square miles—that is to say, twelve and a half times more than is to be found in the aggregate coal deposits of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Prussia, Bohemia, Saxony, Spain, and Russia.

The possession of these immense deposits of coal at once betokens and assures future enterprise in America to an extent practically beyond limit. Such an agent at hand to produce power on land and sea, and applicable to all improved mechanism, becomes the symbol of the national strength of the Republic. Through it, iron roads are belting the country in all directions, and the locomotive whistle is frightening the Indian's game from the prairies. It keeps in motion hundreds of thousands of spinning jennies, which turn raw material into articles of luxury and of necessity. To it is due the rapid transfer of merchandise in peace, and in war the transportation of armies and navies ; changing the whole character of warfare, accelerating events, deciding the fate of battles, and the destiny of

nations. The coal mines that abound throughout our domain will continue to build up great manufacturing establishments. It is not possible, in short, to overestimate the national value of these resources.

Of the great gold belts stretching across the United States, the chief are the Appalachian gold field, traversing a line parallel with the Atlantic coast; the Rocky Mountain gold field, traversing the newly organized territories; and the great Sierra Nevada gold field, traversing the country bordering on the Pacific.

The influence of the last-mentioned gold deposits on national development is seen in the rapid advance of California, which, in 1846, had a population of a few thousand Indians, lorded by a few rich land-owners and dissolute priests. The State now has a population of nearly half a million energetic people, who are sending a hundred millions yearly to our treasury to help pay the interest of the national debt. At this moment it is the wealth of California alone that keeps up the balance of trade, without which, in the present disorganized condition of American finances, the nation would be so deeply indebted to foreign countries as to collapse for want of means to go on with.

The iron wealth of America is also too enormous to be estimated; indeed, it is impossible to compute the vast amount of this useful and indispensable metal which lies buried in the earth everywhere throughout the Union. Good authority has declared that the State of Missouri alone contains iron ore sufficient to supply a million tons per annum of the manufactured product for the next two hundred years. Extensive copper mines exist at various points from the valley of the Mississippi to the Pacific; while lead, tin, and zinc are found in large quantities in several States and Territories. In 1848 the country began to develop the mineral wealth of California. Since that year, over one thousand millions of dollars have been produced from her soil. The younger States are making large additions to the American yield of gold and silver.

These facts, hastily grouped together, relate to only one element of national wealth, namely, the mineral resources of the country. I could easily take up and display in like manner its agricultural, commercial, inventive, and manufacturing powers and prospects, to make the story complete. What conclusion shall be drawn? One practical conclusion in my own mind is, that there should be no fear of the country's being able to free itself before many years of the huge national debt, whose very shadow now seems to hang over the national prospects like a pall. I would go farther in my inference from these material facts, and ask why we of the present generation should fret and struggle to pay off entirely and at once an obligation which was incurred for the benefit of millions yet unborn? Let those that are to enter into this rich inheritance, take their part of the labor of shouldering the debt, since we of this generation have freely shed our blood that they, too, may be prosperous and happy.

We cannot doubt that the coming generation will perceive the justice of such a policy. We shall transmit to them no worn-out soil, no poverty-stricken country. Even the late desolating war has but measurably reduced the national resources. In most countries, revolutions have impoverished the people; in ours, even luxuries are still abundant throughout that portion of the land where the sinews of war were gathered. The revolution has placed the factories of the country on a more stable foundation. It has made us feel that we have a country and a flag to fight for. And yet, what spectacle does the country now present? That of a blooded courser, ready to start in the race, but weighed down by a load that paralyzes his limbs and dims the brightness of his spirit. Unwise

legislation regarding the national debt is clogging enterprise. Instead of relieving the people from oppressive taxes, the legislature is devising means to further cripple their energies.

Wise statesmanship, instead of attempting to pay off in one generation the great national debt, would reduce taxes to the minimum required to pay the interest, keep up a small, efficient army and navy, and maintain moderately our civil and diplomatic service. The money it is proposed to collect from the people to quench the debt, would, if used by them, wonderfully expand the resources of the country, producing measureless wealth in improved real estate, in manufactures, in commercial enterprises.

Let us consider for a moment the consequences of reducing the taxation to the smallest amount required for carrying on the Government. Suppose that we could reduce the taxes two hundred and fifty millions a year—which might easily be done by getting rid of the "whiskey ring" and the tobacco frauds. This amount saved would in twenty years add five billions of dollars to the wealth of the people; that is to say, a sum equal to twice the present national debt. What gigantic enterprises could be undertaken with $5,000,000,000 circulating during the time I have mentioned! On the other hand, it will startle many to be told that, during the next twenty years, according to our present policy, the people of the United States will pay from their earnings twelve billions of dollars toward the national debt, and even then this debt will not be liquidated.

Again, the proposition to let our successors pay part of the obligation which we have incurred, is based, not only on the natural resources of the country, but on the rapid increase of its population and its consequent increase of ability to pay on the one hand, and of the number who will divide the burden on the other. In sixty years, the population of this country will not be less than one hundred millions. This increase will reduce the debt to about twenty-five dollars a head, by dividing it among one hundred millions instead of thirty.

I think, however, that popular confidence in the stability and solvency of the Republic is inspired more by broad and just views of its sources of wealth than by speculations regarding immediate legislation. To the former subject, therefore, let us return. Let us look, first, at a prospective source of national wealth now opening to enterprise, of whose value it is difficult now to form a proper idea. The Pacific railroad which, a few years ago, was talked about as a thing to be accomplished in a hundred years, now approaches completion. In three years more trains will be thundering over the Plains on the way to San Francisco, and the Atlantic and Pacific States will be united by one more indissoluble bond. California will then become the *entrepôt* for the great East India trade, which will be diverted from its present course, and pass through New York (destined to become the great metropolis), whence it will be dispersed to all parts of Europe. Even now our steamships bring rich freights across the Pacific, and San Francisco increases in wealth more rapidly than ever.

Whatever nation has had control of the East India trade has led the commerce of the world. If that trade should be diverted from its present course and directed to New York, Wall street would become the chief monetary centre of the world. Great Britain would regard us then as some venerable mother would regard her erratic but energetic son, attempting apparent impossibilities by taking huge weights upon his shoulders and trying to walk with them; one may conceive her trepidation at seeing the stripling she tried to manage, walking off with the roof from over her head. In her struggles to secure and keep possession of

the East India trade, Great Britain has waded through blood and fire. The immense loss of life, the cruelties practised in her wars with the natives of India, will perhaps never be fully known to history. If we obtain possession of the vast trade of the Indies, it will not be by rapine or murder, but by the energy of the American people. With the completion of the Pacific railroad, the world will undergo a commercial and financial revolution. British produce can then be taxed sufficiently to pay off all the Alabama claims, without shedding blood or adding, by strife, millions to our national debt.

The Romans, Venetians, Genoese, Portuguese, and Dutch, have at different times contended for and enjoyed the East India trade, as each successively advanced in wealth and influence. But our success will be permanent, because the shortest route to India lies through our domain. One possibility, however, remains to Great Britain, in order to compete with us—the stupendous project of building a railroad through the wilderness of British America, from the mouth of Frazer River to Lake Superior, a distance of 1,980 miles in a straight line.

Perhaps a brief outline of the struggles that have taken place to obtain and hold possession of the trade with the Indies, may most vividly show its intrinsic importance. Even in the days of King Solomon we find that the Phœnicians of his fleets, who were the great maritime people of that period, brought "gold, silver, and ivory," from India, not omitting also to bring "apes and peacocks." It is likely enough that the gold and ivory which adorned the temple of Solomon was all brought from India by the way of the Red Sea and the Isthmus of Suez—the same route that the French are now trying to make practicable, in the hope of regaining that prominent footing in India, which they held in the middle of the last century, before being driven out by the English. Herodotus, "the Father of History," the truth of whose statements have been verified in the lapse of centuries, more than four hundred years before Christ pronounced India the richest country on the face of the earth. The India of Herodotus was no doubt a much smaller area than is now comprehended under that term, it now including Hindostan, China, Japan, Farther India, Malaisia, etc. From all these countries rich products will be brought through our territory, when our ocean steamers and clipper ships start from the great *entrepôt*, San Francisco, to compete with England for the commerce of the ocean.

The close proximity of Europe to India, by way of the Red Sea and Isthmus of Suez, naturally suggests that this route would be the best and shortest. There are, however, many difficulties in the way which are not apparent to a casual observer. It can never successfully compete with our overland route through San Francisco. Even in the time of the Ptolemies, Egypt became a prominent point of communication with India, *via* the Red Sea, but Egypt never controlled the East India trade. The Romans, A. D. 50, found a shorter route to India by taking advantage of the south-west monsoon. Pliny has fully described this route, and states that from this circumstance Rome was yearly drained of five hundred and fifty millions of sesterces, equal to seven millions of dollars, in exchange for articles that sold for one hundred times their prime cost. The great value of this sum in those days shows that a very extensive commerce was carried on with India through that route.

After the fall of the Roman and Greek empires, the Mussulmans obtained the monopoly of the India trade, and their wealth and prosperity so increased that they threatened the subjugation of Europe. They prevented the Christians from obtaining any share in the rich harvest that had previously been open to

them by the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and the latter were forced to depend on the inland intercourse through Tartary for their limited supply of Eastern goods. This traffic was slow and toilsome, and the journey through Persia, Affghanistan and Hindostan sometimes occupied several years for going and returning.

At the commencement of the tenth century, the free city of Venice manifested a remarkable spirit of commercial enterprise, and her merchants by their talents and earnestness obtained almost the entire trade of India through the Mohammedan countries. Commercial intercourse tended to soften the feelings of alienation between Christians and Mohammedans, the ancient channel between Egypt and India was once more laid open, and, under the auspices of the Venetian merchants, the trade of the Indies diffused its beneficial influence over all Europe. It was not until the decline of the Caliphs and the irruptions of the Turks into Palestine and Syria that this trade was once more, for a time, lost to Europe.

The inconvenience to Europeans caused by the suspension of this lucrative trade opened the eyes of the sovereigns of the West to the wealth to be gained by the commerce of the Indies, and they left no means untried to lay the foundation of that mercantile prosperity which western Europe has never since lost. Venice became the most powerful and wealthy of the maritime nations, and maintained that position as long as she succeeded in holding the trade of India. Genoa, Pisa and Florence also owed their prosperity in a great degree to their trade with India. As the Venetians had extended their territory in the Greek Archipelago, at the commencement of the twelfth century, they gained essential advantages over their rivals, the Genoese, who, anxious not to be outdone in the India trade, and jealous of the increasing power of Venice, waged incessant war upon her, and drove her merchants from Constantinople. The entire commerce of the Black Sea and the inland trade with India then fell into the hands of Genoa. The inland commerce which the Genoese thus obtained was carried on through Georgia, Persia, Afghanistan and Hindostan.

The Venetians, not disposed to give up the advantages of the India trade, procured a dispensation from the Pope, which authorized them to open a free trade with the infidels, and, by the settlement of their merchants at the different marts of Egypt and Syria, established their intercourse with India on a more solid basis than ever. They finally succeeded in getting the Genoese expelled from Constantinople, after the fall of the Greek empire, through their favorable treaties with the Sultans of the Mamelukes; and through the ports of Syria and Egypt they then held the entire trade of Europe with the East until the close of the fifteenth century.

During this time, Venice attained her highest pitch of power and wealth.

At this period, the grand turning point of geographical discovery, occurred a most memorable event—the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama, which struck a fatal blow at the commercial supremacy of the Venetian Republic, by opening the trade of the Indies to the Portuguese. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the trade with India was entirely monopolized by the Portuguese, who soon extended their commerce over Asia, and, by the middle of the century, regulated the markets of Europe and India at their pleasure.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Portuguese had to contend with a powerful rival in the Dutch, a nation of hardy seamen, who then made an attempt to share in the vast wealth of the India trade. The sanguinary war

which took place between the rivals ended in the total destruction of the Portuguese, and they ceased to be a nation of any consideration.

By the middle of the seventeenth century the Dutch had obtained almost complete ascendency in the Indies, when another rival appeared to share in the riches of the East. Having failed to discover a northern route to China, the English boldly followed the Portuguese, and, in 1602, an English squadron established their first trading post in India, and the ships returned laden with rich cargoes to England. The English, having been successful in their struggles with the Portuguese, were beginning to gain an ascendency in India, which exciting the jealousy of the Dutch, the latter attacked them at every point, and were so successful that at the death of Charles I. the English East India Company was but an empty shadow, and its trade reduced to insignificance.

Cromwell's war with the Dutch forced the latter to grant free trade to the English. From this time the English power steadily increased, and, in 1702, the various rival companies settled their dissensions by uniting in one powerful body —the English East India Company, since become so famous.

The attempts of the French to establish a trade with the East Indies met with various successes and reverses. At one time they enjoyed considerable power in India, but in 1761, Pondicherry, their principal station, was taken by the British, and their commerce received a blow from which it never recovered. From this epoch we may date the commencement of the colossal British dominion in India, since all the other European powers succumbed to her. The progress of England since 1761 has been uninterrupted save by the rebellion of the Sepoys. The control of India has been gained by incessant wars between the East India Company and the native princes, in which the Company's armies have nearly always been successful, and in the end the British obtained the absolute dominion of nearly all the peninsula of Hindostan.

Such is a very brief outline of the energy expended in attaining a trade whose possession has always conferred riches and power on the nation that secured it.

America already enjoys a fair share of the India trade; but a monopoly so vast as that of the East India Company has advantages that cannot be obtained by single individuals. Our object should be to establish a new route for the productions of all the Indies, and more especially for those of China and Japan; and it is to the native energy of the American race that I look for the accomplishment of this most desirable result. If our statesmen do not involve us in useless wars, and sacrifice the country to their mad passions, our march to power and wealth will be unparalleled.

Congress, however, must become more liberal toward the commercial interests of the country. Seven years ago the sails of our mercantile marine whitened every sea, and our seamen were pioneers in penetrating wherever they could establish commercial relations. We were in a fair way to rival England in our tonnage. Our ocean steamships were among the best in the world, and New York reminded one of the great seaports of England, as sea steamers were continually departing in every direction. Many of these bore the American flag, and the fastest and most commodious made their voyages to France and England, *filled* with passengers and freight, which yielded rich profits to their owners. Our Government never fostered these lines, as it should have done, and only allowed them a small stipend for carrying the mails, which scarcely repaid them for the room lost in freight. The English Cunarders, on the other hand, commencing with a few steamers, well supported by the British Government,

went on increasing and multiplying in number and quality, their great receipt of twenty-five per cent. per annum enabling their owners to enlarge and improve them, transferring the original steamers to some less important line.

It is almost needless to speak of the advantages to commerce consequent on the establishment of these transatlantic lines of steamers. No merchant would have his valuable wares sent by a sailing vessel, requiring forty or fifty days to make the passage, when he could obtain them in ten days by a steamer.

Notwithstanding the advantage the Cunard steamers possessed in obtaining a large amount of patronage from the British Government, our steamers competed successfully with the English, and would have driven the latter from the ocean had our Government possessed one tithe of the liberality of our transatlantic rivals. At the very moment, however, when we were promised victory, our Government withdrew its patronage, and the Collins line of steamers began to lose its reputation, for want of means to support it. Fortunately for the company, their vessels were in great demand during the war, and they were in this way able to employ them more advantageously than as passenger steamers.

The result was that the contest between the American and British steam vessels was given up by the former, and the British boasted of a victory which they never would have gained but for the short-sightedness of Congress. Since that time the French have stepped in to contest the prize with the English, and like a blown horse we stand quietly by and witness a race in which every American feels that we should be participants and victors. Fifteen years ago, no Frenchman was considered competent to run the engines of a steamship; and although two or three lumbering old French craft made voyages to-and-fro across the Atlantic, yet they met with so many mishaps, were so slow, and so badly conducted, that they received few passengers and but little freight. How is it now? The moment we ceased our competition with the English, the French took our places, and by their success have proved how much we yielded when our steamers gave up the contest. At this moment the French are contesting every inch of gronnd with the British, equalling if not exceeding the latter in the speed of their steamers, and surpassing them in all the conveniences and comforts of sea life. Already have the English withdrawn their line between Boston and Liverpool, where their expenses have increased without any corresponding benefit to themselves.

New York, in this matter of communication as in everything else, is the great emporium. To it, as the centre of trade, are exported all the necessaries and luxuries of Europe, and thence depart the passengers who would visit foreign shores. This steam trade will so increase in magnitude from year to year (judging by its constant progress in the past) that the city of New York will scarcely afford facilities for the augmented business. If this trade is so great under ordinary circumstances, let us consider what it will be when the great East India trade is centred in New York; when Jersey City, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and both shores of the Hudson for miles will be lined with steamships and sailing vessels waiting for the India freights that will be brought to us by our Pacific railroads.

The present generation will live to see this, if we exhibit any wisdom in our Government councils. We should commence now to prepare for the great commercial struggle that is to come, and our Government should at once hold out inducements to our merchants to start new steam lines. Congress ought even (for the present) to withdraw the restrictions with regard to buying foreign ves-

sels, and let us purchase the fastest and best steamers that can be built on the Clyde, since, owing to the high duties imposed on articles used in ship-building, it is impossible for us to compete with foreign ship constructors in building either steamers or sailing vessels. The steamers now run by the French are English built, and of superior construction to the old style of vessels. Why, then, should we not adopt the same class of steam vessels, and drive both French and English from the track ?

It may be a selfish consideration to wish to deprive our neighbors of a share of the profits of the carrying trade, when there are apparently enough for all; but as this trade of right belongs to us, we should never allow such a reflection to be cast upon our enterprise as to permit any other nation to snatch this rich prize from our grasp.

The power of a nation is measured by its commercial prosperity, as may be illustrated by that little iron-bound island, England, which dictates laws to the maritime world, and constantly holds the balance of trade against all other nations. As a military power, she is respected by all the world, and she holds, commercially, the same position that we could hold, if we would take advantage of the opportunities that are and will be thrown in our way.

Our ship-building interests are so much neglected that the sound of the ship-carpenter's axe is seldom heard in any part of the Union. Over two hundred and fifty vessels were destroyed by the Alabamas, Floridas, and Sumters, fitted out by the Rebels in the late war, and eighty millions worth of our property has been sunk in the ocean. It should be the aim of legislation to relieve those who have suffered so heavily from the commercial reverses of the rebellion—reverses due to the neglect of the Government in not fitting out a fleet of cruisers able to chase the Rebel privateers from the ocean.

Heavy duties are now imposed on cordage, iron, copper, and other articles employed in this business. Timber is higher in price, and the cost of labor more by one-third than it was before the rebellion. To build a vessel of three hundred tons costs ten thousand dollars more than formerly. Our ship-carpenters, a large class of mechanics, are almost thrown out of employment, and hundreds of families are suffering from the pressure of want.

When our commerce has been reëstablished, we must protect it. A commercial nation requires an efficient navy; and although we have paid so little attention to this matter in the past, we must do better in the future. The navy of England has kept pace with its commercial marine; indeed, but for her great arm of national defence, Britain would no longer have her great commercial marine. Her national ships are spread all over the ocean, affording protection to the smallest vessel that carries the British flag. The size and character of the English men-of-war are such that they command respect from all nations, and their commanders are supported in every act tending to the protection of British subjects or British interests.

While we have been frittering away all our resources on doubtful experiments, and spending many millions on frightful failures, England, taking advantage of our experience, has marched rapidly to naval preëminence; and although the issue of the fight between the Merrimac and Monitor reduced her for the time to an inferior naval power, she now stands, as she has done for hundreds of years, the mistress of the seas. The millions we have spent have produced us nothing in the shape of a navy with which we could assert the rights that

have been violated by England—the nation which helped to drive our commerce from the ocean.

Our navy must be rebuilt on a new system, with new plans. After perfecting our ships, we must adopt a ratio by which the size of our navy will be in proportion to the size of our commercial marine. That is, we must have so many tons of naval vessels to so many tons of commerce, and so many guns to a proportional number of tons of naval vessels.

At present, we are in no condition to assert our rights, and although we have nominally a number of vessels on our naval register, yet few of them could render any service as vessels of war on the ocean.

Our squadrons on all the stations are entirely at the mercy of one or two heavy iron-clads such as are found in the English and French navies, for such vessels as these would destroy our entire force in a very short time. Let us hope that there will not long be cause for anxiety, and that instead of talking war against a nation that could do us irreparable mischief in the event of hostilities, we may settle our difficulties by diplomacy. We can, at least, take our revenge by distancing our rival in commercial enterprises, and snatch from England the prize by which she has gained her strength and glory. Let us husband our resources, build up an army and a navy, and *then* our motto may be *Nemo me impune lacessit.*

D. D. P.,
U. S. Navy.

THOUGHT.

OH, messenger, art thou the king, or I?
Thou dalliest outside the palace gate,
Till on thine idle armor lie the late
And heavy dews: the morn's bright scornful eye
Reminds thee; then, in subtle mockery,
Thou smilest at the window where I wait,
Who bade thee ride for life. In empty state
My days go on, while false hours prophesy
Thy quick return: at last, in sad despair,
I cease to bid thee, leave thee free as air;
When, lo, thou stand'st before me glad and fleet,
And lay'st undreamed-of treasures at my feet.
Ah, messenger, thy royal blood to buy,
I am too poor. Thou art the King, not I.

H. H.

Drawn by Winslow Homer.

JESSIE REMAINED ALONE AT THE TABLE.—Page 78.

BEECHDALE.

By Marion Harland.

CHAPTER VI.

"YOU find us, in humble imitation of Mr. Turveydrop," still using our little arts to 'polish—polish!'" said Jessie Kirke, mimicking the famous trowel gesture of the professor of deportment, as Orrin Wyllys entered Mrs. Baxter's drawing-room on the evening of the 4th of January.

The lady president's "collegiate reunions," on the first and third Thursday of each month during term time, had, up to this winter, been voted a nuisance by the class for whose benefit she had inaugurated the series, to wit, the graceless, homeless students, whose intellectual training had been committed to her husband and his *confrères*, while their polite education was left to fate and the hap-hazard culture of promiscuous society. Now, promiscuous society—the phrase is Mrs. Baxter's, not mine—in Hamilton, although less detrimental to the principles, manners, and conversational powers of unguarded youth than the same foe would have been in a region more remote from the great humanizing and refining centre expressed to the visual organs by the square, cream-colored mansion at the right of the college campus, was yet inimical to the best interests —another stolen phrase—of the aforesaid matriculated youngsters. To counteract the evil, the presidential residence was converted, on the evenings I have designated, into a social reformatory, and the mistress put forth her utmost energy to render the process of amelioration pleasant to the subjects thereof. The success of her system, which had gone into operation two years before, had been less than indifferent up to the date of her young kinswoman's arrival. Simultaneously with her appearance at the pillared portal of the cream-colored centre, the cause of elegant deportment and colloquial accomplishments began to look up in the contiguous halls of learning. The "reception" on the ensuing Thursday was well attended; the second was a "crush"—the supply of sponge-cake and lemonade inadequate to the demand.

This was the third, and the hostess, elate with past and sanguine of prospective victories, had, with the assistance of her guest, bedecked her rooms with New Year's garlands and floral legends. As an ingenious tribute to the learning of the major portion of the assembly, Mrs. Baxter had accomplished a Latinization of certain stock phrases of welcome, and was immensely proud of the "classic air" imparted to her saloon by these.

"I suppose they are all right," Jessie said, dubiously, to Orrin, when he inspected them. "My knowledge of the learned tongue is confined to "*E pluribus unum*" and "*Mirabile dictu.*"

"*Salve!*" blossomed into being in heather and pink-and-white paper roses over the mantel opposite the door of the front parlor. Over that in the back,

"*Jubemus vos salvere*," while "*O, faustum et felicem hunc diem!*" was tacked above the piano in the music-room.

"To polish! to polish!" reiterated Jessie, stroking her gloved left hand with her right, and looking so roguishly beautiful that Orrin had no difficulty in throwing an expression of intense admiration into his gaze.

"Stand off, and let me look at you!" said he, brusquely for him, drawing back for a better view.

She was well worth it. Her maize-colored tissue had a full double skirt, the upper looped with rosettes of black lace with jet centres. A bunch of purple fuchsias drooped above her left temple; not a jewel was visible except her betrothal ring, and her only laces were those edging her neck and sleeves. But she was dazzling enough to turn stronger heads than those of the sheepish sophomores, pert juniors, and priggish seniors who would compose her train that night, thought Orrin, surveying her with the leisurely freedom of a brotherly friend, as her eyes sparkled into splendor, her bloom deepened, and the white-gloved fingers toyed mechanically with her bouquet under his inspection. As the finale, he offered his arm, with a sweeping obeisance, and they strolled through the long suite of rooms, untenanted as yet save by themselves.

"I hardly expected to see that to-night," said Orrin, touching her bouquet. "The utmost I hoped was that it might please your eye for a moment, as it passed in review among a host of others."

"There is a degree of modesty which is laughable," she returned. "Pray, whose flowers did you suppose I would prefer to yours?"

"Perhaps I feared the rivalry of the neat assortment of mignonette and white tea-rosebuds I saw left at Professor Fairchild's door this morning."

"Eminently suitable to my 'style!'" interrupted she, ironically. "The fear reflects credit upon your discrimination—and my taste!"

"Or," he went on, "the astounding array of camellias, azaleas, and orange blossoms that arrived last night, duly enveloped in wet cotton, sent per express from the greenhouse of a noted city florist to the millionaire's son—Senior Lowndes. Rumor says he has neither studied nor eaten since he was first pierced by Cupid's arrows—your eyelids doing service as bows, and the sight of the magnificent offering which is to propitiate the blind god through you, has driven him clean daft. Seriously and frankly, my advice is that you discard my simple gift in favor of the exotics. I am content—or should be—with the grace already showed me. But Mr. Lowndes may be offended if you do not exhibit his Brobdingnagian bouquet. It is already the talk of the place, and everybody expects to see it in your hands to-night!"

"It is not everybody's maiden disappointment," said Jessie, obstinately. "The floral behemoth has a big glass bowl and a table all to himself in the music-room, so Mr. Lowndes can play showman to his heart's satisfaction. I reserve the right of wearing what I please, and my bouquet is a part of my toilette. Could anything harmonize better with my dress than these scarlet verbenas, divided from the purple violets by the circlet of white feathery blossoms, and capped by one snowy Cape jessamine, like a queen in her ermine?"

"The last is the only member of your family to be had in this frozen region," rejoined Orrin. "I telegraphed to Baltimore in the vain hope of obtaining the golden bells you love so dearly."

"Did you? They do not bloom at this season in any climate, I imagine. But your attempt to procure them was an evidence of thoughtful kindness be-

yond my expectation and desert. You do too much for me, Orrin! I am humbled, yet happy, when I recount your favors."

"Don't say favors! If you knew—"

He stopped.

"Knew what?" queried Jessie, innocently looking up.

He held her eyes for a second by the irresistible magnetism of his, then saying, with a short laugh, that sounded like bitter self-disdain, "What you will never hear from me!" commenced talking fast and gayly about other things.

Mrs. Baxter ran in, opportunely, to give Jessie time to collect her thoughts.

Unobservant of the gravity of one of the parties to the broken *tête-à-tête*, and the forced liveliness of the other, the hostess dashed into a profusely illustrated description of the *contre-temps* that had detained her in her dressing-room. It was nothing less serious than the doctor's mistake in taking from her chamber-closet a bottle of ink instead of the bay-water she asked him to get.

"For my tender skin is frightfully chapped this winter, Mr. Wyllys, and there is no better remedy for this affliction than bay-water, as perhaps you know—you who are ignorant of nothing! 'Now, my dearest,' I said, '*may* I trouble you to pour it upon my hands as I hold them over the basin? Gently, doctor, darling!' When, presto! down came an inky deluge!" screaming with laughter, as she had with alarm when the mischance had occurred. "I have spent nearly an hour in endeavoring to efface the murky stains, and shall be forced to keep my gloves all the entire evening. Isn't it deplorable?"

The scarlet scarf was on duty again to-night—now tied about her waist, the knot at the side.

"I never feel quite dressed unless I have a speck of scarlet artfully brought into my costume," she had said to Jessie on the evening of her arrival. "It individualizes my attire, I should not know or be myself without it."

Jessie joined in her merriment, but her heart was beating hard and hurriedly. Orrin's sudden alternations of spirits and mysterious allusions were more than an enigma—they were a distress to her.

"If I knew!" she repeated mentally. "What was he about to say, and why did he look at me so intently? Why refuse to finish the sentence? I have wounded or offended him—but how?"

Self-condemnation was her first impulse when she noted a change in the demeanor of those she loved. Orrin ridiculed it as morbid trick of mind that might be cured by reproof or raillery. Roy bore with it patiently and hopefully, recognizing in it an hereditary strain of melancholy, which she would conquer or outlive in time. Her eyes were darker, her voice a tone lower, her smile a trifle more subdued all the evening, for the incident that preceded the festivities. Nobody complained of the change. She was new, handsome and sprightly—a triumvirate of recommendations that would have made her a belle had her "style" been less unique, her cast of thought and conversation commonplace as it was original. Orrin kept aloof from her, playing his part among the guests with his accustomed spirit and tact. But his eyes followed her furtively wherever she went, until she was provoked at herself for meeting them so often. He would suspect her of impertinent curiosity, accuse her of forwardness, or feel that he was under espionage. She would not look in his direction again. A resolution she was certain to break within three minutes after it was made, tempted to the infraction by the stealthy, yet piercing ray she imagined she could feel, when her

face was turned quite away from him, and which, struggle as she might against the inclination, drew her regards again and yet again in his direction.

She descried a new meaning in his watchfulness before long—a sad yearning that would not let her out of his sight; mournfulness that might signify either compassion or regret. Unused to dissemble, she must have grown *distrait*, forgetful of the gay scene and the duties it imposed upon her, but for the example of his fidelity in the performance of these. Emulating what she plainly perceived was his self-denial, she talked, promenaded, sang and laughed with conscientious diligence, to the delight of her chaperon and the distraction of the smitten swains of three classes, the freshmen counting as nobodies.

The crowd was thinning fast when Orrin again approached her.

"We will finish our promenade now that there is room to move and breathe," he said, drawing her hand within his arm. "I want to have a moment's talk with you before I go. I leave town early in the morning."

The involuntary clasp of the gloved fingers upon his sleeve gratified him, but the deprecating glance and exclamation were too frank and sisterly.

"Are you going away? Not to be absent long, I hope?"

"A week, certainly—it may be a fortnight."

"I shall be very lonely without you—absolutely lost, in fact!" replied Jessie, feeling all she said.

"I could stay, I suppose, but I ought to go," continued Orrin, slowly. "Yes! it is the best thing left for me to do! Don't imagine, however, that it costs me nothing to leave Hamilton while you are in it. I shall carry the image of my docile pupil, my bright-faced, sunny-hearted friend with me wherever I go. You have been a beautiful revelation to me, Jessie. Let me speak, for a moment, out of the sad sincerity of a spirit, tried as I trust yours will never be. Should we never meet again, you will not cease to be to me—pshaw! what am I saying? I talk wildly to you, I have no doubt, but there are times of desolation and battle and tempest when incoherence is pardonable. When you are married, you may be sorry for me in a calm, sisterly way, as people on the cliff above the beat of the surf pity the wretches suffocating in the waves."

"Let me comfort and help you now!" begged Jessie, her tell-tale eyes glistening until Orrin was fain to halt before Mr. Lowndes's monster bouquet in the last room of the suite, and keep her back to the company while she struggled for composure. "It breaks my heart to hear you!" came at last in a half sob from the trembling lips.

"Don't talk of breaking hearts, dear!" he returned, smiling sadly. "It is an idle phrase in the mouth of the loved and happy. May you always be both!"

He squeezed her hands until she winced with pain, took one lingering look into her eyes that seemed to compel her soul to their surface—whispered, "GOD bless you!" and before she could move to stay him, was making his *congé* to Mrs. Baxter.

Regardless of the stranger and inquisitive eyes that might be upon her, Jessie watched the parting; the hostess's dramatic start and fingers joined in hospitable supplication; the toning down of her physiognomy from tragic consternation at the announcement of his contemplated journey to plaintive resignation as he declared the fixedness of his purpose; watched the animated pantomime and felt no inclination to smile that it was over-wrought to extravagance. Assuredly, Orrin's going at all was a serious discomfort to herself. Taken in connection

with his evident unhappiness; his disjointed confessions of grief and trial, that, despite the absurdity of the imagination, she could not help believing had some reference to her; finally, her inability to soothe or aid him, made the farewell the saddest she had ever gone through save one.

"You are weary, my dearest girl," said Mrs. Baxter, sympathizingly twining her arm around her and pulling her down upon the sofa, when she had bidden a widely smiling adieu to all her guests with the exception of a mild, bald man in spectacles, who was penned in the angle formed by the chimney and wall, while the doctor, planted in front of him, held to his argument and his handkerchief at such length that only half the knots were yet untied. "But you have been charming this evening! have really outdone yourself! I prognosticate a dazzling season for you—scores of conquests and troops of friends."

"I don't care for the conquests, but the friends will be welcome to one who has so few," returned Jessie. "Not that I have any enemies, but my circle of acquaintances is small," trying to speak brightly, lest her dispirited mood should reflect discredit upon her friend's endeavors to make her happy.

"It will enlarge rapidly within the next few weeks. The stamp of Mr. Wyllys's approval and friendship would ensure the success of a *débutante* whose personal claims upon popular favor were far inferior to yours, my sweet. I have promised to do my best to fill his place while he is away, but I am painfully conscious of my inadequacy to prevent you from missing him every hour. He was averse to going, I could see plainly, but said the necessity laid upon him to do so was imperative. He was rather out of spirits to-night, I fancied. Doctor, dear, do let Mr. Bernard come to the fire! The rooms are growing chilly, now that they are so nearly empty."

"Empty!" The doctor turned amazed. "Where are all the people, Jane?"

Jessie did smile now, impolite as she feared it was, at the alacrity with which the mild victim wriggled from the corner at the momentary diversion of his jailor's notice, muttered apologetically to the hostess, and got himself out of the apartment and house.

"As I was saying," pursued the doctor, consulting his handkerchief and collecting his wits, "my objection to Darwin's theory and to the hypothesis advanced by Agassiz is one and the same. I maintain—"

"Dearest husband!" interposed his wife. "Since Mr. Bernard has followed the rest of our friends, suppose we postpone the further discussion of that point until to-morrow. Jessie and I are quite exhausted by the excitement of the evening."

Jessie was sorry for him as he began, with a rueful visage, to disentangle his cambric and brains.

"I hope you have had a pleasant evening," she said, affectionately, going up to bid him "good-night."

His eyes cleared at sound of the frank, sweet voice, and the sight of her face. He laid a hand on either shoulder, and gazed steadfastly at her, his hard Scotch lineaments softening into kindliness and paternal regard.

"You are very handsome, my dear; do you know it?"

Jessie blushed deeply, but her answer was direct and unaffected as had been the question.

"I have been told so, sir!"

"Very handsome, but somewhat wilful!" continuing his physiognomical examination. "Undisciplined, too! A warm heart, but hasty judgment. Loving

and lovable. A nature powerful for good as for evil. My daughter! when the crisis in your life shall arrive—for there is a turning-point in every human life—hesitate long and pray earnestly that you may be directed into the right path. If you take the wrong, great woe will ensue to yourself and others."

Then, with the grave simplicity that ever invested the quaint little man with dignity at which the most irreverent could not mock, he laid his withered hand upon her head:

"The LORD bless thee and keep thee; make the light of His countenance to shine upon thee and give thee peace!"

After which he kissed her between the great, solemn eyes, and wished her "sound slumbers and happy dreams."

Too much excited by this little episode, or other events of the evening, to sleep, Jessie sat down by her chamber-fire, when she had donned her dressing-gown, and unbound the hair that oppressed her head by its weight of braids. She had kept up her parsonage habit of reading a portion of Scripture before retiring each night, and her Bible lay on her knee now—but unopened. She was heavy-hearted, notwithstanding Mrs. Baxter's congratulations and predictions.

Was it home-sickness that reproduced the images of her father and Eunice in the fiery bed of coals filling her grate? that showed her in the violet-tinted flames quivering above the ignited mass, her chamber in the country-house among the hills; her mother's portrait over the white tent bedstead; her mother's escritoire between the windows, that contained the letters Roy had written to her before they were engaged? Was she already tired of the life that had been so pleasant four hours ago? Was this dissatisfaction with herself and those with whom she had talked and laughed within that time, satiety or chagrin? She had enjoyed every moment of her visit heretofore; the rides with her cousin; the walks with Orrin and the Hamilton girls who had extended to her a welcome so hearty and generous; the parties, lectures, and concerts she had attended; the German and music-lessons; the books she had read aloud to Mrs. Baxter, and those Orrin had read to them both on the enchanting stormy nights that kept other callers away; had caught eagerly at Fanny Provost's offer to teach her billiards, and Orrin's proposal that she should learn to skate. In fact, the day and evening had been so crowded with delights as to leave her scanty space for letters to Beechdale, and to oblige her to steal hours from sleep that she might live her enjoyments over again in describing them to Roy. She had studied faithfully, too, and successfully, under Orrin's direction and spurred by his encouragement. She was sure she could never learn so rapidly and zestfully again. Life seemed such hard and dreary labor.

She wished herself back in the quiet parsonage, where the evening's talk, practice, or reading, was seldom interrupted by neighbors or strangers; where one day went by like another, within doors; where, on snowy afternoons, the ticking of the hall clock could be heard all through the house—by Patsey in the kitchen; by Mr. Kirke in his third-story study; by Eunice, sewing in her room overlooking the churchyard; most distinctly by herself, as she read, drew, or wrote, in her favorite oriel, or in the twilight walked up and down the parlor, dreaming visions that put winter and gloom to flight—of Roy's return, and their united lives. Wished herself back, if she could be once more the girl who had left home six weeks ago. She verily believed, after the fashion of young and ignorant dreamers, who take to misanthropic reverie at the first blast of disap-

pointment, as a frightened deer to the water, that she had exhausted the pleasures of existence; had proved the gay world and found it all "hollow, hollow, hollow"—the while she, a *blasé* cynic, could never return to relishful participation in the purer and simpler joys that had once satisfied her.

The touch of Dr. Baxter's hand was yet warm upon her head, the grave accents of his admonition and blessing had scarcely left her ear, but she had no thought that the predicted crisis was upon her, that her feet stood upon the very point where turning was to be blessing or curse. No! she was fatigued in body, unsettled in spirits. The eccentric doctor's warning had joined to the reaction succeeding the excitement of the day, to put her out of conceit with her present mode of existence—and Orrin Wyllys was to be out of town for a fortnight. This was the diagnosis she made of her discontent after an hour's melancholy lucubrations over the restless tongues of flame and their scarlet substratum. All her causes of discomfort were ridiculous and childish vagaries, she said severely—excepting the last. That was a real trial. For was not Orrin the oldest and best friend she had in America, outside of Beechdale? She had seen him nearly every day since her coming to Hamilton, and each interview had strengthened the regard she must ever feel for Roy's adopted brother. His interest in her studies, her recreations, her health—in all that went to make up the sum of her earthly happiness, was marked and unvarying. An own brother could not have been kinder, more thoughtful in providing whatever could increase her comfort, or contribute to her pleasure. She had learned to expect his coming on the evenings she spent at home, to watch for glimpses of his graceful figure in a crowd of unfamiliar forms and faces, to refer doubtful questions to his arbitrament and appeal to his sympathy in her moments of sadness and anxiety. In fine he had become necessary to her enjoyment and peace of mind. His going made a void in her every-day life, and in her heart.

Though romantic and immature, she was not weak or mawkish; therefore, she did not repeat—"I never loved a dear gazelle," as she ended her musings with a sigh to the memory of the student in foreign lands, and for him to whom she had that night said "good-by," but she remembered both in her prayers. If she named the latter with more earnestness than marked her thoughts of Roy, it was because she believed his present need of comfort to be greater.

With the morrow came a note.

DEAR JESSIE: I am scribbling this before sunrise on this dark morning to ask your forgiveness for my abruptness last night. I know I puzzled—may be pained you—kind heart that you are! Do not let a thought of my unhappiness mar the brightness of your existence, now or ever. If you cannot think of me without sadness, forget me. I could bear that better than the thought that I had distressed you. Believe me you have no truer friend than he who signs himself in sorrowful sincerity, yours,

ORRIN WYLLYS.

"Doesn't he mean to write to me while he is away?" said Jessie, after reading the six lines through twice, carefully and wonderingly. "He is evidently in great trouble. If I could only help him!"

If he meant her to forget him he had taken extraordinary measures to secure this end. At six o'clock every evening, a bouquet was left at Mrs. Baxter's door for Miss Kirke. Mr. Wyllys's card accompanied the first. The rest needed no label other than the snow-white Cape jessamine, that, lurk in whatever ambush of greenery or bloom it might, was instantly betrayed by its subtle aroma.

Eight days went by more laggingly than Jessie had believed time could pass in Hamilton, and Eunice's weekly bulletin of home news announced that Beechdale had been honored by Mr. Wyllys's presence.

"He spent the Sabbath with us," wrote she. "We were very glad to see him, since he was the bearer of news of you. His report of your health, spirits and progress in your studies was very favorable. He says, moreover, that Mrs. Baxter will not consent to give you up before spring. Do not abridge your stay for fear we shall be lonely without you. We miss you, of course, but we are consoled for the pain of separation by the knowledge that you are improving in health and enjoying social and educational advantages such as our secluded valley cannot furnish. Our excellent neighbors are very kind and attentive," etc., etc.

"He spent the Sabbath with us," re-read Jessie. "And I was not at home! He said nothing to me of his intention to visit Beechdale. Since he has changed his plans in one respect, he may in another, and be absent three or four weeks instead of a fortnight. Heigho!"

She folded up her sister's letter and addressed herself, very slowly, to the task of getting ready for a party at Judge Provost's—the great house of the region. It was to be a grand affair, and she had never attended one half so fine, but she was *ennuyée* in anticipation.

"There will be the stock company of beaux," she meditated. "The one unmarried professor; the ten marriageable, and ten ineligible seniors; the whole army of second and third class men, and the dozen or fifteen gentlemen detailed for the occasion from the doctors' and lawyers' offices and the higher rank of tradespeople in Hamilton. There will be dancing in one parlor, and small talk in another, and promenading in the hall, and a 'jam'—*not* sweet—in the supper-room. As a clergyman's daughter, and the guest of a clergyman's wife, I must not dance. I am sick to nausea of callow collegians and small talk, and I don't care for late suppers of indigestible dainties. I would rather spend the evening with Mariana in the moated grange, for that mopish damsel would let me sit still and sulk if I wanted to. And I believe I do!"

"A little more fire, my love!" whispered Mrs. Baxter, in the dressing-room, affecting to be busy in shaking out Jessie's pink silk drapery. "I have a presentiment that you are to meet your fate to-night. But you must positively exert yourself to seem less quiet and preoccupied. Repose and lofty indifference are considered well-bred, and are a very safe *rôle* for the commonplace to adopt. But they are unbecoming to *us*."

The novice did her best to throw light into her eyes, and warmth into her complexion. Mrs. Baxter, perceiving this, considerately forbore to hint that, in spite of her tasteful attire and becoming *coiffure*, she had never seen her look worse. Trusting to the animating influences of the festive scene to restore that which friendly expostulation had proved inefficient to recall, she committed her to the officious homage of young Lowndes, and turned her attention to the part she was herself to play in the evening's drama.

"What a magnificent creature your niece is, Mrs. Baxter!—or is she a cousin?" said an elderly gentleman to her, at length.

The pleased and amiable chaperon looked over her shoulder, directed by his gaze, just in time to see Jessie pass, treading as if on air; her eyes luminous orbs of rapture; her cheeks like the inner foldings of a damask rose; her lips apart in a smile, sweet and happy, and her hand on Orrin Wyllys's arm.

CHAPTER VII.

JUDGE PROVOST, whose wife and daughters were the leaders of fashion in Hamilton, was himself a social Greatheart. Having brought to bear upon various vexed domestic problems the force of his astute mind and enlightened Christianity, he had arrived at a series of conclusions equally creditable to both. The pertinence of his deductions was so obvious to the impartial reasoner as to excite his surprise that the great body of good and sensible men and women did not adopt and practise them.

The judge maintained, first, that the best way to keep men out of jails was to provide them with abodes so comfortable that they should prefer these to stone cells and prison fare; secondly, as a modification of the same principle, that, since amusements are necessary to the happiness of the young, they should be supplied with lawful diversions in their own homes, lest they should seek unlawful abroad; thirdly, in unconscious plagiarism of the wise and genial author of "Annals of a Country Neighborhood," he held and believed for certain, that the surest way to make an indifferent thing bad was for good people to refrain from doing it.

Acting upon these principles, the eminent jurist built a bowling-alley at the back of his garden; caused his eight children to be instructed in music and dancing, and encouraged them to pursue these recreations in his parlors—where, also, back-gammon and chess-board lay in full sight. Finally, he crowned their gratification, while he drew upon himself the reprobation of the zealots and puritans among his neighbors, by throwing a wing out from the main building of his residence expressly for a billiard-room. It was a pretty place, and a cheerful, with its green carpet and lounges, tinted walls and long French windows; and, as may be supposed, was a popular resort with those of the students who had the *entrée*, as well as with the young Provosts and their friends of both sexes in the town.

It was very bright with afternoon sunshine and merry with the chatter of gay voices one day late in February, when a party of six or eight girls was collected about the great table, four playing, the others looking on, and talking, sometimes of the game in progress, sometimes upon matters of neighborhood gossip—all in a familiar, yet ladylike way.

"Somebody mark for me, please," said a ruddy-cheeked damsel, who had never by any chance won a game, and whose principal points were the point she made of missing at every shot. "If I should hit anything it would be a pity not to get credit for it. Now—all of you look and learn!"

She poised the cue with a superabundance of caution, pursing up her lips into a tight O, as she took aim, dashed at the white ball nearest her, which flew frantically from side to side of the board, rebounding twice from the cushion and at last popping into a distant pocket, having dodged every other ball with a malicious ingenuity eminently illustrative of the proverbial perversity of inanimate things.

"Better luck next time!" said the player, invincibly good-humored, resigning her place. "If there is anything in perseverance and hope, I shall do it yet, some day, and astonish you all."

The rest laughed—with, more than at her—and Jessie Kirke took the stand she had vacated. All leaned forward to watch her play, her skill being already

a marvel to her new acquaintances. A touch—not a thrust—to the white ball sent it against a red at an angle that carried it over to another quite at the other end of the table, which latter rolled into a pocket. This, to the uninitiated, meaningless process, being repeated by her with trifling variations until she had made sixteen points, was considered a feat among the embryo billiardists surrounding her.

"So much for a true eye and a sure touch!" said Fanny Provost. "You shame us all, Jessie dear!"

"So much for having a good teacher!" said another, less complimentary. "If Mr. Wyllys would bestow as much care upon our tuition as he has upon hers, we might be adepts, too."

"She has practised twice as much with me as she has with him," answered Fanny, pleasantly. "So, I am entitled to the larger share of the praise for her proficiency. I won't be cheated of my laurels."

"Is Mr. Wyllys, then, your best player?"

The querist was Hester Sanford, a young heiress, who had lately come to visit the Provost's, and was not yet altogether *au fait* to the people and usages of the place. She knew Orrin, however, as one of the lions of the town, and a privileged visitor at her friend's house.

"Decidedly!" returned a looker-on, Selina Bradley by name. "Don't you think so, Fan?"

"There are not many who can equal him among our best billiard-players," said Fanny. "I think he has not lost a game since Mr. Fordham went away. *He* played splendidly. His nerves were steady and his judgment nice."

"Fordham!" repeated the heiress, quickly. "Do you mean Roy Fordham, formerly a professor in your college?"

"The same. But he still holds his professorship, with a year's leave of absence. He is studying abroad—at Heidelberg, in Germany. Do you know him?"

"I used to," rejoined Miss Sanford, tossing her head." He was once engaged to be married to a very dear friend of mine."

"Engaged! I thought he was love proof! Fanny! Nettie! Sue! do you hear this?" cried Selina, who dearly relished a morsel of spicy gossip. "Who do you guess is engaged to be married? No less a personage than our invulnerable Professor Fordham!"

The girls crowded about Miss Sanford, forgetting the game in the superior excitement of a love story.

"To whom?"

"Who told you?"

"I don't believe it!" were the divers comments upon the intelligence.

Jessie remained alone at the table, tapping the cushion opposite her with her cue, her face flaming with indignant confusion. The rest were too much interested in the topic under discussion to notice. Miss Sanford was a sandy-haired young lady of four-and-twenty, with a fair, freckled face, snub nose, faint eyebrows and thin lips. She gave herself marvellous airs on the score of her wealth, and was immensely vain of the adulation it purchased for her wherever she went. She bridled at the last remark, setting back her head in a fashion she conceived was regal, whereas it was merely ungracefully scornful.

"You are not asked to believe it, Miss Barnes! I said distinctly that the gentleman was *formerly* betrothed to my friend. I am happy, on her account,

to be able to state that the (to her) unfortunate engagement was broken almost a year since."

"What do you mean? How did it happen? And to think we never heard a breath of it! Sit down here—there's a darling! and tell us all about it!" entreated Selina, leading the in no wise reluctant narrator to a sofa just behind Jessie.

"Perhaps you had rather not, Hester!" interposed gentle Fanny. "Such stories are painful to those interested in either of the parties to the engagement, and the telling does no good. The fewer people that know of them the better, I think."

"Oh! I don't mind it in the least, *now!*" Hester hastened to assure her. She settled the voluminous skirt of her purple cashmere peignoir about her, disposed her ringed fingers to her satisfaction upon her lap, and looked smirkingly sentimental. "There was a period in which I could not allude to, or think of it without tears. But time deadens all griefs, and even my poor friend confesses that it was best the affair should have terminated as it did. She met Mr. Fordham at the sea-shore summer before last. He fell in love with her at first sight, for she is a lovely girl—a blonde, with blue eyes and a red rosebud of a mouth, and golden hair, and the *sweetest* disposition!"

"She must be a real beauty!" sighed Selina, in an agony of admiration.

"She is! People pretend to discern a resemblance between us; but that is all nonsense," said Hester, modestly. "I should be supremely happy if I were half as handsome as Maria. But I love her too dearly to be envious. We are like twin sisters in heart. I dare say that is the reason we are so often mistaken for one another. We go out so much together, you see, that the sight of one reminds people of the other. But, as I was saying, this Mr. Fordham pretended to be violently smitten with her, and followed her home. Her parents liked him. He is rather an imposing man, you know, and has some reputation as a scholar. So when he paid her a second visit last winter, and offered himself, there was no objection raised to the match. Poor, dear Maria! how happy she was! All went smoothly for about six weeks, when, without a moment's warning, he broke the engagement. And why, do you suppose? He had heard that one of her sisters had died of consumption several years before, and he could not run the risk of having a sickly wife!"

She waited until the chorus of reprobation subsided, then resumed:

"He wrote to her. Iron man as he was, he was afraid to trust himself in her presence. He regretted the necessity that forced him to this unpleasant step, he said, but he owed a duty to himself, which was not to be lightly put aside. He should always remain her friend, and all that sort of rubbish, you know. The broken-hearted creature stooped to remonstrate. She loved him devotedly and had had no other love. Had I been in her place, I would have died sooner than let him know how I suffered, but she was such a lamb-like, gentle creature, and her spirit was utterly crushed. She wrote to him, imploring him not to leave her, representing that there was not a sign of hereditary consumption in the family; that her parents were living, and that her grandparents on both sides had all died from other diseases; but he was obstinate. 'He would never,' he replied, 'in any circumstances marry a woman who was not perfectly sound in body and in mind.' He persisted in believing that she had the seeds of a fatal malady in her system, and even was so unkind as to allude to her beautiful color as a hectic flush. So, he cast her off."

"And did she break a blood-vessel, or go into a decline?" asked Sue Barnes, her round face ludicrously elongated, while her eyes twinkled away a sympathetic tear.

"Well, no!" Miss Sanford admitted unwillingly, evidently appreciating the damage her mournful recital must sustain through the want of this orthodox sequel. "But she was in a sad way for awhile. Her family kept the miserable affair quiet as possible for her sake. The truth was communicated to nobody except a few very intimate and discreet friends. But you can't wonder that I have hated the sound of Professor Fordham's name ever since."

"Very natural, I am sure!" murmured the plastic Sue.

Hester made a parade of wiping her eyes with her laced handkerchief.

"Not that I ever liked him. Poor Maria brought him around to our house one evening on purpose to have me see him. And the next morning she was in bright and early to ask what was my opinion. 'I don't fancy him in the least, my dear,' I said to her, candidly. 'He has a cold, severe eye, and a stubborn mouth. He is quiet in manner because he is unfeeling. If you marry him, he will rule you with a rod of steel, and make your life a burden.' She cried bitterly when I said that, and when I would not retract a single word, she left me in a tremendous huff. She would neither speak to nor visit me, until the rupture came. Then she sent for me, and begged my pardon, lamenting bitterly that she had not taken my advice. 'If I had been as clear-sighted as you, Hester, what wretchedness I would have been spared!' she sobbed. I am very acute in my perception of character."

Jessie was knocking the balls to and fro, in reckless disregard of the laws controlling the game, but the sharp click of the ivory spheres did not distract general attention from Miss Sanford.

"I never was more astonished in all my born days!" said Selina, conscientiously reserved on the subject of her pre-natal experience. "Mr. Fordham looks so pleasant, yet so dignified, nobody ever thought of his behaving in any but a gentlemanly manner."

"And people in Hamilton—students, professors, and all, consider him a piece of perfection," added Sue.

"He is a detestable snake in the grass, then!" Hester said vehemently, her energy so disproportionate to the occasion that doubts would have arisen in an impartial mind of her own belief in the affecting narration she had glibly poured forth.

"Take care, dear!" cautioned Fanny. "There may be extenuating circumstances of which we are ignorant. Mr. Fordham's character as a gentleman and a Christian is not to be lightly disputed. Every question has two sides, papa says, and he is wisest who suspends judgment until both are heard."

The heiress sniffed haughtily and her thin skin was dappled with fiery red spots to the root of her hair.

"I thank you for the inference, Miss Provost! Would I repeat a story unless I were sure it was true in every particular? If you question my veracity, you can ask dozens of her acquaintances in her native place who will confirm my statement. And you may be very thankful if you don't at the same time hear some other ugly facts about your christian gentleman that I have chosen to omit. If I have a fault, it is that I am too charitable in my judgment of human nature. I am perpetually being imposed upon."

The cue that had been stationary while Fanny put in her plea for mercy to

the arraigned culprit, was restless again, red balls and white chasing one another aimlessly across the green cloth.

"To tell the truth," said Nettie Fry, another of the listening group, propitiatory of the mistress of half a million, "I never admired Mr. Fordham so much as many pretend to do. He was always so cool and lofty—so unapproachable, and, as Miss Sanford says, looked as if he might, when married, grow into a kind of Bluebeard."

"For my part, I thought him grand and good," confessed Selina. "I am dreadfully disappointed. I wonder if Mr. Wyllys knows anything about this shocking business."

"Of course he doesn't! Why should he?" retorted Hester, tartly. "There are not three people beside myself, even in B——, who ever heard of it."

"You said 'dozens' just now, Hester!" ventured merciful Fanny, in gentle rebuke.

Selina averted the burst of anger portended by the darkening visage of the moneyed belle.

"I thought Mr. Wyllys would be more likely to hear Mr. Fordham's side of the story than anybody else," she said, timidly. "You know they are own cousins."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Hester, horrified; and by a simultaneous conviction of their indiscretion, the entire party were moved to glance at Jessie.

She appreciated the extreme awkwardness of the pause; felt that their eyes were directed like so many burning-glasses to a focus that was herself, and mechanically went on playing with her cue and balls. Only Fanny Provost was in a position from which she could see that while her features were steady and her eyes seemed to follow the red and white spheroids in their windings and doublings, one swollen vein in her throat was beating like a clock, and the nails were bloodless where they pressed upon the cue.

"Come! we must finish our game," said the young hostess, going back to the table. "Jessie has been perfecting her skill by a bit of private practice while we were making havoc of our neighbors' characters."

At heart, she was exceedingly displeased with the tale-bearer, but the courtesy of hospitality forbade her more emphatic expression of disapproval.

Jessie threw down the slender rod and tried, very unsuccessfully, to laugh.

"I have done nothing except spoil your game for you. I thought you had found an occupation so far preferable that you would not care to go on with this. I give up my cue and my place. You must choose other partners and commence anew. I have forgotten how the balls were set up when we stopped. I must go home, Fanny! My time is up!"

Bowing a general "good afternoon," she made her way to the library where she had left her bonnet and shawl. Fanny accompanied her.

"You will join us again this evening, I hope," she said, kindly. "Mr. Wyllys is to give us some music. Hester has never heard him sing, and she cannot endure contradiction; so when she insisted I should ask him for to-night, I complied. I am often thankful, Jessie, that I am not an only child, when I see how restless and irritable so much notice and petting has made her. She is more to be pitied than blamed—poor girl!"

Jessie said nothing in rejoinder to this ingenious apology for her guest's ill-natured tattling, and Fanny was compelled to proceed directly to the point.

"I am sorry if you are leaving thus early on account of anything she has

said," she continued, genuine concern depicted in her countenance; "sorry if the slur cast by the idle talk of a party of thoughtless girls upon the cousin of your—of our friend, Mr. Wyllys—has wounded or displeased you. Hester does not mean to exaggerate, but she has a wild, careless fashion of talking sometimes. I am convinced there is some great mistake in the story we have heard. The facts—as related by her—are not in keeping with Mr. Fordham's character. If you knew him, you would agree with me in this opinion."

"I do know him, and I quite agree with you."

Jessie was tying on her hat, and the action might have caused the slight quaver and weakness in her voice. It was firmer when she spoke again.

"Mr. Wyllys's cousin"—with unconscious emphasis Fanny imagined was disdainful—"is not a stranger to me. But say nothing to your friends about the acquaintanceship. They might imagine that they had offended me by their strictures. Good-by. I wont keep you longer from them."

Her lips were set and hard to Fanny's soft kiss, and her eyes glowed dangerously, the latter fancied, as she escorted her to the front door. She prudently refrained from further endeavors to heal the breach, if one existed. The case was beyond her art, she saw. She contented herself with a cordial invitation to "run in to-morrow, if you do not think better of your refusal to come to-night," and let her visitor go.

Greatly perturbed, she returned to the others, who had not recommenced their game. They stood about, and leaned upon the billiard-table, instead, busily rehearsing the late scene, accentuating their animated periods by tapping the floor with the cues, and rapping the board with the ivory balls. All except Hester—who sat still upon her lounge and looked sullen. Selina was foremost and loudest in apologetic exclamations.

"Do you know I never thought of his being a relation of Mr. Wyllys until after I had said ever so much? We are ruined! you and I especially, Nettie, and Sue is almost as badly off. She will tell Mr. Wyllys, and he will report us all to his cousin, and won't there be a row?"

"I don't care," said Hester, looking excessively uneasy, nevertheless. "They can't harm me! If she chooses to play the spy upon a confidential conversation, and carry tales to gentlemen, she may. I never liked her from the first."

"I should care, if I believed the conversation would ever reach Mr. Fordham's ears," rejoined Fanny, gravely. "But Mr. Wyllys is no mischief-maker. Nor, for that matter, is Jessie Kirke. My only, or I should say my chief regret is, that we have wounded her. As to her playing the spy, she had no reason to believe the communication you made, Hester, a confidential one."

"She never opened her lips while I was talking! just stood off and listened!' interrupted Hester, hotly, "I call that mean!"

"I am inclined to think it would have been well had the rest of us done likewise," smiled Fanny, willing to give a jocose turn to the matter. "Since we cannot help our blunder, we will try and forget it."

Hester was not to be put off so easily.

"What makes you believe that she will blab to Mr. Wyllys?"

"They are intimate friends—very old acquaintances," replied non-committal Fanny.

"Is he addressing her?" with increasing interest.

"I don't know, Selina! Will you play on my side?"

"In a minute." The volatile Bradley was off at a tangent. "I don't half

believe he means to offer himself. He isn't a marrying man. He brings out girls that have the making of belles in them and other men take them off his hands. He is a universal lover of the sex."

Hester smiled satisfiedly.

"It would be a shame for him to marry this one. He is altogether too fascinating to be thrown away upon a poor minister's daughter. He might look higher."

"The sun was an hour high as Jessie descended the granite steps of the Provost House. The college buildings lay to her right, upon rising ground separated from that on which she was by a shallow valley. Instead of taking the street that led through this, she turned sharply to the left, and began another and steeper ascent. There were few residences in this quarter of the town, and these were gentlemen's villas separated from one another by large gardens. She met no one in her walk. The day was cold, but still; the hills beyond the ice-bound river, that came into view from the summit of that she had climbed, were strongly defined against a pale orange sky into which the color seemed to be frozen, so unvarying was it, as the sun rolled horizonward. She did not give it a glance, nor halt at the top of the eminence to regain breath. Fleetly as she had mounted it, she performed the journey down the other side, holding on her course to the bridge connecting the town with the country.

She was doing more than escaping the malignant tongue that had blackened her lover's fair fame. She despised Hester Sanford; and three months before she would have laughed to scorn the tale to which she had just listened, dissected the ill-formed mass of contradictions, and refuted her statements by a comparison of their incongruities. She was incapable of such attempt now. The foundations of reason and belief had been undermined—she would have said by the terrible exposure of the real character of him in whom she had trusted; in reality, by an insidious current that had been at work for weeks that outnumbered the days in which she had known Miss Sanford. She was trying to walk away from herself and the tempest of passion raging within her. By-and-by, she would think—weigh evidence and draw conclusions.

"How *dared* they?" she had said between her teeth, in leaving Judge Provost's portico. When midway across the bridge, she spoke again—a hoarse whisper it hurt her throat to sibilate.

"If this be true!" she said, and struck her breast hard with her clenched hand. There was a bruise the next day where the blow had fallen; but she did not feel it when she dealt it.

A moment later, she became conscious that some one was coming on behind her with quick steps, which echoed loudly on the frosted planks. Her first unwise impulse was to increase her speed, in the hope of getting away from the intruder, whoever he might be. But finding, before she reached the opposite shore, that he gained upon her, she slackened her pace to let him pass. She would the sooner be alone and unobserved, if she suffered him to go on. She detected nothing familiar in the footfall, but she did remark, with a sense of irritation, that his movement was more deliberate in nearing her. Annoyance was exchanged momentarily for active alarm as a hand touched her elbow, before her pursuer had breath to accost her.

"It was Orrin Wyllys's voice that said, laughingly, then: "Is it Atalanta, or 'swift Camilla scouring the plain,' whom I have chased for the last ten minutes? What are you running away from?"

"The Furies!"

COUNTESS NELL.

SHE flung away, like worthless dross, the garments of her pride,
And donned a peasant's russet gown, to be a peasant's bride;
Not one of all her lofty line had ever looked so fair,
Braiding with simple ribbons up the beauty of her hair.

The diamond circlet from her brows, the jewels from her breast,
The plumes and velvet of her rank, she left them with the rest;
And to the sister that she loved, "Thou mayst be braver, May,
But none more happy, dear, than I, upon my wedding day.

"Sweetest, farewell! go kneel for me, before St. Mary's grace,
For if my uncle ban my name, there must be one to bless;
And tell him, great as was my love, so greater is my pain,
For all the world is won and lost, if we shall meet again.

"Open the gates!" she said, and knelt and kissed the threshold stone,
Then turned with eyes that would not weep and went her way alone.
At morn, within the chapel gray, the priest received her vows,
And all day long she gayly wrought in Hubert's little house.

"If it had been a peasant maid that my dear lord had wed,
She would have labored like a bee beneath his roof," she said.
"And shall his kindred say of this, that it were not as well,
When for the love she bore to him, he married Countess Nell?

"I'll learn to spin the shining flax, to milk the spotted kine,
To keep my cottage hearthstone bright, and train my bowery vine;
I'll learn to dress our simple food, to bake our wheaten bread,
And be a peasant's wife, indeed," the high-born lady said.

So she laid down the silver lute, to hear the distaff hum,
Or only ceased her happy song to watch her husband come;
And if the unaccustomed task put her weak hands to pain,
She said, "He kissed this little hand," and labored on again.

Ah! how we women yield to such our soul and being up,
A pearl of countless cost dissolved, to fill their brimming cup.
We at their bidding hide our cares, and put away our fears;
We learn to smile for them, and keep for lonely hours our tears.

Our love, that sprung in joy, in grief clings with a closer hold,
And if our idols be but clay, we strive to find them gold.
O, who shall tell in what strange ways affection's course may run,
Since noble Countess Nell loved so a humble peasant's son?

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

SCIENCE, some believe and say, advances steadily and surely toward that time when knowledge shall take the place of faith, certainty shall supplant doubt, and a clear sight shall dispel the illusions of enthusiasm. Science must then stand for religion, or religion must absorb science.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss this most subtle and profound question, nor to attempt to show, either that science and religion are one and the same, or that each of them has its separate and distinct domain. I may, however, permit myself to say, that I am loth to accept the doctrine that science must destroy religion, inasmuch as science can never comprehend the infinite, can never bring God down to the finite understanding of man. There has never been uttered a truer or a more subtle mystery, than this: "God is *spirit* and must be worshipped in *spirit:*" and the worst enemies of true religion have been they who have attempted, with their finite words, to express and *define* the infinite and indefinable.

"God is *spirit* and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth."

So long as this remains true, so long will man be a religious being, and so long will he need and demand religious thought and action.

We come now to a vital question. What is the religion of the future here in America to be?

Already we number some thirty-five millions of souls; it is computed that in forty years from this we shall number one hundred millions, and in seventy years from to-day our population will have swelled to the mighty mass of two hundred and fifty millions of human beings. It is startling to think that the child born to-day will live to see between the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific a greater population than that which now crowds the Continent of Europe. And we may well shrink from the thought that this struggling mass may be without any religion. We may well ask, what is to be the religious belief and action of this coming time? may well wonder what one or more of the religious beliefs of our day, which have found expression in organized churches, will dare to attempt, and will be potent to leaven with a vital faith the *action* of this coming crowd.

If the life of man in this world is ever to be, and only to be, to add house to house, and lay field to field till there be no place left—if life for these coming millions is to be simply a frank and limitless materialism; if the using of this world for the benefit of one's fellows and the glory of the *spirit* is a foolish delusion, then these coming millions will need no religion, and will have none. But if the contrary, as I would fain hope, then a religion they must and will have. What will it be? Will it be some new, vital, powerful thought or principle, organized into a Church, or will it be one of those structures already existing, enlarged and adapted to the coming time?

Two such churches, or organizations, command attention; because of their

completeness, of the number they already enlist, and because they, of all, are most aggressive and daring. The one is the Roman Catholic, the other the Methodist; the former the most perfect—so far; the latter the most vital. It is this latter organization, that I, a layman, educated in another church, propose to examine briefly, and as the limits of this paper will permit, for the benefit of those who, like myself, are not members of that church. Few not Methodists, have any but a vague idea of what this church is, what it is doing, or what it proposes to do. Every man fancies his own plans, and his own church, and his own personality, to be most valuable to the world; and some knowledge of other people's plans and churches and self-valuation, may bring about a juster appreciation of ourselves as well as of others. A few facts and figures become therefore important, in discussing the future as well as the present aspects of this question.

The census tables of 1860—the latest we have for the whole United States—show:

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Churches,	2,550
Church accommodations,	1,404,437
Value of Church property,	$26,774,119

METHODIST.

Churches,	19,883
Church accommodations,	6,259,799
Value of Church property,	$33,093,371

This, I must suppose, included all forms of Methodism, before the Southern separation.

These two churches outrank any others in numbers and in wealth; and, indeed, own together more than one-third of the whole church property of the United States. It is proper to say that these figures and valuations are not those issued or accepted by the churches themselves; but are correct enough as showing the *relative* position of these two churches, at that date, and which has not essentially changed.

While, therefore, it is apparent that in numbers and wealth the Methodist exceeds the Catholic, it is safe to say, though it cannot be proved, that the members of the Methodist Church greatly surpass in individual wealth the Catholic; and possibly every other sect, excepting the Episcopal and Unitarian. But while the Methodist has a more fertile soil and richer subjects, it has nothing like that thorough and exhaustive system of taxation which distinguishes its great rival; and which, indeed, enables it to attempt and to do such miracles as it does attempt and accomplish.

The latest Methodist Episcopal statistics I have been able to get * show.

Church property,	$35,885,439
Parsonages,	5,361,295
	$41,246,734
Church Members and Probationers,	1,032,184

The above is for the Methodist Episcopal Church alone; but as the other forms of Methodism do not essentially differ from this, I will follow Dr. Stevens, whose statements in 1866 showed a combined force of members and preachers, of 1,901,164; representing a population (4 to each communicant) of 7,604,656

* Minutes 1867.

souls—or more than one-fifth of the entire population of the United States. Adding Canada, it would be still greater. The average taxable property of each person in the city of New York is over $800. Apply this to the Methodist Church, and we have—population, 8,000,000; wealth, $6,400,000,000.

This vast power is *organized*, and thus is made ten times as potent for good, or for evil, as if it remained individualized. Herein is the power of the Methodist Church, and thus we are led to look to it with anxiety and interest.

In the year 1866 the Methodist Church celebrated its hundredth birthday in America, so that it is one of the youngest of all the forms which religious sentiment or belief has taken. It has grown in this hundred years to be the largest of all our churches. Besides its churches and parsonages, it has now* twenty-five colleges and theological schools, with 158 instructors, 5,345 students, and property $3,055,000. It has also 77 academies, with 556 instructors, and 17,761 students. Its "Book Concern" has a capital of $837,000, 500 editors, agents, clerks, and workmen. It sold in 1867, 3,984,000 volumes; it prints over two thousand different books; fourteen periodicals, which circulate over one million copies per month; and it issues tracts (the last *four* years) to the enormous number of 34,000,000.† It has a wide-spread and comprehensive Sunday School Union, which (1867) comprised 15,341 schools, 175,000 instructors, and over 2,800,000 books in its libraries, and it issues monthly over 300,000 numbers of its periodicals.

I am obliged, in the absence of reliable statistics, to confine myself to the reports of the church *North* for the year 1867. It appears from these that there were in this great missionary field 8,004 travelling preachers, and 9,469 local preachers; together, 17,473. An immense army, whose numbers are swelled by exhorters and class-leaders, who will be referred to hereafter. Over these all are nine bishops—*overseers* simply—who have no church duties and no power of rule. Notwithstanding that this organization aims to cover this continent, and has now to bring into its fold some thirty millions of souls, it has the amazing audacity—as it seems to us who are not in it—to attempt to evangelize the whole world; it has missions in Liberia, in China, in India, in Bulgaria, in Turkey, in Germany, in Scandinavia, in Switzerland, in South America, in Mexico—and it need surprise no one if some fervent soul should convert the very Pope of Rome in the doors of St. Peter's itself. Living churches and live men are always aggressive, and this Methodist Church is not the least so of all.

Money is the sinews of war; it is essential, also, to the business of a church. The total amount which goes to carry forward the purposes of this vast organization it is impossible to ascertain; because there is no central treasury. Each local church or society raises its own funds for the support of its own preacher, etc., etc. But in a general way I find the following reported in the Minutes of 1867:

Conference Claimants‡	$118,618
Missionary Society	584,725
Church Extension	88,600
Tract Society	20,133
American Bible Society	100,070
Sunday School Union	21,165
	933,308

*Dr. Stevens's Summary, 1866.

† 33,858,000. Conference at Chicago, 1868.

‡ Worn out preachers and their families.

Let us add to this, pay of 8,000 preachers at, say, $600	4,800,000
And expenses of 11,000 churches, at $400	4,400,000
A sum of yearly contributions of	$7,133,308

See also what they were able to do with a slight movement. The year 1866 arrived, the one hundredth anniversary of Methodism in America. A few of their wise men—if they were wise?—said, let us raise an educational fund. They raised the sum of $8,397,662, and the machine felt no strain.

Before pointing out any particulars of this organization, or attempting to touch the secret of its power and success, allow me to ask a moment's attention to this "Methodist Book Concern;" and bear it in mind that it was started by these poor travelling preachers, and is and has been carried on by them, not by shrewd business men; and that it is "*not to make money, but to do good.*"

In the year 1836, after being ruined by a disastrous fire, it started again with a mixed capital, estimated at $281,650. In thirty-one years it has added *ninety-seven* per cent. to its capital, and has paid out *three hundred and eighty-three* per cent. in dividends to Church purposes. And in this period three-quarters of all publishing houses have gone to ruin. Is godliness indeed great gain?

These poor preachers have shown a great capacity for organization. The New York Concern has now four depositories—at Boston, Buffalo, Pittsburg and San Francisco. It publishes Bibles, hymn-books, over two thousand different books, and various periodicals, as has been said. It not only has these books and papers and tracts written, but it prints and binds and sells them; and it makes money by all this, without making that its end and purpose. And what does it do with its money? The last report (1868) will show.

PROFITS.

The profits, $164,735 09, for the term, have been applied as follows:

Dividend declared in 1864 to 52 annual conferences, each $400	$20,800 00
Our share of the deficiency to meet General Conference expenses	3,811 81
Other incidental expenses	1,346 42
California Christian Advocate	4,000 00
Pacific Christian Advocate	4,000 00
Our share of bishops' salaries and travelling expenses	79,894 50
Whole amount paid by order of General Conference	113,852 73
Added to the Capital Stock	50,882 36
Total	$164,735 09

"Its agents and editors, like its employés generally have worked for a mere living compensation"—this is their own testimony. Filthy lucre has *not* spurred them on to do this work.

It is time now to refer to the origin of Methodism, so that we may, if possible, discover the sources of its power and the secret of its growth. It is strange, and yet it is true, that out of the classic cloisters of Oxford, out of the conservative and consecrated shades of the English Church, came this rough, fervent, urgent child of religion. In the year 1729 existed there the "Holy Club," composed of John and Charles Wesley (then twenty-six and twenty-one years of age), Morgan, an Irish commoner, and Kirkham, of Merton College. They read together, walked together, prayed together. They fasted twice a week and received the Communion once. They were a sort of monks, and in danger of becoming sick, and morbid, and foolish, and useless. But Morgan

inspired them to visit the sick, to go to the prisons, to teach poor children, and thus laid the beginnings of an active piety and philanthropy which never tired and never ended, and never will end, we may hope. They were despised, of course; they were laughed at, and they were called *Methodists* in derision. They are not now ashamed of the name, and, indeed, they never were. We have not space here to trace the lives of the two Wesleys in their visit to America in 1735, of their connection with Whitefield, of their return to England (1738), their attempts to rouse the hearts of priests and people to a lively sense of the vital power of religion, until all church-doors were shut against them, even the church where their father had preached. Then John Wesley stood up on his father's tombstone and preached to the villagers the great doctrine—Religion is Love, God and man should be friends. And from this time forth his life was spent in this wonderful work. Was it well spent? Was he truly great, spiritually? intellectually? These are subjects of speculation not essential to the purpose now in hand. It is sufficient here to say, that when John Wesley, at the age of eighty-eight, laid himself down to die, those who distinctively recognized him as their leader and father numbered one hundred and fifty thousand souls; while over five hundred travelling preachers, inspired by his fervor, and stimulated by his example, were carrying forward the work he had begun.

Great or small, wise or foolish, it is clear that no living man *ever felt more vitally his great doctrine, or ever applied it so thoroughly to life.* So it strikes me. Now, every man has a personal religion more or less vague; but it is most rare that any man's religion pervades and dominates his whole nature, as John Wesley's did. And it is of the nature of miracle almost that any one man should be able to organize his religion into a powerful church in his own lifetime, as John Wesley did. Further, it is remarkable that he had never the wish to do this. He always held by the English Episcopal Church, in which he was born and ordained, and only desired to inspire it with his own fervor, and to bring to its fold the weak and the wicked through all the land. The English Church could not understand this, and its doors were shut against him, so that he preached all his life in rooms and in fields, and almost always to the despised and debased. Thus he and his friends became field preachers and itinerants. Thus, one of the distinctive features of Methodism, lay preaching, grew out of necessity. Assistance he must have; and what bishop would ordain his preachers? It was not until about the year 1784 that Wesley, believing that a bishop was but a presbyter set to do a specific work, brought himself to ordaining Mr. Coke to act as bishop of the American Methodists. Up to this time, lay preaching was almost the whole preaching of the Methodist body in England and America. Since the year 1784, the Methodists in America have been an Episcopal Church, distinct from the English or American Episcopal Churches —ordaining its ministers and administering its sacraments, as it had not done before.

Religion is Love. This I believe to be the central, vital, cardinal sentiment or principle which John Wesley radiated into the souls of men; this it is which is now organized into the most vital and powerful of American churches; and this it is which may—can I say will?—make it the great church of the future time. There is a religion of the soul. There may be devotion of the senses, or of the pocket; but there is no religion of the intellect. The common sense of mankind, I think, has concluded that theology is metaphysics, and that the most various intellectual beliefs may coexist with love of God and virtue. It is certain that

there was not a fibre in Wesley's body which vibrated to an intellectual religion. It is certain that he opposed and rejected the Calvinistic articles of the English Church—would not accept them. Augustinism or Calvinism, the most profoundly intellectual scheme ever devised by the brain of man, has wonderfully moved the world, but has entirely failed to evangelize the world. So striking is this, that in Paris, where, in the times of St. Bartholomew, the Calvinists were almost or quite equal in numbers and power to the Catholics, there are to-day but two small and most feeble churches. In New England, too, there has been a revolt, and Calvinism is hardly preached even in those churches where it still remains a form of doctrine.

Let us illustrate. The man who should say, "My child shall eat no bread until he understands its chemical constitution," would be put into a mad-house; the plant which should refuse to grow in the rays of the life-giving sun, because it did not understand what the sun was, would be (if it had a will) a preposterous fool; the man who should decline to be religious until he could make out the exact doctrine of justification, would be a miserable creature.

Men are but children in this vast world, living and growing, like the plant, in the warm rays of the divine love, they know not how, and they need not to know. To comprehend and understand God is not possible, nor is it necessary to a divine life. To be in harmony with God's laws, and thus with Him, is necessary, and, in a degree, possible. Whoever is not in harmony with them will be whipped, and will be more or less miserable until he becomes so. The impracticability of a purely doctrinal church—which I need not dwell upon—was strikingly exemplified a few years since, when the Hartford Dr. Bushnell preached his great discourse upon the Trinity. Among the clergy it caused a sensation, and men said, he is a heretic, and he must be tried and condemned. So they began to point out his heresy, and to state the *true* doctrine. The result was nigh fatal, for not a man among them could escape with his life. Heresy cropped out in every quarter, and a respected brotherhood came nigh rushing into chaos. Dr. Bushnell was soon left alone.

The English Church, which stands upon doctrines, is only able to keep together by wisely shutting its eyes and admitting almost all sorts of belief, varying from Maurice and Kingsley to Drs. Newman and Pusey, if they will but stay.

Our Father who art in Heaven. That was the truth which Jesus of Nazareth taught to men; and since that hour when the shepherds kept their watch on the hills of Bethlehem, and the stars shone down into the manger where the divine Child lay, God has been, not an Oriental Satrap, but the Father and friend of men. This marvellous fact, which marks an era in human history, needs to be re-stated from time to time, because we are so constantly running off after strange notions, and fancying we can define God better than Jesus did. We cannot.

This, then, is the fact which Wesley expressed by his life, and this it is which is embodied in the Methodist Church. This I believe to be the secret of its great success. *It is a church embodying a divine and universal sentiment, and not a creed or doctrine.*

So broad and sweeping a statement requires explanation. Wesley never asked:

Do you believe in the Trinity?

Do you hold to the Atonement?

Do you believe in original sin?

What are your views upon justification?

Do you think heaven a place or a state?

No such questions as these perplexed the anxious penitent or the hardened sinner. By no means. Only—Do you *wish* to live in the sunlight of God's love, and flee from the wrath to come?

Then come with us—"to pray together, to receive the word of exhortation, to watch over one another in love, to help each other to work out our salvation."

That was all—simple, easy to understand, acceptable to the whole world. And it is this simplicity and manifest truth, which commends it to the universal world, high and low, rich and poor, bad and good, wise and foolish.

So remarkable does this seem in the history of religions, that I cannot forbear giving in full to non-Methodists the "Rules" which Wesley drew out for the use of his friends, and which remain to this day the canons of the Church. They are as follows:

That it may the more easily be discerned whether they are indeed working out their salvation, each society is divided into small companies, called classes, according to their respective places of abode. There are about twelve persons to a class, one of whom is styled *the* leader. It is his duty—

I. To see each person in his class once a week at least, in order—

1. To inquire how their souls prosper.

2. To advise, reprove, comfort, or exhort, as occasion may require.

3. To receive what they are willing to give toward the relief of the preachers, church, and poor.

II. To meet the minister and stewards of the society once a week, in order—

1. To inform the minister of any that are sick, or of any that walk disorderly and will not be reproved.

2. To pay the stewards what they have received of their several classes in the week preceding.

There is only one condition previously required of those who desire admission into these societies—"a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins." But, wherever this is really fixed in the soul, it will be shown by its fruits. It is, therefore, expected of all who continue therein, that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation,

First, by doing no harm, avoiding evil of every kind, especially that which is most generally practised, such as,

The taking of the name of God in vain.

The profaning the day of the Lord, either by doing ordinary work therein, or by buying and selling.

Drunkenness, buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, except in cases of extreme necessity.

Slave-holding, buying or selling slaves.

Fighting, quarrelling, brawling, brother going to law with brother, returning evil for evil, or railing for railing; the using many words in buying and selling.

The buying or selling goods that have not paid the duty.

The giving or taking things on usury—that is, unlawful interest.

Uncharitable or unprofitable conversation, particularly speaking evil of magistrates or of ministers.

Doing to others as we would not they should do unto us.

Doing what we know is not for the glory of God; as,

The putting on of gold and costly apparel.

The taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus.

The singing those songs or reading those books which do not tend to the knowledge or love of God.

Softness or needless self-indulgence.

Laying up treasure upon earth.

Borrowing without a probability of paying, or taking up goods without a probability of paying for them.

It is expected of all who continue in these societies, that they shall continue to evidence their desire for salvation,

Secondly, by doing good; by being in every kind merciful after their power; as they have opportunity, doing good of every possible sort, and, as far as possible, to all men.

To their bodies, of the ability which God giveth, by giving food to the hungry, by clothing the naked, by visiting or helping them that are sick or in prison.

To their souls, by instructing, reproving, or exhorting all we have any intercourse with, trampling under foot that enthusiastic doctrine, that "We are not to do good unless our hearts be free to it."

By doing good, especially to them that are of the household of faith, or groaning so to be; employing them preferably to others; buying of one another; helping each other in business; and so much the more, because the world will love its own, and them only.

By all possible diligence and frugality that the Gospel be not blamed.

By running with patience the race which is set before them, denying themselves and taking up their cross daily, submitting to bear the reproach of Christ, to be as the filth and offscouring of the world, and looking that men should say all manner of evil of them, falsely, for the Lord's sake.

It is expected of all who desire to continue in these societies, that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation,

Thirdly, by attending upon all the ordinances of God: such are,

The public worship of God.

The ministry of the Word, either read or expounded.

The supper of the Lord.

Family and private prayer.

Searching the Scriptures, and

Fasting or abstinence.

These are the general rules of our societies, all which we are taught of God to observe, even in his written Word, which is the only rule, and the sufficient rule, both of our faith and practice. And all these we know his spirit writes in truly awakened hearts. If there be any among us who observe them not, who habitually break any of them, let it be known unto them who watch over that soul as they who must give an account. We will admonish him of the error of his ways. We will bear with him for a season. But if then he repent not, he hath no more place among us. We have delivered our own souls.

The assent to these rules I understand to be the "*one* condition previously required of those who desire admission into these societies;" and for this reason I have stated that it is a great Church without a theology. But had Wesley no doctrines, and does the Church hold none? Wesley had a theology and a form of doctrine. He was a member of the English Church and accepted and held by the Articles of that Church, excepting, I believe, its Calvinistic doctrines. These are still the doctrines held in the Methodist Church, and are to be accepted by preachers before becoming such, not by members before becoming such.

This one principle or sentiment of love, then, is the vital germ of the Methodist organization, out of which it has evolved itself, as the oak does from the acorn. It has had simply a *natural growth*, and, therefore, a strong and healthy one. It was personal spiritual life that Wesley sought; it was to be in harmony

with the Divine Spirit, to *know*, to have the inward consciousness of this that he struggled for nigh ten years. It did not fully come to his soul until he was thirty-five years old. When crossing the Atlantic he fell in with a band of Moravians, and they powerfully influenced his character and life. He records it himself.

"My brother," said the Moravian, "I must first ask you one or two questions. Have you the witness within yourself? Do you know Jesus Christ? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are the child of God?"

Wesley was surprised and knew not what to answer. Spangenberg observed his embarrassment and asked: "Do you know Jesus Christ?" "I know he is the Saviour of the world," replied Wesley. "True," rejoined the Moravian; "but do you know that he has saved *you?*" "I hope he has died to save me." Spangenberg added, "Do you know it yourself?" "I do," replied Wesley—but he adds, "I fear they were mere words." *

All his life Wesley strove after this simple but profound faith, the child of love, which so marked these Moravian brethren. And at the age of thirty-five it came upon him like an influx from heaven. If God be indeed the Great Father of men, it is impossible that he should not love us, and it might seem impossible that we should not love him. But there is something as yet incomprehensible about it; and the human soul seems to be imprisoned in a "muddy vesture" of low or earthly desires, which in some mystic way must be pierced or broken before the soul or spirit of man can wholly feel the entrance of the Divine Spirit, and can have that full consciousness or knowledge of harmony with God which Wesley and his friends at last secured. I do not attempt here even to touch any theory or fact as to "conversion;" but I suppose there is hardly any, even the most successful worldly man, who does not again and again confess that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." There is not a man, even a rich one, who would not welcome that divine change, which, inspiring him with a faith and knowledge of the universal and perfect love of God, would enable him to bear all and to do all, in full confidence that it was for the best, because it was the will or wish of the Great Father. If such preaching, to produce such results, would be acceptable and consoling to the rich and prosperous, with what a mighty force might it not be borne in upon the hearts of the poor and wretched, the weak and the afflicted!

It was this doctrine which Wesley preached in the slums of London, in the mines of Cornwall and Newcastle; and it is this which has been preached by all the class-leaders and exhorters and travelling preachers of this Methodist Church ever since; and with wonderful power and effect. Now bear it in mind that to preach this vital truth, it does not require that a man should be a scholar, that he should have studied the whole "Body of Divinity," that he should have read the Bible in the Hebrew or Greek, that he should know the derived meaning of words, that he should have all the graces of rhetoric or elocution on the end of his tongue—not at all; he needs, and he only needs, to have had a vital experimental knowledge of "this change" in his own soul, with a fervent, vehement desire to portray to his friends—to all the world—the blessedness which it has brought to him, and which it will surely bring to them if they will but ask for it, will but open their souls to its all-pervading influx.

Not a church in all England was open to Wesley, not five educated preachers were found to coöperate with him, his converts were poor, and were scattered

* Stevens's History of Methodism.

here and there; what was to be done to keep alive in their hearts the sacred fire? Remember that the great chord of human sympathy must be played upon by the tongue of man, must vibrate and respond to the touch of human speech, or it will become paralyzed, deadened. Talk, speech, is the distinctive characteristic of man, the one thing which most strikingly marks him above all the rest of creation; it is neither safe nor wise to suppress it. Wesley knew this. He established everywhere little classes of some twelve, one of whom, the most gifted, was to be the leader. They were to meet together weekly, for prayer and praise; they were to contribute a penny each, if able. The class-leader was to see after the welfare of his little flock. This is the first act of organization, and is the pivot of the practical system of Methodism.

Not a man or woman reads this paper who will not groan over the weary platitudes and sophomorical essays which have tried his soul Sunday after Sunday through this mortal life; not a man among us who is not forced to exclaim, in anxious wonder, "Tell me, my soul, *can* this be joy?" Not a man among us but would welcome a stir, a sensation of almost any kind. But the conventionalities of our churches forbid a sound, a murmur, a movement. Not so in this Methodist Church. At the class-meeting all are permitted to talk, to pray, to exhort, men and women alike. Whoever *has* a word to say may say it; whoever has not may respond openly, loudly, fervently. In their churches, too, this last is permitted, and the preacher soon knows if he has seized upon the souls of his hearers, if he has struck a responsive chord, by the audible and ardent responses he hears. We may be certain that mankind will never be warmed into a vital spiritual life by carefully written essays, or converted to deeds of active brotherhood by occasional assemblages of well-bred and well-dressed people. But we may differ as to whether the Methodists have chosen the right way, or the best way, or even a good way to vitalize religion. Into those differences of opinion it is not my province to enter.

As these class-meetings—little churches—gathered numbers, a steward was appointed to see after the business and property of the society. By-and-by gifted men were licensed as exhorters, others as local preachers; from these some were chosen as travelling preachers, specially gifted; who were to go from place to place to teach and preach. Last of all, from these a few have been appointed in America to act as bishops or overseers. In brief this is the polity of the Methodist Church, and is the whole of it. Its circuits, its districts, its quarterly conferences, its yearly conferences, and its general conferences, are matters of course and of necessity. So, too, naturally and inevitably, have come their band-meetings, their love-feasts, their camp-meetings—whatever would keep alive and stimulate that fervent spirit which characterizes this church.

We will not spend time upon details which any inquirer may obtain from any Methodist church-book, but will ask attention to a peculiarity which distinguishes this church from its great competitor, the Catholic. If I understand it aright, the Catholic Church claims *all* children born in it as members, to be incorporated at the proper age and with suitable ceremonies. The Methodists, on the contrary, require in all cases "conversion," change of heart, personal perceptions of religious life. Hence I have said that the Methodist is the most vital, the Catholic the most perfect. Every Methodist may be said to be such, after deep spiritual conviction; but I take it the Catholic fathers will not claim that for their church. There is a vital life among these individual Methodists which makes them work individually for the conversion of their fellow-men; but

their church, their machine, is no way so perfected as the Catholic. Every part is not so fitted to every other part, and they are greatly behind in thoroughness and delicacy of taxation, as well as in the efficient application of money to accomplish their ends. No business men in the land surpass the bishops of the Catholic Church, and no land-speculators know so keenly the value of good property as they. I fancy, but am not sure, that our Methodist bishops do not equal them here.

But they have set before them the sublime task to convert the world, and especially the world of America. Can they do it? Let us stop for a moment to re-state a few positions and facts more clearly.

1. The Methodist Church is founded upon a sentiment or desire of the soul; not upon an intellectual assent to doctrines or theologies.

2. It has the largest church property, and the most church members of any religious organization.

3. It has the largest publishing house in the world, and issues more books and papers than any other.

4. It has a most comprehensive system of Sunday Schools, comprising 1,089,525 scholars, and 171,695 teachers.

5. It has a wide missionary system, including our own land and foreign countries; to support which, in the last four years, it has collected $2,457,548. Here then is a great organization, established, at work; active, powerful; which in a degree, accepts as its task, "to maintain vital apostolic piety in the land, and to spread it over the world." And this is not to be a mere sentiment producing no results. It proposes what?

"*The better consecration of its wealth*" to the public good. Some there be, who say, this is chimerical, impossible. If it can be done, then indeed will the Devil be driven into the swine's belly, and be overwhelmed in the sea. This is the problem which the church has yet to solve, and so far it would seem that little progress has been made. But the first thing is to see clearly what the work is; the next is to do it. And who will not bid the Methodists God speed?

There is, however, a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, in the horizon, which may spread over the sky. It is the founding and increasing of *theological* colleges among the Methodists. The effect of this is—must be—to encourage theological preaching, to exaggerate the importance of doctrines, and most likely to the injury of the church which has grown up around the life and teachings of John Wesley. If I were a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I would, on my bended knees, ask Mr. Drew to take back the dangerous gift he has made; and I would urge my exhorters and preachers to preach on what John Wesley preached—the love of God and faith in it.

It does not follow that we must say, as an earnest friend once did, "we are an ignorant people, and we want an ignorant preacher;" but it is undoubtedly true that all religious souls ask for substance rather than form, for warmth rather than polish. If Dr. McClintock and his friends propose to rival the Unitarian and the English Churches in the graces of style and the arts of oratory, they may succeed; but they are in danger of losing what is far more valuable. The preacher who has come up out of the ranks, with all the experiences and sympathies and sorrows of the people engraved deeply in his soul, can speak to the earnest seeker as no other man can; certainly as the boy, who is put into a theological school and taught the scholasticism of a past age, *cannot*. The Bishop of Oxford may believe he ought to go down into the Minories and preach

the Gospel, and may go; but he will make poor work of it—most likely—not a tenth part of the moving effect of the converted prize-fighter. The one will tell what *he* has felt and suffered and struggled and worked through; the other what he thinks and believes, and hopes *we* will do. The one may use bad grammar, and the other Addisonian English, but the bad grammar will carry the day; not because of the bad grammar, but because with it exists a real communion of spirit which strikes a responsive chord.

"Vulgar!" it is a miserable and foolish word. The preachers of the Methodist Church may be uncultivated, and rough, and rude, but they are not therefore vulgar. No man is vulgar who earnestly desires to help his fellow-men, and is inspired with the sentiment of brotherly love. The elegant Pharisees of the inner court thought those poor fishermen of the sea of Galilee very vulgar; but time has proved *them* to have been poor pedants enough. A great and earnest and magnanimous people will not indulge in paltry criticisms, but will look beneath the rough skin for the shining soul.

In this most brief and, I fear, unsatisfactory way, have I ventured to ask the attention of non-Methodists to this pregnant subject, because I believe it worthy of a careful examination and consideration, such as they will no doubt give it. I have done this in no sectarian spirit, and with no desire to exaggerate or detract from any other church. One or two other subjects connected with this deserve attention; and if I can get time, and THE GALAXY will print, I may ask you to read. In the meantime, let us all consider, what is to be the great Church of the future time?

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FOR A YEAR.

"WANTED; as companion and finishing governess for a young lady, a person who is thoroughly competent to teach German and Italian, and the harp. Salary, £100 a year. Address Q. S. L., Post-office, Risdon; —shire."

I wanted a situation, and believed myself to be "thoroughly competent" to impart the accomplishments specified in the above advertisement. I read it in the first edition of the "Times" one Monday morning about two o'clock, as I sat eating my luncheon in the dusky back-ground of that most convenient haunt for self-helping and other unprotected ladies, the confectioner's at the corner where Oxford and Regent streets cross each other. I had been all the morning drawing from the life in a well-known studio in Newman street—one of a miscellaneous group who were pursuing art, more or less industriously, for more or less disinterested reasons.

My own pursuit of art I may as well acknowledge at once, was not very earnest. I was "doing a little in oils" I always said at home when I was questioned as to my progress, and I had the satisfaction of looking down upon my sisters as I said it. They only blended colors and portrayed form in Berlin wool on canvas.

The truth is, that home life to the majority of young women of my status in society, is a very dull thing. My father is a medical man, practising at Brompton, making a good income, living in very good style, and withal educating his children thoroughly well. My two brothers are University men, and were intended for the learned professions, and my two sisters and myself, after being well grounded by a clergyman in England, had been given four years abroad—two in Germany and two in a French convent near Paris.

We all had "resources within ourselves," as the conventional phrase has it. That is to say, culture had taught us to appreciate good literature, nature had given us great musical talent which careful scientific instruction had developed well, and we were all adepts in the art of so arranging our household gods as to put them in a fair light before other people. Still, I the eldest and most restless-natured of the three, felt that I needed something more to make life full enough for me. I wanted to do something with the time that remained over and above to me, when I had read and played and visited till I was tired.

I had been a student at the *atélier* in Newman street about five months when this advertisement which I have copied came upom me like a revelation. In an instant I resolved to follow the path it pointed out. I would be that governess-companion, and utilize my knowledge of German and Italian, and the harp. I had often wished to get out of London. Now, the opportunity was given me, and I would go.

I was in a small flush of excitement when I determined on this. Delays are

dangerous. I would write at once. I would not wait to go home and discuss my project in family council. So I paid for my luncheon, bought a sheet of paper and an envelope, and sat down again in the midst of that army of educational martyrs who congregate at this shop, to write an application for the situation advertised.

It has never been in my nature to vacillate—to put my hand to the plough, and then draw back because the ground to be traversed is rough or dangerous. As soon as I had penned my application, I felt that I was bound in honor to myself to stand the consequences of it. If they would have me, I was pledged to go—although my letter was not posted yet.

I need scarcely say that, as it was an entirely unlooked-for scheme, so was it entirely disapproved of by all the members of my own family. My father said that he liked to have all his girls about him of an evening. My mother added that "Life was full of temptations to young people, especially young women, and she should never know a happy moment while I was away with these strangers." And my sisters half envied and half blamed me for going away from the monotonous routine that could, in their estimation, be interrupted with propriety only by marriage.

However, to cut a long story short, I adhered to my plan, and when the advertiser wrote to me to accept my offer of service, I proceeded to carry out that plan without delay by starting off at once to the Risdon railway station, where a carriage was to meet and carry me to my new home.

My father and mother both saw me safely to the Great Western terminus, and bade me farewell with a few tears and a great many prognostications of my finding things at Wearham Chase duller than I should be able to endure. "If you do, you'll think of what I have always said, that home is the proper place for young girls," my mother said, kissing me. "If you do, you'll know where to come," my father continued, following her example. And I laughed happily and told them, "Let what would happen, I would stand it for a year." Then we parted, and for an hour or two I indulged myself unrestrainedly in a fit of natural depression. But at mid-distance my youth and the elasticity of my temperament triumphed, together with the conviction I had that I was doing the right thing in endeavoring to help myself.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the train stopped, and I heard the guard shout out "Risdon!" In a few minutes I and my luggage were planted on the platform, the train was whirling on, and a servant in a plain gray livery was asking me if I "was Miss Archer." My response in the affirmative was corroborated by the tickets on my trunk; so, directing a porter to shoulder the latter, this servant respectfully showed me the way out from the station to the road, where a handsome carriage and a pair of bay horses were awaiting me.

"How far is it to Wearham Chase?" I asked, as I took my seat, and the man replied, "Six miles." "It must be in the heart of the country, indeed," I thought. To be six miles from a railway station was a more delightfully secluded fate than I had ever hoped would be mine. And in such a lovely land as this appeared to be, with its wealth of verdure and water, of hill and valley. It was a fate to rejoice in, and I rejoiced accordingly.

I have reason to know that six good English miles do lie between Risdon station and Wearham Chase. But on the occasion of my first travelling over the road, the magical influence of the fresh, beautiful country was over me so strongly, that we seemed to be upon the grounds of the Chase as soon as we

were clear of the environs of the railway station. We entered the grounds through a sufficiently imposing gateway that was placed at the angle of two roads. There was a well-kept piece of turf outside the gates—a piece of turf that gave wayfarers a hint as to the nature of the land within. One portion of it was shaded by a fine willow, the others were studded with a whitethorn, an auraucaria, and a shapely, glossy-leafed holly. I had barely time to take in the promise these shrubs gave of greenness in winter, before the gates, or doors, rather, for they were of solid wood, swung open, and we rolled into an avenue that wound along for a mile, at least, under the shade of fine old elms.

Long before this time, intense curiosity as to the people with whom I had come to sojourn for a year claimed me for its own. I must confess to having been possessed with a raging impatience to see them and the house. I kept on putting my head out, first at one window, then at the other, warily, lest I should be detected in the undignified act. At length, the trees ceased to overshadow the drive, which wound round in a grand sweep to the front of a large, lofty, many-windowed mansion of red bricks—the sort of house that old English gentlemen who had a fine estate did build for themselves in the golden days of good Queen Anne.

A clock that was placed in the wall above the entrance-door struck six as I got out of the carriage and passed into the hall, where I was met by a lady whom I at once put down in my own mind as the housekeeper. She was an old, quiet, gentle-faced lady, in dark gray silk, with a massive gold *châtelain* hanging at her side, from which depended a few keys, in token of her calling. She gave me a grave yet gracious welcome, took me up to a beautifully-furnished bedroom, and promised to send a servant to help me to prepare for the seven o'clock dinner, for which the family were already dressing. When she had done this, she walked, with a hesitating step, to the door, but came back directly to the couch on which I had seated myself, to say, "You look almost as young as your pupil, Miss Archer; it will be a pleasant surprise to her to see you what you are."

"Why?" I asked, laughing; and then added, "Please tell me your name; I ought not to remain ignorant of the name of my first friend at Wearham Chase."

"I am Mrs. Digby, the housekeeper," she replied; and then she went on to tell me that she had lived at Wearham Chase in her present capacity for the last ten years only, but that she had known the family all her life, her father having been their solicitor, and her husband land agent to the late Mr. Hazelwood, the present proprietor's brother.

"And is Miss Hazelwood—my pupil that is to be—their only daughter?" I asked.

"Your pupil is not a Miss Hazelwood; she is not their daughter, but my mistress's niece," Mrs. Digby said. "She is a Miss Verney; but she's made quite as much of by master and every one else as if she was a child of the house. If she guessed what you were like she would have been to see you before this," the housekeeper continued, laughing; "but she's very high-spirited, and the plan of having a governess didn't please her."

"Who planned it, then?" I asked.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hazelwood thought it best that Miss Verney should have full occupation for a year," Mrs. Digby said, gravely, and I repeated after her—

"For a year! why that is just as long as I hope to stay here; our plans seem to agree wonderfully well." Then I made greater haste than I had used to

dress, without paying any attention to the look of surprised horror with which the excellent retainer of the house of Hazelwood regarded the stranger who made such daringly light mention of the arrangements of that high and mighty race.

I was only just dressed when the dinner bell rang. Mrs. Hazelwood was "waiting for me in the drawing-room," I heard. So, ushered by Mrs. Digby, to the drawing-room I went. A tall, fair, pale woman, with an exceedingly graceful figure and manner, rose and advanced courteously to make me welcome, as Mrs. Digby mentioned my name. She held out her hand to me, said a few kind words, by which she made me understand that she was both glad to see me and glad to see me what I was, and then rang the bell, and desired that Miss Verney should be asked to come to us at once.

When the door closed behind the servant who went on this mission, Mrs. Hazelwood turned to me again, and said, hurriedly:

"Miss Archer, before I even introduce my niece and you to each other, let me bespeak your interest in her, and forbearance toward her. She is not much younger than you are. She has been petted, prized, and indulged all her life. She is peculiarly situated; she has been most severely tried. These circumstances combined, have rendered her less patient and considerate than we could desire to see her. Be kind to her," she continued, hurriedly, as the door opened, and a young lady came hastily into the room.

As she came swiftly across the floor toward the chair in which Mrs. Hazelwood had seated herself abruptly when the door opened, I had time to see that she was a beautiful, graceful young creature. Her face had the delicate oval, and the exquisite, straight, chiselled nose of a Greek statue. Her bright golden hair was drawn back from her forehead under black velvet fillets, and raised up high behind, in an enormous *chignon*. The proportions of her splendid figure were well displayed in a full, long dress of soft white llama. She was both a statuesque and a fashionable-looking beauty; and I began to wonder what I was to teach this belle, who was a woman grown.

"I heard that you wanted me, Aunt Emily," she began, without so much as glancing toward me; "what is it?"

Her voice was young and fresh, rich and full, but there was a jarring chord somewhere. It did not sound contented.

"I want to introduce you to Miss Archer, dear Isabel," Mrs. Hazelwood replied; and I fancied that I detected a conciliatory strain in the elder lady's tone as she addressed the younger one. Miss Verney turned slightly toward me, and made a cold, but perfectly graceful inclination of the head. She was evidently disposed to regard me as an interloper, an inferior, and a nuisance generally; and I had not the slightest intention of being so regarded by her.

"You did not expect to find Miss Archer what she is, did you?" Mrs. Hazelwood asked, cheerfully.

"No; I did not," the girl answered slowly, scrutinizing my countenance closely the while.

"And I did not expect to find you what you are, when I so hastily answered the advertisement, or I should not have had the presumption to do so," I said, laughing. And then her beautiful mouth dimpled at the corners, the lips parted, her little white teeth glittered, and her whole face was transformed by a smile.

"I can only hope that neither governess nor pupil are disagreeably surprised," Mrs. Hazelwood said, with a relieved air. Then, as the servant threw

open the door, the mistress of the house added, "Your uncle will not be home to-night, Isabel; we dine alone."

Before dinner was over, I had become interested in both my companions. The elder lady was very kind to me—not in the oppressively kind, largely superior manner which is conventionally ascribed to ladies in some three-volume records of governesses' woes, but kind in a way that made me feel glad that I had obeyed my impulse, and answered her advertisement. The young lady appealed to me still more strongly. She was charming, cultivated, fascinating. But every now and then there crept into her manner, and into her face, some of that same discontent which I had observed in her voice when she first spoke on entering the drawing-room. This shade of dissatisfaction deepened when dinner was over, and we had gone back to the drawing-room. For a time she talked to me—of my life in Germany, of my home life; of the dullness of this country life of hers, surrounded as it was with beauties; of new books and new operas, and new music generally. She talked gaily enough of all these things for a time.

But only for a short time. Before the lamp was lighted, while the window was still open to admit the soft twilight and the softer summer air, her mood changed, and she grew so silent and sad that I found myself watching her white, thoughtful face with pity. Her Aunt saw me doing this, I think, for she said, quickly, "Sing me something, Miss Archer, to the harp, will you? it will be such a treat for me to hear the harp again."

I went over to the harp and tried it. It was in perfect order, and I asked—"Who keeps it in tune, Mrs. Hazelwood? Harp-strings will not bear neglect; I should have thought this was well attended to."

"Because I have had a tune on it to-day," Mrs. Hazelwood replied. "It is Isabel's instrument; but she gave it up after a few lessons."

"Why did you do that?" I asked, as I sat down, and drew the harp toward me. She was lounging gracefully on a couch near me, and as she turned her face to me to give her answer, I saw that the sadness had vanished, and that her face was dimpled with smiles.

"Because—because it bored me, as most other things did about that same time. I was sick and weary of the world and all in it; and as I couldn't 'sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving,' I wouldn't sing at all."

"Isabel!" her aunt said, reproachfully; shocked at the light manner in which Miss Isabel had made her quotation. I thought that the best thing I could do would be to sing, and so stop the conversation. Accordingly, I commenced, and had the satisfaction of feeling, when my song was half over, that half my audience had wearied of it. Miss Verney had sauntered out through the open window on the terrace.

"Miss Archer," Mrs. Hazelwood said in a low tone, as soon as my strain was over, "I do hope that my niece will repose confidence in you. I am sure that it will do her good. Try to win her to do it."

"I will try, if you wish me to do so," I replied.

"And you will succeed if you try. I feel sure of that. We do love her so dearly," the lady went on, energetically, "and we have been so unhappy about her unhappiness, so fearful that we may not have done everything for the best!"

"What are you saying, Aunt Emily?" Miss Verney asked, suddenly stepping back into the room. "Don't waste your time in here any longer. Come out and look along the beech-tree avenue; it looks grand to-night."

It did look grand that night; that double row of beeches on either side of a luxuriantly fern-bordered broad grass walk. It led away from an old disused terrace at some short distance from the house—a terrace, the mere contemplation of which brought back hoop and farthingale; talk about Addison, Steele, "Old Sarah," the arrogant pretensions of the great Dutch hero, and other topics that were current when that old terrace was new.

Along in front of it a low castellated wall ran, and at intervals along this wall marble vases, stiff, but shapely in form, were placed. Many of them were mutilated, but in spite of being thus defaced, they were fair objects in the warm moonlight of that glorious July night.

"The beech-tree avenue is the glory of Wearham Chase," Miss Verney said, when we had stood looking into its depths from the end of the terrace for some time. "As you are a stranger, seeing it for the first time, you ought to know the position it takes among avenues. It is quite in the front ranks of the noble army of avenues. I hope you are impressed with it, Miss Archer."

The young lady spoke with a little laughing air of scorn of that which she was extolling in words. I observed this, and at the same time observed that her manner pained her aunt. So I answered her as though she had spoken in honest earnest, and said: "This beech-tree avenue might be the glory of a king's park. I am impressed with it; but words must always be inadequate to convey such impressions from one to another."

Miss Verney shrugged her shoulders. "What a pity Uncle James is not here to hear Miss Archer," she said, turning to Mrs. Hazelwood. Then she clasped her light scarf around her closely, and said hurriedly: "Well, I'm getting very cold, but I won't insist on your feeling a chill. Good-night, dear Aunt Emily, good-night, Miss Archer. You will find me your most obedient pupil to-morrow, but to-night I claim the liberty of the subject, and shall go off to bed now at once."

She was gone from us almost before I had time to say "good-night," and we were left alone on the steps at the end of the terrace looking along the beech-tree avenue in embarrassed silence. Presently, after the lapse of a minute or two, Mrs. Hazelwood spoke. "Miss Archer," she said, energetically, "do strive to win Isabel's confidence; do not be discouraged by what you have seen of her to-night; I had high hopes, great expectations of possible good, when I advertised for an intelligent and cultivated companion for her. I think you will more than realize them. God grant you patience." "Can the young lady be mad," I thought, but I said nothing, and Mrs. Hazelwood went on: "We have no children of our own, and our love for her, and pride in her, is very great; too great perhaps; yet with all our care we have not been able to avert bitter misery from her, and I fear there is more in store for her. I will not tell you what it is yet, as I hope she may open her heart to you. I am sure you will have a healthy influence over her."

"You are very kind to say so," I replied, scarcely knowing what to reply.

"Not kind," the lady went on in an agitated tone; "I am perhaps a little too candid; but Isabel is so precious to me, a childless woman, that I am apt to lose judgment about her, and both to conceal and to lay bare too much concerning her. But it is getting chilly; we will go in." We went in, and after a little more conversation on indifferent topics, and a little more music, and some light refreshment, we went to bed, without seeing anything more of Miss Verney for that night. The next morning I came to a definite understanding with my employer as

to what I was expected to teach my pupil. I learnt that I was to be ready "to bear with her at all times." That "was all," Mrs. Hazelwood said, imploringly. "The German and French and harp might amuse her sometimes, but what she wants is companionship of a—of a—of a similar kind to yours, I am sure, my dear Miss Archer," Mrs. Hazelwood said, finishing off with a complimentary generality.

All this promised pleasantness and ease enough; rather too much ease in fact; for at first I did not at all incline to the state of salaried idleness to which I was condemned by Miss Verney's caprice and Mrs. Hazelwood's indulgence of it. But after a time I became so completely one of the family, that I took my large share of the goods that were going quite complacently, and never strove to teach Isabel to do more than love me.

I had been there about three months before I got hold of any sort of clue as to the reason of Isabel's uncertain demeanor, and the Hazelwood's strange surrendering of themselves to it. The girl was evidently idolized by her aunt, and very much considered, loved, and indulged by her uncle. Still at times there would be in her manner toward them such a burst of untoward discontent and dissatisfaction, that if I had not begun to love her dearly, I should have held her very much to blame. But at the close of a bright, beautiful, ruddy and golden October day, Isabel asked me to go and sit in her dressing-room with her, before the hour of dressing for dinner. It was a charmingly pretty as well as an exceedingly comfortable room. Two sides of the walls were panelled with mirrors; the third held a capacious wardrobe between the windows; the fourth was occupied by the fireplace, on one side of which was the entrance to her bedroom, screened by day with heavily falling curtains; the other side of the fireplace was taken up with a huge dressing-table, in the centre of which swung a cheval glass. There were easy-chairs, a low ottoman, a couch, and one or two fancifully shaped tables. On this special evening the room looked specially pretty, for a small char-wood fire burnt on the grate, and on one of the fanciful tables tea and thin bread and butter, served in the rarest Dresden, were ready prepared for us.

As soon as I was installed in one of the easiest chairs, with a cup of tea in my hand, Miss Verney began; "I have never liked to ask you before, but I will now, Miss Archer. Do you—has my aunt said anything—or has Mrs. Digby told you anything about me?"

She asked in a hesitating, affectedly careless manner, that was not natural to her. I saw that her face had flushed a good deal, and that she was trying to read the truth in my eyes, without exactly meeting them. However, I wished to meet her gaze fully before I answered. Then I said, "They have never either of them said more to me of you this—that you are very dear to them both, and that Mr. and Mrs. Hazelwood prize you as their own child, and value your happiness above their own. Is there more to tell?"

I asked the question frankly, and frankly she answered me, as she placed herself in the chair opposite to me; "Only this—that I am engaged to be married."

"Really! And soon? No, they never hinted at that great fact. I wish you joy, Isabel, with all my heart."

"And with all my heart I thank you for the wish, and believe it will be realized," she said, heartily. "So they have never told you? And I have been half angry the whole time you have been here, fancying that they had."

"Why should you be angry at my hearing of your happiness?"

"Because;—oh! it's so tedious to give reasons; because it's in the future, and because third people always make a bungle of such matters when they try to unravel them for the benefit of a fourth."

"Shall you be married soon?"

"In about eight months from now. It was to help me to bear this year of engagement patiently that they secured you as my companion. And really, Helen, as good uncle would have it, I couldn't have had a dearer one. Are you engaged?" I told her that I had not the honor of being so, and asked her where her future husband was, and what was his name and occupation. "His name is Boulding—Gerald Boulding, of Clanmere, one of the finest places in the county, about twenty miles from here; his health has been, not bad, but not quite good for the last six months, and he's on the Continent. You're sure you never heard of him?"

"Quite sure."

"Never heard of his being here, at Wearham Chase, at all?"

"Never," I replied.

"Ah," she said, with a relieved air. "I made sure that dear old Digby had been babbling. I'm delighted to find that she has not. And Aunt Emily has not spoken of him either?"

"Indeed she has not," I said, thinking the while that it would have been only natural if some one had mentioned to me the current engagement and approaching marriage of the one who was the centre of all interest at Wearham Chase. Having broken the ice, Miss Verney enlarged upon the theme as only a woman can enlarge upon a theme that is dear to her. She told me that she had not seen Mr. Boulding for nearly five months; that he would remain away until April, when he would return, and set about the alterations that were to be made at Clanmere for the reception of its mistress; and that in June—in the month of roses—they were to be married. "But there are dull, dreary months to be lived through before my wedding-day comes," she said, at the end of a long, loving account which she had given me of him. "There is a weary time to be passed in some way or other, before Gerald comes back in April. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I suppose we had better dress for dinner, Helen, and not bewail the inevitable any longer just now."

I got up to go away to my own room at the hint; but before I went I said, "You are a happier girl than I thought you even, Isabel. I have always believed your position to be a most enviable one; but through ignorance I underrated its attractions."

She shook her head despondingly. "I am not half as happy as you are, Helen, in spite of it all; but it's no use complaining. I can't mend matters," she said, turning away to one of the glasses. "These months of anxiety and suspense are altering me," she added, impatiently, as she looked at the reflection of her fair young face. Gerald will not find me improved if he does;—when he does come back." From this time Miss Verney spoke freely to her on the subject. Once or twice she mentioned having heard from Mr. Boulding. She showed me a ring, a rare intaglio, that he had sent her from Florence, and consulted me about her trousseau. "Aunt Emily says it will be quite time enough to set about ordering it when Gerald comes back to England," she said to me one day; "but I should like to begin at once. There will be so much to do."

"But it can surely be done in a couple of months," I said, laughing. "Remember the old adage, Isabel, 'There's many a slip'—"

"How I detest vulgar old proverbs," she replied, angrily, and dropped the subject of the trousseau for a week or two.

Soon after this Mrs. Hazlewood spoke of Mr. Boulding to me for the first time. She mentioned him merely as one of the great county men; and so in order that there might not be any misunderstanding between us, and that she might not suspect me of undue reserve, I told her that Isabel had mentioned her engagement to me. Mrs. Hazelwood watched me anxiously while I was making this communication, and when I closed it, she said: "I am very, very glad that Isabel has of her own accord told you so much, Miss Archer. I hoped before this that she would have told you more; the reason James and I have been so reserved on the point is that we wished Isabel to tell you herself; you had heard nothing of it before, had you?" I assured her that I had not heard anything of it before, and could not help wondering why they made a mystery of what promised to be such a good match for Isabel. However, I learnt no more just then, for, after expressing a hope that her niece would still further confide in me, and that I might prove, when this confidence was made, the judicious friend they expected me to be, Mrs. Hazelwood resumed her reserve.

Time went on, and April was close at hand. I must state here that it struck me as strange that Miss Verney's engagement was never alluded to in the society of the neighborhood. The Hazelwoods entertained and visited a great deal, and their beautiful niece was evidently regarded as an acquisition wherever she appeared. But no notice was ever taken of her being a betrothed, and no one ever named Mr. Boulding before her. At length Mrs. Hazelwood solved this mystery for me. Their kindness and consideration for me had won from me a very genuine regard and affection for the whole family in return. They were conscious of this, and made me feel that they were glad of it. It was early in April, a day or two before Mr. Boulding was expected home, that Mrs. Hazelwood enlightened me as to the cause of Isabel's disquiet. "I could have wished she had told you everything herself," the dear old lady said, with a sigh; "but as she has not, I will. The fact is, her uncle and I don't quite like Mr. Boulding, or quite approve of the marriage."

"Why not?" I asked, in surprise.

"It's a long story, but I will tell it briefly," she replied. "Gerald Boulding has been the best match in the county ever since he came of age; so that when three years ago he proposed to Isabel every one congratulated and envied us We were very proud and pleased ourselves, for—though married or single, she will have the same portion from my husband as he would have given a daughter—it was a brilliant marriage for her. There had been rumors of wildness and dissipation, but there are such about many young men. We had even heard a word of an attachment of long years to some one whom our dear child ought never to have succeeded. But we were made to disregard all these things by his protestations, and Isabel's love for him. Two years ago they were to have been married; everything was ready—the guests invited—the day named in the local papers—the poor child in such a blaze of unclouded happiness as she cannot know again—when a bad blow fell. A messenger came one night from Clanmere with a letter to Mr. Hazelwood. It was from Gerald Boulding, stating that he was obliged to go abroad—that untoward circumstances prevented his marrying at the time appointed, but that he hoped to come back in a few weeks and explain himself, and win Isabel's forgiveness. Think of the scandal at the time! Think of how it deepened when, instead of weeks, he stayed away months! At

last, when he did come back, we used all the power our love gave us over Isabel to induce her to have nothing more to do with him. We failed. She forgave him, though he gave no proper explanation of his conduct, and we were obliged to give our consent to the renewal of the engagement, if he stood the test of constancy he himself proposed—namely, time and absence from her. He now professes to have stood that test, and is coming back, as you know, to be married in June.

"She must be very fond of him," I said.

"She is devoted to him," Mrs. Hazelwood replied; "badly as he behaved to her. She has only lived, I verily believe, on the thought of being united to him. Her uncle and I wanted to take her out of the neighborhood, but she would not go. She said it would look as if she were ashamed either of him or of herself. Then her spirits got low, and her temper variable; and we advertised, and you came, and know the rest. I assure you I have often trembled to think of the effects suspense and doubt would have on her."

"It will soon be over now," I said, cheerfully; and Mrs. Hazelwood sighed heavily as she replied:

"It will indeed."

In a few days the recreant lover came; and when I saw him I could not wonder at Isabel having been lenient. He was refined, polished, cultivated, handsome, *débonnaire* in manner, and devoted to his betrothed. He loaded her with attentions and with rich gifts. He hurried on the alterations at Clanmere, and the bridal preparations at Wearham Chase. Once more the day was fixed and the guests invited. Isabel was in a perfect blaze of happiness. Even the Hazelwoods could not refuse to be cordial and pleased with a man who made life so bright a thing to their darling niece. The trousseau and the cake arrived—the first was all that the heart of woman could desire, the second all that the art of confectionery could achieve. All the spare bedrooms in the house were strewn with rich silks and costly laces. The wedding-dress itself was a marvel of white satin and lace; the myrtle-wreath, the long veil, the bridal bouquets, all were perfect; and Isabel called upon me a dozen times a day to say that they were so.

The wedding-day came. The marriage was to take place at half-past eleven, and ten minutes to that hour I came from Isabel's room for the first time that morning, and went downstairs. Mr. Boulding was to have come to the house, but he had not arrived. It was surmised that he had gone to the church; so a couple of messengers were dispatched there to see if the surmise was correct. Minutes slipped by. I returned to Isabel, who was momentarily expecting to be summoned. She asked me some question about Gerald, and I told her what we thought, "that he had gone straight to the church." Her face grew very white, and she walked to the window which commanded a view of the beech-tree avenue, and gazed along its shaded vista with her eyes flashing and her lips quivering with excitement. "He would come this way—it's the nearest road to Clanmere," she said, after a few minutes' silent watch. "Helen, go down and hear what uncle and Aunt Emily think we had better do. I will go down to the church; he may be there."

"Wait a minute," I pleaded; "we shall hear directly Mr. Boulding arrives." Then, not daring to disobey her, I went to speak to the Hazelwoods, much as I dreaded leaving Isabel alone. I found the Hazelwoods in a room by themselves.

They had come away from those of the guests who had assembled according to invitation before the ceremony at Wearham.

"I could not face the gathering doubt which I saw growing among them," Mrs. Hazelwood said, excitedly; "I can't go and speak to that poor child. James, what can we do?"

"Nothing," Mr. Hazelwood said, sternly. "We can only wait for awhile—not for long."

"Will you send to Clanmere to make inquiries?" Mrs. Hazelwood asked, in a deprecating voice, after a short time.

"Certainly not," he replied; and then I went back sadly to Isabel's room.

She had become violently excited. It was now twenty minuies past twelve. I had no comfort to give her. "Are they going to send to Clanmere?" she asked, impatiently, turning round sharply upon me as I approached her.

"No," I answered, in a faltering voice. "Your uncle thinks he had better not."

"Then Uncle James thinks—oh, Heaven help me!—what does he think, Helen?" she cried. And as she spoke the tears fell down upon her cheeks, and rolled in large drops down upon the fleecy lace and glistening satin. "My heart will burst if this goes on much longer. I have been so tried. I have borne so much for him. He should have spared me this." She broke into a passionate wail of woe as she said this, and flung herself down upon the couch, crushing her veil and wreath—writhing in the agony of love and doubt, of dread and shame, that possessed her. I would not let my own tears fall. I could do nothing that could soothe her. All I could do was to put my cold hand on her fevered one, and press it lovingly.

Suddenly she started erect. "Helen," she began, "I have told you much, but not all about Gerald; once before he deceived me, and I forgave him. You did not know that?" I was not compelled to add to her humiliation by telling her that I did know it, therefore I held my peace. "But every one else knew it," she went on, her chest heaving, and her voice rising to a cry almost; "I would not break down then; and all these months I know Uncle James and Aunt Emily have been blaming themselves for giving way to my wishes; and now it will kill me." The clock struck one. "For mercy's sake go down again," she exclaimed, starting up. "Keep every one from me; keep away yourself, till you can tell me he is come. I shall go mad if I am not left alone."

Once more I went away on my hopeless mission. Some people whom I knew stopped me before I reached the door of the room in which the Hazelwoods were still alone. "Miss Archer," the lady said, "we feel that really, under the circumstances, it will be better for us to order our carriages and go away quietly."

"Already?" I asked, bitterly.

She shrugged her shoulders. "We really think so," she replied. "Of course, we hope for the best; but really, the position is so very painful; the Hazelwoods are very much to be pitied, and so is poor Miss Verney; but some people have foreseen this."

"I will say good morning to you at once," I said coldly. Then I went in to take further counsel with poor Mrs. Hazelwood, who by this time was weeping almost as bitterly as the insulted bride-elect. We formed a thousand plans, abandoned them, and formed others. We hoped, we suggested, we excused.

All in vain. The hours crept on. Twice I had been up to Isabel's door, which was locked, and had been refused admittance by her.

"You shall leave me alone," she said the last time I knocked. "I dare not see any one yet, Helen; you don't know what this is; it's worse than death."

At three o'clock the house was deserted by all but the regular inhabitants. For the last hour we had obeyed Isabel's injunction, and had left her "alone" to battle with that agony which she had declared to be worse than death. During that hour I had remained with Mr. and Mrs. Hazelwood, for all reserve on the subject was banished now, and they spoke freely before me and to me of the insulting wrong that had been offered to their child. They blamed themselves in words that went to my heart, for that touch of weakness in their love for her which had induced them to consent to the renewal of the engagement which had once been broken. Blamed themselves, because they would suffer no shadow of their blame to fall on the poor, loving, betrayed, obstinate girl, who was wrestling with her sorrow alone upstairs.

"It broke her health and altered her temper the first time," poor Mrs. Hazelwood said at last.

"By Heaven's help it shall not break her heart now," her husband answered; "all that love and care and change of scene can do, shall be done."

"Ah! my dear, such love and care as this, faithful as it is, will never heal this wound, or fill this gap," the old lady said to him tenderly; "the more we cherish and prize her, the more she will feel that she has been slighted and scorned and slapped by the hand she prized and cherished most!"

"I must insist on my child seeing me and speaking to me now," Mr. Hazelwood said in answer to this, rising up slowly as he spoke. "Come, Emily, let us go to her; alone, Miss Archer; not even you must see this meeting." He put his hand kindly on my shoulder, as he led his wife past me, and I stood back reverentially almost, for theirs was a great sorrow.

A hush had fallen over the house, and through the silence that reigned I heard him knock at Isabel's door. Then he leaned over the banisters and called impatiently, "Send a locksmith here; she can't open the door;" and then I forgot his request that I should remain below, and ran up to join them. "She cannot open the door," Mrs. Hazelwood said, getting hold of my hand and looking at me with frightened eyes, and I asked in a whisper:

"Did she tell you so?"

"No!—yes, she said something. Ah!" this was a sigh of mingled terror and relief, as the door gave way and we got into the room.

Isabel was standing by a table in the window that commanded the avenue, leaning against the table, evidently requiring its support. She moved her head slowly and with an effort as we approached her, and her lips moved, but I did not hear any words. The fair beauty of her face was gone, altogether gone. Not marred and disfigured by passion, but gone as utterly as if she had never been any other than the haggard woman we now looked upon. Of the misery, the pain, the hopelessness there was in her eyes as she turned them upon us, I can give no adequate idea.

We did not speak to her. We were wise in that. We did not torture her with words then. Her uncle took her in his arms, and moved her from the window, and as he did so, she threw back one wild despairing glance along the avenue by which he had promised to come. "She is cold as death!" Mr. Hazelwood said, as he placed her on the sofa; and as he placed her, she remained,

making no movement to attain ease or rest, but just staying in the crumpled-up position which her helplessness had obliged him to place her in.

We took off her wreath and veil very gently, and the hours went by, and we thought she was resting and praying, for her eyes were closed and her hands were clasped. But just as the sun was sinking she rose up with a suddenness that startled away the possibility of our attempting to stop her, and went over to the window once more. Then she turned away nearly blind and staggering, and when we caught her in our arms we knew that the tension had been too great, and that now it was nearly over.

So she died, just as the day did, the day to which she had looked forward with such wearing fluctuations of feeling for a year. I can give no record of the time that followed. She was dead! Suddenly that fair beautiful thing that was lying on the couch was taken from us, and colder hands moved it about, and colder lips named it, and we were nothing. We were only "permitted" by the old nurse to remain in the room.

Rumors came to us before we could go away from the place that had been the scene of that terrible life and death struggle, that the man on whose head her blood will be, had gone away from Clanmere the night before that fatal day. Strangers rent his place now, and he has never been heard of since Isabel died for him. It is still a heart-sickening mystery, whether his conduct was caused by wanton cruelty, by the consequences of some former crime committed by him, or by madness. It is hard to believe that insanity could have so deliberately planned such treachery.

ANNIE THOMAS.

MY FIELD.

THE night had come; the moonlight whitely lay
Athwart the field where I had sowed all day
Seed I should ne'er behold
Waving its harvest gold.

Naught even showed that seed was hidden there;
In pallid light lay furrows long and bare;
No blade, no leaf was seen
Signing its promise green.

And on the shore the little shallop lay
Which in the morn must bear me far away
Where I might never know
Whether the seed did grow.

And if I wept, 'twas none but God could see
How much the hope of harvest was to me.
He sent His angel down
My trembling trust to crown.

His gentle angel led me by the hand
Until we stood upon the bare, sown land,
And then he turned and smiled,
With eyes serene and mild.

"Behold," he said, "to still thy human fear,
In one short hour will God unfold the year."
And as he spoke the word
The barren clods were stirred,

And tiny blades crept out into the light,
And grew, and grew, before my wondering sight,
And then the ears were seen,
Long-bearded, full, and green.

And while I watched the waving grain, behold
The heads bent down with weight of ripened gold:
The Angel said, "The Lord
Shall give thee this reward.

"Fear not to get the hence across the sea,
In harvest-time I'll bind thy sheaves for thee.
Thy field may ripen late;
Fear not, but trust and wait."

A little cloud sailed by and hid the moon;
My angel comforter was gone too soon.
A tremor blurred the air:
Again my field lay bare,

Except that near me, close beside my feet,
Remained one handful of the golden wheat;
God's token that for me
Rich harvest yet should be.

And in my bosom, cherished, loved, behold
These precious ears of sacred harvest gold.
Such fruit my field shall bear—
I leave it in God's care.

MARY ELLEN ATKINSON.

FROM A PAINTING BY EASTMAN JOHNSON.

EASTMAN JOHNSON.

MR. EASTMAN JOHNSON is unquestionably the first name among American *genre* painters. He has a most human genius, wide and healthy, lacking fantasy and imagination, but perfectly sane and true, striking always the average experience, and admirably gifted to render the habitual conditions of American home life.

It seems to me that he has the same kind of mind as the great English story writer, George Eliot; a discriminating and conscientious mind, having a penchant, not for romantic themes, but for homely and racy ones, and never outside of the real world.

As a painter of the familiar, Mr. Johnson takes his rank next to the English Wilkie. Without the vulgarity of the Dutch painters, he has their love for sensible and ordinary people. Whenever Mr. Johnson has treated any subject of common life, he has made out of it more than any other American could have made out of it; when he has essayed the heroic, he has not been so successful.

It is as a painter of the fire-side, it is as a painter of incidents about the farm, and in the shop, that Mr. Johnson is best to us. He always finds a subject in which the incident is sufficient and the character positive. It would not be difficult to show how well he corresponds in art with Whittier in poetry. The limitations of both men are on the side of the imagination. Both alike keep close to the well-ordered and tranquil and narrow conditions of human life—conditions, however, out of which all the great and sane things of America have come—conditions that gave us the good Lincoln and the firm Grant. These men may be called the builders, as they are the strength of our life; they are not its beauty or ornament. A day comes when we do not ask for strength, but for grace; a day comes when we do not ask for security, but for the full play of the man. Then all sad renunciations, all joyless labor, seem too much like an injustice, and we resent and resist a life that makes man a jaded and grim worker when the world lies before his desires like a great untasted banquet. But so long as we keep perfectly sensible, we turn with the average man to consent to the conditions of our life, and with him look with satisfaction upon pictures which enable us to see its most picturesque phase. We are made to feel how much poetry, that is, how much that touches our hearts, is to be found in common life, when common life is rendered by George Eliot, by Whittier, or by Eastman Johnson.

When Mr. Johnson paints children his subject is common only in the sense that the daisy of the field is common. All the tenderness, all the sympathy of the man is expressed. I will say more, all the poetry of the man is expressed. In those sad and luminous faces of children we see that life is serious to the American from his childhood. In New England his chief object is to keep warm and to "get on." The boy warming his hands is to Mr. Johnson what the little French *gourmand* is to Theodore Frére.

Mr. Johnson has long been known by his picture of "The Old Kentucky Home,"—painted ten or fifteen years ago,—which gave him his place in New York as a *genre* painter equal to his subject, of an admirable humor, free from vulgarity, and comparable to the first European painters in the treatment of subjects of contemporary life. At the Great Exhibition of 1867, "The Old Kentucky Home" was second to none of its class. At home, it had often been called "black in color," because contrasted with American pictures which are painted on a high key and in light tones. Mr. Johnson should know that we were not the only ones who remarked the clear and sober color, and the complete absence of blackness in the picture, as it hung in the American department. But Mr. Johnson's sense of color, though far better and stronger than Knaus's sense of color, is not remarkable. His first claims as a painter are to be found in his tones and in his characters. As a physiognomist he is equal to Knaus, though he has not the same range of subject nor so much of the dramatic element.

Mr. Johnson's most recent work, now on the walls of the Academy of Design, representing the boyhood of Lincoln, is a most interesting work. He must be both a poor man and a poor American who can look at it without being greatly interested and touched. That long, lank, awkward figure, that serious face, to a nation of workers, to a nation whose most celebrated men have begun life in just such a homely and barren place as a log cabin or a New England farm-house, is characteristic of the boyhood of American public men. When the beginnings of life are so bare and poor, the development may be simple and strong, but it must be sad and homely. Our best men have had such a boyhood, and our best men were not more than Lincoln.

Mr. Johnson has shown his discrimination and his force in *creating* this figure and face of the boyhood of Lincoln. No doubt it will become a household picture dear to all men in this country.

Mr. Johnson is a native of Maine. He began the practice of his profession as a crayon draughtsman in Boston, then went abroad, and studied in Düsseldorf and at the Hague. He visited the West, and afterward settled in Washington. For the last ten years he has occupied a part of the University Building in New York. His studio is the finest in the city. It is enriched by pictures and sketches that indicate how he has used his days, and in what places. His whole being has been in his subjects, and his devotion to his profession and love of the characteristic have given him the high rank he now holds in art. As a painter of children he is equal to Frére, and far more vigorous and varied in his work. The French painter is, however, master of a more gracious style.

EUGENE BENSON.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

MR. TURVEYDROP DISCOURSES ON A SOCIAL NUISANCE.

WHEN Antony, haranguing the Roman populace over the fallen Cæsar, said, "I tell you that which you yourselves do know," he was excusable for the superfluity, partly because his auditory did not know it at all, and partly because he talked interestingly on an interesting topic. His remarks were timely, moreover, and Rome stood on tiptoe to hear them; and it is quite likely that, although the Romans may have assented to the statement quoted above, yet they were a great deal more certain that they knew the things referred to after Antony's speech than before. Antony, therefore, spoke to a purpose, if he *did* declare what was well known; but there are many, very many people of later days who render themselves insufferable nuisances by doing the very same thing.

I wish to protest, in this public manner, and for the benefit of outraged and abused human nature, often too polite to assert its just social rights, against the further toleration of those horrible bores who will persist in telling you what you know quite as well, if not better, than their own ridiculous selves.

It is quite easy to illustrate. Thus: I was bidden to an evening party lately, and, under the compulsion of Mrs. Turveydrop, I reluctantly consented to the martyrdom of small (comparatively speaking) boots, and white (for about half an hour) gloves. My tormentor on this occasion was my host; but a proper sense of hospitality did not prevent him from agonizing my self-respect, and I'll not spare him. I was looking at the tolerably familiar portraiture of the "Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation," for the same reason that the stars in heaven are brightly shining in ballad,* when Bigauger bustled up to me with an insane idea of making me feel at home.

"Ah, Turveydrop," said the little wretch, "that's a fine picture—very; represents one of the most momentous, if not *the* most momentous and significant of all events in American history. You can't begin to understand it without an explanation. You see it represents the reading of the Eman—"

"Yes, Bigauger—thank you. I know all about it," say I, meekly and kindly, thinking at once to relieve myself of this tormentor. Vain thought!

"—cipation Proclamation, by Lincoln, who was our last President, you see. Its purpose was to free the slave, and the artist rightly chose the consideration of the subject for a great historical painting. Look at the figures, Turveydrop, and—"

"Why, I could draw them all from memory," break in I, a little nettled. Bigauger observes my tone, and takes me firmly by the button, lest I escape. "I've seen most of these men, and am familiar with pictures of all of them."

"The central figure, seated," continues the wretch, as complacently and patronizingly as though he hadn't heard a word of my interruption—"the central

* "Because they've nothing else to do."

figure, seated, is that of Abraham Lincoln, our Martyr President, whom some one has happily described as 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!' He was a great man, and posterity will reverence his memory. The one sitting near him is," etc., etc., etc.

And thus I am bored, and secretly gnash the teeth of my wrath upon Bigauger and wish myself emancipated of him and his party.

Why will such men run riot in society, stupidly thinking themselves luminaries, when they are in fact the darkest kind of dark lanterns? I don't know; but I'd like to see some condign punishment inflicted on them. Really, something ought to be done with them—fine and imprisonment, with penitentiary for the second offence, or something which would be equally efficacious. They are a most troublesome tribe of social guerillas, watching till they catch you off your guard, and then pouncing down on you like a hawk on a chicken. And, once they fasten their fangs on you, there is no escape. They are creatures of infinite talk, and are bound to toss about their brains, such as they have. You might as well try to dam Niagara as to put them down. The more you try to protest that you are perfectly well acquainted with what they are talking about, the louder and faster will they talk. Interrupt them you can't; they will deluge you with words, and capture your ears, will ye, nil ye, till your whole mental being is on edge, as if with the filing of saws.* And if Bigauger only knew how many thousand people he has inspired with the wholesome desire to kick him!

Listen to him again; observe him as he fastens himself on young Lieutenant Smallboy, who is lately home from the war, less an arm.

"Ah, lieutenant," says Bigauger, smiling fiendishly, at the prospect of a new victim, "glad to see you. Where did you leave your arm?"

"At Gettysburg," replies the soldier, sadly.

"Ah, indeed! Gettysburg was the great battle—one of the most momentous, if not *the* most momentous and significant of the battles of the war. It was fought—"

"I think I told you I was there," says the soldier. And Bigauger rushes on, caring never a straw for the broad hint.

"—In July, 1863, near the Maryland border, between the armies of Meade and Lee. It continued for three days, and the fate of the nation hung trembling in the balance, when—" etc., etc., etc.

Would Smallboy be censurable for wishing, just then, that Bigauger was in a similar condition? I think not.

Hear him again, briefly. "Where shall you go this summer, Miss Dashley?" he inquires of the belle of the evening.

"To Saratoga," answers the unsuspecting innocent.

"A most agreeable summer resort," begins Bigauger, enthusiastically. "Some of the first families of the country go there regularly. The world of fashion is especially fond of Saratoga. The hops are charming, and—"

"Pardon me, sir. I have been there two seasons." Unhappy girl—what of it? What does this social vampire care for that?

"Where was I when you interrupted me? Ah—I was telling you about Saratoga. As a summer resort it is unequalled on the Continent. Its waters—" etc., etc., etc.

* We infer that Turveydrop means "wise saws and modern instances."

Now I put it candidly to an intelligent and fair-minded public, whether all such bores as this fellow shouldn't be either muzzled or beheaded. They go up and down, and about the highways and byways of social life, seeking whom they may devour, and terror waits upon their heels. Those who are well informed of the habits of this beast of prey, will fly incontinently from his presence; but the unsuspicious stranger becomes his ready game. He makes himself thoroughly hated and detested of all men, women, and children; and the more he is hated, the more he plies his auger. I shudder at the bare recollection of the times that my patience has been ravaged, my time dissipated, my nerves agonized, and my temper soured, by the merciless onslaughts of these harpies! I think I have listened to the whistling of minie balls and the screeching of shells in the front of a battle, with more composure than I have endured the filling of my ears by these conceited donkeys with commonplace talk on things which they don't understand—and I do.

Reader—a timid, but honest word in your ear. Do you ever talk just for the sake of keeping yourself before the public, when you can see that the public is worried by you, and wants to be let alone? If yea, be warned, for no people outside State's prison are hated more cordially and justly than the Bigaugers.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

JOHN BRIGHT.

THOUGH Mr. Richard J. Hinton gave his impressions of the great English political reformer and popular leader, in a very pleasant article in THE GALAXY of a few months back, perhaps he did not entirely exhaust the interest in the subject; certainly he did not exhaust the subject itself. A great man is many-sided, and variously affects different observers. Mine is a woman's view of John Bright.

First, as to his appearance. He is broad-shouldered and stout, but not tall. His well-proportioned frame indicates physical strength and endurance in a remarkable degree. He must be over forty years of age, yet he possesses a complexion of the rare purity and texture of girlhood, rather than of mature manhood. His forehead is so high and wide that it would amount to a defect were it not softened by an abundance of silky, dark-brown hair. The rest of his features are not noticeable for beauty or regularity, and but for the wonderful decision of the firm jaw and determined mouth would give little indication of the vast intellectual power of this celebrated man. John Bright's face is not very mobile, but is characterized by calmness and resolution, instead of varying expression.

That he is thoroughly the conventional type of Englishman the following incident will show:

A very good portrait of him was standing in the studio of an artist. Some Americans came in, and catching sight of the picture without knowing the original, exclaimed:

"Oh! that's John Bull."

"No, it's John Bright," quietly replied the painter.

The great reformer is so teazed to sit for photographs, portraits, and busts, that he is put to as many straits to escape the chisel and maul-stick as a debtor to get away from his creditors. This persistence on the part of artists is all the more surprising as it is well known that no one has yet succeeded in making what John Bright himself considers a good likeness. He can never be brought to acknowledge that anything resembles him. It is not that the efforts are uncomplimentary, but it is merely because they are *not like him.*

The sun-picture will not flatter, as the painter, with glowing brush, vivid tints, and poetic imagination, is prone to do; but it reproduces the features, though occasionally made ugly where they are not so in reality. Therefore, all photographs of the "Leader of the Peace Party," are sufficiently like him to be recognizable, though they do not enhance his good looks. One reason why neither painter nor sculptor is able to please John Bright is that he is generally impatient at sitting to them when he has more important duties to engross his time and thoughts. Consequently, he hurries and confuses them, and the result is an unsatisfactory portrait.

When speaking in public, John Bright depends on the force and grandeur of his subject and the wonderful eloquence with which he glorifies it, rather than on gesticulation and declamation; yet he is master of both. His elocution is matchless, and his voice is the most admirable blending of power and sweetness; none other can equal it. His fine eyes rarely flash around to thrill the already eager listener with added admiration and delight, for he raises them above as soon as he commences to speak, and fixes them there. As his discourses last for hours at a time, he must possess almost superhuman nerves to remain so long in an immovable position.

By the irresistible domination of superior thought, and the unusual harmony of his earnest tones, John Bright holds his listeners entranced; he sways them by his wonderful will, and by burning words and unanswerable logic he *forces* conviction from their first impulses, however ineradicable prejudice may afterward fly back, alarmed at innovation, and plead for conservatism. Pure, vigorous, eloquent language stamps his every discourse a masterpiece, and each will eventually be enshrined by unbiassed posterity among the English classics.

In friendly conversation, he is brilliant without effort, being gifted with a keen sense of the ludicrous, while overflowing with wit and good-natured sarcasm. Every word sparkles like the precious stones dropped from the lips of the girl in the fairy tale.

He is often called sneering and bitter, as are frequently much less witty and ironical people.

Some time ago there appeared in the "Saturday Review," very severe strictures on the "gentleman from Rochdale," and all were curious to know what reply he could possibly make to such scathing condemnation, for many great men have quailed and shrunk back crushed and humiliated from a scourging administered by the bitterest and most relentless periodical in England. Shortly afterward he delivered a speech and incidentally alluded to the article. He made a few playful remarks, as if it were not worth considering in a serious light, and ended by bestowing on the "Saturday Reviewer" the contemptuous paraphrase—as true as witty—of the "Saturday *Reviler.*"

The laugh was turned on this much-dreaded journal which has struck awe and confusion to many, and literary ruin to not a few. Making common cause

for once with John Bright, all England joined in a roar of satisfaction at his admirable retort.

Howsoever the nobility of England may disapprove of John Bright's sentiments, let him but raise his sonorous voice and the whole sleepy House of Commons starts from its forty winks and listens intently to the noble and inspiring words of its greatest orator. They may have dozed through Disraeli's remarks, or even Lord John's, but no one nods when the magnificent Quaker reformer bids them hearken.

He is the friend of the American in England. If a struggling author craves a kind word for his first work, or an incipient painter half an hour for finishing touches, he will cheerfully and without solicitation through the circumlocution office bestow the word of praise, and steal a few moments from his over-crowded time, for the much-desired sitting.

To our countrymen he is very approachable. They are not obliged to have letters of introduction to obtain audience, for the name of American is a key to open his doors, on account of the admiration he feels for a free country, and which he shows by the respect he pays her offspring. Let any American address a note to John Bright and he will promptly receive a most courteous, plain, and unpretending reply, written in a small hand, but as legible as it is elegant.

He once said in the hearing of the writer, that the written laws of California were as nearly perfect as it was possible for man to frame them: a remark surprising in more senses than one, for who would suppose, that overwhelmed by a multitude of duties of the most important character from the beginning until the end of the year, John Bright could find time and inclination to master the voluminous laws of that remote State? How many Americans would think it worth while to expend time on such apparently profitless reading?

John Bright is a member of the firm of "Bright Bros.," carpet manufacturers, of Rochdale; besides his connection with the above business he has extensive mines in Wales, and is reputed very rich.

He sat for many years in the House of Commons as member for Manchester, and was always returned free of expense—that borough and Salford being the only two that return their members free. After Cobden had carried the vote of censure of the Palmerston administration on account of the Chinese War, and after Palmerston had appealed to the country, both Bright and Cobden were thrown out for Manchester, and for a time the former was without a seat, but eventually he was returned for Birmingham, for which place he is still member.

Happy in the domestic circle as well as honored in his public relations, John Bright would seem an especial favorite of nature and of fortune, since both have been lavish of gifts to him.

On one occasion in expressing his extreme admiration of our country, he laughingly remarked that he was once on the eve of starting for the United States, but changed his mind and went to the United *State* instead; that Oliver Cromwell had also undergone a similar revolution of sentiment in regard to America, though not from a like cause. Cromwell having actually embarked with the Pilgrim Fathers was brought back by a peremptory government. He indulged in some curious speculations as to what might have been the history of England from that day to this had Cromwell carried out his original intention of going to America.

If John Bright should one day visit us, may his reception by Americans be

as enthusiastic as he deserves, as a noble and fearless adherent of our country in her hour of trial and calumny.

CELIA LOGAN.

NEEDLE AND PILLOW.

"And thou shalt make an hanging for the door of the tent, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine-twined linen, wrought with needle-work."

BEZAHEEL and Aholiab, signally elected by the Almighty to instruct the children of Israel when they were commanded, through Moses, to present offerings for the work of the service of the sanctuary, are mentioned in Holy Writ as having been filled with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work—of the engraver, and of the cunning workmen, and of the embroiderer in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet, and in fine linen; and long before God's chosen people were delivered out of bondage, the Egyptian artificers embroidered their robes of State, their linen garments, and the linen wrappers of their mummies, with consummate skill. The Sidonians, and Phrygians also, were accomplished workers in the art of embroidery, and it is recorded that the Phrygian women caused all the finest quality of their workmanship in that line to be called by their name—"Vestes Phrygianæ." The Grecian maidens, we know, were adepts in the use of the needle, their best efforts equalling in beauty and finish the finest paintings by the most renowned of the Grecian artists. Did not Arachne perish in consequence of her attempts to rival Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, in this, her favorite pastime?

Early in the history of Rome (621), Attalus, King of Pergamus, was the acknowledged inventor of the method of embroidering with gold; and Mrs. Miller tells us, in her letters from Italy, 1777, referring to a wonderfully well executed statue of Diana, at Portici, that the Roman ladies of a very early period edged their purple gowns with lace an inch and a half broad. Scandinavian tumuli testify, by needles of gold and other implements found in them, that nations far removed from civilization practised this handicraft. Peruvian chieftains laid elaborate embroideries of gold and silver, on feathers, at the feet of their Spanish conquerors, and the wild tribes of America, years before Columbus was born, wove their own hair and shining serpent skins together, on their trophies of war.

Such are some of the evidences that can be produced to show the remote antiquity of needle-work.

In the Anglo-Saxon poem of "Beowolf," we read that in the great wine chamber

> There shone variegated with gold,
> The web on the walls;
> Many wonders to the sight—
> Of each the warriors
> That would gaze on it became visible.

The Saxon term for a curtain or hanging, was *wahrift*—and in the will of Wynfloeda, we find the bequest of a long *heal wahrift*, and a short one.

The dwellings of the higher classes of the period, appear to have been com-

completely and splendidly furnished; their walls were hung with silk, richly embroidered with gold. Ingulphus mentions some hangings ornamented with golden needle-work. Royal and noble ladies plied their needles for the adornment of the church—St. Dunstan himself furnishing the designs. Edgitha, queen of Edward the Confessor, was "perfect mistress of the needle," and all the daughters of Edward the Elder were famous as needle-women. In feudal times it was the practice for knightly families to send their daughters to the castles of their suzerain lords, there to be trained to embroider—a custom which, in the more primitive countries, continued even to the French Revolution. Taylor, the water poet, sings of Catherine of Arragon—

Her days did pass
In working with the needle curiously.

In all the convents needle-work was a part of the daily employment of the nuns. Even the monks have been commended for their skill in embroidery. In Westminster Abbey, 1620, the epitaph of Catherine Sloper reads,

Exquisite at her needle.

Again, Evelyn writes of his daughter, that "she had an extraordinary genius for whatever hands can do with the needle."

Probably the most wonderful specimen of hand-work with the needle known, is that executed in the days of William the Conqueror, attributed to his queen and her maidens, and known as the Bayeux Tapestry. It is twenty inches wide, and two hundred and fourteen feet long, and is divided into seventy-two compartments, each bearing a superscription in Latin. Napoleon caused this great work to be exhibited in Paris in 1803.

From open-work embroidery we derive the production of lace by hand-work with the needle, and from this last, we reach the origin of lace as produced by the pillow and its instruments; and the honor of its invention is now clearly traced to Barbara Uttman, of Saxony.

Lace is defined as a plain or ornamental net-work, wrought of fine threads of gold, silver, silk-flax, or cotton, interwoven. The English word lace is derived from the Latin word *lacinia*, signifying the hem or fringe of a garment. Many of the earlier laces were made by the threads being passed or interlaced one with the other, and were defined as *passement*, which, when the toothed edge was added, became *passement dentille*. Lace consists of two parts—the ground and the flower-pattern or gimp. The plain ground is styled in French, *entoilage*, on account of its containing the flower or the ornament, which is called *toile*, from the flat, close texture, resembling linen. The honey-comb net-work, or ground, is of various kinds, viz.: wire-ground, Brussels-ground, trolly-ground, etc.; fond-clair, fond-double, etc. All lace is terminated by two edges—the pearl, picot or couronne—a row of little points at equal distances, and the footing, a narrow lace made to keep the stitches of the ground firm, and to sew the lace to the garment upon which it is worn.

Lace is classed as point and pillow. The first is made by the needle on a parchment pattern, and is termed needle-point. Point also means a particular kind of stitch, as point à la reine, point de Paris. The manner of making pillow-lace is as follows: The pillow is a round or oval board, stuffed so as to form a cushion, and placed on the knees of the work-woman; on the pillow a stiff piece of parchment is fixed, with small holes pricked through to mark the pattern. Through these holes pins are stuck into the cushion. The threads with which the lace is formed, are wound upon bobbins—formerly bones—now small round

pieces of wood about the size of a pencil, having around their upper ends a deep groove, so formed as to reduce the bobbin to a thin neck on which the thread is wound, a separate bobbin being used for each thread. By the twisting and crossing of these threads, the ground of the lace is formed. The pattern is made with thicker thread than that used for the ground-work. Such has been the pillow and the method of using it, for three centuries and more.

In 1665, the principal laces known were, point, bisette, gueuse (beggar's lace), campane, mignonette, point double, Valenciennes, Mechlin, gold lace, guipure. At the present time, the most celebrated laces have been classed in the following manner: Brussels is considered the most valuable. There are two kinds. Brussels ground, having a hexagon mesh, a twist of four threads of flax to a perpendicular line of mesh; and Brussels wire-ground, made of silk, meshes partly straight and partly arched; the pattern is worked separately, and set on with the needle. Mechlin, having a hexagonal mesh, three flax threads to a perpendicular line, with the pattern worked in a net. Valenciennes, an irregular hexagon, two threads, partly twisted and plaited at the top of the mesh, with pattern worked in a net, similar to Mechlin. Lisle, a diamond mesh, two threads to a pillar. Alençon, called blond, hexagon mesh, two threads, twisted similar to Buckingham lace; and Alençon point, two threads to a pillar, octagonal and square meshes alternately.

In the manufacture of lace, France takes the lead. It is all made with bobbins upon a small pillow, except at Alençon, where the needle is employed. The materials used are hand-spun linen thread, cotton-wool, silk, and gold and silver thread. Point d'Alençon is the only lace made with pure linen hand-spun thread. It is worth (the thread) £120 the pound. Point d'Alençon is made entirely by hand, and each part is executed by a special work-woman. It takes twelve persons to complete a piece of this lace. Napoleon's bed furniture, when he was married to Marie Louise, was in part—tester-curtains, coverlet, pillow-cases—all of the finest "Alençon à bride;" and at the Paris exhibition of 1851, a flounce was exhibited which had taken thirty-six women eighteen months to complete. Its value was 22,000 francs. In her lace-making department, France employs more than a quarter of a million lace-makers. Belgium is the great rival of France in the manufacture of laces. The chief varieties are known as Brussels, Mechlin, and Valenciennes. The finest kind of Brussels lace is made of very fine flax, and is very costly. Mechlin is the prettiest of laces, fine, transparent and effective; it is made in one piece on the pillow, and has the character of embroidery; hence it is sometimes called *broderie de Malines*. Valenciennes lace is made altogether on the pillow, with one kind of thread for pattern and ground, and is the same, wherever made, as that made in the city of Valenciennes. The Valenciennes of 1780 was of a quality far superior to any made in the present day. Some of it may still be found in the markets. The last important piece made within the city walls was a head-dress of "vraie Valenciennes," presented by the city to the Duchess de Nemours on her marriage in 1840.

The manufacture of English laces commenced in the sixteenth century. Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Hampshire, and the valleys of Dorset, continue to be famous localities. The number of lace-makers in the counties of Buckingham, Northampton, Bedford and Oxford, was, in 1862, 25,000. Honiton lace, made at Honiton, once held in such high valuation, lost its prestige in the eyes of the public after the exhibition of 1851, work of inferior quality having been mingled with the good. Bobbin-net machine lace was first made by a Notting-

ham frame-work knitter in 1768. Heathcote's machine was patented in 1809. Up to the year 1831, plain net and quillings were the chief produce of the bobbin-net machine. In 1839, the Jacquard principle was applied to the Leaver machines, and new sources of manufacture at once developed themselves. In 1851, 3,200 bobbin-net machines were in operation at Nottingham, and the number of hands employed was 133,000. The year 1823 is memorable for the "bobbin-net fever." Mr. Heathcote's patent having expired, all Nottingham went mad. Every one wished to make a bobbin-net. Clergymen, lawyers, doctors, actors, shop-keepers—all embarked their capital in lace-making, and proprietors of bobbin-frames realized, by working upon them, twenty, thirty, and forty shillings a day. Nottingham, Loughborough, and all the adjoining country, became the scene of an epidemic mania. Hundreds tormented themselves day and night with projects of bobbins, pushers, point-bars and needles. Hundreds lost business and standing, while many, failing to realize any sort of gain from their visionary schemes, sunk down into despair and committed suicide.

C. A. B.

MARGARET FULLER.

QUITE early in the present century, when life was harder and barer, and not so well worth living as now, in a New England home controlled by the thought of the day, a new soul began.

From the first it was at odds with its conditions; always there was an alien quality in the character, and however much it may have owed to these ungenial circumstances, it was through pain, and repression, and struggles that left life-long scars, that it grew and unfolded until it became the centre of the intellectual vitality of the country. Two score years sufficed for its earthly course, and then by storm and sea it entered upon a nobler phase of being.

The story of this life is told in two small volumes—not old—yet old-fashioned enough to fill, for the most part, dark corners upon book-shelves, for books as well as men become superannuated in a fearfully short time in this fast age. They have no special attraction for the bright eyes of gay young people; elderly, conservative eyes would, perhaps, turn with disgust from the name borne upon them. But to imaginative, thoughtful young girls, oppressed with the mystery of life; to women who languish in inaction and pine for worthy work, who are weary of common-place and long for a true word, this wonderful story is a revelation. It is a liberal education to know it. It is inspiration, suggestion, comfort and hope.

It is good to know that a woman like Margaret Fuller has lived; that she did not falter in the hard ways of life; that she was not spoiled by pleasantness and praise; that she loved and suffered, was tormented by aspiration, and baffled by failure like her humble sisters.

If one chafes at the injustice done to intellectual women; is surfeited by praise of weak-mindedness, and is hurt by the popular estimate which—compelled to concede a certain amount of brain—insists upon subtracting its equivalent from the heart—it is a consolation and a triumph to find, that when all is said, when

full tribute has been paid to the splendid intellect, to the scholarship that was so masculine and thorough, the culture so broad and deep, this woman with all her regal gifts was as truly womanly as any pretty creature who never entertained a single idea.

If intense, vivid affections belong to woman they were Margaret's; in capacity for suffering through these she was more than rich enough; the peculiar experiences of her sex were known to her; in "woman's devotion" she was not wanting; of feminine caprices, whimseys, and moods, she had her share.

It makes one indignant to see how persistently this greatest American woman is misconceived. Beyond a circle of enthusiasts and a handful of literary people to whom her fame belongs, who knows Margaret Fuller? Who has any adequate knowledge of her character?

Once upon a time it was graduation-day at a young ladies' seminary, and a respectable clerical gentleman stood up before these fair young girls in white, to give them some good advice. If he could have found the right word to say I think there were young hearts there that would have welcomed it joyfully. I wonder that the sight of those bright faces did not inspire him. I wonder, immeasurably, that he dared to air his empty theories and vapid opinions in that presence. His theme was, of course, "Woman's Sphere," and the refrain, continuously repeated, and illustrated, and pathetically insisted upon was—

"Don't, girls, don't, for pity's sake, be like Margaret Fuller!"

Now I am sure they were all nice girls; I don't doubt that there was latent talent, possibly genius among them; certainly there was abundant variety of character with all its grand possibilities; but of Margaret Fuller's, I trow not one.

Of first-class men and women preëminent in a special realm, one or two are enough for a generation. There was small danger that any of those neophytes would emulate her rich life. But this was not the lecturer's meaning. What it was is obvious enough.

Of the real Margaret Fuller he could have known nothing. What he disliked and deprecated was a creation of his own morbid prejudice, a being bearing no resemblance to the real woman; a being whose affectional nature had been dwarfed by an unnatural development of the intellect, an embodiment of strong-mindedness, of value only to point a moral or serve as a horrid example.

All this is a mistake without excuse.

Surely some baleful star shone over Margaret's cradle. "I have known," she writes, "some happy hours, but they all lead to sorrow; and not only the cups of wine but of milk seemed drugged for me."

It is hard that the innocent use of her great powers—as natural to her as song to a bird—should have been made the occasion of charges against her. But a woman's laurel wreath too often hurts like a crown of thorns. A vivid intellectual life sharpens the sensibilities and opens a thousand avenues to pain which are closed to duller natures. A little genius goes very far toward making one miserable. The upward way is always rough. It is far easier to linger with the crowd in the smooth safe paths.

But one cannot disown one's heritage; and Margaret was born in the purple.

It would be a curious study to trace the influences which went to form her singularly composite character. The fire and passion of the southern races burned in her soul. But the rigidity and coldness of the conditions in which she lived spread a decorous frosting over the slumbering frame.

It is certain that she suffered cruelly from forced growth. She read Latin at

six years old. When she should have been studying the cut of her first doll's dresses, she was speculating upon the Roman character. Perhaps she caught from this early intercourse with those heroic men that imperial largeness which distinguished her.

As the years went on she was still mercilessly crammed. Her training was of such sort as kept her imagination straightly in check. "That coarse but wearable stuff woven by the ages, common sense," was the only mental wear judged fit for her. Doubtless she owed to this early training that luminous judgment which arranged its materials so swiftly that its conclusions seemed like intuitions. Still one must mourn over the costly price. She was defrauded of all natural childhood. Think of a child from eight to twelve whose most real friends were Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Molière. Her mind, kept on the strain so long, could not fall easily to the level of her years.

It is one of God's beautiful compensations that afterward she found the sweetest sympathy among children, and was able to make them love her dearly.

The best thing her home had for her—after the love which, though injudicious, was always fond and proud—was the garden where her mother's pinks and roses bloomed. "There my thoughts could lie callow in the nest and only be fed and kept warm, not called to fly or sing before the time."

Next to this came the books, the well of English undefiled, where she first tasted Shakespeare and was enamored of the draught. Even thus early her eclectic mind chose the aliment best suited to it. Whatever treated of the human soul found hospitable reception.

Later her acquisitions were made with prodigious rapidity. The common student is dismayed and astonished to be told that in three months from the time when she began the study of German she read its classics with ease. Henceforth Körner, Novalis, Schiller, Richter, Lessing, were household names to her. The mind of Goethe she knew. For years she was his subject. She collected materials for his life. The paper in the "Dial" upon Goethe is an intimation of the loss we have suffered in that her intention was never fulfilled.

Afterward she grew away somewhat from this first love, as, indeed, was inevitable. Margaret was no slave to consistency. "Very early," she says, "I learned that the only object of life was to grow." Growth is the test of greatness. Mediocrity may hold forward for a time, but soon it delays, to count over its wealth, to label its opinions and arrange them in convenient niches, to set in order its little gallery of sentiments.

But genius has no time for retrospection. Its aspirations are ceaseless goads. It does not know satiety. It can never find satisfaction. Always the mountain peak rises fair and far above.

All her life, unless hindered by extraordinary circumstances, Margaret was a voluminous reader. I do not now think of any one in recent times whose achievements in this way were so remarkable as hers, except Theodore Parker. His capacity for devouring ponderous folios is a tradition among his classmates. It is easy for persons of less rapid apprehension to bring the charge of superficiality; hard to understand the swift intuition which seizes upon what is suited to its needs and ignores the valueless. Yet this is the only true way to read. There is a deal of rubbish in most books. It is by no means needful to scrutinize every flower in a garden to be aware of a violet.

Margaret's early ambition reveals a fine, heroic daring, and a confidence in her own resources at which we may smile. Yet it was abundantly justified by her

native gifts, and the opulence of her possessions. At twenty-three she is meditating six historical tragedies besides a series of Hebrew tales.

But the pen was a poor instrument in her hands. Her criticism upon Talfourd's "Ion" applies to her own poetry. "It is perfectly modern, befitting an age of self-consciousness. Yet it is dictated by taste and science only."

Her prose style has, however, merits of its own. Not often free or flowing, sometimes grandiose, too frequently obscure, it has, in its best specimens, the precision of sculpture, a felicity of epithet which betrays the artist in words, a luminous purity and beauty, and a certain lofty serenity of tone; not seldom there are passages exquisitely tender and pathetic.

But if we trust the rapturous eulogy of those who were so happy as to hear it, no written lines of Margaret's give any hint of her conversation. In varied phrase all her friends have testified to its opulence, its vigor, its inexhaustible power, its grace and its wonderful sympathetic quality. Masters in English have taxed their resources to describe it. We linger over the record with fascinated interest, and regret having been born too late to know this marvellous improvisatrice.

Among other vague impressions which have gone abroad concerning her, and which will hardly bear analysis, is that of her extreme personal plainness. If so grievous a fault could be forgiven any woman, it could be forgiven Margaret; but I think our charity will not be put to any very severe strain. We must see through the eyes of others, and upon that point authorities differ widely. The standard of beauty is by no means unchangeable and universal. Margaret seems to have charmed women by her looks no less than by her genius, and one or two of her male friends accord to her an attractiveness beyond harmony of color and grace of outline.

Margaret's self-appreciation was something sublime—or was it only her extraordinary frankness, her brave sincerity, which disdained to use the wraps wherewith most of us try to conceal our vanity? One can understand being repelled by personal contact with this cool superiority; but we, whose *amour propre* is in no danger of a wound, only read with a feeling of amused surprise such language as this:

"I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own!"

It strikes one, however, as being quite true.

But her self-confidence was neither spiritual pride, nor vanity of heart. It is the intellect calmly measuring itself, and announcing without shame or fear its conclusions. If she affects no reverence, she is still humble in the presence of those who are really worthy to be her teachers. If she brings all claims before the inexorable tribunal of her understanding, it is from a constitutional necessity so to do. She cannot accept any pretensions upon trust. Nevertheless, she looks at her friends through the rose-colored medium of her imagination. And who so ready as she to do enthusiastic homage to beauty of soul and life?

Moreover, if Margaret was an egotist she was by no means a solitary sinner. The age is eminently self-conscious.

A habit of introspection is upon us all. We are filled with the enthusiasm of humanity. It is the delineation of character which delights us in works of fiction. Morbid phases of character are elaborated with painful minuteness. Incident and plot are of secondary interest. We are never tired of studying human nature in ourselves or in others. And if we entertain high ideas of it,

we have come to them by the most natural process. We have reached an opposite conclusion from that of Fouché—who scorned mankind—by a similar method. "*Cet homme*," said Talleyrand, "*s'est beaucoup étudié.*"

When Margaret went to Europe, her reputation was at its flood. She had got possession of her powers. She knew the sweetness of fame, she had drunk to the full the delights of social success. The intoxication of youth was past. The future held the promise of a richer, serener life—of calmer, more self-satisfying work. At last her face was set toward the goal which had beckoned her years before.

A change of tone is quickly perceivable in her letters. She found herself at home in the Old World. The atmosphere was congenial. She had come to a state of very pure happiness, quite perfect but for the haunting sense of having come too late, and the want of *money*. "Is it not cruel," she writes from Rome, "that I cannot earn six hundred dollars a year here?"

In Italy—"my Italy," as she exclaims, triumphantly—the tragedy of her life begins. Hitherto it has flowed on like a noble poem, plaintive minor strains jarring through the music at times, but having passages cheerful and stately, and often swelling into pæans. She was to rise to greater heights and probe profounder depths than she had yet known.

All faults fade from our sight. She grows sweetly humble and tender. The angel within her shines out with divine clearness. The soldier in the hospital where she ministered cannot rest till he knows when the "*Cara Signora*" will come again. The fierce Italians name her peacemaker. She weeps for the young men slain for beautiful Italy. Her great mother heart, stirred to its depths, makes the sorrows of those forlorn Italian mothers her own. Joy and grief woo her in unison.

In all the record of these last days there is a fateful presage. The shadow feared of man walks beside her—no grim phantom, pale and sad with human sorrow, but luminous with the glory of celestial spheres.

Omens thicken around her. While the ill-fated vessel waits for her she is tortured by anxiety and doubt. Half-consciously, she weighs her fate in the balance. But not hers the great decision. The hand from above reaches down—and surely it must be well.

Margaret is never to see home any more. Not even are the pale wild flowers which grace the sterile fields of New England to blossom upon her grave. The sea guards its secret with jealous care.

Tried by the test of accomplishment, Margaret Fuller's life seems almost a failure. She has left no work whose value is at all commensurate with her powers. Her literary fragments fall short of representing her truly. Her brilliant eloquence will soon be a matter of tradition. But a life should be judged by what it is, and not by its results.

Measured by this standard, Margaret's life was a noble success. It is what she was that makes her a real, vivid, personal presence to all who are in sympathy with her. No more magnanimous, catholic soul; no truer, kindlier heart; no tenderer, loftier spirit; no sweeter, more genial, more thoroughly womanly nature is known to the present century than Margaret Fuller. In regard to her faults we make no question. So strong a personality could hardly be without them. But remote, inaccessible, statuesque perfection is no longer expected of the great few who influence humanity.

It is now almost twenty years since that alien day which blew across our summer and put out that brief, bright life. But the principles which were so dear to her, the thoughts which were her daily bread were never so living as now. They no longer stand apart from the world's ways, are no longer the property of sect or clique. They have penetrated the masses; they are reproduced in great deeds; they are the soul of all literature, the inspiration of lonely hearts everywhere. And so, in a high sense, she never so truly lived among us as now.

ANNA L. JOHNSON.

OWNERSHIP.

THE right of property in land, and the desire of acquiring such property, appear to be recognized, with few exceptions, among all men.

In primitive conditions of society, this desire requires but little restraint. Among nomadic tribes each individual appropriates such of the natural products of the soil as he may desire. Wherever he chooses, he pitches his tent or builds his temporary hut. While he stays, the ground which he occupies is his—to use the simile of a Latin author—"as in a theatre which is common to all, the place which each one occupies is, for the time, his own." Among rude and scattered tribes permanently inhabiting certain regions, as well as in the first occupancy of newly-discovered countries, each one selects for his own such lands as may seem to him most eligible—as Tacitus records of the early Germanic tribes—"wherever a fountain, a plain, or a wood, pleases or invites." He establishes his claim by compliance with a few simple regulations, or merely by making evident the priority of his choice.

With increased density of population, when customs are established and recognized as authoritative, and social and political systems are developed, there arises the necessity of specific and systematized laws for the regulation of the universal desire of acquisition, and for the adjustment of conflicting claims.

These laws, founded in necessity and approved by the intuitive sense of justice, must be respected. The proprietor of estates held for centuries in one name, looks to the laws as his defence, if his right of ownership be questioned. The miner who yesterday staked out his claim on the slope of a Californian sierra, has the same resource, and the appeal of each must be honored; this the public welfare requires. And yet the ownership recognized in these laws is secondary and artificial, and its legitimate scope is narrow. It is seen to be just and necessary, but its very obviousness appears to have induced a misconception of the principle involved, and an exaggeration of its scope. In the popular apprehension, this right of ownership has come to cover far more than its legitimate range. It trenches upon the sphere of a higher right which appeals to a higher law.

This higher right covers an ownership which is true and actual, though it may not be wholly definable. It cannot be "nominated" in a "bond," nor can a direct account of dollars and cents be found in it. It does not include the right to barter the products of a given area of soil, to cut away the forests which may stand upon it, or to exhume and traffic in the minerals which may lie beneath it.

Its revenue does not consist in the materials of riches, but in finer, though no less appreciable values. It cannot be challenged in the courts. It does not require the defence of the laws. It is beyond the scope of human legislation. It is based immediately upon the relation of man to his beneficent Creator, who "put all things under his feet."

The popular misconception and exaggeration of the ownership recognized in the laws become in some instances palpably absurd. The legal owners of the island of Mount Desert are certain persons who for the most part gauge its value by meagre crops of potatoes, beans and oats. What has such ownership to do with the noble offices which the mountains, the rocks and the waves were created to fulfil? To one who has reverently studied these it is a question of small moment who may chance to call themselves their owners. One who has sailed away from the island in the afternoon of a June day, and at ten miles out at sea has looked back upon the walls and cliffs and domes of rock glowing in the rose tint which in our land is given but sparingly, has thenceforth a property there which is above price and independent of any other proprietors. The attempt to "own" Mount Washington is fitly represented by the petty scratch on the mountain side, called the carriage road and the moraine of empty bottles and trashy currency left by the "perfect avalanche" of fashionable travel. Whitehead rock in Casco bay legally belongs to some party, but in a wider sense it belongs to every fisherman who runs under its lee, and to every sailor who steers by it into port; and in a higher sense it belongs to every one who interprets aright the stern grandeur which finds expression in it.

This higher and primitive right of ownership is a birthright, and inalienable. And yet nothing is more evident than that few, comparatively, attain to the just exercise of this right and the realization of the wealth which it claims. Most of us have personal knowledge of some representative man to whom the registers of deeds and the assessors of taxes attribute the responsibility of owning certain estates—lands, it may be, of the fairest—an abode shaped to an easy life by careful ancestors, lying beneath most genial skies, surrounded by the most exquisite harmony of the grand and the beautiful in nature—while, in truth, he is no better than a stranger and an alien on his native soil. His estates yield to him the means of living as any animal lives, and the appliances of luxury, the desired end of which is to intensify his life, not to elevate it. This, to him, exhausts the significance of his fruitful fields. His footsteps are never checked to listen to the song of a bird. In the whisperings of the forest leaves he hears only of the market value of oak and pine. In the music of the waterfall he hears only the suggestion of a cotton mill. He would see no beauty in earth or sky, unless, perhaps, the one were of iron and the other of brass, which might be smelted and brought to a market. Such a man, in the midst of his riches, is poor. A caged robin singing over a handful of grass thrown into its prison, is richer than he.

And there are many lives into which an intelligent appreciation of the higher ownership and use comes only in occasional, fitful gleams—quenched sometimes in sordid materialism, smothered often in the sickly cant of sentimentalism. Few lives, if any, are wholly without the consciousness of this birthright, though the resulting influence, like other ennobling influences, may be perverted in the conditions of its reception.

The realization of that which every life may claim under this birthright—to find everywhere such wealth as Hugh Miller found in the barren wastes of Scot-

land—to have free access to the source from which "Kit North," derived the subtle energy which gives to his sentences a terse and nervous quality like the twang of a bowstring—to receive the largess which has made other less noted lives rich and strong in spite of poverty and weakness—is an object worthy of intelligent consideration.

It is to be said positively that there are, within the experience of almost every life, some special and extraordinary circumstances which help to the exercise of this birthright and the realization of the values claimed under it. An exceptional position, accidentally assumed, may command a view which shall supplement the observations of years and connect them harmoniously. Especial aid is afforded by whatever brings the soul into more intimate relations with the materials, the processes and forces of nature. A stormy night in camp on the headwaters of the St. John's may be better than years of artificial life at Newport. A birch canoe is a better craft than a steamship for voyaging in quest of this treasure. If one would know the voice with which "deep calleth unto deep," he must even go out where he can hear that voice, however carelessly the waves may toss him.

But, after all, this realization is to be chiefly attained in the common surroundings of the ordinary life. Thoreau was not a man to be always followed, but he indicated a truth when he said, "I think nothing is to be hoped from you if this bit of mould under your feet is not sweeter to you than any other in this world." Beneath the commonness of common things there is a freshness still intact. Even if all previous lives had realized to the full their heirship, still the inheritance of each succeeding life would have suffered no loss of its newness or abundance. For every human life is a new life—unique, idiosyncratic. Its salient points must, to some extent, find points of rest on which no other life has rested. That which is within supplements itself from that which is without, and the demand of each life is peculiar. And since the life and its wants are ordained by infinite wisdom, we may expect these conditions to be met within the range of ordinary experiences. "We have this treasure" often "in earthen vessels."

Therefore it is a general principle that the realization of this higher ownership is to be sought in the spirit of humility. "The meek" are they who, in the best sense, "shall inherit the earth." It may be required that we strip off some of the artificial encumbrances of our lives and go outside the customary falsehoods of conventionality, and in our poverty ask proofs of our inheritance from things which we may have overlooked or despised.

For the reward of such seeking there will always remain some flower not yet trampled under heedless feet, some glimpse of peak or cloud or blue expanse, some voice of breeze or storm newly interpreted, some furtive ray or snatch of untaught song, to cheer the heart and lighten the weariness of toil day by day, and the verification of the words of Eliphaz, "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field." The loving eye will not watch for nought. The listening ear will will not listen in vain. Through all the approaches to the soul there will come a secret influence to make the life purer and stronger, and tune it to a more exquisite and deeper harmony.

G. B. BUZELLE.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE LONDON AERIAL FAIR.

To navigate the air in ships, and journey as comfortably toward "the city of kites and crows" as one might sail to Cairo, has always been among human desires. Lucian's deep interpretation of the fable of Icarus is less plausible than the plain theory that it was an effort to fly; for mechanics have always been as eager as poets to soar

> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth.

They have ransacked the laws of motion and bankrupted ingenuity, to get at that simple "oarage of pinions" which every little sparrow has.

Six centuries ago, Roger Bacon declared that "There may be made some flying instrument, so that a man sitting in the middle of the instrument, may put in motion artificial wings, which shall beat the air like a bird flying." For more than two years, the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain has been considering how to make Roger Bacon's prophecy good. If brains, money, patronage, energy, ingenuity, and profuse experiment, stimulated by the measureless advantages which success promises, could avail, the society would already have compassed it. What it actually has done in thirty months of meditation and trial, the summer exhibition at the Crystal Palace in London is designed to show.

It is dangerous to prophesy of any mechanical difficulty that it will never be overcome. Sir David Brewster lived to see the assertion that it would be impracticable, on economical grounds, to use steam in ocean navigation, refuted by the screw propeller. M. Thiers is still twitted with an alleged prediction that a locomotive could not run from Paris to Versailles without getting out of fuel. But, despite these warnings, such are the mechanical obstacles in the science of aeronautics, that it is safe to say that no aerial ship yet built gives warrant of success.

No child studies the legend of the industrious woman who "whithered" so high to sweep the cobwebs from the sky; no boy watches the plunging of his kite, without wondering *how* to get into the air and stay there. The hydrogen-gas balloon solved a problem which had puzzled older heads; and, thanks to daring explorers from the days of the Montgolfiers to those of Giffard and Glaisher, balloons have become useful in war, in art, in topography, in meteorology. But balloons have not solved the problem of aerial navigation. On the contrary, their range of usefulness seems already to have been reached—except possibly, indeed, for "balloon marriages" in America and the "balloon suicides" of France, undertaken probably by people who imagine the *felo de se* in both cases to be more complete when so executed. Whatever may be the air-van of the future, probably it will *not* be a balloon. Even a moderate wind blowing against a balloon large enough to hold up a small car, is irresistible; and machinery to counteract this current brings the whole structure to the earth. If the size of the balloon be increased, the surface exposed to the wind is increased still more; and, in a word, the balloon, for aerial navigation, seems to be out of the question.

In such a dilemma, the plain thing to do is to "look at nature." The most compact and perfect aerial machine in nature is the swallow. To get "wings like a dove," is the aspiration of the philosopher as well as of the psalmist. The old difficulty returns, however, to so concentrate power in light weight as to imitate successfully the action of the bird's wings.

Who can credit, for example, the success of Mr. Kaufmann's machine? It is now in process of construction for the Crystal Palace exhibition, is designed to move through the air by flapping its wings like a bird, and is said to have 120-horse power, and to weigh 8,000 pounds. It is "to draw three cars and a tender, containing ten hours' supply of fuel and three of water, through the air at the rate of fifty-six miles an hour"—if successful. We may take the liberty of doubting whether, with such dimensions, it *can* be successful.

Again, we find another bird-shaped machine talked of in America, which weighs 1,200 pounds, is sustained by 14,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas, and has a full apparatus of furnace, boilers, engine, engine room, shafts, and water tanks. But, thus far at least, none of these steam machines have publicly worked in the air, where, of course, they would be of most use.

Looking at the birds again, one would be tempted to hope more from muscle than from steam as a motive power. Efforts at human flight in the air have, however, usually been failures. We can all recall instances in which crowds have been assembled to see this experiment performed, and from some cause the wings would not work. Two historic instances of success are, however claimed by the society—one at Paris and one at Vienna. But it was candidly owned that these took place from lofty eminences, and were "mere expenditures of force from falling bodies"—as also that one man broke his leg and the other his neck. Indeed a British scientific paper recently told the Aeronautical Society that they "might as well try to lift themselves in baskets as to fancy that they could, by their own manual power, impart enough velocity to a sufficiently large screw or extended pair of wings to raise them into even the lower regions of the air." Yet now we find Mr. Wenham asserting that this very sort of manual machine *has* just been made by a Mr. Spencer. Mr. Charles Spencer, a member of that society, claims to have "taken short flights of a hundred feet from level ground," in a machine worked exclusively by muscular force. If this should prove true, the science of aeronautics is established.

On the whole, therefore, let us be careful of our prophecies, lest, by genius or good fortune, some gentleman at the Crystal Palace does lift himself from the ground by his suspenders. The Duke of Argyle has told us that those who are there to see, may enjoy the spectacle of "a gentleman flying." Let us be credulous as long as possible. Success is pleasanter to think of than failure. When we see Mr. Spencer flapping merrily into the air, and Mr. Kaufmann's three cars and a tender bowling along at fifty-six miles an hour, we shall all, of course, ascend and expatiate. It will be agreeable to take wings of a morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. Each man of us will have his pair of pinions, like old Euelpides and Peisthetairos. Indeed, the fable of the dramatist will be commonplace, when caravans push off to found "Cuckoo-cloudlands" and give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. Nuptial tours will be conducted, of course, in a gay aerial chariot, like that in which the bride Basileia came, when blooming Eros handled the taut-drawn reins.

JUVENILE THEATRICALS.

THE other day I saw the words "Idiot of the Heath," flaming on a Bowery play-bill. What reminiscences it called up! That play was a prodigious favorite with us boys of twenty-odd years ago, and we never tired of spouting its thrilling passages. Boys adore the supernatural beings who gleam above the footlights, as the French conscript adored Napoleon. Augustus, in Leech's picture, being consulted regarding a profession, pronounced in favor of a career at Astley's. He had a vaulting ambition worthy of boyhood.

At school we mimicked, with voices not yet changed, the deep tones of the tragedian, and strove to compass, with brief legs, his majestically dragging stride. We rehearsed the Tent and Quarrel Scene in the Reader. We cried to each other, "Villain, stand off!" or "Thus I defy thee!" We stabbed ourselves with daggers of lath betwixt body and arm. When some one

called "What, ho! who waits there?" We answered, "My lord, the carriage waits." We closed in mortal strife of hockeys, with the three-stroke or five-stroke. We pitilessly doomed each other to "rot i' the lowest dungeon," or to be "flung from yon battlement, e'en to the castle-moat." We said "sirrah," and "yon caitiff" in every three sentences, rocked on our legs to show emotion, shut and opened our fingers rapidly to show passion, called girl "gyirl," and revenge "arrarevenge"—in fact, essayed all that was done on the boards themselves.

An English magazinist lately sketched a juvenile theatre, whose performance he professed to find amusing, but which to me seemed much too fine to be funny; and, as for the properties—bah! they no more resemble those of what *I* call boys' theatres than Wallack's mirrors and tapestry and lace and velvet costumes resemble the carts and skins and wine lees of Thespis and Susarion. Juvenile theatricals with older people building and decorating the brilliant stage is one thing; but a genuine boys' theatre is quite another. Custom and necessity, in our time, had fixed upon a vacant store-room or a cellar as the proper field of operations; and when, as was sometimes the case, conscientious scruples against theatric exhibitions troubled the floors above, we called the affair "a museum;" the cellar, "an audience room;" the tickets, "cards of admission." These compromises were satisfactory.

A part of the company was selected for strength and prowess, lest (as from some mysterious reason usually happened) it should be besieged and attacked, either by the audience or outsiders, in the midst of a performance. Astor-place riots were common with us. Others were chosen for skill in dancing the sailor's hornpipe, in playing the tambourine and castanets, or in performing hand-springs and similar gymnastic feats, which last were great favorites, and were generally essayed on the spot by most of the audience. Others, again, were enrolled for talent (like Mr. W. J. Florence's) in memorizing plays, or literary ability in adapting them. Others, because the paternal premises were eligible for the stage. Others, the happy owners of real swords and pistols, or military hats—Mr. Crummles's "real pump and two real wash tubs" would have entitled him to admission.

My own histrionic career (for a previous engagement as curtain-hoister cannot honorably count) began in the Palo Alto Theatre, located, by favor of Mr. Charles Carter, Jr., in a spacious shed or store-room in the rear of the house of Mr. Charles Carter. Mr. Charles Carter, Jr., only stipulated that the company, during this occupation, should do his domestic errands and tasks, which, being the rule of the profession, was readily agreed to. I remember that for many days there was a chaotic confusion of preparation—barrels and boxes moved, candles arranged, swords borrowed, cast clothes cut up and patched into odd stage dresses, benches built; and while hammer and axe and saw were going, every mother's son was yelling, singing, dancing, or fighting, the parts rehearsing, the dust flying, and Babel everywhere. I don't suppose a boy's theatre would succeed otherwise.

It was a fine theatre when finished. For the audience there were three tiers of boxes and a pit. The seats in the pit were exactly the height of a butter-firkin; and behind them rose the "boxes," bench above bench, the heads of the uppermost spectators being wrapped in cobwebs and scraping the beams. The stage, as in all private theatricals, was on a level with the pit. The curtains, the wings (three on each side), and the flat, were of new green cambric, cheapened at a bargain, and sewed by our own fair hands—for, "by George, no girls, I say," was the word of ambition with us boys, who were (then) fearful woman-haters. All the walls were whitewashed and clean; but whitewash was voted so unprofessional that we covered it up with huge yellow theatre-posters, purloined at great personal risks from the barbers' shops, where, in those days, they used to hang in pleasant harmony of color upon the green screens, for customers to look at.

At the footlights were candles, and these were also tastefully bestowed around the theatre. The stage-floor was, unfortunately, of brick. To avoid hurting ourselves, therefore, when we "fell," at the back of the stage we laid a straw mattress, covered with a carpet; and whenever an actor was killed (and I promise you our plays were

sanguinary), it was legitimate for him to stagger back and fall on the mattress. To this day, whenever I see Brignoli in the opera look despairingly about for a soft spot to go down upon, it calls up the Palo Alto. Bob Arnold (he lost a limb and gained a star at Cold Harbor) drew thunders of applause from the audience by his bold and enviable death-falls on the bricks.

The capacity of the theatre was for sixty boys, and for that number tickets were sold. These latter were of green card, with "Admit the Bearer" written thereon by the fairest penman, and a marvellously complicated scroll, with many hieroglyphics, occupied all superfluous space. These private marks and numerous secret catches were designed to avoid counterfeiting. A notice warned the public against speculators, and even against pickpockets; and it was "respectfully suggested that the free list is entirely suspended." I have forgotten the price of the tickets, but have no doubt that it was very reasonable, as we were then on a gold basis.

Half an hour before the time announced for opening the door, the sixty ticket-holders kicked at it so furiously that, after many expostulations and useless thrashings, the manager yielded, and the audience pouring pell-mell into the theatre, filled it, and instantly began a furious stamping. There were cat-calls, whistling with two fingers, with three fingers, with four fingers, cries of disapprobation at delay, and threats of vengeance. There were successful imitations of every domestic animal. Accordingly, the manager came before the curtain and requested that cries of "hist the rag" and "physic!" and all personal controversies in the pit should cease.

We always gave a generous programme at the Palo Alto—six plays and interludes at least; and, as we cut out all love-passages and stuff of that sort, they became as crowded with action as Charles Reade's novels.

The first play was "Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf." It was a terrible affair, full of nautical language, incident, and hand-to-hand conflict. "Ship ahoy!" would cry a voice, feigning to be aloft. "Where away?" "Three points on the starboard bow"—the invariable answer. Without more ado, the ships approached, boarders were called, and a gory combat of cutlasses followed. In the last scene, as you remember, Lafitte engages the American captain. It was an immortal struggle—Lafitte, fierce in corked eyebrows, with a tarpaulin slanting at an angle of forty-five degrees on his head, and a pea-jacket several sizes too large; the American captain in roomy white duck trowsers, and (agreeably to the navy regulations) the national flag around his waist. They began by circling about each other, uttering many strongly-aspirated "ah's," "ha-ha's," and other guttural and pectoral sounds, with mutual congratulations that at last they had "met thee." Then the American, after vainly struggling to bring to bear a rusty sword of his own length, dropped it in despair and went in for a wrestle, amid thunders of applause. But the unappreciative Lafitte, drawing a pistol concealed in his pea-jacket pocket, shot the American, who, thereupon, by several artful, premonitory staggers, gained the mattress, and fell, rigid as a poker, in style worthy of Kirby, with the American flag around him. Everybody else being dead, and tarpaulins, with their owners, lying loose all over the stage, the pirate advanced to the footlights, made a farewell speech, and, bound to follow the fashion, thrust a knife fiercely between his arm and body, and tumbled sideways upon the heap of his victims.

On this fine tableau the curtain stuck; and Lafitte, amid derisive laughter, was reluctantly forced to come to life and haul it down, at the same time cuffing the ears of the young attendant.

Between the first two pieces there was more impatience. Contemptuous laughter baffled the manager's appeals for order. The usual expedients of pretending to ring up the curtain, and shouting in a loud voice "clear the stage," had been used up, when a lucky diversion happened in the discovery by the audience of some of Mrs. Carter's jam-pots and jellies, in which great havoc was made. In this scuffle, the spigot of a cask of maple molasses was unhappily displaced, and its entire contents trickled upon the floor.

The second play was founded on the career of a noted highwayman. Its great feature was, of course, another sword con-

test, this time in the favorite stroke of two up and one down, varied with an occasional thrust. When the strokes had become so regular that the audience kept time with their feet, the robber pierced his antagonist, who, crying "I shall be revenged," and lifting up one hand (as we always did before falling) gave up the ghost, and put out two footlights in his fall. After that we had "the Drunkard, a moral drama," and I don't know what other pieces, and hornpipes and highland flings between.

I saw Lafitte last winter, after many years of separation. We met in Broome street, and I at once observed in him a certain mobile and muscular look about the mouth which is characteristic of actors. He offered me a theatre pass, with a half-smile as if perceiving it recalled old times, and told me that he and the American captain were to play that night at the Isthmian, in the tragedy of "Hamlet." His words were "to play knife and fork," which I at first supposed to allude to the banquet; but it proved to mean the *rôles* of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. This pair were all of the Palo Alto company that remained faithful to the buskin.

OUR DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVES.

THE luxury of discovering that one of its ministers is sincerely respected by the nation to which he is sent, is something our country does not always enjoy. In Mr. Adams's case, this pleasure is heightened by a consciousness that the praises he receives are thoroughly deserved. But may we not set up a general claim that the foreign diplomatic service is now in better hands than formerly? Ten years ago, for example, there was a public outcry against it. The representative in Canada was accused of defrauding the Treasury of $20,000 a year. The consul at Fayal was charged with netting $10,000 a year by trade in goods sent thither through the Government. One minister in Europe was censured for duelling, another suspected of stock-jobbing, and a third accused in Congress of worrying his subordinates "because they were better dancers than himself."

I remember reading in a London paper, a number of years ago, the speech made by the American consul to Liverpool at a public dinner. Amid "cheers and laughter" he confessed that he "came from the backwoods, far out of sight and smell of salt water," and knew nothing about commerce or navigation; and he vividly pictured his dismay at arriving "among so much shipping" in the Liverpool docks. Thackeray, in the "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," describes an enthusiastic Second Adventist who went *gratis* as our consul to Jerusalem, so as to be on hand for the Millennial Day, which was shortly to come:

> He has no other knowledge of Syria but what he derives from the prophecy; and this (as he takes the office *gratis*) has been considered a sufficient reason for his appointment by the United States Government. . . . Since the days of the Kingdom of Munster, under his Anabaptist Majesty, John of Leyden, I doubt whether any Government has received or appointed so queer an ambassador.

This was in 1844.

It was once asserted that the Minister to England was the only one of our foreign ministers who could speak the language of the country he was sent to. This is, perhaps, a less important matter than it seems; but it is at least no disqualification in General Dix to be able to converse in French, or in Messrs. Bancroft and Motley to comprehend German. The modern tendency is to require able and well-qualified men to represent us in foreign countries—a return to the honorable pride of the early Republic. The enormous increase of travel brought about by the facilities of steam transportation, keeps them in contact with a colony of Americans—a colony always shifting and filling, and always reporting at home. The national diplomatic or commercial agent meets more of his countrymen during his exile than he would here in America. Mediocrity and incompetency are no more out of place now than ever, but they are less tolerable; and a consulship can never in future be a four years' spree, whose bills are footed in Washington.

This increased intercourse with his countrymen need not restrict the official's independence; for we may rely that the unhappy effort to McCrackenize the foreign service will not be repeated. The main hope for future improvements is, of course, in the organization of the civil service on the English system—a measure too long postponed. Hitherto the contemptible gold lace and

cocked hat question has been the chief one discussed; but when the attention hitherto concentrated on embroidered cuffs and small clothes rises to the subject of mental and social fitness, it will be profitably employed.

One cause of the recent elevation of the diplomatic standard is, perhaps, ceasing to regard foreign posts exclusively as balsams for political defeat at home. Formerly, to secure a mission or consulship it was only necessary to be beaten in some hotly contested election—if you were on the "right" side—as when J. Glancy Jones was sent out of the country for being defeated for Congress in President Buchanan's own district. One would like to hint the propriety of taking another step, and ceasing to regard being defeated as a candidate for President or Vice-President in the nominating convention as in itself a valid preëmption claim upon a "mission." Perhaps this, however, would be too ultra a reform, since each State is now carefully pledged to cast its first vote in convention for its "favorite son"—not that that favorite son has any hope of being the nominee, but that he exexpects to use this ballot as a claim for something in the nature of a consolation.

PARLOR RECITATIONS.

THE professional "recitationist" has now become as useful a personage at private parties, as the hired musician. People who have money enough to buy *anything* which can contribute to the company's enjoyment —from Clicquot champagne poured by portly English butlers to delicious harmony evoked by musicians of genius—can, of course, subsidize elocutionists. But, for the present, it seems rather an awkward sort of entertainment. While chatting and flirting and laughing are going on, suddenly a deep voice is heard from one end of the drawing-room, and, on turning, lo! the guests observe an intellectual (but not necessarily beautiful) person, erect by a chair placed at her side, reciting, with a calm confidence which contrasts with the bashful confusion of her hearers, Poe's "Raven," or Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," or Tennyson's "May Queen." Is subdued whispering out of order? Of course. . . A-ah! now the recitation is over: but it seems to have thrown a damper on gayety. Shall we applaud? Hardly the thing to do in a private parlor, and yet, if expected, it ought to be done. Conversation hangs fire, because nobody understands how to take this sort of thing. Will she begin again? Doubtful. Yes, there she goes, swinging out into "The Maniac," or something in that vein.

Such are parlor recitations, to which we shall get used, though they are depressing at first. Half of the difficulty lies in the selections. Very pathetic pieces are particularly disagreeable and out of place, which is perhaps the reason why they are usually chosen. Patriotic pieces should also be tabooed, especially where it is thought necessary to introduce a flag to heighten the illusion. A mournful ballad, in a touching voice, with wild gestures—even assisted, perhaps, with a wisp or two of dishevelled hair, is a dreadful affair, and makes one feel very uncomfortable in listening. It needs a pretty artful collocation of time, words, and manner (and, let me hint, sympathizing *claqueurs* may be made as useful here as elsewhere) to overcome the disadvantages of such surroundings. Your genuine boy will declaim "Banished from Rome," on the school stage with the full vigor of his lungs; but he resents as a kind of fraud the rehearsal which the family insist on at home, while mother goes on placidly knitting, both sisters reading, and brother Tom drumming a subdued accompaniment with his boots, and twitching the dog's tail at appropriate passages. The atmosphere is unfavorable to effect, and he feels it. In like manner, the narrow compass of a parlor, in which is collected a rather unsympathizing audience intent on private enjoyment of its own manufacture, is a bad atmosphere for the professional reader. To avoid being a bore, he or she must have a good deal of tact, must be shy of pieces which require lungs, entreaties, or going down upon the knees, and, in drawing upon the feelings of the assembly, must draw it very mild.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

THE VARIATION OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS UNDER DOMESTICATION.*

THIS work is a continuation of the inquiry opened by Mr. Darwin in his volume on the "Origin of Species," in 1859. The publication of that book marked an era in the progress of biological science. There was, however, undoubtedly, a preparation for it in the scientific mind of the age. There had been for a century a convergence of the various lines of inductive investigation toward the grand problems presented by the living world, and this tendency had found expression in various speculations concerning the origin and progress of vital organization upon the globe. But while these hypotheses were generally regarded as crude and premature, and failed to command any considerable assent, the minds of thinkers were gradually brought to the conclusion that, however groundless and fantastic might be the notions hitherto broached, the subject of inquiry was, nevertheless, a legitimate one, and a solution of it, more or less complete, was held to be within the limits of possibility. The victories of science in the various fields of research; the growing conception of nature as involving a unity of plan, in which all the parts are mutually dependent, and reciprocally interpret each other, and the deep curiosity which inspires the human mind in relation to the wonderful secrets of life, all combined to create a kind of mental predisposition in favor of any new theory which, based upon real phenomena and dealing with actual causes, should help us on in this direction of thought.

Mr. Darwin proved to be the coming and expected man. He propounded an hypothesis in relation to the origin of the varieties of life upon earth conformed to the logical requirements of science, and although no such audacious contravention of current beliefs has been promulgated since the Copernican Astronomy, the favor it has met, both in and out of the scientific circles, has been quite extraordinary. His work has been translated into the principal European languages, and his eminent adherents are numerous among all the nations where science is cultivated. An illustration of this is furnished by the present volumes, which appear with the prefatory endorsement of the distinguished professor of botany in Harvard University, Mr. Asa Gray.

It is impossible in a short notice like the present either to make an analysis of the contents of these volumes, or to offer criticisms upon them. We can only briefly point out their relation to the first work, and to Mr. Darwin's general theory. And what is that theory? A theory is an explanation of something—an explanation of effects by assigning their true causes. There are hundreds of thousands of different kinds of animals and plants upon the earth, and hundreds of thousands more which formerly lived upon it, but which now only exist as fossil remains. The question to be answered is, what is the origin of this vast diversity of species? The old and still popular answer is that they were so created at first; that each species was stamped in the beginning with its fixed characters, which are perpetuated through an unvarying descent, so that species are immutable. To this Mr. Darwin replies "No! Species are mutable. Causes are in action which produce variation. These causes belong to the permanent economy

* "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication." By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., etc. Authorized edition, with a preface by Professor Asa Gray. In two volumes. With illustrations. Orange Judd & Co.

of nature; they have acted in past times, and the present vast diversity of living forms is to be rationally explained only by the action of such causes."

The case as put by the Darwinians is briefly this: There is an undoubted tendency in nature to the persistence of animal and vegetable types by transmission of characters from parent to offspring. "Like begets like;" men are descended from men; elephants from elephants, and elms from elms. It is this law which maintains the existing order, and preserves the identity of species and varieties for long periods of time. But it is not an absolute law, or one which alone explains all the phenomena. It is modified and checked by the operation of another and equally important principle, namely, the tendency to variation. No child is precisely like either father or mother; no living being exactly repeats its progenitors. The tendency to diversity is universal; but it is so restrained and qualified by the law which perpetuates the type, that the modifications from generation to generation are very slight. The preservation of a species is an obvious and universal phenomenon of common observation; the variation of species is a slow and obscure affair of time; the former is familiar to all; the latter can only be traced out and estimated by cautious and skilful scientific inquiry.

The fact that there is a tendency in nature to variation, and that the new characters thus appearing are transmissible by inheritance, is incontestable. Numerous cases are on record of transmitted variations from typical characters in our own species. An outbreak or deviation occurs, and it is repeated, through descent, with or without interruption, for several generations. An individual, for example, appears with six toes, and this abnormal circumstance will reappear in his descendants and continue a trait of the family for several generations. Lambert, the "porcupine man," was covered with warty excrescences, which were periodically moulted, and all his six children and his male descendants to the fourth generation, exhibited the same peculiarities. Single locks of hair, differently colored from the rest, occasionally appear, and are transmitted in their exact situation. The hereditary character of individual traits and of numerous forms of disease is well known, and the transmission of the singularities just mentioned, which are examples of the tendency to variation, is but part of the general law of the descent of characters.

But modifications are not only transmissible, they are cumulative, and the whole philosophy of breeding rests upon this fact. By breeding, characteristics are preserved, so as to *give rise to varieties*. By combining parents of given traits, these traits are strengthened in the offspring, so that by starting from a given stock we work along divergent lines, and ultimately produce, for example, in one case a perfect draught horse, and in the other case a perfect race horse. The implication of "blood," "pedigree," and "ancestry," in race horses, by which it is explained that Eclipse was the sire of three hundred and thirty-four winners, is simply the preservation of special characters through inheritance.

Facts of this kind have been long known. Mr. Darwin merely gathers and systematizes a vast body of them as data for his new conclusions. Variations, the persistence of special varieties, and accumulated modifications being facts of nature of which we have absolute proof, the question arises to what extent do these agencies reach? Are causes and conditions which are competent to produce varieties, sufficient also to produce *species?* Time here comes into play as the great condition. So long as it was believed that the earth has been inhabited but six thousand years, no such conjecture was for a moment possible: special creations and permanence of characters formed the only hypothesis admissible. But when geology had proved that the duration of life upon earth could only be measured by incalculable periods of time, the case was altered, and it became possible to conceive that accumulated modification, extending through vast periods, might explain all the diversities in the kingdom of life. These factors of the problem, at all events, offered a possible solution, and brought it completely within the domain of rational inquiry.

But the question still remained: Do we know of any causes at work to give direction to the progressive variations—causes which can account for existing species, with their recognized characters? Granting that living beings are variable, how have they become determined to their present conditions?

It is here that Mr. Darwin's law of *natural selection* comes into play. The tendency to multiplication in the living world is confessedly out of all proportion to the means of subsistence; all seeds cannot grow to trees; all eggs cannot be developed into animals; by undisturbed increase, the herrings alone would soon fill the ocean. As there is not room for all, many must perish, and there hence arises a contest—a struggle for existence. But the issue of this struggle is not fortuitous; it is governed by law; the strongest must overcome the weakest and displace them. And to assert that the strong will overcome the weak and usurp their places, is simply to say that those will survive in whom certain characters are the most powerful—it is to say that those characters will be persistent, while others are transient. Now, if we admit, which seems unavoidable, that those will survive which are best fitted to their conditions, we have a winnowing, or selective process on the part of nature by which she secures the preservation of those creatures best suited to the circumstances in which they live, and by which the harmony of the existing order is maintained. This is Mr. Darwin's doctrine of natural selection. Mr. Herbert Spencer recognizes the principle, but objects to the phraseology. He calls it the *survival of the fittest*, which brings out more prominently the element of adaptation to circumstances and the determining force of surrounding conditions. Those will survive which are best fitted to the circumstances, and all changes of the environment, or the order of external influences, will be reproduced in the modifications of the living races.

Various examples are given by Mr. Darwin of the operation of natural selection. In Florida there is a common root upon which black pigs can feed unharmed, but which causes the hoofs to fall off when it is eaten by those of another color. So again, in certain places black sheep only are kept, as they can feed on a plant which quickly kills the white ones. White terriers are more liable to fatal distempers than those of other colors. Again, white animals and birds being more conspicuous, are more exposed to the hunter and the hawk than those of darker colors, just as white men are more exposed to sharks than negroes, when swimming in the sea. Certain plants and animals are more liable to disease, to parasites, and to destructive insects, than others. "The thin-shelled species of peas are attacked by birds much more than common peas. The thin-shelled walnut suffers greatly from the tom-tit. Certain varieties of the pear with soft bark are greatly injured by borers, while other kinds resist their attacks much better. The absence of down on the fruit makes a great difference in the ravages of the weevil; hence the nectarine suffers more than the peach."

It follows from the operation of the principle here illustrated, and which applies alike to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, that the surviving races upon earth are to be regarded as resultants of the action of natural agencies working through long periods in the manner stated. By suppressing certain individuals and preserving others, according to a plan, nature obliterates certain characters and perpetuates others. A seed, for example, with a harder shell, is protected while others are destroyed, while by the tendency to the transmission of its peculiar qualities a variety is produced, distinguished by these qualities. We are here dealing with real causes and effects, and the only question that can arise is as to the extent of these influences—it being easy to deny results which, from the nature of the case, require such long periods of time that the phenomena are necessarily excluded from direct observation. Many will admit that causes of this kind, operating within narrow limits may give origin to new varieties, but will deny their competency to produce a new species. This opens the question as to what constitutes a species, which we will not undertake to say, as there is no question in all natural history more unsettled than this. One thing is pretty certain, the old notion of a species as a division of living creatures sharply outlined in nature and

possessing immutable characters is abandoned as untenable by most leading naturalists, and with this abandonment the chief barrier to Darwin's doctrine—the assumed necessary limitation to the principle of variation—disappears. The causes which produce varieties find no obstacle in nature to the production of still further variation of characters in the lapse of time.

The principle of natural selection unquestionably plays an important part in the economy of nature, but what is to be the ultimate value which science will assign to it, it would be, perhaps, premature to say. Mr. Herbert Spencer is of opinion that, Mr. Darwin makes too much of it, and that, taken alone, or allowed the prominence given to it by its great expounder, it will be found inadequate as an explanation of organic diversities. But, whatever be its import, it opens a fruitful and promising field of inquiry, which Mr. Darwin has cultivated with great diligence and success. The general principle announced in his work on the origin of species in 1859, is elaborately worked out in one of its aspects in the present volumes, which are a perfect encyclopædia of all that is known on the great subject of hereditary descent in all the departments of life. In these volumes he considers the variation of animals and plants under domestication. In a future work he will complete the discussion by considering their variation in a state of nature.

It has been objected that the argument, as thus pursued, falls short of the main question—that the variations which may be produced in animals in domestication and under the hand of man—therefore in artificial conditions—give no valid data for inferring their variations in a state of nature. But while Mr. Darwin recognizes the necessity of an independent investigation of the variations which take place in a state of nature, his reply to the objection is just and cogent. The fact of variation under domestication settles the question of the plasticity of living organisms, or their capabilities of change—while in the larger view, man himself is to be regarded as but a part of nature's agencies for the accomplishment of her ends.

E. L. Y.

VARIOUS BOOKS.

— To the appealing outcry of some critics for "the American novel" we do not turn a very sympathizing ear. That characteristic Yankee that we hear so much of, who does not stay at home, but goes about "prospecting" and "enterprising," settling upon the boundless prairie and turning wild territory into States, is a very uninteresting, although, perhaps, a very useful creature; and we suspect that if the critics who demand so pitilessly that he should be put into our books, should find him in one, they would vote it insipid and dull, just in proportion to the faithfulness of his portrait. As a rule, respectable, thriving, fairly-educated and intelligent people are uninteresting in the exact ratio of their respectability and their thrift; and the fact that they leave one place for another, does not, it must be admitted, make them heroes or men of mark, or effect such a change in their fortunes as to add much to their interest as objects of study. The trading Western-city-making Yankee, too, is not attractive as a psychological study. His peculiarities are too few and too tame to tempt either writer or reader into close observation of their workings. His chief concern is to get rich and be, or at least seem, respectable, and the better he succeeds the poorer subject he is for the novelist. Happy is the people that is without a history; and in this respect what is true of mankind is true of a man. It is not, however, for want of endeavor that we lack the American novel with an American in it. The trials are many, but the successes are few, or, rather, thus far, none. And here is one more effort—"Margaret"*—which seems to be by a fresh hand at story-writing. If we are right in this conjecture, the author is to be congratulated upon the appearance of a book which it would be hardly fair to speak of merely as one of unusual promise; for it has much more than promise. As a story, as a picture of life, as a study of character, it will well repay any one for the reading of it. The characters of its personages are

* "Margaret: A Story of Life in a Prairie Home." By Lyndon. 12mo, pp. 360. Charles Scribner & Co.

painted in somewhat too strong a contrast of light and shade. The good and the kind people *seem* to give themselves up somewhat too much to being good and kind; and the selfishness and hardness of heart of the opposing forces are too constantly manifest. Hence, chiefly, we infer a lack of extended observation, and of practice in writing, on the part of the author. As to the rest, the traits of character which are represented, the personal peculiarities, the habits of thought and of speech—they are all true to nature, and true with a vividness which arrests attention and gives pleasure. There is nothing peculiarly American about the book but its machinery, the surroundings of the personages, and the dialect of some of them—in brief, its costume. Margaret, who gives the story its name and its chief interest, is thirty years old when she first appears, and is merely such a true-hearted, bright, ready-handed woman, as there are (thank Heaven for them) thousands of in the Old England and in the New; but few readers will fail to love her, and be solicitous for her happiness, before they have been half an hour in her society. She takes under her care, too, a little negress, who is excellent company. She appears at first as Miss Linkum; and when asked, in a catechetical fashion, who made her, replies, to the horror of the good boy who puts the question, "Dunno. Mass' Linkum, I spec; he made mose all de brack folks." If Topsy had not been made, Miss Linkum, afterward bright Chloe, would probably not have appeared by the side of Margaret. But she is not a mere imitation or reminiscence; and the fact that she brings to mind the only real flesh-and-blood personage in Mrs. Stowe's much over-praised and poorest novel, does not necessarily derogate from the original capacity of the author of this very interesting story, which is, in every respect, far above the average novels from the pens of American authors.

—"Behind the Scenes"* is the title of a shameful book, in which a mulatto woman, half dressmaker, half lady's maid, makes revelations about the private lives of Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Lincoln. Any lady with a sense of delicacy and self-respect who might have employed her, would have "shut her up" with a sharp reproof if she had begun to tell such tales in private; and we regret that Mr. Carleton should have added to one or two other professional indiscretions the publication of such a thoroughly contemptible volume of tattle. A few more such publications will get him a bad name of which he will find it difficult to rid himself. True, such books sell; but we should be sorry to believe that in that he would find full recompense.

—The Greek, Latin, and English Grammars,* written by the late Peter Bullions, are held in high and well-deserved favor by many of the most competent teachers in the country. They are distinguished by simplicity, clearness of statement, and systematic arrangement. Grammar, although logically developed, seems to the young student the most arbitrary of all the arts and sciences; but it is one great merit of the Bullions grammatical series that this feeling is done away with in a very considerable degree and that the learner sees, in a measure at least, that each step is the natural consequence of its predecessor, while at the same time the principal laws and facts of the structure of each language are so clearly and impressively stated that they can be seized upon and retained by an ordinary mind with ordinary application. The present edition of

* "Behind the Scenes." By Elizabeth Heckley, formerly a slave, but more recently *modiste* and friend to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. Or, "Thirty Years a Slave and Four Years in the White House." 12mo, pp. 371. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

* "The Principles of Greek Grammar, with complete indexes for schools and colleges." By Peter Bullions, D. D. Revised by A. C. Kendrick, D. D. 12mo, pp. 449. New York: Sheldon & Company.

"The Principles of Latin Grammar, comprising the substance of the more approved grammars extant. With an appendix and a complete index. For the use of schools and colleges." By Peter Bullions, D. D. Revised by Charles D. Morris. 12mo, pp. 390. New York: Sheldon & Company.

"A Practical Grammar of the English Language, with analysis of sentences." By Rev. Peter Bullions, D. D. 12mo, pp. 336. New York: Sheldon & Company.

the head and neck remained; the rest of his body was as inactive and lifeless as clay. But John Carter was not without friends. His wife and sister waited on him with the unwearying assiduity of love; and whatever others could do, to occupy and ease his mind, was done. At length a fortunate day brought to his knowledge the case of a young lady who, being deprived of the use of her hands, learned to draw with her mouth! He caught at the idea, and made the trial himself. Having contrived a desk for his paper, fixed in a convenient position near his head, he began by attempting to draw Hamilton and Burns, as mere outlines. This he found too difficult, and took a more easily mastered method, that of drawing with a brush in India ink. His mode of working was painful and laborious. His wife or sister would fill the brush. Taking it in his mouth, he would hold it round so as to dispose of all his superfluous ink and bring its point to a fine point. His work was done at the drawing-stroke by stroke, slowly, and not without much effort and weariness, nothing after many years and studying his own way. In the manner he executed a large number of exquisite works, esteemed and by very high artistic qualities. Many an artist who has all the use of his hands would be glad to attain the firmness, the precision, and the delicacy of touch which Carter acquired. He was about twenty years old when injured, and up to that time he had never studied drawing, nor had he evinced any care for pictures. That in his disabled condition he should acquire a knowledge of drawing and of the principles of composition, is one of the marvels of human experience.

In Mr. Knoedler's Gallery the visitor finds a very attractive collection of American and foreign paintings. It is a warm changing; but the days are rare indeed when a visit there is not rewarded by the sight of some work of Bonvin's, or Hamon's, or Meissonier's, or of some other artist of world-wide celebrity.

Among the new engravings in our picture stores this season is Landseer's portrait of himself and two dogs, called "The Connoisseurs." It represents the great animal painter in the act of sketching, while over each shoulder looks one of his canine friends, gravely and very wisely watching the progress of the work. There has been a rumor, brought across the water, that Landseer was rather chagrined on the return, with his sitters, and brought no satisfactory himself great credit.

Mr. Prang's chromo-lithograph of Mrs. James Lenox's "Easter Morning" is one of the most successful of the series. The picture is very nearly as fine as ever and true to the original.

Mr. Cheever has painted a large Hungarian picture called "Three Years Since" which is to be reproduced in chromo-lithography by a firm in Berlin. The same house will produce Mr. Beard's "Old Woman that Lived in a Shoe," a picture very well suited to chromo-lithography.

Mr. Richards and Mr. Gifford sailed for Europe the last of May. The former intends to be absent several years, and will visit Syria and Egypt. The grand scenery and the monuments of the Nile will give him something to think about besides the autumn woods and misty lakes of which he has given rather a surfeit of late.

— We notice, and take it as a hopeful sign for the future of American art, that many of our artists are giving their attention to purely American subjects. Colman, for instance, is painting a series of New York subjects with which he has been familiar from his boyhood; and we have no doubt he will do greater things with this city than he has done with the cities of Old Spain. How strange it is that so many artists should overlook the material that lies constantly before their eyes; that so many of our artists should disregard the picturesque and beautiful at their own doors, and wander off thousands of miles for subjects! They go to the Rhine, to the Yo Semite, to Labrador, to Syria, in search of novelties; when the streets, the piers, the market-places, and the harbor of New York afford subjects worthy of the greatest efforts of the greatest minds. We are, of course, thankful to Church for making us acquainted with the grand aspect of the Andes, and to Bierstadt for his panoramic transcripts of Rocky Mountain and Californian scenery; we can admire and applaud the energy with which Bradford pursues his Arctic studies, and

shall be glad when James Hart returns with his Mexican pictures. Yet all the objects which our wandering artists seek to gain might be attained without neglecting our own city. But artists, as Wordsworth says of poets:

> Vain men in their mood,
> Travel with the multitude.

The popular taste calls for something new and strange, unconnected with every-day experience and thought; and so Church goes to South America and the far East, Bierstadt to California and the Rocky Mountains, Hart talks of making an excursion to the city of the Montezumas, and McEntee has already left for Egypt and the Holy Land. It isn't a question, observe, of grand, or noble, or of beautiful treatment; but one of strange and novel subjects. Place side by side two pictures in a New York gallery—one representing a certain phase of city life, and the other a certain phase of life, say in Cairo or Damascus, and though the pictures were of equal value as artistic productions, yet the foreign subject would more readily find a purchaser. This explains, perhaps, the neglect of New York by almost all our artists, who are not, however, altogether free from blame for not doing more toward fostering a more healthful art-sentiment among our people. We neither overlook nor underrate the influence of foreign-born picture-buyers in this country. It is natural that Germans and Frenchmen here should prefer pictures that recall the scenes of their own land; but enter an American's parlor, and ten to one, if he has any pictures on his walls, you will find foreign instead of American subjects. Of course, no one is silly enough to desire the exclusion of foreign subjects, or foreign works of art; but we think there can be no doubt that American art would attain more importance, and achieve higher triumphs, if American artists would paint more constantly the scenes and the life with which they are familiar, instead of seeking subjects in foreign lands—that Colman, for example, is doing American art a greater service in painting the Battery than in painting the Alhambra.

S. S. C.

— AMID the bustle, the confusion, and the rapidity of the present age, it is curious to observe the effect produced upon the professors of such old-fashioned arts as painting and sculpture by modern ideas and invention. One looks in vain through the halls of the Royal Academy, Leigh's Life School, and other points of reünion, sacred to the brotherhood of the chisel and brush, in London, for the poor artist, once so familiar, and whose continental prototype still haunts the Rue Bonaparte, in Paris, and the Caffé Greco, at Rome; the man with the creasy felt hat, the tangled locks, the untrimmed beard, and the shabby coat. Photography has put an end to his vocation! Deprived of his clients among the purchasers of cheap pictures, he has been worked off into something useful; does designs for prints, calicos, carpets, and wall papers; or is absorbed in a stained glass manufactory, where Gothic art absolves him from obedience to all laws of proportion, construction and perspective, and leaves him free to revel in angularity of articulation and harshness of outline which would have made the reputation of any pre-Raphaelite painter. The consequence is, that the class, once so Bohemian, has now become highly respectable, and is not only received into "good society," but even considered a *bon parti* by mammas and daughters of Belgravia. The ex-rapin now honors the tailors of the West End by his patronage, and, *mirabile dictu!* has sacrificed his flowing locks and exuberant beard! Still, he craves to be distinguished from mere common clay, and as, according to Bulwer, to be handsome is incompatible with a *distingué* appearance, artists, in their laudable zeal to avoid such an evidence of bad taste, sometimes go so far as to pride themselves upon eyes that play at cross purposes, limbs of unequal length, and dorsal vertebræ that scorn the conventional straight line. Indeed, there is scarcely a city on the other side of the Atlantic, of any artistic pretension, which cannot boast several members of the profession, compared to whom Richard the Third would have been an Adonis. In Paris, only a few years ago, there was a well-known gentleman, who entirely dispensed with such commonplace appendages as arms, and painted with his toes. In Florence, not only are there several painters with unequivocal dromedarian

tendencies, but there is actually a color-shop, of which both the proprietor and his two assistants are not merely hunchbacks, but positive dwarfs. One day an artist entered the shop, who was himself, as a University man would say, *decidedly crank*, and, seeing the master and his two well-matched assistants, exclaimed: "*O la botega è torta, o siami tutti Gobbi*"—"Either the shop is out of plumb or we are." But, in sober earnest, no class of men has profited more by the scientific advance of the age than that of the true artist. The camera has been of the most practical advantage to the painter. Meissonnier, and others of equal reputation, scarcely ever paint a picture without its aid, either during the preliminary studies or in the execution of the work itself. It enables them to obtain a marvellous precision in the drawing of the figures and in the disposition of light and shade. For the correct rendering of all movements of the human body which cannot be maintained for more than a few seconds by the model, it is invaluable. In a pecuniary point of view, the camera is to the painter and sculptor almost what the printing press is to the writer, especially when the means of the artist do not permit him the costly expense of engraving. Something like fifty thousand copies taken from the works of Hiram Powers alone, are sold annually. In England great efforts are made to foster the development of this branch of practical science. An important association has been organized, of which the Prince of Wales is president, and the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Northumberland, and other dignitaries are vice-presidents. The Prince's mamma may congratulate herself, that while he is blacking his fingers with chemicals, his Royal Highness runs less risk than usual of moral contamination. P.

— Few men in England, probably, have greater contempt for political consistency than Mr. Disraeli. Yet few men in England have a record on the Church Question more uniform and straight. To convict him of any change, one would naturally turn to the epoch in that gentleman's career, when —say in 1846—he led a "No-Popery, anti-Tractarian opposition." But such an examination convinces us that his views of ecclesiastical foundations have undergone no appreciable change during his quarter of a century of prominent political life. "Coningsby" was published in 1844. In that book Disraeli writes:

> Divorce the Church from the State, and the spiritual power that struggled against the brute force of the dark ages, against tyrannical monarchs and barbarous barons, will struggle again in opposition to influences of a different form, but of a similar tendency. . . . The priests of God are the tribunes of the people. O! ignorant! that with such a mission they should ever have cringed in the ante-chambers of ministers, or bowed before parliamentary committees!"

Here we see advanced quite as extreme opinions upon the alliance of Church and State in Disraeli's "Young England" days, as in his present brief laurelled hour of premiership. If it be objected that this was the utterance of mere fiction, in which dialogue and discussion reflect nothing necessarily of the author's personality, let us turn to the preface of a later edition, where it is expressly declared that the writer "adopted the form of fiction as the instrument to scatter his suggestions—a method which offered the best chance of influencing opinion." On the other hand, Mr. Bright lately claimed Disraeli's great compeer, Mr. Gladstone, the author of "Church and State," as a kind of convert to anti-establishment. At all events, it is erroneous to accuse Disraeli of manufacturing an extreme ecclesiastical view to which he was before a stranger, and of feigning an extravagant fervor of sentiment in order to carry a special point. On this particular subject he has been more consistent than on most others.

NEBULÆ.

— Poetry and puns may both be made to rule, and in quantities only limited by flow of ink and folios of foolscap. One of the readiest rhymesters we ever knew, and whose verses were always readable, commenced his operations by stringing a column of similarly sounding words along the outer edge of a sheet of paper, and then filling in ideas, rhythmically arranged, in the blank spaces. The same individual exploited the same idea in the perpetration of puns. One of his devices was searching the dictionary for words of double and diverse meaning, and then inventing humorous antithetic expressions more or less epigrammatic, as settings for the puns thus provided. Another of the resources to which he had recourse was the seizure of some well-known proverb or saying, and substituting its words and meaning by phrases of like sound but absurdly opposite sense. Thus:

I wandered in a narrow lane,
Near the East River's shore
I trod upon an iron hoop
Forninst a cooper's door.

And as I trod, the vengeful hoop
My shin did sorely smite.
The cooper chuckled as he looked,
Remarking, "served you right."

Moral.

Thus, like some things vermicular,
E'en things inanimate
Are prone, when rudely trodden on,
To turn and show their hate.

— A Boston paper contains the advertisement of "Carpediam" (query, *carpe diem*) which is further described as a "great English remedy to cure the love of strong drink. Wives save your husbands and friends. *It can be given secretly.*" In a New York paper we find advertised a "Great Anti-Whiskey Tonic, to take away the appetite for liquor. *Patient need not discover remedy.*" What revelations are these! Revelations not merely to inebriates, who ought to be carpediamed and tonicked, but to sober and upright men, whom their good wives may *suspect* of being tempted too often to take a friendly glass down town or at the club. None of us can know if we drink these drugs, because they can be "given secretly," and "patients [that may mean us] need not discover remedy." How does a man know what he sips in his Souchong and Mocha? Under that meek-visaged soup, what patent compound may not lie concealed? We may be swallowing carpediam on cauliflower, anti-whiskey remedies in asparagus. Stomachs of inebriates deserve, of course, to be drenched and drugged with potions as vile as those of the public bars. But let good wives with good husbands, mark well before essaying secret remedies, the story of Lucilia and Lucretius. The laureate tells us that she

Sought and found a witch
Who brewed the philter which had power they said,
To lead an errant passion home again.
And this, at times, she mingled with his drink.

Now, what was the result?

And this destroyed him; for the wicked broth
Confused the chemic labor of the blood.

Brew us no wicked broths, then, for our *consommé*.

— The "Boston Transcript"—that model of what an evening paper made for sensible, decent people, should be—told, not long since, a story which, in its judgment, pointed the moral that unruly children could, and therefore should, be managed without punishment. From a school which had been "well kept, so far as outward propriety is concerned," by a teacher who flogged rebellious boys when he deemed it necessary to do so—this teacher, this "tyrant," as the story goes, was removed and

a gentleman of the moral-suasion creed was put into his place. He soon had a turbulent young dog to deal with. He called him up, and the lad came and held out his hand for a licking, as a matter of course. "My boy," said Mr. M. Suasion, "I'm not going to strike you. I never whip lads like you. Sit down at my table, and keep quiet for the present." The boy—so again the story goes, and it is not at all incredible—overcome by kindness where he had expected violence, burst into tears, and afterward became one of the most docile pupils in the school. We think that we have heard something like this before. It is a very pretty story, and very fine and instructive, as far as it goes. But like so many other parables, and allegories, and moral tales, it doesn't go quite far enough; in fact, it stops just short of the essential point, upon which it leaves the inquiring mind quite in the dark, like those other stories that end, "then I came away." If all stiff-necked boys melted into tears at the touch of kindness, and then went straightway home and had their backbones taken out, there would be nothing more to be done or said about the matter of discipline. But if this were the natural course of things, is it not just possible that the world would have found it out some years ago; perhaps not before a certain man wrote, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," but somewhere about that time, or not long afterward? Suppose this unruly boy had sat down and begun to draw caricatures of his teacher, to grumble at him, and, like Fortinbras, to "make mouths at the invisible event"—a licking; suppose he had refused to sit down at all, but had gone back to his place and continued to misbehave himself; suppose he had laughed in his sleeve at his teacher for a muff and a spoony, and had kept on his old ways—what then? Boys who would take one or the other of these courses under such circumstances, are not so very scarce that they can be set aside in all generalizations. Now, we are no advocates for flogging, or for forcible measures of any kind, unless they are necessary to the maintenance of due subordination. For punishment is not instruction; it is compulsion. No reasoning creature was ever made better by punishment or violence. But in case a boy refuses obedience, rebels, his master, if he is worth his salt, will bring such a pressure upon him that he will submit, and if he resists, will, if he is a man fit to command, then and there seize him, and by some physical means, will let it plainly be known and felt who commands that ship; and the bigger the boy, the quicker and the more thoroughly will this be done. This point being once established, and every boy in the school having a lively and ever-present consciousness that while he is there he has got to obey its master, even if it comes to corporeal punishment and physical compulsion, kindness may have sway up to the very verge of the outbreak of actual rebellion.

— The worst of most stories with a moral is that, with a very little trouble, they might all be made to teach just the contrary of what, as they are told, they do teach. They are like roads which, if made by a person who understands his business, and who wishes to take you to a pleasant spot, will take you there; but the least deviation from the one direction, on the part of your engineer, may, after a little while, lead you into a quagmire. You are following, not the stars or your instincts, but another man's guidance, who shows you, not all that is to be seen, but just what he wishes you to see. The good little boy who did not buy apples and buns for his luncheon, but saved his money and gave it to a poor and pious cripple on the verge of starvation, and who, therefore, ate his own dinner with a heartier appetite, and with the self-complacent consciousness of having done a good action, might, on the contrary, just as well have been made sick for want of his nooning, and have given his money to a wicked old woman who would have spent it on gin, and gone home half drunk to scold her husband and beat her children. The truth seems to be that stories are instructive as illustrations, but not otherwise. They may be helps to the understanding of the teacher's doctrine; but, be they real or fictitious, they do not prove, they do not teach. They neither prove nor teach in the slightest degree. Illustration is their function, and illustration is the lighting up, the casting light upon a subject. *Hæc fabula docet*—this fable teaches—is a wrong

conclusion. It should be written, This fable exemplifies. And even in the way of illustration, the moral story-teller is not free. He who makes his story teach *anything*, merely runs the risk of being laughed at for his pains. He must keep within those bounds of probability which are set by the instincts of our common nature. The person who should teach a general truth by means of a parable which turned upon a mother's lack of love for her only son, would have a limited audience, and a yet narrower circle of disciples. And yet there are mothers who do not love their children; and extremely rare as these cases are, they are yet sufficiently supposable to trip up a story-telling teacher whose moral rested upon the assumption that mothers always do love their children. Indeed, the part of the fable in the instruction of the world seems to be played out. Its function was the instruction of the ignorant, the unthinking—those who accepted, without question, what was told them by teachers in whom they had faith, or who, at least, were able to catch and hold their attention. These people were intellectually stirred, morally improved, and really taught, by stories which roused their sympathies and conformed to their experience of life; but every man who does even a little thinking, is presuming enough and inquisitive enough to peer behind a metaphor.

— AMONG the bills introduced at Albany during the present legislative session, was one designed to incorporate a "National Burglars' Insurance Company." It is rather a novel project, but why not a good one? We have fire insurances and water insurances, life insurances and limb insurances, cattle insurances, furniture insurances, freight insurances, and why not, therefore, burglar insurances? If we seek pecuniary protection against railroad directors, incendiaries, switch-tenders, and people of that sort, why shall not we have it against thieves? Indeed, could we only extend this system to *all* roguery and sponging, we should have a Paradise of it here on the earth. A bank would take out a policy against dishonest tellers, a merchant against defaulting clerks, the public treasury against the public leeches, a husband against his wife's poor relations, a corporation against its ring, a matrimonial adventurer against a bungling match, and so on. Whatever mortals have, and wish to keep, whatever mortals have not, and wish to avoid, should be made the subject of insurance. We would not despair even of a National Hat and Umbrella Insurance Company.

— A POETICAL correspondent sends us these "mystical" verses:

THE TRAPEZIAD.

[By A. J. McGINKS, late Dialect Professor in St. Riter's College, and now Resident Director of a Street Crossing Company.]

Musing near a limestone quarry,
Micaceous lava by my side,
Wrapt in melancholy—sorry—
I watched the trapezoidal tide.

The Tmesis singing in the skies
With stereoscopic euphony;
The harsh Ophidian's towering cries
Ne'er roused my deep cacophony.

At length I woke, in climax wild,
And peering thro' the glittering sheen,
Upstarted, wondering how beguiled
Had sulphuretted cynics been;

For, right before me stood a form
Arrayed in cataplastic guise;
And in his hand, from murder warm,
A syncope of hugest size.

He waved his sarabund on high,
His catapultic visage frowned,
While flashed his therapeutic eye
On fossil bivalves crusted round.

"Thou Subterfuge!" I hoarsely cried,
"What pericardium brought thee here?
Thou diatribe of perchloride!
Prepare to meet thy lager bier!"

The beetling cliff incumbent reared
Behind the roysterer's paradox,
And soon his concrete head appeared,
Infinitesimal on the rocks.

Moral.

When prophylactics raise their heads,
Or legislative lenses frown,
Ne'er pause where plastic folly weds,
But strive at once to knock them down.

— IN Mr. Emerson's last published essay upon Quotation and Originality, he maintains that all minds quote; that old and new make the warp and woof of every movement. "There is no thread," he says, "that is not a twist of these two strands." Himself regarded by many persons as the

most original thinker in America, not only is such an admission by him remarkable, and likely to carry weight, but it is noteworthy that one of his own productions, and one most peculiar, most striking in its thought and its form of expression, and which, no less from its singularity than from its merit, attracted much attention at the time of its first appearance, is an unmistakable, although probably unconscious reproduction of the thought of a composition with which he must have been acquainted, if not familiar. Mr. Emerson's short poem "Brahma" may not be as well known as it should be to all our readers. Its first stanza opens the subject, and with characteristic suggestion gives its key-note thus:

> If the red slayer think he slays,
> Or if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, and pass and turn again.

This poetical paradox, mysteriously hinting at the existence of one soul which pervades all nature, and which merely changes its abode when matter changes its form, is followed by a stanza the assertions of which are more within the apprehension of those who are familiar only with the common tenets of orthodox theology:

> Far or forgot to me is near,
> Shadow and sunlight are the same;
> The vanished gods to me appear,
> And one to me are shame and fame.

This, as we heard a blunt, straight-forward critic once say of the whole poem, is only a roundabout way of saying that God is everywhere; an appreciation that suggests another, of a famous line in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that in which the imperial votaress, vainly shot at by Cupid, is said to have passed on,

> In maiden meditation, fancy free.

A Shakespearean enthusiast was once descanting thereupon, on the deck of a steamer passing up the Sound. He paraphrased the line, and told his hearers, somewhat needlessly he thought, how daintily the poet had expressed the condition of a virgin heart; when a straight-haired, tobacco-chewing individual, who had sidled into the circle of his listeners, broke out, "Oh, ye-es, I see! He mean't the gal hadn't had nary sweetheart. Why in thunder didn't he say so then?" But to return to our stanza. It contains one strong line—

> The vanished gods to me appear,

which takes us behind old Saturn and older Ops, and suggests that Brahma has seen the rise and decay of more than even the mythologies known to history. The climax of this fine little poem is, however, in its third stanza, in which the central thought, which informs the whole, is expressed with great power of fancy and felicity of phrase:

> They reckon ill who leave me out;
> When me they fly, I am the wings;
> I am the doubter and the doubt,
> And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

This is not roundabout—it is simple, direct; but it is mysterious, and to those who can apprehend and contemplate the thought that it presents, truly awful. It was for this stanza, plainly, that the whole poem was written; for the next and last is but a comparatively feeble winding up of the story with a moral, in which we are told that if we find Brahma we may "turn our backs on heaven." Now, from this new, strange poem, let us turn back two centuries, to a poet with whose writings Mr. Emerson cannot, we may be sure, but be somewhat acquainted—John Fletcher—and read his Hymn to Venus:

> O divinest star of heaven,
> Thou, in power above the seven;
> Thou, sweet kindler of desires
> Till they grow to mutual fires;
> Thou, O gentle queen, that art
> Curer of each wounded heart;
> Thou, the fuel and the flame;
> Thou, in heaven, here, the same;
> Thou, the wooer and the wooed;
> Thou, the hunger and the food;
> Thou, the prayer and the prayed;
> Thou, what is or shall be said;
> Thou, still young and golden tressed,
> Make me by thine answer blessed.

The likeness of thought and expression between Mr. Emerson's verses and Fletcher's is so great that, to all intents and purposes, it amounts to identity. The paradoxical motive is absolutely the same in both. Both present one individual as at once the subject and object of action. And between the Concord sage's

> I am the doubter and the doubt,
> And I the hymn the Brahmin sings,

and Fletcher's

> Thou, the prayer and the prayed;
> Thou, what is or shall be said,

the difference is only verbal. Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Emerson had Fletcher's lines in mind when he wrote "Brahma;" and the latter had its spring if not its impulse in the former. It would seem as if Mr. Emerson not only stole the materials of his brooms, but stole them ready made. But is "Brahma" therefore a plagiarism from Fletcher? No; or only in so far as Mr. Emerson himself tells us that all thought has in it a twist of borrowed thread. Mr. Emerson has elevated and strengthened the thought in Fletcher's hymn. Fletcher, notwithstanding his paradox, moves us but feebly with a sense of mystery; he piques curiosity and pleases fancy, but does not impress with awe. His hymn is the aspiration of a lover who sees in Venus at once the apotheosis of his own earthly goddess and the embodiment of the passion in which he is absorbed. Emerson's is the utterance of a priest and prophet who, possessed by the god, declares to the world the most awful of mysteries. The spirit of the two compositions is entirely different, although their forms are almost identical. It is remarkable that Mr. Emerson should himself have furnished so striking an example in illustration of his own doctrine, the universal truth of which, however, may reasonably be doubted. There is indeed very little thinking that does not rest upon or start from previous thought; but the foundation once secured, the starting point once left behind, the superstructure may be, and sometimes is, entirely original, both in design and in material, the course may be, and sometimes is, over intellectual fields untracked by previous explorers.

— IN running over an obituary notice of the late Lord Brougham, in a recent London journal, there flashed upon our memory, from the electric chain wherewith we are all bound, a verse by an English cockney, at the period of the great Commoner's elevation to the Lords, which strikes us as well worth perpetuating. It is funny (and *punny*) enough to come from "Punch;" but although that renowned sheet, from time to time, had hundreds of caricatures of, and squibs upon, the "noble Lord," this was not among them, nor do we remember its paternity. It sounds very much like Tom Hood:

> Vy is Lord Grey like a sweeping man,
> Vot close by the crossin' stalks?
> Cos, ven he's made as good sweep as he can,
> He takes up his Brougham and Vaux.

Or, "in words to that effect":

> Why is Lord Grey like a sweeping man,
> Who close by the crossing stalks?
> Because, when he's made as good sweep as he can,
> He takes up his broom and walks.

— "I saw, not long since," writes a friend to the editor hereof, "the remains of a very aged person, Mrs. Maria Haring, ninety-three years old, conveyed to their last resting place, not far from the spot where Major Andre was executed in the Revolution. She had a distinct recollection of that event, though she was but six years of age at the time. Doubtless there is not another person now living who witnessed that execution. Some ten years ago, a very old lady, a Mrs. Verbruyck, who occupied Washington's Headquarters at Old Tappaan Town, and with whom I often conversed, departed this life. She saw Andre hung, and had a perfect recollection of all the sad circumstances. 'Oh, he was a most lovely man,' said she, 'and was as gentle and kind as he could be. The morning he was to be hung, I took him over four beautiful peaches—it was the second day of October. He thanked me most sweetly, broke one of 'em open, and tried to eat it; but somehow he didn't seem to have no appetite! He was very handsome and polite. There was a picture of him, very natural, made by himself, on the stone wall of the old 'Seventy-six House; but they let an old negro woman whitewash it out one spring. It was too bad.'" "Like all who ever came in contact with Andre, whom I have ever met," writes our correspondent, "these aged ladies never ceased to lament that General Washington didn't permit him to be shot instead of dying on the scaffold. 'It was his last request,' added Mrs. Verbruyck; 'and until he looked up to the gallows, with a shudder, as the cart came on the ground, I know the poor young man expected to die the death of a soldier.'" Personal reminiscences like these, from living life, are now 'clean gone forever.'

Drawn by Sol Eytinge.

"FOR MY SAKE, FATHER, FOR MY SAKE!"—Page 159.

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KIT GRALE:

A Story of True Love.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

I.

HILBURY HARBOR—a little old house by the water-side. Sunset, the first of June.

He sat in the open door, looking out. Before him lay the reach of quiet water, winding away to the right, between shaded grassy slopes, patches of rank salt grass, and pebbly beach, to the Bay and the Sound beyond. Across the wooded ridge on the other shore, the golden light of the setting sun came flooding over his gray-streaked head and fever-worn old face. There came a weary, wandering look into his eyes, which sent no message to his brain of the pleasant summer scene. Kit saw the strange expression in his face, through the door of the inner room where she was busy getting the tea. That vague, unmeaning look was not strange to her, but only too familiar. Yet it pained her none the less for that. She saw that something must be done now, that he must be roused and set to work with a purpose, if this settled despondency was to be hindered from drifting into something worse. He was almost strong again. It was time to act.

She came through and leaned over his chair; laughed and chatted to him with a loving art; smoothed back his grizzled locks with a caressing touch. When he grew brighter, she told him her plans for the future, used all a woman's tact and all the skill of love to brighten the doubtful prospect, and incite to try once more the battle with fate in which he had been beaten already. She knew there was no use trying to move him by his own interest. He had no heart to try again, no desire for what he might gain. Only one motive was left by which she might move him—his love for her. To that she did appeal, earnestly, prevailingly. She argued her cause with skill and fervor, persuaded, reasoned, pleaded.

"Promise me, father," she finished, her face all flushed with eagerness. "Promise me you'll try. For my sake, father, for my sake!"

He got up and leaned against the door-post. He looked away across the Western hills to the matchless glory of the sunset clouds. The rich deep glow

fell full upon his face, and the face was firmer and more manful than it had been for months, more like the face of the happy old time that was gone forever. He turned toward Kit, then, and said, slowly and solemnly, "God help me, Kit, I will!"

That night they discussed their plans and prospects, and resolved what had best be done first. Kit saw her father brighter and more hopeful than for many a day, and knew that to keep him so, he must be kept in action. So it came about that they made the little necessary preparation for Grale to go to the city in the morning. It was rare pleasure to Kit to see how he strove against the gloomy inertia that had grown habitual with him since their troubles; to see him once more interested, and thoughtful of the future. She lay down to rest that night, not indeed without anxiety, but with a thankful, happy heart.

Grale took the morning boat, Kit watching him off and wishing him safe back. He missed her cheery voice and smile when he was gone; he was feeble yet, in mind and body. The old weary, stolid feeling stole upon him again, while the steamer ploughed on down the Sound, through the river, and ran in to the wharf.

He turned into Ship street and walked along slowly, watching the shipping at the wharves. It was a sight very familiar to his eyes. Many and many a time he had walked there and watched the same strange, bustling scene, when his step was quick and strong, and his blue eye bright with the light of hope and the pride of life. But times were sadly changed since then, and he was another man. Street and shipping and busy life were pretty much what they had been years before. There was the very pier before him, where he had moored the Flying Fish a hundred times. But a strange schooner lay in her old berth now, and John Grale stood there a broken man—broken in spirit. He stopped and looked about him awhile at the familiar surroundings, and the memories of the old time came thronging upon him very sadly. He stood irresolute—had no heart to go on.

"It ain't no use," he muttered. "They're all gone now—all gone. There was George went first on that cursed reef, an' that was hard enough, God knows. I wish I'd 'a drowned along of him that night. Then there was poor Emily went after her brother, an' now the Fish is gone, too, with the rest. It's late in the day to begin it all over again—it ain't worth the while a-tryin'."

He leaned against a wall a while in gloomy abstraction. But after a little he started up with a changed expression, put his hand vaguely to his head, then muttered again, as one who suddenly recovers a broken thread of memory:

"Yes, yes, I forgot. I remember now. No—not all gone, not all. That's what I said to Kit. An' Kit, she said, wouldn't I try for her sake. Ay, Kit, I've you left, any way; an' you're worth any man's working for, late or early. Yes, yes, I promised an' I will—for your sake, Kit, for your sake!"

He started on then more briskly than before, with an evident purpose in his gait—down Ship street, up Bullion lane. It was summer time, and the sun glowed hot and sultry on the bricks and stones. The human tide rolled onward up the street, went swirling and eddying round and round him. He found the number he wanted, 209, and went up to the second floor where the office was.

Was Mr. Wyckel in? He was; would the gentleman walk into his private office?

Grale went in. The lawyer sat at his desk, writing rapidly, his head screwed round to one side to clear his eyes of the smoke of the cigar which was always

between his teeth. As Grale entered, he looked up keenly from under his brows, without lifting his head, his hand still driving the pen. His eyes dropped again. He scratched and puffed on to the end of his sentence, his head all the while screwed awry. He sat up then, took the cigar from his mouth, and said:

"Ah, John! it's you, is it? How do you do?"

He got up, put the pen between his teeth, and offered his hand.

"What's the news?" he asked, behind the pen-holder. "How's all the folks in Hilbury? You ain't just looking like Samson yourself, John."

"Pretty well, sir; pretty well, thank'e. Not much news, I reckon. Hilb'ry's pretty much what it was when your father had the Pine Hill place. But what I come in to-day, Mr. Wyckel, was to see if you couldn't help me in a little matter o' business."

He took the pen from his teeth, replaced it with the cigar, and sat down, relapsing at once from his cordial appearance of interest in an old acquaintance and his early country home.

"You want legal advice, I suppose," he said. "Take a chair. Let me hear your case."

"No," Grale answered. "I don't want no advice, I want money."

"Oh, money, eh? Well, let's hear," said Wyckel.

"I'll tell ye how 'tis," Grale went on. "Ye know I been a many year now a runnin' packet 'tween Hilb'ry an' town. I started in a little sloop, the Lapwing, forty-seven ton, in '39. We got along pretty well, an' laid by enough in five year to sell out an' buy the Fish. You know the Fish, Mr. Wyckel? You come down in her with me once for a lark I recollec', when you was a young feller in old Joe Grapple's office."

"Yes, yes, I know the Fish well enough," said the lawyer, impatiently. "Get to the point, John. Come to the business."

"Well, I will, sir, fast as I can. But ye might gim me a little time, Mr. Wyckel, for old times' sake. Well, as I was a-sayin', we kep' the Fish a-goin' pretty tight through the season, year an' year, an' never heerd but we give good satisfaction—tried to, anyway. We was misfortinate some years—bought on a venture sometimes and lost, or the Fish would carry away somethin' in a blow. But takin' one year with another we couldn't complain, an' managed to lay by somethin' handsome, case of anything should happen. But the tide turned in '49, an' the ebb's left me in pretty shoal water. My wife Emily died in '50, an' that was a hard blow, though Kit and me bore up the best we could. But since then, seems as if everything went wrong. I bought hay of the farmers on a spec' one winter, an' it went down a third on my hands. Then a lubberly Brexam schooner went an' run into us in the Gate, an' cost me more'n I could well spare to repair, lettin' alone losing the freights of four reg'lar trips in the drivin'est time o' year. Then they went and started that infernal propeller on my route and I was fool enough to try to fight 'em off. But it wasn't no use, as I might 'a known. Sheet an' sail ain't no sort o' a match for steam and screw. But I had got reckless-like; didn't care; didn't stop to think or count. I fought 'em desperate; carried for half what it cost me to run the schooner; carried for anythin' or for nothin' rather than let the stuff go to the Dreadnought. Week after week the bank-book dwindled more an' more. Kit tried an' tried to git me to hold on to what we had, an' try some other place. But I was mad an' a fool, an' kep' on, losin' regular every trip.

"Well, ye see, that couldn't last forever. One week I come home an' there

wasn't no more money at the bank. But I wouldn't stop even then. We had passed the Dreadnought on our way up, an' Delevan an' his crew chaffed us as they went by and give three cheers for the Dyin' Fish. I couldn't stan' that, no how. I swore I'd take freights free the next day she loaded, an' I did. I borryed what I could from the farmers an' took a full load that day anyway. Delevan laughed on the other side of his mouth that night—ha, ha !

"But that was my last trip. I couldn't borry no more money—couldn't pay what I had borryed. They come down on me ; got a 'tachment on to the Fish, an' sold me up. She went for a song, poor thing ! to Ben Egerley, of Northhaven, an' after sheriff, constable, and lawyers—no offence, Mr. Wyckel—had got all they could lay their hands on, there was just enough to pay the loan, an' ten dollars an' a quarter to me. Well, I don't exactly remember just what happened since : I been a little wild, I think, for some time—a little wrong, you know. I wouldn't 'a cared so if 't hadn't been for the Fish. I'd got so used to her ways, ye see, sir ; I come to feel to her like she was alive — like she was human. I ain't so young as I was once, Mr. Wyckel, an' it's hard work rowin' up stream when you've got so far down. If it wasn't for Kit, sir, I think I'd 'a gone an' drowned myself when they sold the Fish. Ye see, I wasn't just right in my head. But my Kit's the best girl, sir, an' the handsomest. She never give me one hard word for all my crazy folly. 'Father,' she says, 'we've been misfortinate, but we mustn't give in. You've had hard times, father,' she says, 'but you must keep a good heart. We must bear up an' try again. You'll try, father, won't you,' says Kit, 'for my sake ?' An' I promised her I would, sir, an' God help me, I will !

"An' that's what I've come about to-day, sir. I don't know how 'tis, but somehow I can't bear to think of goin' on the water under another man, after bein' master so long in the Fish. Howsever there's a bit of land on Kensel Point that a cousin of ours left to Kit some years ago. We'd try an' sell off part of it to start on the rest with the money, but Kit she promised that she'd never sell it as long as she lived. So I've come to ask you, sir, to lend us five hundred to start with. We'll give you a mortgage on the place, an' I think we can pay you the interest regular, an' clear it all off in three years. Kit an' me made some calculations 'long of the crops, an' I'm pretty sure we can promise that safe enough. I've brought the deeds of the place so you can see it's all clear."

The lawyer took the papers, examined them carefully, and said :

"This is all straight, I believe, John. I know the farm, I think—the old Haliburton place, isn't it, on the harbor side of the neck ?"

"Yes ; that's it," Grale answered. "You'll be easy on us in the terms, Mr. Wyckel, for the sake of old times ?"

"I'll make it right," said Wyckel. "You know these things must be done according to rule and custom."

He stepped into the outer office and spoke to one of the clerks :

"Mr. Marshal, will you take a mortgage and fill it out according to this deed ? take a blank with interest, assessment, and insurance clauses. And make it twenty days' default, at seven per cent.—for five hundred at three years."

Abraham Wyckel knew perfectly well that *rule and custom* made a mortgage from thirty to sixty days' default ; but his rule and custom was to get all he could and give as little as the law would let him. Once he had been an impulsive, generous boy. Now he was a hard man, and none the less for the mask of

urbanity which he commonly wore. Through years and years of perpetual reference to the letter of the law—years of familiarity with, and continual use of its inevitable errors and omissions, whereby it may be, and daily is, warped from the support of simplest justice—the habit had grown upon him of measuring all questions of right and wrong by code and statute; and, in business transactions, of using the same, either by an extreme construction, or technical evasion, and always in the most strictly legal form, in such a manner as to give him the best of the bargain.

Yet the world called him an upright man; and so he was, as the world reads. He knew that nothing pays a man so well, in money value, as sound credit and a good reputation. So he was honest in his dealings, within the limits of the Statute of Frauds, and his word as good as his bond, provided you took it in the strictest possible sense, and stripped it of all meaning which, though generally understood as attaching to the phrase, could not in strictness be proved to be expressed.

The clerk came in presently with the mortgage duly filled out. Grale took it and commenced to read. But he soon became confused and thoroughly befogged in the copious verbiage and endless replication of the form.

"I suppose it's all square, Mr. Wyckel," he said, looking up, ruefully; "but I can't make head nor tail on't. But ain't it a little stiff, sir—just a leetle stiff?"

And when he came to read the accompanying bond for a thousand, he was fairly frightened, and could hardly be reconciled to it, though Wyckel explained to him that the whole amount could not be collected, but only the actual debt; and that the bond was only used to make the lender more secure.

"Well, well," he said, shaking his head doubtfully, "I suppose you know best. But I don't see it clear for that. Mebbe ye might 'a been a little easier on us, for the sake o' old friends. But I can't go back on it now. I give my word to Kit, and I'll go through with it, fair or foul. But it looks a'mighty squally to wind'ard, an', Mr. Wyckel, like 't 'ould come on a blow 'fore we 're through."

"Well, John," the lawyer answered, "if you don't want the money, we can put this blank in the fire, you know. But business must be done on business principles. If you say the word, I'll send and have the title searched. Then I'll drop you a note, and you can have the papers signed properly by your daughter, bring them down, and get the money."

He rose then, bowed Grale out politely and went back to his writing and his cigar.

A week or two later, Grale received a note from the lawyer, went down with the papers duly signed and attested, and received the money. He was not a little astonished when Wyckel deducted more than a tenth for expense of search, drawing up the forms, and postage. But there was nothing for it but to submit.

II.

Kensel Point is a long neck of land lying parallel to the main shore, and almost severed from it by a land-locked harbor, opening eastward through a narrow inlet into the broad Hilbury Bay. The neck is connected at the western end with the main land by a long sweep of sand beach, generally some fifty yards or more in width, but in high tides or easterly storms often quite covered

in some parts. A carriage road winds round over this beach to Willowtree Dock, where the steamboat touches morning and evening, on her way to and from the city. From the dock the ground rises abruptly to the high table-land above, which constitutes the major portion of the point.

Half a mile from the dock, along the harbor shore, back from and above the road, stood the old Haliburton homestead, a square, two-story building, painted a dull, washy red, and looking rather shabby and weather-beaten without, but comfortable and pleasant within. Here Kit Grale and her father came to live now, and to take a new start in life. The ground slopes away into the road in front, to which a rain-gullied path leads straight from the door. The broad space on either hand was covered by a rank growth of long wild grass, and shaded by the spreading branches of venerable horse-chestnuts. A private lane leads up the steep ascent back of the house, between the locust thicket and the apple orchard, and then runs away back through level farm lands, woods, and salt meadows, to the sound. Below the slope in front of the old house and beyond the road, a row of great old poplars stands, and from their gnarled roots the white sands slope away, over which the lapping tides eternally rise and fall, in their ceaseless ebb and flow. The road skirts the harbor shore the whole length of the neck, from the steamboat landing to the light on the bar at the inlet. And along this road, at varying intervals, stand the four or five houses, where are the homes of all the dwellers on Kensel Point. Back of the neck, on the lonely sound shore, is the dangerous ledge called Gull Reef, where the crew of the Gallowshields went so bravely to their death, that wild night between October and November, twenty-one years before.

"Kit, girl," said Grale, thoughtfully and sadly (they sat together on the front porch, in the pleasant summer twilight, watching the rising tide rippling brightly through the foliage of the great trees, lapping and tinkling on the pebbly sands with a bubbling music indescribably sweet)—"Kit, girl," he said, "I was thinkin' o' George just now—your uncle, Kit, that you never seen. Poor George! The sound o' the water ripplin' on the shore there makes me mournful like, though there's no music to my thinkin' like the sound o' the winds an' waves. He were a true heart, Kit, if ever were one. An' I was a thinkin' how uncommon strange that I should go knockin' about salt water an' fresh for twenty year, an' then come back after all an' turn landsman on this same point, where the tide an' wind drove us ashore that night."

Kit Grale had lived through her childhood in their little old house at the head of Hilbury Harbor, a bright, careless, hearty child, forever in mischief, and giving her mother no little disquietude by perpetually getting afloat in any craft that offered, from a six-foot scow to old Tommy Crockel's long-boat, with mast and sail. She took to the water as naturally as a duck, and seemed utterly reckless of danger. So it came about that she early became expert in water-craft, and by constant exercise and exposure to air and sun acquired insensibly a hardy constitution and a self-reliant feeling of strength that has stood her in good stead, and will, to the end of her life. At the age of fourteen, Kit was suddenly and roughly awakened from the thoughtless dream of youth, by the death of her mother. Her grief at this time had something almost awful in its strength, its utter abandonment, its wild despair, its angry, even fierce rejection of sympathy and consolation. And when the intolerable bitterness of the pain wore off with time, as it ever does and must, she came out of the fiery trial with a new-found consciousness of duty to be done and character to be formed. The wildness

was gone out of her laugh, and was replaced by a settled cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits that kept her cheery of heart and face, and sustained her nobly in time of need. The craving for perpetual action and adventure, the hasty recklessness of her child-life, settled into a steady unfaltering devotion to a fixed purpose and a thoughtful habit of arranging all the little incidents that make up life, with reference to the direct or ultimate furtherance of that object. This purpose of her life to which she now made everything subservient, was to fill, as nearly as might be, her mother's place, and make up to her father the loss of his wife.

And all through the troubles which followed so thickly, she never failed him, even in his mad folly; but was ever the same, giving him of her strength in his weakness, cheering him with her happy smile, that never failed his return home, though often the heart behind it was faint for fear.

So now, coming with him to Kensel Point, she set herself steadily to the same purpose. And now she had a lookout ahead, a definite prospect to hope for and work for. She thought if they could hold their own these three years that the mortgage had to run, laying by something each year, and paying the interest as it came due, they could then, having the farm clear, live comfortably and easily, and give her father the rest which his broken state required. Calmly and resolutely, she set to work to bring about this result. Grale had come insensibly, in these troublous times, to think of Kit more as a stronger friend than as a daughter to be guided and protected. He consulted her constantly, and would follow her advice, though some of the neighbors shook their heads sagely sometimes. And he seldom suffered by his faith in Kit, for she had strong sense and keen mother wit; and, though she knew nothing of farming at first, she made friends with the best farmers on both sides of the harbor, and found them very willing to impart the results of their long experience. And though their opinions differed on many points, she had at once the calm judgment which is necessary to prefer a slow but safe method to a plausible but unsound one, and the daring which is required to take up a new theory which, though apparently rash and hazardous, is in reality an improvement on the universal practice.

Grale bought a team of cheap horses, a couple of cows, and such other stock and implements as were actually necessary. A neighbor had put in the spring crops on shares—spring wheat, vegetables, potatoes, and corn. But there were more weeds now than corn or potatoes; so Grale went to work with his plough, awkwardly enough at first, and his man Stubbs, an uncouth, slow-spoken, tobacco-chewing Yankee, with his hoe.

Stubbs lived with his wife and numerous progeny in a very small and tumble-down cottage on the other side of the orchard. In the harvest months, a green-horn was imported from Castle Garden to the assistance of the venerable Stubbs, and astonished Kit by his unlimited powers of consumption.

A rough, loud-voiced, quick-tempered, but honest and faithful Irish girl completed the household. And, with Bridget's assistance, Kit put into execution numberless little plans for saving and increasing the profits of the place. As soon as money enough could be scraped together more cows were bought, and poultry. And she was forever busy, keeping the house neat and cheerful, kneading, baking, skimming cream, churning, hunting eggs, setting hens and ducks, tending the broods when they hatched, besides sewing, knitting, and the hundred and one things which are always doing and waiting to be done on a farm. They kept a small sail-boat, which Kit named the Foam, and in which she

often went round to Hilbury, when any provisions were needed, through the two inlets and the two long winding harbors.

Grale went about his work steadily and quietly. It was hard work for the old salt at first, and often, when things went wrong and worried him, he came home feeling that he could not go back to the unwonted and distasteful employment. But Kit's bright face, that always had its brightest smile for him, invariably cheered him, and helped him on again. He saw her always busy, never showing signs of weariness, always cheery, and thoughtful of numberless little things that could add to his comfort or take any strain off him upon herself. And, seeing her so, he was constantly encouraged to hold on. The neighbors thought him a rather strange, melancholy man, but liked him withal, for his quiet, peaceable ways, never taking offence, always ready to oblige. He would constantly fall into fits of moody thought when not employed, and in these moods he had a trick of unconsciously muttering to himself, as one talks in his sleep. Often and often, Kit came to his side where he sat on the porch, in the pleasant evenings of those summer months, and heard him murmuring:

"But I promised her I'd try, and, God helping me, I will!"

Then she would speak to break his gloomy revery,

"What were you saying, father? Did you speak to me?"

And he would always answer, with a start and a dreary smile, putting his hand vaguely to his head,

"I was thinkin' o' George, Kit girl—thinking o' George."

Then she would chat to him, with simple but artful speech, and laugh too, very merrily, often with a heart that was anything but glad, and eyes downcast to hide drops that would glisten when she glanced at the broken face, so lined with the marks of life's battle and defeat.

Sometimes he would say:

"Come, Kit, put away that work—you're workin' too much, an' next thing you'll be gettin' pale and thin. Come out an' let's go an' get a breath of air. I'm choked for a free blow, Kit, on the blue water."

Then they would take the Foam and put her away for the light, if the wind was fair, or beat out slowly, down the long, narrow harbor. Through the inlet, then round the low light-house on the bar, on to the north, through the broad Bay, and so to the fresh breezes and tumbling waves of the open Sound beyond. Somehow the Foam would always take Gull Reef in her course, sooner or later, and, standing off shore if it blew, Grale would show her where the ship went down; or if the water was smooth, would run in close to the reef and show her the rock on which he and his mate were thrown that night, and from which his first and best friend, George Gladwin, dropped to his grave.

So the months passed, as months will. Grale came gradually, as he grew more accustomed, to be less moody, and to feel less repugnance to his new calling; grew finally to take a pleasure that surprised him, in watching the wonderful processes by which the crops grow through the infinite stages of tender shoot, green blade, and ripened fruit. Kit was always the same, cheerful, active—doing everything in a quiet, clever way, that it would do you good to see. Things prospered with them, and the prospect seemed every day more promising. The interest on the mortgage was regularly paid, the stock of the farm increased, and something was laid by toward the payment of the debt.

For two years and more they slowly but steadily prospered. Then the tide turned, as Grale said once before. The flood was past and the ebb was swift

and sure. The third winter the troubles began. The sheep took to blind staggers, got weak in the knees, fell down and got up again many times, then lay still and died, by two and threes. Potatoes, saved for a higher price in the spring, rotted in the cellars. Old Bill, the big bay, went well into the stable one night, and the next morning lay stark in his stall, with a noose of his halter drawn tight around his throat. A rascally sloop-captain took their hay to market when the harbor opened, and cheated them of half the money. A terrible snow storm came in March, when the young lambs wanted sun and south-west winds, and the poor puling things lay dead by fives and tens in a night. It rained trouble poured. Swiftly the cloud came back to the father's face—settled there, heavy and lowering. It fretted Kit ceaselessly, wearingly. She had troubles of her own, too. A thunder storm killed her goslings in the shell. Bet, the old sow made a breakfast two or three times off a brood of chickens. The milk of new cow turned out to be ropy, and the churn would go for hours together—half a day sometimes—and may be no butter then for their pains.

But she never flinched or faltered. As brave heart beat in that slight girl's breast as ever of soldier chief who keeps flag flying over leaguered fortress and flaunts defiance from the parapet, though famine and pestilence stalk gaunt within the walls, and the warder on the tower descries no help or hope!

God knows how she fared through it, against such odds, hiding a sore, sick heart behind a bright, brave face!

III.

It was summer time now, of the same year.

The months had worn through, as months will. We may weep or laugh, win or fail, save or sin—still tides rise and fall, winds come and go, stars shine, birds sing and trees leaf and bloom, wheat and weed grow lusty side by side, days pass and nights succeed. The sun goes down on the bloody battle; the moon swings up in the eastern sky, and the peaceful light lies calm and white on bomb-ploughed earth and ghastly, upturned face. The same brook prattles sweet thoughts of love to gentle maidens' ears that, in the tangle half a mile above, washes the bloody ooze from murder's matted hair!

Daily Grale grew more gloomy and absent. He had no heart for work—no lookout now but blank, staring ruin. He did strange things sometimes—little things that frightened Kit, brave as she was. But she made no sign, went about her duty steadily, ever cheerful, active, thoughtful; though a wearing anxiety and dread foreboding were always with her. With her at her work, with her in long, long hours of weary, wakeful nights, with her when she woke with a frightened start from troubled sleep, where it had still been with her, vaguely, horribly. "Oh, night, what prayers you hear, what tears you hide!" The wonted flush faded slowly out of her cheek; she could not keep this harrying care from thinning her cheek, but what she could she did. She cheered her father on, tried to give him hope when she saw none herself, to make him forget what was ever present to her. They bought another horse of a neighbor to take old Bill's place, and this, when added to the sum necessary to pay the debts which fell due, took very nearly the whole of the little fund laid up against the mortgage coming due. So they struggled on; the storm-cloud forever shadowing them, grew daily blacker and nearer, until it should burst in its fury and whelm them in utter ruin.

The summer drew on. The harvest was near. There was no money to pay a man from Castle Garden. Grale got in the oats and hay the best he could, with Stubbs's help, though poor enough help it was.

The mortgage fell due on the second of June; the twenty days passed by. Promptly came a note from the lawyer, demanding payment within twenty days, on pain of an action of foreclosure. There was no use in begging off, the letter said; the money was wanted, the loan would not be renewed. The words were underlined.

Grale grew moodier, more absent, day by day. He went about his work in a dumb, unseeing way, that was pitiful. He forgot himself constantly; would tell Stubbs he had fed the horses of a night, and Kit, hearing them paw, would go to the barn and find the poor brutes supperless. He would start to take the team to mow, and find himself standing by the mowing machine in the field, staring blankly, with a hoe in his hand. He felt that his mind was going from him, and strove, weakly, blindly, against the terrible phantom that crept upon him surely.

The winter grain ripened and must be cut. Then Stubbs struck. He must have higher wages. He had grown very insolent and ill-tempered of late. When Kit remonstrated with him, the brute told her he wouldn't work for a madman any more without higher pay. It was too much. Surely she had enough before. All the blood in her veins thronged to her cheeks; all the fire of her nature leaped to her tongue, at that foul blow. With a wrath in her face that made the coward quail, she ordered him off the place. But he did not know Kit Grale; he would not have tempted her if he had. He laughed a hoarse, brutal laugh, and stood his ground stubbornly. It was too much. Fretted on all hands, her self-command weakened by ceaseless anxiety, the fellow's insolence maddened her—she hardly knew what she did. They stood out by the barn, hid from the house. Some old hay-lugs lay about their feet. She stooped and picked one up.

"Will you go, you brute?" she said.

Her face was white now. Almost in despair before, the fellow's insults drove her wild. She raised the lug menacingly, a strange gleam in her eyes. He backed a step, but faced her stubbornly.

"You needn't to be so high an' mighty," he said, with a coarse laugh and an oath, "with such a crazy old fool for a daddy."

The club flashed through the air, the man dropped like a log and lay there. Kit turned away. She knew she hadn't killed him, that he'd come back to life soon enough. She had had a blow at fate in this base fellow's shape, and felt the better for it. She knew she had done only justice.

Then she ran over to the house where her father had gone when Stubbs had refused to work. Bridget came out to meet her. She had been faithful to them through all, rough in her ways, but honest, and strongly attached now to Kit and her father. She took her apron from her eyes as she came out. They were red and swollen, and her rough cheeks were wet.

"Oh, Miss," she said. "Do ye go in to yer pa. Sure I think he be goin' quare."

Kit went in, found him sitting, crouched down, with his head in his hands. She roused him, told him she had discharged Stubbs, tried to excite his anger against the wretch—anything to make him shake off this ominous lethargy.

"It ain't no use, Kit," he said. "I can't reap the wheat alone, and it wouldn't be no good, if I could. They'll sell us out in a week or two, any way."

"No, they won't, father; they can't," she said. "I got Bell Cleary to ask

her brother, and he says it'll be some time before they can sell us out, and we can pay it off any time before. We must hope for the best, father. You know you promised me you'd try; for my sake, father, for my sake!"

She saw Stubbs, through the window, sneaking away across the orchard, with his hand to his head. Poor Kit! true, tried heart! What should she do? What could she do? She had almost cried aloud in her extremity. She turned to hide the tremor in her lips, the blinding tears, the bitter sob that would rise.

Prate of true love—manly devotion—love of knight for lady! Give that slight girl a visible foe—steel-capped warrior in shirt of mail—give her charger and lance in rest—for this stolid old man's sake, she would ride you a tilt with the best, charge with all the fire of Bayard in her heart and cheek, and glory in the mad career, though the knight were Amadis himself! But this unseen enemy, this horrible phantom that crept upon her father, step by step—how could she battle that? She did not care for poverty—only for him. If she could have saved him, she would have bidden them sell, and laughed them to scorn. The world was wide, hers were deft hands and a stout heart. But how to save him—how to save him? She could see no hope for the future; she shuddered when she looked ahead. But she saw that the present duty was to keep him in action. For her to see, was to do.

"Come, father," she said. Her voice was clear and cheery—noble hypocrisy! "Come, father, we mustn't let that fellow get the best of us. We'll show him we can do without him. We'll cut the wheat in spite of him. I'll drive and you'll put off."

"It ain't no use, Kit girl," he said, gloomily. But he got up and went with her, as he always did now. They harnessed the horses and drove them up the hill and over to the wheat-field beyond. It was the 19th of July, raw and cloudy, strangely cold for the season. The field had been partly cut, and the reaper stood in the swath. Everything went wrong. The oil was so thick in the can that it would not run; the new horse, Robert, a young black, was unused to the clatter of the machine, and it was all Kit could do to make him and old brown pull together. Grale sat behind to throw off the sheaves. The grain was dripping wet. It clogged on the platform, would not go off straight. He tried a little while, but his heart was not in it. He saw behind him a line of tumbled bundles that no one could bind; he gave it up.

"Hold on, Kit," he called. "I can't do it."

She saw he could not; then she despaired. She sat still in the driver's seat, her face turned away. She knew not where to look or what to think. Her lips trembled, her heart cried to heaven. What should she do? what should she do? But she would not let him see. She would not give up yet.

"Father," she said, "this is my debt, not yours. I'll go and see Mr. Wyckel myself. Don't fear, father, I'll get the loan renewed—we'll come out all right yet. Come, father, let's go home. I'll go over to Hilbury in the Foam, take the three o'clock train, stop over night with Cousin 'Manda, and come up on the boat to-morrow night."

"Don't leave me Kit," he pleaded. "It ain't no use. He's a hard man—a hard man."

But she saw no other resource. So she reasoned with him, and he yielded to her, as he always did finally.

He helped her launch the Foam, and watched it glide away down the harbor toward the light.

A JOURNEY THROUGH MONGOLIA.

A FEW years ago, an American would have found a voyage to the South Pole about as feasible as a journey from Pekin to St. Petersburg by way of Mongolia. The capital of the great empire was not included among the cities opened by treaty, and only on rare occasions and at much personal risk could a foreigner be admitted there. If he went to Pekin by special courtesy of the government his movements were greatly restricted. If he adopted the dress of a native and travelled in disguise, he was liable to detection and punishment; possibly extending even to the loss of his head. The Russians had long maintained a mission—apparently more religious than diplomatic—at Pekin, but they suffered little of the information obtained there to go to the outer world. The Jesuits were for many years in favor with the Chinese government, and performed important services, but finally became so arrogant that they were suppressed and expelled. From their labors and observations the outer world was able to increase the store of knowledge which that prince of travellers, Marco Polo, has given us concerning the great city of the Khans. But their information was not extensive, and Pekin was little known to the West until the events of the last twenty years opened it to the feet and eyes of foreigners. Our own school books told us of the Great Wall of China, but its location and character were little better defined than those of the Mountains of the Moon. North of the great wall, toward the frontier of Siberia, lay the Desert of Gobi, rarely trodden by European feet, and jealously watched by the august ruler of the Middle Kingdom. The Mongol shepherds and camel drivers wandered over it, undisturbed by the presence of outer barbarians, and blissfully ignorant of distant lands.

But a change came over the spirit of the Oriental's dream.

Little by little the Chinese found their seclusion invaded by persistent foreigners, who brought precious gold and silver, and not less precious opium, to exchange for teas and silks. At the southern ports of the empire trade began and flourished between enterprising Celestials and the merchants from Western Europe. Wherever the latter obtained a foothold they clung with unflinching tenacity, and finally became so identified with Chinese commerce that their expulsion would have been very inconvenient. From the southern ports they crept northward, along the coast, and built suburbs to the Chinese cities lying near the ocean. On the north, the Russians stood face to face with the Chinese, and though carefully held at bay for more than a hundred years, they were ever ready to embrace opportunities for increasing the intimacy of the nations. But the Chinese, jealous of innovations, vain of their own wisdom, and reverencing the customs of their fathers, were slow to yield, and only learned, through misfortune, to respect the strength and intelligence of the outer world.

The war with the allied powers, the capture of Pekin, the humiliation of the government, the successes of the rebels, and the threatened extinction of the

dynasty on the throne, opened the narrow eyes of the Celestials and led to important changes of policy. Foreign nations became worthy of respect, and were considered too powerful to be treated contemptuously. The musket, the sabre, and the cannon, were potent civilizers, and introduced European principles more rapidly than any other agency. The steam engine was an important auxiliary, and its hot breath aided the less peaceful powers in melting away the wall of seclusion.

A gentleman once described to me the sensation produced by the first steam vessel that ascended one of the Chinese rivers. "It was," said he, "a screw steamer and we were burning anthracite coal that made no sign of smoke. Our sails were furled, and the little wind that blew was directly ahead. The current was about two miles an hour, and with wind and water unfavorable, the Chinese boats bound upward were slowly dragged by men pulling at long tow-lines stretching to the shore. We steamed up the middle of the stream, going as rapidly as we dared with our imperfect knowledge, and the necessity of constant sounding. Our propeller was quite beneath the water, and so far as outward appearance went there was no visible power to move us. Chinamen are generally slow to manifest astonishment, and not easily frightened, but their excitement on that occasion was hardly within bounds. Men, women, and children, ran to see the monster, and after gazing a few moments a fair proportion of them took to their heels for safety. Dogs barked and yelped on all the notes of the chromatic scale, occasional boats' crews jumped to the shore, and those who stuck to their oars did their best to get out of our way."

The treaty of Tientsin, made and ratified in 1860, opened the empire as it had never been open before. Foreigners could travel in China where they wished, for business or pleasure, and the navigable rivers were declared free to foreign boats. Exploration and travel began at once, and the extent of wealth and resources of that vast and thickly-peopled region was rapidly investigated.

The authorities at Pekin sought to exclude Mongolia from the operations of the treaty; they argued that, though under their government, it was not included in the stipulations, and in fact, though Chinese was not China. The bonds that unite Mongolia to the great empire are not very strong, the natives being somewhat indifferent to their rulers and ready at any decent provocation to throw off their yoke. Though engaged in the peaceful pursuits of sheep-tending and transporting freight between Russia and China, they possess a warlike spirit and are capable of being roused into violent action. They are proud of tracing their ancestry to the soldiers that marched with Genghis Khan, and carried his victorious banners into Central Europe; around their fires at night no stories are more eagerly heard than those of war, and he who can relate the most wonderful traditions of daring deeds may be certain of admiration and applause.

Since the Chinese hold upon Mongolia is a trifle precarious, it is not strange that the government should be unwilling to have foreigners looking through the country and spying out its extent, nakedness, resources, and general characteristics. Russian couriers and merchants were privileged to travel between Kiachta and Pekin under certain restrictions before the Treaty of Tientsin. The permission for such travel was conceded through fear of Russia rather than through love, and the Celestial government would have been happy to terminate such concession long ago, had it dared to do so.

Russia has an eye upon Mongolia, and seriously contemplates taking it under the powerful protection of the double-headed eagle. It is a curious fact, that a

large portion of Mongolia, and that part of Northern China known as Manjouria, appears on all the late maps of Eastern Siberia, and is delineated with considerable minuteness. The Chinese government fears to adopt any measure offensive to the Czar, and therefore pursues a vacillating policy which its wily antagonist uses to advantage. Whenever Russia thinks proper to do so, it will seize upon the coveted territory and make little apology to the Chinese for the act of annexation.

For a time the Chinese refused passports to foreigners wishing to cross Mongolia; but on finding their action was likely to cause trouble, they gave the desired permission, though accompanying it with an intimation that the privilege might be suspended at any time. The first "outside barbarian," other than Russians, who attempted this overland journey, was a young French Count, who travelled in search of adventure. Proceeding eastward from St. Petersburg, he reached Kiachta in 1859. After some hesitation, the governor-general of Eastern Siberia appointed him secretary to a Russian courier *en route* for Pekin. He made the journey without serious hindrance, but on reaching the Chinese capital his nationality was discovered, and he was forced to return to Siberia in place of proceeding, as he hoped, to Shanghai and Hong Kong.

I remark, by the way, that I leave out of present consideration the journey of John Bell, of Antermony, who accompanied a Russian embassy to Pekin in the time of Peter the Great. Equally omitted are Fathers Gerbillon and Pereyra, two Jesuit priests, from Pekin, who assisted the mandarins in making the Russo-Chinese treaty at Nerchinsk, in 1689. Portions of the route were traversed about twenty years ago by the Abbes Huc and Gabet in their wanderings through Chinese Tartary. The former has given an interesting account of his travels in Eastern Asia.

From Pekin—the wondrous city which Marco Polo describes as the home of the great Khan of Tartary, and which later visitors have extolled in various terms of praise—the traveller destined for Siberia passes through the northern gate amid clouds of dust or pools of mud, according as the day of his exit is fair or stormy. He meets long strings of carts drawn by mules, oxen, or ponies, carrying country produce of different kinds to be digested in the great maw of the Imperial city. Animals with pack-saddles, swaying under heavy burdens, swell the caravans, and numerous equestrians, either bestriding their steeds, or sitting sidewise in apparent carelessness, are constantly encountered. Now and then an unruly mule causes a commotion in the crowd by a vigorous use of his heels, and a watchful observer may see an unfortunate native sprawling on the ground in consequence of approaching too near one of the hybrid beasts. Chinese mules *will* kick as readily as their American cousins; and I can say from experience, that their hoofs are neither soft nor delicate. They can bray, too, in tones terribly discordant and utterly destructive of sleep. The Chinese have a habit of suppressing their music when it becomes positively unbearable, and the means they employ may be worth the attention of some of my readers. A Chinaman says a mule cannot bray without elevating his tail to a certain height; so to silence the beast he ties a stone to that ornamental appendage, and depends upon the weight to shut off the sound. Out of compassion to the mule, he attaches the stone so that it rests upon the ground and makes no strain as long as the animal behaves himself.

A Chinese pack-mule will carry about four hundred pounds of dead weight, if properly adjusted. The loads are not lashed on the animals' backs, but simply

balanced; consequently, they must be very nicely divided and arranged on each side of the saddles.

On the road from Pekin the track is so wretched, and the carts so roughly made, that journeying with wheeled vehicles is next to an impossibility. Travellers go on horseback—if their circumstances allow—and by way of comfort, especially if there be ladies in the party, they generally provide themselves with mule-litters. The mule-litter is a goodly-sized palanquin, not quite long enough for lying at full length, but high enough to allow the passenger to sit erect. There is a box or false flooring in the bottom, to accommodate baggage in small parcels that can be easily stowed. A good litter has the sides stuffed to save the occupant from bruises; and with plenty of straw and a couple of pillows, he generally finds himself quite comfortable. The body is fastened to two strong and flexible poles that extend fore and aft far enough to serve as shafts for a couple of mules. At the ends of the shafts their points are connected by stout bands of leather that pass over the saddles of the respective mules; each band is kept in place by an iron pin fixed in the top of the saddle, and passing through a hole in the leather. As the shafts are long enough to afford the animals plenty of walking room, there is a good deal of spring to the concern, and the motion is by no means disagreeable. Sometimes the bands slip from the shafts, and in such case the machine comes to the ground with a disagreeable thump; if the traveller happens to be asleep at the time he can easily imagine he is being shot from a catapult.

Just outside of Pekin there is a sandy plain, and beyond it a fine stretch of country under careful cultivation, the principal cereal being millet, that often stands ten or twelve feet high. Some cotton is grown, but the region is too far to the north to render its culture profitable.

About twenty miles from Pekin is the village of Sha-ho, near two old stone bridges that span a river which is now nearly dried away. The village is a sort of half-way halting place between Pekin and the Nankow pass, a rocky defile twelve or fifteen miles long. The huge boulders and angular fragments of stone have been somewhat worn down and smoothed by constant use, though they are still capable of using up a good many mule-hoofs annually. With an eye to business, a few travelling farriers hang about this pass, and find occasional employment in setting shoes. Chinese shoeing, considered as a fine art, is very much in its infancy. Animals are only shod when the nature of the service requires it; the farriers do not attempt to make shoes to order, but they keep a stock of iron plates on hand, and select the nearest size they can find. They hammer the plate a little to fit it to the hoof and then fasten it on; an American blacksmith would be astonished at the rapidity with which his Chinese brother performs his work.

The pass of Nankow contains the remains of several old forts, which were maintained in former times to protect China from Mongol incursions. The natural position is a strong one, and a small force could easily keep at bay a whole army. Just outside the northern entrance of the pass there is a branch of one of the "Great Walls" of China. It was built some time before *the* Great Wall. Foreigners visiting Pekin and desiring to see the Great Wall are usually taken to Nankow and gravely told they have attained the object they seek. Perhaps it is just as well for them to believe so, since they avoid a journey of fifty miles farther over a rough road to reach the real Great Wall; besides, the

Chinese who have contracted to take them on the excursion are able to make a nice thing of it, since they charge as much for one place as for the other.

The country for a considerable distance is dotted with old forts in ruins, and the remains of extensive earthworks. Many battles were fought here between the Chinese and the Mongols when Genghis Khan made his conquest. For a long time the assailants were kept at bay, but one fortress after another fell into their hands, and finally the capture of the Nankow pass by Che-pee, one of Genghis Khan's generals, laid Pekin at their mercy.

There is a tradition that the loss of the first line of northern forts was due to a woman. Intelligence was transmitted in those days by means of beacon fires, and the signals were so arranged as to be rapidly flashed through the empire. Once a lady induced the Emperor to give the signal and summon his armies to the capital. The Mandarins assembled with their forces, but on finding they had been simply employed at the caprice of a woman they returned angrily to their homes. By-and-by the enemy came; the beacon fires were again lighted; but this time the Mandarins did not heed the call for assistance.

The Great Wall—the real one—crosses the road at Chan-kia-kow, a large and scattered town lying in a broad valley, pretty well enclosed by mountains. The Russians call the town Kalgan (gate), but the natives never use any other than the Chinese name. In maps made from Russian authorities, Kalgan appears, while in those taken from the Chinese, the other appellation is used. Kalgan (I stick to the Russian term, as more easily pronounced, though less correct) is the centre of the transit trade from Pekin to Kiachta, and great quantities of tea and other goods pass through it annually. Several Russians are established there, and the town contains a population of Chinese from various provinces of the empire, mingled with Mongols and Thibetans in fair proportion. The religion is varied, and embraces adherents to all the branches of Chinese theology, together with Mongol lamas and a considerable sprinkling of Mahommedans. There are temples, lamissarries and mosques, according to the needs of the faithful; and the Russian inhabitants have a chapel of their own and are thus able to worship according to their own faith. The mingling of different tribes and kinds of people in a region where manners are not severely strict has produced a result calculated to puzzle the present or future ethnologist. Many of the merchants have grown wealthy and take life as comfortably as possible; they furnish their houses in the height of Chinese style, and some of them have even sent to Russia for the wherewith to astonish their neighbors.

The Great Wall runs along the ridge of hills in a direction nearly east and west; where it crosses the town it is kept in good repair, but elsewhere it is very much in ruins, and could offer little resistance to an enemy. Many of the towers remain, and some of them are but little broken. They seem to have been better constructed than the main portions of the wall, and, though useless against modern weapons, were, no doubt, of importance in the days of their erection. The Chinese must have held the Mongol hordes in great dread, to judge by the labor expended to guard against incursions.

As Kalgan is the frontier town between China and Mongolia, many Mongols go there for all purposes, from trading down to loafing. They bring their camels to engage in transporting goods across the desert, and indulge in a great deal of traffic on their own account. They drive cattle, sheep, and horses from their pastures farther north, and sell them for local use, or for the market at Pekin. Mutton is the staple article of food, and nearly always cheap and abundant. The

hillsides are covered with flocks, which often graze where nothing else can live. In the autumn, immense numbers of sheep are driven to Pekin, and sometimes the road is fairly blocked with them. Every morning there is a horse-fair on an open space just beyond the Great Wall, and on its northern side. The modes of buying and selling horses are very curious, and many of the tricks would be no discredit to American jockeys. The horses are tied or held wherever their owners can keep them, and in the centre of the fair grounds there is a space where the beasts are shown off. They trot or gallop up and down the course, their riders yelling as if possessed of devils, and holding their whips high in air. These riders are generally Mongols; their garments flutter like the decorations of a scarecrow in a morning breeze, and their pig-tails, if not carefully triced up, stand out at right angles like ships' pennants in a north-east gale. Notwithstanding all the confusion, it rarely happens that anybody is run over, though there are many narrow escapes.

The fair is attended by two classes of people—those who want to trade in horses, and those who don't; between them they manage to assemble a large crowd. There are always plenty of curb-stone brokers, or intermediaries, who hang around the fair to negotiate purchases and sales. They have a way of conducting trades by drawing their long sleeves over their hands, and making or receiving bids by means of the concealed fingers. This mode of telegraphing is quite convenient when secrecy is desired, and prevails in many parts of Asia. Tavernier and other travellers say the diamond merchants conduct their transactions in this manner, even when no one is present to observe them.

Unless arrangements have been made beforehand, it will be necessary to spend three or four days at Kalgan in preparing for the journey over the desert. Camels must be hired, carts purchased, baggage packed in convenient parcels, and numerous odds and ends provided against contingencies. Of course, there is generally something forgotten, even after careful attention to present and prospective wants.

But we are off at last. The start consumes the greater part of a day, as it is best to have nothing done carelessly at the outset. The heavy baggage is loaded upon the camels, the animals lying down and patiently waiting while their cargoes are stowed. Pieces of felt cloth are packed between and around their humps, to prevent injury from the cords that sustain the bundles. The drivers display much ingenuity in arranging the loads so that they shall be easily balanced, and the sides of the beasts as little injured as possible. Spite of precautions, the camels get ugly sores in their sides and backs, which grow steadily worse by use. Occasionally their hoofs crack and fill with sand, and when this occurs, their owner has no alternative but to rest them a month or two, or run the risk of losing their services altogether. The principal travel over the desert is in the cold season. In the autumn, the camels are fat, and their humps appear round and hard. They are then steadily worked until spring, and very often get very little to eat. As the camel grows thin, his humps fall to one side, and the animal assumes a woe-begone appearance. In the spring, his hair falls off; his naked skin wrinkles like a wet glove, and he becomes anything but an attractive object.

As a beast of burden, the camel is better than for purposes of draft. He can carry from six hundred to eight hundred pounds, if the load be properly placed on his back; but when he draws a cart the weight must be greatly diminished. In crossing Mongolia, heavy baggage is carried on camels, but every traveller

takes a cart for riding purposes, and alternates between it and his saddle horse. I remember with what aversion I regarded the first of these vehicles I saw on the Mongolian frontier, and wondered how they could be made endurable. The cart is a sort of dog-house on two wheels; its frame is of wood, and has a covering of felt cloth, thick enough to ward off a light fall of rain and embarrass a heavy one. It is barely high enough to allow a man to sit erect, but not sufficiently long to enable him to lie at full length. When going against a sharp wind, the front, in spite of its curtain, will allow a great deal of cold and sand to get inside. The body rests directly upon the axle, so that the passenger gets the full benefit of every jolt. The camel walks between the shafts, and his great body is the chief feature of the scenery when one looks ahead. The harness gives way occasionally, and allows the shafts to fall to the ground; when this happens, the occupant runs the risk of being dumped among the ungainly feet that propel his vehicle. One experience of this kind is more than satisfactory.

The travelling cart used by the Chinese is a good illustration of their unprogressive character. It is now precisely what it was two thousand years ago, and is likely to be for twenty centuries to come. Sometimes they get a trifle of elasticity by setting the wheels considerably aft the centre; but this is of only the slightest benefit to the traveller.

After passing a range of low mountains north of Kalgan, the road enters the table-land of Mongolia, elevated about five thousand feet above the sea. The country opens into a series of plains and gentle swells, not unlike the rolling prairies of Kansas and Nebraska, with here and there a stretch of hills. Very often not a single tree is visible, and the only stationary objects that break the monotony of the scene are occasional yourts, or tents of the natives. All the way along the road there are numerous trains of ox-carts, and sometimes they form a continuous line of a mile or more. Those going southward are principally laden with logs of wood from the valley of the Tolla, about two hundred miles from the Siberian frontier. The carts are quite rough in construction. The oxen are self-sustaining, and labor is cheap, so that the transport is not very expensive. The logs are about six or seven feet long, and their principal use is to be cut into Chinese coffins. Many a gentleman of Pekin has been stowed in a coffin whose wood grew in the middle of Mongolia; and possibly, when our relations with the empire become more intimate, we shall supply the Chinese market from the fine forests of our Pacific coast.

North of the vicinity of Kalgan the native habitations are scattered irregularly over the country wherever good water and grass abound. The Mongols are generally nomadic, and consult the interest of their flocks and herds in their movements. In summer they resort to the table-land, and stay wherever fancy or convenience dictates; in winter they prefer the valleys where they are partially sheltered from the sharp winds, and find better forage for their stock. Their yourts, or dwellings, consist of light frames of wood covered with thick felt, the whole capable of easy packing and transport. They are not extensively furnished, and the entire establishment of a Mongol gentleman could be loaded and moved as easily as the lodge of an American Indian. Fire is made in the middle of the yourt, and the smoke finds egress through a hole in the top. Dried camels' dung, analogous to our Western "buffalo chips," is used for fuel, and as the smoke is pungent, and the Mongols spend much time in it, there is a general prevalence of ophthalmia. The Mongols are so attached to the yourt that they

prefer it to a house, even when they live in permanent settlements. A good many of them dwell in small villages along the road, and have no thought of moving, but they generally stick to the traditional habitation. At Urga, the principal town of Mongolia, there are streets made up of yourts and houses in the most picturesque confusion.

The desert is not altogether a desert; it has a great deal of sand and general desolation to the day's ride, but is far from being a forsaken region where a wolf could not make a living. Antelopes abound, and are often seen in large droves as upon our Western plains; grouse will afford frequent breakfasts to the traveller if he takes the trouble to shoot them; there are wild geese, ducks, and curlew in the ponds and marshes; and taken for all in all, the country might be much worse than it is—which is bad enough.

The flat or undulating country is, of course, monotonous in Mongolia as in any other part of the world. Sunset and sunrise are not altogether unlike those events on the ocean, and if a traveller wishes to feel himself quite at sea, he has only to wander off and lose his camp or caravan. The natives make nothing of straying out of sight and seem to possess the instincts which have been often noted in the American Indian. Without landmarks or other objects to guide them they rarely mistake their position even at night, and can estimate the extent of a day's journey with surprising accuracy. They do not travel in storms when they can avoid it; but when they do, their luck of not losing themselves appears almost infallible. Where a stranger can see no difference between one square mile of desert and a thousand others, the Mongol can distinguish it from all the rest, though he may not be able to explain why he does so. Perception is closely allied to instinct, and as fast as we are developed and educated the more we trust to acquired knowledge and the less to the unaided senses.

The Mongols are a strong, hardy, and generally good-natured race, possessing the spirit of perseverance quite as much as the Chinese. They have the free manners of all nomadic people, and are noted for an unvarying hospitality to visitors. Every stranger is welcome, and has the best the host can give; the more he swallows of what is offered him, the better will he please the household. As the native habits are not especially cleanly, a fastidiously inclined guest has a trying time of it. The staple dish of a Mongol yourt is boiled mutton, but it is unaccompanied with capers or any other kind of sauce or seasoning. A sheep goes to pot immediately on being killed, and the quantity that each man will consume is something surprising. When the meat is cooked it is lifted out of the hot water and handed, all dripping and steamy, to the guests. Each man takes a large lump on his lap, or any convenient support, and then cuts off little chunks which he tosses into his mouth as if it were a mill-hopper. The best piece is reserved for the guest of honor, who is expected to divide it with the rest; after the meat is devoured, they drink the broth, and this concludes the meal. Knives and cups are the only aids to eating, and as every man carries his own "outfit," the Mongol dinner service is speedily arranged. The entire work consists in seating the party around a pot of cooked meat.

The desert is crossed by various ridges and small mountain chains, that increase in frequency and make the country more broken, as one approaches the Tolla, the largest stream between Pekin and Kiachta. The road, after traversing the last of these chains, suddenly reveals a wide valley which bears evidence of fertility in its dense forests, and the straggling fields which receive less attention than they deserve.

The Tolla has an ugly habit of rising suddenly and falling deliberately, so that parties wishing to cross are often detained some time upon its banks. When at its height, the stream has a current of about seven miles an hour, and at the fording place the water is over the back of an ordinary pony. The bottom of the river consists of large boulders of all sizes from an egg up to a cotton bale, and the footing for both horses and camels is not especially secure. The camels need a good deal of persuasion with clubs before they will enter the water; they have an instinctive dread of that liquid and avoid it whenever they can. Horses are less timorous, and the best way to get a camel through the ford is to lead him behind a horse and pound him vigorously at the same time. When the river is at all dangerous there is always a swarm of natives around the ford ready to lend a hand if suitably compensated. They all talk very much and in loud tones; their voices mingle with the neighing of horses, the screams of camels, the roaring of the river, and the laughter of the idlers when any mishap occurs. The confused noises are in harmony with the scene on either bank, where baggage is piled promiscuously, and the natives are grouped together in various picturesque attitudes. Men with their lower garments rolled as high as possible, or altogether discarded, walk about in perfect nonchalance; their queues hanging down their backs seem designed as rudders to steer the wearers across the stream.

About two miles from the ford of the Tolla there is a Chinese settlement, which forms a sort of suburb to the Mongol town of Urga. The Mongols have no great friendship for the Chinese inhabitants, who are principally engaged in traffic and the various occupations connected with the transport of goods. Between this suburb and the main town the Russians have a large house, which is the residence of a consul and some twenty or thirty retainers. The policy of maintaining a consulate there can only be explained on the supposition that Russia expects and intends to appropriate a large slice of Mongolia whenever opportunity offers. She has long insisted that the chain of mountains south of Urga was the "natural boundary," and her establishment of an expensive post at that city enables her to have things ready whenever a change occurs. It will then be discovered that the real boundary is somewhere further south, and a move will be made to recover it. In the spirit of annexation and extension of territory the Russians can fairly claim equal rank with ourselves. I forget their phrase for "manifest destiny," and possibly they may not be willing that I should give it.

Urga is not laid out in streets like most of the Chinese towns; its by-ways and high-ways are narrow and crooked, and form a network very puzzling to a stranger. The Chinese and Russian settlers live in houses, and there are temples and other permanent buildings, but the Mongols live generally in yourts, which they prefer to more extensive structures. Most of the Mongol traffic is conducted in a large esplanade, where you can purchase anything the country affords, and at very fair prices.

The principal feature of Urga is the lamissary or convent where a great many lamas or holy men reside. I have heard the number estimated at fifteen thousand, but cannot say if it be more or less. The religion of the Mongols came originally from Thibet, by direct authority of the Grand Lama, but a train of circumstances which I have not space to explain, has made it virtually independent. The Chinese government maintains shrewd emissaries among these lamas, and thus manages to control the Mongols and prevent their setting up for themselves.

As a further precaution it has a lamissary at Pekin, where it keeps two thousand Mongol lamas at its own expense. In this way it is able to influence the nomads of the desert, and in case of trouble it would possess a fair number of hostages for use in an emergency.

About the year 1205 the great battle between Timonjin and the sovereign then occupying the Mongol throne, was fought a short distance from Urga. The victory was decisive for the former, who thus became Genghis Khan and commenced that career of conquest which made his name famous.

Great numbers of devotees from all parts of Mongolia visit Urga every year, the journey there having something of the sacred character which a Mahommedan attaches to a pilgrimage to Mecca. The people living at Urga build fences around their dwellings to protect their property from the thieves who are in large proportion among the pious travellers.

From Urga to the Siberian frontier, the distance is less than two hundred miles; the Russian couriers accomplish it in fifty or sixty hours when not delayed by accidents, but the caravans require from four to eight days. There is a system of relays arranged by the Chinese so that one can travel very speedily if he has proper authority. Couriers have passed from Kiachta to Pekin in ten or twelve days; but the rough road and abominable carts make them feel at their journey's end, about as if rolled through a patent clothes-wringer. A mail is carried twice a month each way, and an Englishman at Kiachta has established a weekly express for transmitting dispatches between merchants in China and their correspondents in Europe and America. Several schemes have been proposed for a trans-Mongolian telegraph, but thus far the Chinese government has refused to permit its construction. It is probable that before many years the Russians will secure the desired concession.

The desert proper is finished before one reaches the mountains bordering the Tolla; after crossing that stream and leaving Urga, the road passes through a hilly country, sprinkled, it is true, with a good many patches of sand, but having plenty of forest and frequently showing fertile valleys. These valleys are the favorite resorts of the Mongol shepherds and herdsmen, some of whom count their wealth by many thousand animals. Here and there are cultivated fields, where the Mongols raise a peculiar kind of rye, though not in large quantities. In general, Mongolia is not agricultural, both from the character of the country and the disposition of the people. A few tribes in the west live by tilling the soil in connection with stock raising, but I do not suppose they take kindly to the former occupation. The Mongols engaged in the caravan service pass a large part of their lives on the road, and are merry as larks over their employment. They seem quite analogous to the teamsters and miscellaneous "plainsmen," who used to play an important part on our overland route, and are destined to disappear when the Pacific Railway is completed.

A large proportion of the men engaged in this transit service are lamas, their sacred character not excusing them, as many suppose, from all kinds of employment. Many lamas are indolent and manage in some way to make a living without work, but this is by no means the universal character of the holy men. About one-fifth of the male population belong to the religious order, so that there are comparatively few families which do not have a member or a relative in the pale of the church. If not domiciled in a convent or blessed by fortune in some way the lama turns his hand to labor, though he is able at the same time to pick up occasional presents for professional service. Theoretically he

cannot marry any more than a Romish priest, but I believe his vows of celibacy are not always strictly kept. One inconvenience under which he labors is in never daring to kill anything through fear that what he slaughters may contain the soul of a relative, and possibly that of the divine Bhudda. A lama will purchase a sheep on which he expects to dine, and though fully accessory before and after the fact, he does not feel authorized to use the knife with his own hand. Even should he be annoyed by fleas or similar creeping things (if it were a township or city the lama's body could return a flattering census), he must bear the infliction until patience is thoroughly exhausted. At such times he may call an unsanctified friend and subject himself and garments to a thorough examination.

Every lama carries with him a quantity of written prayers, which he reads or recites, and the oftener they are repeated the greater is their supposed efficacy. Quantity is more important than quality, and to facilitate matters they frequently have a machine, which consists of a roller containing a lot of prayers. Sometimes it is turned by hand and sometimes attached to a wind-mill; the latter mode being preferred.

Abbe Huc and others have remarked a striking similarity between the Bhuddist and Roman Catholic forms of worship and the origin of the two religions Huc infers that Bhuddism was borrowed from Christianity; on the other hand, many lamas declare that the reverse is the case. The question has caused a great deal of discussion first and last, but neither party appears disposed to yield.

The final stretch of road toward the Siberian frontier is across a sandy plain, six or eight miles wide. On emerging from the hills at its southern edge, the dome of the church in Kiachta appears in sight, and announces the end of Mongolian travel. No lighthouse is more welcome to a mariner than is the view of this Russian town to a traveller who has suffered the hardships of a journey from Pekin. South of Kiachta is the Chinese town of Maimaichin, the twain being separated by a strip of neutral ground about a hundred yards wide. The two towns were founded in 1728, in accordance with the treaty of the previous year, which provided for a point of commercial exchange between Russia and China. Under their policy of seclusion, the Chinese were far from liberal in making the treaty. They allowed none but merchants and their employés to live at Maimaichin, and rigorously forbade their taking their families there. The order has never been changed, and at this enlightened day the human population is entirely masculine. I hope no one will accuse me of cynicism when I add that Maimaichin is one of the neatest and best-kept towns in all China, and that its houses display considerable taste in ornamentation.

It was stipulated in the treaty that all the houses in Kiachta should be built of wood: the Chinese were fearful that, if made of stone, they might be useful in case of war. Two churches of brick were finally permitted; one of them, recently finished, was said to be the finest in Siberia. The doors in front of the altar are of solid silver, and the building abounds in fine paintings brought from Europe. The merchants' houses are well built and generally elegant, and their internal arrangement leaves very little to be desired. They are furnished with no regard to expense, and as one treads their soft carpets, gazes into large mirrors, and surveys their expensive furniture, he can hardly realize that he is on the boundary between China and Siberia, nearly five thousand miles from the Russian capital.

Kiachta and Maimaichin are small, neither containing much over a thousand inhabitants. The Russians have a town (Troitskosavsk) two miles from Kiachta, which has a population of nearly five thousand. It is the residence of a major of infantry, with an appropriate command of soldiers and Cossacks, and formerly maintained a large force of men attached to the customs department. Heavy duties were levied on all teas and other goods coming from China until 1864, when the custom-house was removed to Irkutsk, and all that part of Siberia east of Lake Baikal became free from tariff regulations.

Down to 1850 all teas imported at Kiachta were paid for in goods of Russian manufacture, the government prohibiting the use of gold or silver money, under severe penalties. To keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope, the Russian merchants used to make candlesticks, idols, and mantel ornaments of gold or silver (coin standard), and sell them by weight to the Chinese. As the articles were "of Russian manufacture," they were within the letter of the law.

A stranger arriving in Kiachta is sure of a hearty welcome from its wealthy and hospitable merchants. The town is so far out of the ordinary routes of travel that a foreigner is a great curiosity, especially if he comes from America. Wherever I went I was kindly received, and the residents never seemed weary of showing me attentions. I remained there a week during my journey from the Amoor to the Siberian capital, and rarely have I found seven days passing away more rapidly. Some of the young people who had read about political parties in my country, and especially of Black Republicans, expected to find me of a charcoal hue. I was happy to be able to disappoint them, and also happy to find the disappointment an agreeable one. I could have forgiven those jolly merchants had they not compelled me to drink so many glasses of champagne and enjoy such an extent of hospitalities that I had little time to finish my journal or write my long-deferred letters.

The telegraph is completed from St. Petersburg to Kiachta, so that the frontier of China and the principal cities of Europe and America are in electric communication. The Russian post-route through Siberia extends to Kiachta, and an overland traveller from Pekin to Moscow finds his chief difficulties ended when he emerges from Mongolia. Camels and camel-carts, Mongols and mule-litters, Chinamen and Chinese dinners are left in the background and appear no more upon the scene.

THOMAS W. KNOX.

A GHOST IN A STATE-ROOM.

A Story Better Suited to a Christmas Number.

I WAS always greatly taken by those ghost stories, which Mr. Washington Irving and Mr. Dickens relate, with an uncle as the hero. There is a certain air of mystery enveloping an elderly uncle in knee-breeches, a cocked hat, and powdered hair, which gives a delightful probability to the tales of their entertaining supernatural visitors and undergoing all kinds of uncanny nocturnal experiences. I wish with all my heart that this adventure, which I am about to describe, had happened to my uncle, because I know the reader would have been much more entertained by it; besides, it is much pleasanter to have one's uncle see a ghost than to have such an experience one's self.

To be sure, on second thoughts, an uncle is at the bottom of this story, because I am dictating at this moment to my nephew, who scribbles a little for the magazines, and who thinks he can see in it material which can be well worked up. But the fellow is conceited, and I don't believe he will print it as I tell it, and I don't believe, moreover, that he will make out of it anything worth reading.

I like to trace the relation between cause and effect; and to begin, I think my ghost arose indirectly from a lobster salad.

"Oho!" cries out the experienced and acute reader. "I see. This fellow had a bad dream."

I beg your pardon, but allow me to say you are in error. I think I have been enough annoyed, not to say disgusted, in my day, by ghost stories, which, after describing the most impossible apparitions, ended with—

"—when he suddenly awoke and found himself safe in his own room."

I can safely promise that my story, however stupid it may be, will not end with my waking up. I woke up before I saw the ghost. I beg to point out that I said that my ghost rose *indirectly* from a lobster salad.

I saw it—I like that word *it* used for a ghost: there is something delightfully weird about it—I saw it in state-room No. 72, on the steamer John Halifax, which runs on Long Island Sound in connection with one of the New York and Boston lines. You do not believe there ever was a Sound steamer with that name? Neither do I; if I did I should choose some other. I get passes over this same line now, in consideration of the quantity of freight shipped to our house in Boston, and, of course, I am not going to have the directors coming to me and complaining that I have given their boats the name of being haunted. The John Halifax was laid up some years ago, to be sure, but it might become necessary, for aught I know, to put her on some night, in an emergency. The number of the state-room, however, was 72, and it was pretty well aft; there can be no manner of doubt about that.

I had been to New York on business and was returning home. The month was May, and the boat left at 5 o'clock, P. M. As I like to be punctual, I

reached the pier precisely at ten minutes before five, with my bag in my hand, having walked down from the Astor House. I declined, with suavity, seven invitations to have my boots polished, and I bought only one newspaper out of the large editions offered me. I got my ticket and the key of my state-room, which had been previously engaged—without much delay. I put my small bag in my state-room, and finding a vacant seat on the after-promenade deck—if that is what they call it; I am not a nautical man—I sat down quietly to read my paper. At the same time, I kept my weather eye open, to use a seafaring term, now that we were fairly off, and I found no body on board I knew, which was with me rather an unusual circumstance. Next me, sat a man with red face and rather a stupid look, whom I took to be a bar-keeper in search of a situation. He used tobacco offensively, and when he volunteered some remark about the weather, I answered civilly indeed, but in such a way that he did not attempt to continue the conversation.

There are few more inspiring sights than the rivers and harbor of New York on a pleasant day, and I have no doubt that my nephew will insert something of his own here about "the small craft darting hither and thither," and the "majestic steamers sailing out of their docks, freighted with the world's merchandise," etc., etc. If he does, I dare say it will all be very nice, but he cannot, if he tries, describe that quiet feeling of contented interest which steals over a man, when being for the moment quite free from every duty and care, he surveys such a busy scene. All this is not much to the purpose, since this day was not at all pleasant. It was cloudy, and rain was threatened so clearly that everything looked dull and gloomy. I should hardly have returned by the boat, if I had not already engaged my state-room; and the condition of the weather was, perhaps, the reason why there were so few passengers on board.

Castle Garden, Governor's Island, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Green Point, Blackwell's Island, Jones's Wood, Ward's Island, Hurl Gate, in sight. I went below to supper. I had dined at two o'clock—I always dine at two, in fact—and, having taken some exercise since then, I was rather hungry. All the dishes which should have been hot, had been spread out on the table so long that they had grown quite cold. They manage things better now-a-days, but then there was a melancholy array of black waiters, red paper flowers, frizzled butter, and nothing good to eat. I ordered some lobster, however, and made a salad. I flatter myself I can make a good salad; this time I was particularly successful, and this led me to eat rather too much of it.

After supper, I smoked one cigar, "abaft the wheel," as the notice read; I watched the engine while the paddle-wheels made one hundred and twenty-five revolutions. I walked twice the length of the vessel in the upper cabins; and then I went to bed. I am very moderate in my smoking. My nephew confesses to nine or ten cigars a day, but pretends that so much tobacco does not hurt him. I don't believe it. It is just as easy to become intemperate in smoking as in drinking. I never exceed three cigars a day and make it a rule never to smoke in the morning.

I think I have hinted that I indulged too freely in lobster salad. When I reached my state-room the boat was rolling and pitching a good deal, and the door lock and the water jug were rattling like the bones of an Ethiopian serenader. It occurred to me that I needed some corrective for the sake of digestion. Now for the last ten years I have never travelled without a rather large flask, with leather outside and old cognac within. I know the brandy is good,

because I bought it in '48, and knew where it came from, and although I never drink it at home, occasions do sometimes arise when I am away when it becomes useful for sanitary purposes. My wife jokes me about the size of the flask, but I do not mind that in the least; I always carry it, and I judged that one of the occasions had now arisen when it was proper to use it. I turned out what I considered a moderate dose—it is to be observed that I took it simply as a medicine—drank it off, speedily experienced a warming and comfortable sensation under the waistband, screwed the top on the flask, placed it on the wash-stand, and made preparations for retiring.

I do not know to this day, although I confess I am old enough, why they call these litttle boxes "state-rooms." I think that shipbuilders' ideas of lying in state must be different from mine. This one had two berths, one above the other, and had no light except the rather dim rays which came in through scroll work at the top from the cabin, and a lamp near by outside. Opposite the berths, were the door in one corner and the immovable washstand in the other. One stool completed the furniture, and there was room enough left for me to take off my overcoat, and by due caution to avoid bruising my elbows. My preparations for retiring were simply to remove my boots and take off my coat and waistcoat, and hang them up. I also stuck my pocket-knife hard into the door, or rather between it and the post, and thereby stopped its rattling in some measure. I mentally concluded that the upper berth looked rather the lighter and less dismal of the two, and climbed into it, after I had examined the life-preservers on the shelf at the foot. They were like two long empty tin preserve-cans lashed together, and I was glad to see them there, although I had not the remotest idea of how they ought to be worn. The sheets of the berth suggested the influenza, but there were blankets enough, and I presently composed myself to sleep, although the motion of the boat set rattling everything which was loose.

I have found that I usually wake up at least once an hour on a steamer, and this is especially true when I am travelling on the Sound toward Boston, and feel that I shall be left by the train when the boat arrives, if I sleep too sound. The first nap I had that night, lasted about fifty minutes, as near as I could judge by consulting my watch when I awoke. I had a bad dream, and found myself lying with my arms over my head. I do not remember now what I dreamed about, but I attributed it to the salad; and turning over, with my face toward the front of the berth, I presently dropped off again into a doze. In awaking again, I became conscious of an unusually loud crash of the panels and lock, and whatever it was, which kept up the continual rattling and banging which annoyed me. The effect was to make me quite wide awake in an instant, and as I lay there, looking through the lace curtain toward the wash-stand, or, rather, the jarring pitcher on it, which was all I could see from my position, the neck and upper half of my flask slowly and noiselessly rose into my line of vision. I was sufficiently awake to see the flask very clearly as it gradually appeared, but I suppose my faculties were not quite enough aroused to reason about it. Certainly I was not in the least startled at the moment, and I lay there a few seconds arguing with myself as to whether the flask had actually risen into sight, or whether it was an optical delusion, caused in some way by the motion of the boat. In the process of reasoning about this phenomenon, I rose on my elbow, and leaning forward, looked about the state-room. A glance showed me that everything was as I had left it. My flask stood bolt upright on the washstand, as if it was a sentinel in guard over the pitcher, and was in exactly the same

place where I had left it. My coats and waistcoat were hanging on the hooks, my watch and money I had on my person, my knife was still sticking between the door and its post, and not even my boots—I always wear boots—had toppled over; they still leaned against the wall in an attitude suggesting mild inebriation. I even went to the length of leaning over far enough to take a good steady look into the berth underneath me, but there was nothing there, and the sheets and pillow were as near unruffled as maritime sheets and pillows ever are. I pushed back the lace curtain so as to give me an uninterrupted view of my flask, and looked at my watch. It was ten minutes past midnight. There was nobody stirring in the cabin outside, and no noise except that caused by the motion of the steamer.

I lay down again in a state of uncertainty whether I had dreamed that I saw my flask move, or was really awake, as I had supposed. I meant to keep my eyes on the flask, but I suppose I was a little restless, for when I awoke the third time, which was the next thing of which I was conscious, my face was toward the wall. I turned slowly over, speculating as to how long I had been asleep, as a man will who has only to pull out his watch to satisfy himself, and there was the flask in its place this time.

"I was asleep and dreaming," I said to myself.

And as I thought this, there came at the instant, from somewhere beneath me, a deep, low groan.

For the first moment I was startled. Then I said to myself, "Nonsense! it's only the boat creaking." Then I listened for the sound again, with my sense of hearing strained to the full to catch the slightest unusual noise.

I had only to wait half a minute. The groan was repeated, only fainter, but still the noise seemed near me. You may guess that this time there was no doubt of my being wide awake. A third groan, still fainter, but yet distinct! I rolled out of my berth, and coming to my feet, rallied against the door and stood with the knob in my hand.

It lay in the lower berth. Its eyes were wide open and staring at me. Its face was livid in the dim light, and there was an ugly red gash in its cheek.

For a second we stood staring at each other. Then he—I had forgotten to mention that *it* was a *he*, and that it was dressed in the habiliments of its sex—he stretched out his arm as he lay there, and pointing his finger at me, said, three times, slowly and distinctly,

"Murdered! Murdered! Murdered!"

I do not quite know what it is proper to do when one sees a ghost of this disagreeable species. None of my friends ever confided to me that he was haunted, and although I have seen a great number of theatrical spirits, they are very different things from the reality. I know how Hamlet is exercised both in mind and body when he sees the ghost of his father, late King of Denmark. I know how Richard III. behaves when he sees the apparition of his victims as he lies asleep in his tent. I have seen the low comedian in a certain farce go into the most ridiculous contortions at the sight of a living man whom he supposes to be quite dead. Perhaps if I had had a pistol, I should have fired it at *it*, but I very much doubt this. What I actually did was to turn the key in the lock, open the door, leaving my pocket-knife to lie when it fell, and all the time keeping my eyes steadily upon *it*, to see that *it* did not spring upon me, I backed quietly out of the state-room into the cabin, and closed the door after me.

When I got into the cabin, I began to feel as if I had better sit down very

soon. Immediately opposite my state-room door was the colored stewardess of the boat, sitting bolt upright, but half asleep and uneasily nodding. When I sat down close by her, she woke up with a great start. Her astonishment was not altogether unreasonable. I suppose that the sight of a middle-aged gentleman, rather bald, without either his boots, his collar, his coat, or his waistcoat, meandering about the cabin at that hour of the night, was rather unusual.

"Lor' bless you, how you scared me!" she cried out. "Why, what on airth's de matter. You look as pale as ef you'd seen a ghost."

"Well, I have seen something a good deal like one," I answered.

"When?"

"In my state-room—72, there."

Some persons will laugh when I say that the colored stewardess turned very pale at the avowal, which the next moment I felt rather ashamed at having made. Those who are familiar with colored people, however, understand very well that pallor is quite as conspicuous on their faces as on those of the white races.

"Guess you're mistaken, sir," she returned. "I've been runnin' on this boat ever sence she was built, and I never seed no ghost."

"And never knew of any murder?"

"Never heered of no murder neither."

"Well, I just saw a man there, lying in a berth, with a gash in his face, who said he had been murdered. He may be a ghost and he may not, but I know he was not there when I went to sleep."

"Guess you've been dreamin', sir," said the stewardess; but she grew visibly paler.

"Do you think I'm a fool, woman? I tell you I saw this just as plain as I see you. I don't believe in ghosts, myself. I don't know what it was, but I saw it."

"Well! well!" said the stewardess; "I declare!" Then, after a moment—"Well, any way, de boat'll be in now in a few minutes, so you need'nt go back."

"Yes; but I can't go ashore in my shirt-sleeves."

"I'll go and get yer tings fur yer."

To my utter surprise, the stewardess rose, and without hesitation walked to the state-room door, opened it and disappeared inside, closing it after her. I watched her with some satisfaction, I confess. It seemed to me that *it* must still be there, and I was very willing another person should bear witness to its appearance. I waited anxiously for a scream. Some moments elapsed, and I mechanically felt for my watch and money. They were safe, and *it* was no robber at all events.

The door opened again and the stewardess appeared, calmly bearing my clothes, my bag, my boots, and my flask. I found my hands shaking a little as I drew on my boots; but I do not think I had been more frightened than any other man would have been under the circumstances.

"Well!" said I to the stewardess. I began to feel as if I had made a great fool of myself.

"Well," said she, "I didn't see no ghost. Guess you must have been dreamin', sir, sartin, sure."

I knew that I had not been dreaming; but what could I say? I did not wish to be laughed at, and when I had dressed myself, I put five dollars in her hand and requested her to say nothing about the ghost. Of course, she very readily assented.

Then I went to the state-room door and looked in, the stewardess following me, as if anxious I should show her the apparition. She was quite right. The berths and the room were empty; a glance around showed that very plainly. The stewardess offered to take my key; but I showed her by my watch that the boat would not be in for an hour yet, and, although I did not choose to go to bed again, I preferred to leave my bag in the state-room until we landed. The stewardess went back to her old place and appeared to drop off to sleep at once, while I walked up and down the cabin, taking its whole length. I was puzzled, annoyed, mortified, and angry, by turns.

When I reached the forward end of the cabin for the third time, there was a man there peering out of the window into the darkness. When I approached quite near him, he turned; it was the barkeeper, whom I had met the evening before. I returned his salutation rather gruffly, for I was not pleased with his looks, and I was in no mood for conversation. I was turning away, when he said:

"So you saw a ghost last night."

"How do you know?" I asked, turning back rather angrily.

"Why, I heard you say so just now. I was on the other side, right behind you, when you were talking about it. You did not see me, because I was in the shadow. I slept there all night. I can sleep just as well in a chair as in a berth. It don't make no difference to me."

I was forced, in defence of my sanity to stop in my walk and explain the circumstances at some length. When I had finished, he said:

"Let's see your flask."

I was disgusted, although I was not surprised. I had related to him my adventure, and without a word of sympathy he asked for a drink—and at that time in the morning, too! However, I found the flask in an inner pocket of my overcoat, where I had seen the stewardess place it, and as I had the coat on my arm and the flask was rather large for the pocket, I held the coat while he pulled out the bottle.

"You'll find that very good liquor," said I, complacently. "Don't shake it!"

"How much was there here when you went to bed last night?" he asked, without paying much attention to what I had said.

"I suppose it was at least half full."

He unscrewed the top, and turned the mouth down. It was empty.

"A very dry ghost," he said, with a grin. "I tell you what, sir; if you can wait over one train, when the boat gets in, I guess I can show you your ghost. You will? All right. Just you go and sit down opposite your state-room, and see that nobody goes out nor in. If the stewardess tells you the train is starting, just say to her you are waiting to take your ghost along with you."

"Why not look for him now?"

"Because I had rather wait, if it's all the same to you. Just you keep a sharp look out, that's all, and I shall be around."

I went and sat down opposite No. 72 and waited for the boat to arrive at the town where passengers take the cars for Boston. Presently, certain restless people began to come out of their rooms, and bustle about, and compare notes, and wonder when we should get in. Then a colored man went about waking up the sleepers, and by-and-by they appeared, one after the other, half awake and very cross with having to rise at such an unseemly hour. Then there was a great ringing of bells below, a great bumping of the boat against the wharf,

and a great trampling of feet. The passengers took up their bags and band-boxes, their umbrellas and canes, and went off down stairs in a procession as melancholy as if Charon had just ferried them across the Styx, and they were about to disembark in Hades.*

I noticed the barkeeper loitering on the other side of the cabin, and he did not go down until the occupants of the state-rooms on both sides of No. 72 had come out and departed. Then he followed, and the cabin was presently very quiet. The black stewardess had, apparently, been called away by her duties; at any rate, she was not to be seen. I shall not attempt to describe my reflections at this time, because, as it afterward turned out, they were worth very little. I may say, however, that I began to have some new ideas about *it*.

When the barkeeper came back, he was accompanied by a man in plain clothes, and a policeman. He placed one in each of the state-rooms adjoining mine, and then I unlocked my door and we entered No. 72. Just over the threshold, I trod on my knife, which I had before forgotten. I pointed out the position of things at the time of the appearance of the spectre, and showed my companion where my flask had stood. He took from his pocket a box of wax tapers, and lighting one, got down on his hands and knees and looked under the lower berth.

I suppose some wiseacres will ask why I had not done this myself, earlier in the night. In fact, my nephew goes to the length of asserting that my neglect to do this gives my story an air of improbability. But I beg to ask if a person always does in moments of excitement what he himself, looking back upon the circumstances afterward, would say ought obviously to be done. I think not. At all events, when I examined the state-room, with the stewardess looking over my shoulder, it did not occur to me to do what my companion was now doing. One reason for this, doubtless—and this seems to me important—was that the frame work of the berth appeared to one looking at it from above to come within two or three inches of the floor.

My companion's first match went out and he lighted the second one. By this time I was not much surprised to hear him exclaim:

"I see you, my friend! I'll trouble you just to come out of that!"

The lower portion of the board immediately above the space I have mentioned was lifted up, and it now appeared that the board was cracked its whole length and was held together only by certain strong fibres, which acted as hinges. Through the aperture thus left and which was still very narrow, there wriggled the slender form of a young man, who on turning over to the light and rising, showed me the features of *it*.

We came out into the cabin, and my companion called out exultingly.

"Here you are, Brown! I've got him."

So the other two men came out, and Mr. Brown, who proved to be a detective in plain clothes, slipped a pair of handcuffs on the prisoner, who looked very unhappy.

"I suppose," said Mr. Brown, "you know what you are wanted for. I've got the warrant here all right."

"I suppose I do," said the prisoner, "but I can prove that I did it in self-defence. Look here," —and he pointed to the scar on his face. "He gave me this."

"If you can prove that you did it in self-defence," said Brown, "so much the better for you. But that is as it may be."

With this sententious remark, Mr. Brown and his prisoner were about to take

* This simile, I may say, was suggested by my nephew.

up their line of march, when the black stewardess appeared in a state of tears and perturbation. My former companion took her by the arm and drew her aside.

"See here, ma'am," said he, "we don't want anything of you, now, but if you want to keep safe, you had better be uncommon quiet; do you understand?"

This advice was accepted, and the stewardess went off, swallowing her emotions as best she could.

"What has she to do with it?" asked I. "But no, first of all, be good enough to tell me who you are." And as we went along, he gave me his name, and explained to me all the facts of the case, which was really very simple, when I came to understand it.

He was not a barkeeper, at all, as I had hastily concluded, but was a New York detective officer, on his way to Boston on quite different business from that which he had just transacted. He was, however, in possession of most of the facts of this case, which had been telegraphed on to the New York police headquarters, before he started. Charles Hardy, the prisoner, was a young man of respectable family, living in this town where we now were. He had, however, "gone to the bad," as my nephew would express it, and two evenings before, in a disgraceful brawl in a low public-house, he had shot and fatally wounded a young man whose connections were still richer, and so no time had been lost in setting on foot the hue and cry. The affair took place in the evening, before the arrival of the Boston train and the departure of the boat. Favored by the darkness, young Hardy had managed, either by the aid of a skiff or from the wharf, to get on board the steamer unobserved. Here he found the stewardess, who had in former years been a servant in his father's family, and, telling her only a part of the truth, he easily persuaded her to let him conceal himself. When the boat reached New York, the stewardess made some guarded inquiries and observations which led them to believe that it would not be safe for him to venture out, so that when I went to bed in No. 72, he had remained cramped up in his place of concealment for the greater part of the time for nearly twenty-four hours, with very little food and with no stimulants, which he was accustomed to use in large quantities and which he, of course, needed just then more than ever. It may be guessed that my flask proved too great a temptation to him, and that he returned to it again and again until he reached such a pitch of indifference to his situation that he concluded to take the lower berth, in preference to his narrow quarters underneath. He had partly slept off the effects of his potations, when I woke him by getting out of my berth in the hasty manner which I have described, and he was quick-witted enough to turn my astonishment to account. Now this seems to me, I may add, the most improbable part of the story, but I can only say that it happened. My nephew insists that it is easily explained, and that the young man, having nothing else to think of in his confinement, had very carefully planned, the day before, a way of frightening the occupants of the state-room, if by accident he should be discovered. This may be so, but it seems to me very remarkable that on waking out of a heavy sleep, under such circumstances, he should have had the presence of mind to act as he did. The most surprising thing to me, however, is, after all, that he could carry off so much liquor. I am confident there was enough in that flask to have kept me intoxicated for a week.

A good deal to my disgust and somewhat to my pecuniary loss, I was compelled to be present both at the preliminary examination and at the trial, although what I knew about the alleged murder seemed to me of very little importance. The upshot of it all was that the young man was convicted of manslaughter.

It has seemed to me, since then, that his detection was entirely owing to that lobster salad, for if I had not eaten it, my flask would have remained all night in my bag, and I should probably have left my state-room in the morning without having seen any ghost. I got no sympathy from my wife, who indeed reaped a slight advantage from my adventure, for I have never since laughed at her for her habit of always looking under the bed for burglars before she retires.

SAMUEL BLOTTER.

FEAST.

FOR days when guests unbidden
Walk in my sun,
With steps that roam unchidden
And overrun
My vines and flowers; and hands
That rob on all my lands,—
For such days, still there stands
One banquet, one!

One banquet which spread under
A magic mist,
I taste, until they wonder
What light has kissed
My eyes, and where the grapes
Have hung, whose red escapes
In mounting, mantling shapes,
And heats my wrist.

Crowned with its rosy flowers,
Pouring its wine,
Glide faithful ghosts of hours
Long dead; no sign
They show of death, or chill,
But glowing, smiling still
Love's utmost joy fulfil
At word of mine.

And ringeth through my garden
The tireless pace
Of silver mailèd warden,
With eastward face,
Who calmly bides the night,
And, in each first, red light,
Reads prophecy aright
Of that day's grace,

When guests that are unbidden
Shall all have ceased;
And thy dear arms unchidden—
My love, my priest—
Shall hold me while the hours
That were, and are, fling flowers;
And Hope, the warden, pours
Wine for our feast.

H. H.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE NERVES.

II.

THE SYMPATHETIC SYSTEM AND THE EMOTIONS.

IT is well known that under the influence of certain emotions, changes are produced in the ordinary actions of the bodily organs. Thus shame calls the blood to the cheeks, fright drives it away; anger sends the vital current in torrents to the head and makes the face red, or else in some exceptionally organized individuals, as in those who "grow pale with rage," causes it to leave the surface of the body and collect in the internal parts; anxiety occasions a disagreeable feeling at the pit of the stomach, and makes the perspiration exude from the brow; fear whitens the features and produces coldness of the hands and feet; joy and mirth expand the face and excite spasmodic contractions in the muscles of the chest, causing laughter; sorrow and grief lengthen the countenance and bring about an increased action of the lachrymal glands so that the tears run down the cheeks; and, intense emotion of any kind interferes with the digestion of the food, and with the functions of the liver, the kidneys, the mammary glands and other secretory organs.

None of these actions can be produced by the will; they are altogether beyond its control, and thus no effort of volition can make the face red or pale, cause the tears to flow, stop the digestive process going on in the stomach, or lessen or increase by one drop the amount of bile or milk secreted; and it is well that it is so, for were it otherwise many persons would be tempted to interfere with their hearts, or their livers, to the very great detriment of the organism.

The great sympathetic system which is preëminently the generator of the motor and secretory powers of the viscera, consists of numerous ganglia, sometimes arranged in groups, sometimes singly, and sometimes placed in the substance of the organs. These ganglia are connected with each other and with the cerebral and spinal nerves by thin filaments of white and grey matter running along each side of the spinal column and frequently interlaced so as to form what are called plexuses. One of these interlacements is situated immediately behind the stomach and is called the solar plexus. It consists of numerous filaments and ganglia, and is in immediate relation with the abdominal organs. A severe blow on the stomach, by injuring this plexus, causes death as quickly as a wound of the brain or heart. Other plexuses partially surround the heart, the kidneys, the uterus, and other vital organs.

Now, by reason of the direct connection which exists between the brain and the sympathetic system, the various glands and other organs are to some extent affected by the mind. The only mental operations, however, which exercise any influence over them, are those of an emotional character, such as indicated in the familiar examples already adduced. The emotions are excited through the medium of the senses and are more or less under the control of the will, accord-

ing to the mental organization of the individual. While, therefore, a person has no power, by the direct exercise of volition, to repress a blush or to stop the flow of tears, those who have acquired the mastery of their feelings can restrain every manifestation of passion and appear to be perfectly unmoved by events which would in others, less strong-willed, create great emotional disturbance. Thus two persons will view the dead body of a friend with very different outward evidences of feeling. The one throws himself upon the corpse and indulges in sobs and lamentations; the other stands rigidly by the side of his friend's remains without a tear in his eyes and with scarcely an expression of grief to be perceived in his words or actions. Yet, perhaps, he feels even more acutely than the other; the difference being, not in the strength of the emotion experienced, but in the ability to control its manifestation. A third person, also a friend of the deceased, might enter the room and by his levity and ill-timed speeches and conduct show that he experienced no emotion at all.

Man in his natural condition is almost always readily carried away by his emotions, and consequently in the early periods of civilization those who desired to acquire influence over their fellows, made use of means calculated to arouse the feelings to a high pitch. The African negro, or the Australian, grins with delight on being presented with a button, and howls with the pain excited by a cut finger. Other savage nations, however, are remarkable for their capability of restraining the evidences of emotion. Thus the North American Indian, before the race became degenerate, endured the severest tortures of his enemies without a groan, and walked to the stake with the air of a conqueror.

The ancients attached great importance to the development of the power of the will over emotional manifestations. And mankind have always held in high respect those who have endured good and evil fortune without showing undue elation or sorrow. No one can read without admiration the story of Epictetus, the philosopher and slave, who, when he was subjected to the torture by his master, quietly remarked: "You will break my leg;" and when the leg did break, said in the same calm tone, "I told you so." It has been said of Socrates that he had by constant discipline acquired such complete control over his emotions that he preserved the same countenance under all the vicissitudes of life. Giordano Bruno, when sentenced by the inquisition to be burned to death, replied proudly and calmly, "You experience more fear in giving me that sentence than I do in receiving it." And yet Bruno was young, fond of life and of the society of his friends.

Many diseases can definitely be traced to the influence of the emotions upon the bodily organs. The brain and nervous system seldom escape disorder in persons who allow their passions to obtain the ascendency over the other mental faculties. Insanity, paralysis, epilepsy, morbid alterations of character and disposition, an undue susceptibility to slight morbific influences, neuralgia, spinal disease, dyspepsia, and many other affections have their origin in emotional disturbance. After the recent trial of the President, several senators became ill, and at least two with cerebral and nervous diseases. While the trial lasted, the mental excitement they experienced sustained their strength, but as soon as the strain was taken off, the system gave way, and derangement of health resulted. That a greater number were not made to feel that the brain and nerves are not stone and iron, argues well for the senatorial nervous vigor.

With reference to dyspepsia in this relation, an experiment often performed by physiologists shows the influence of emotion over the secretion of

gastric juice. A small opening is made in the stomach of a dog, and a silver tube fastened therein. The operation is not a serious or painful one, and the animal continues in good condition with the fistula permanently established in his stomach. If now the cork which closes the tube be removed while the stomach is empty no flow takes place, but if a piece of meat be held up before the dog's eyes the gastric juice is at once secreted in large quantity and soon begins to pass through the opening. This secretion may be at once arrested by speaking to the dog in a sharp tone, or making any other manifestation of displeasure. Such an experiment shows the great value of observations made upon living animals, and it is difficult to overestimate its importance in a physiological or pathological point of view. We have the influence of the emotions exercised in two very different ways, first, in causing the secretion of the gastric juice, and then in arresting its flow. These actions are equally well produced in the human system, from like causes, and hence various forms of dyspepsia or indigestion follow sudden emotions, or are direct consequences of long continued mental exertion or anxiety. Americans are preëminently an emotional people, and we work our brains and nerves as no other nation has worked them since the world began. It is therefore no strange thing that insanity and nervous affections are more common in the United States than in any other country, and that emotional diseases—and chief among them dyspepsia—are so wide spread that the individual who is not affected with some one of them is looked upon as a marvel in anthropology.

And then as regards the heart, the effect of emotion is even more distinctly shown. Death from a broken heart is no sentimental idea, but a terrible reality. During the French Revolution it was distinctly noticed that diseases of the heart became exceedingly frequent; and an eminent medical practioner of this country, who has acquired a high and well-deserved reputation for his skill in detecting and managing cardiac affections, has found such diseases notably increased in number by our own national troubles. A sudden emotion may indeed stop the pulsations of the heart as instantaneously as a sword thrust or a bullet; and for such a result it is not even necessary that the emotion should be of a distressing character. It is related that after Hannibal's victory over the Romans at Cannæ, the Roman mothers, overcome with joy at seeing their sons return alive when they had thought them killed, dropped down dead upon the spot. The conflict between contending emotions, such as pride and shame, has often produced sudden death from paralysis of the heart.

Long continued anxiety produces a weak and slow action of the heart, besides interfering with the healthy working of other organs. A recent medical writer upon emotional diseases, relates the case of a gentleman who, disappointed in business, was subjected to continual annoyance from superiors, who contrived to keep him in a subordinate position. At length he became a prey to low spirits, and mourned secretly over his trials, and at the same time he lost his health from bronchitis, dyspepsia, pains in the back, and swimming in the head. The most prominent symptom, however, consisted of an exceedingly weak and slow pulse, with a tendency to intermit and to vary on the slightest occasion. When the patient was sitting, its average was sixty, but on rising to his feet it immediately rose to one hundred and continued so as long as he was in the erect posture. As soon, however, as his trials passed away, the organ became restored to its normal condition. A case is now under the observation of the writer, in

which still more marked cardiac disturbance is due to the anxiety produced by vast and uncertain speculations in stocks.

With the secreting glands the effects of emotion are also very distinctly shown. The sight or smell of food, nay, even the very thought of it, makes the "mouth water," and sometimes acts with such force as to cause the saliva to be ejected in a stream from between the lips. Other emotions arrest the secretion of saliva, or entirely change its character. Most individuals have noticed in their own persons how the mouth and throat became parched through anxiety, or nervousness, as it is called. A young man making his first public speech always requires a liberal supply of water to quench his emotional thirst, and some speakers never break themselves of the habit. Every one, too, who reads novels, has come across a hero who "spoke in a voice husky with emotion," but who was able by the strong will with which he was endowed to conceal all other evidence of the passion which was rending his heart. The influence of emotion over this secretion is made use of in India as a means of discovering a thief among the servants of a family. All those who are suspected being compelled to hold a certain quantity of rice in the mouth during a few minutes, the offender is generally distinguished by the comparative dryness of his mouthful at the end of the experiment. Such a test must, however, often lead to erroneous conclusions, for it would very frequently be the case that a timid and nervous person would be so frightened as to suffer an arrest of the secretion of the saliva, while the bold and hardened individual would experience no emotional disturbance, and, consequently, no change in the natural moisture of his mouth.

Some writers have supposed that the saliva of a hydrophobic dog is only the natural secretion altered by emotional disturbance, and cases are on record of angry animals causing hydrophobia by their bites, when they themselves have never exhibited any signs of the disease. It is also tolerably certain that the saliva of an angry man or woman is sometimes possessed of poisonous properties, and that death has resulted from its being introduced into the blood of other persons. It has also been supposed that the saliva of the rattlesnake, copperhead, cobra, and other serpents, is only venomous when the reptiles are enraged. This, however, is an erroneous idea, as the writer has repeatedly proven, so far as the poison of the first-named of these snakes is concerned.

But that the saliva of an enraged man or woman may, in certain cases, become poisonous, is no unphysiological idea. The effects of strong emotions upon the milk of a nursing woman have long been noticed by physicians, and many infants have become affected with serious diseases, or have suddenly died from the milk secreted under such circumstances. Grief, anxiety, fretfulness, fear, and fits of anger tend to make the milk thin, and otherwise to alter its normal composition. A striking case, showing the effect of strong mental emotion upon the milk, is related by an eminent German physician, and is generally referred to in treatises on physiology.* A carpenter fell into a quarrel with a soldier billeted in his house, and was set upon by the latter with his drawn sword. The wife of the carpenter at first trembled with fear and terror, and then, suddenly throwing herself furiously between the combatants, wrested the sword from the soldier's hand, broke it in pieces, and threw it away. During the tumult, some neighbors came in and separated the men. While in this state of

* See "Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology," vol. 4, p. 465; also an article by the present writer, on the "Influence of the Mother over the Offspring during Pregnancy and Lactation," in the "Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine" for January, 1868.

strong excitement, the mother took up her child from the cradle, where it lay sleeping, and in the most perfect health, never having had a moment's illness. She gave it the breast, and in so doing sealed its fate. In a few minutes, the infant left off sucking, became restless, panted, and sank dead upon its mother's bosom. The physician, who was instantly called in, found the child lying in the cradle as if asleep, and with its features undisturbed; but all his resources were fruitless. It was irrevocably gone. Many other similar cases are on record, and several have occurred in the experience of the writer.

The secretion of milk is also often entirely checked by emotions either connected with the offspring or having no relation to it. Even in the lower animals this influence is prominent. Some cows will only yield milk when their calves are in sight, and sometimes when the calves die their skins are placed over other animals, so as to deceive the mother into a calm frame of mind.

Such facts show how important it is for mothers to maintain, as far as possible, an equable mental condition, not only for their own sakes, but for that of the innocent beings dependent upon them for health and life.

The effects of emotional disturbance on the liver are well recognized, not only by physicians, but by the people at large. A fit of rage has often stopped the action of this organ, and has thus produced an attack of jaundice. It is also a popular notion, and one not altogether destitute of foundation, that melancholy and jealousy alter both the quantity and quality of the bile.

And next, as regards the nervous system, the influence of the emotions is almost unbounded, especially in those delicately organized persons, all passion and sentiment, with little will or force of character. These allow their feelings to prevail over their intellects, either because they have no power with which to resist, or because they will not exert themselves to resistance. With such, there is often but one result—mental aberration in some form or other.

The emotional disturbance due to morbid or exalted ideas connected with religion, frequently so deranges the nervous system as to lead to serious mental disorders. Under this head must be classed the epidemics of demonomania which several centuries ago spread through the convents of Europe, the hysterical affections so frequently seen in weak-minded women at camp-meetings, the convulsive seizures and tremors which follow the exciting or gloomy sermons of over-enthusiastic preachers, and the cases of insanity which suddenly or gradually result from the fear that the soul is irrevocably lost.

Fear of any kind is a powerful agent in deranging the healthy action of the nervous system, and has frequently caused death. Macnish, in his "Philosophy of Sleep," relates the case of George Grokatzki, a Polish soldier, who deserted from his regiment. He was discovered a few days after, drinking and making merry in an ale-house. The moment he was apprehended, he was so much terrified that he gave a loud shriek, and was immediately deprived of the power of speech. When brought to a court-martial, it was impossible to make him articulate a word; nay, he became as immovable as a statue, and appeared not to be conscious of anything that was going forward. In the prison to which he was conducted, he neither ate nor drank. The officers and priests at first threatened him, and afterward endeavored to soothe and calm him; but all their efforts were in vain. He remained senseless and immovable. His irons were struck off, and he was taken out of prison, but he did not move. Twenty days and nights were passed in this way, during which he took no kind of nourishment. He then gradually sank and died.

The emotions act with much greater force upon women than upon men. Their bodies are more delicately organized, their organs more impressible, their nervous system more highly strung. These facts are partly due to inherent peculiarities of structure, but to a great extent to the manner in which they are educated and pass through life; until there are radical changes in these respects there is little chance that the intellect of woman will ever, save in exceptional instances, rise superior to her emotions. And, indeed, it is scarcely desirable that this result should come to pass. Exercise in self-command there should be, but wo unto woman in the eyes of man when she ceases to exhibit those charming deviations from the impassible psychological type which now form such charming features of her character! But what is loveliness in her is weakness in man. Both, however, should take care that they keep their emotions under due control, for there is danger both to body and mind in their unrestrained action.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M. D.

A TROPICAL MORNING AT SEA.

SKY in its still, far splendor lifted
Higher than cloud can be;
Air with no breath of earth to stain it,
Pure on the perfect sea.

Crests that touch and tilt each other,
Jostling as they comb;
Delicate crash of tinkling water,
Broken in pearling foam.

Plashings—or is it the pinewood's whispers,
Babble of brooks unseen,
Laughter of winds when they find the blossoms
Brushing aside the green?

Waves that dip, and dash, and sparkle;
Foam-wreaths slipping by,
Soft as a snow of broken roses
Afloat over mirrored sky.

Off to the East the steady sun-track
Golden meshes fill—
Webs of fire, that lace and tangle,
Never a moment still.

Liquid palms but clasp together;
Fountains, flower-like, grow—
Limpid bells, on stems of silver—
Out of a slope of snow.

Sea-depths, blue as the blue of violets—
Blue as a summer sky,
When you blink at its arch sprung over
Where in the grass you lie.

Dimly an orange bit of rainbow
Burns where the low West clears,
Broken in air, like a passionate promise
Born of a moment's tears.

Thinned to amber, rimmed with silver,
Clouds in the distance dwell,
Clouds that are cool, for all their color,
Pure as a rose-lipped shell.

Fleets of wool in the upper heavens
Gossamer wings unfurl;
Sailing so high they seem but sleeping
Over yon bar of pearl.

What would the great world lose, I wonder—
Would it be missed or no—
If we stayed in the opal morning,
Floating forever so?

Swung to sleep by the swaying water,
Only to dream all day.
Blow, salt wind from the North upstarting,
Scatter such dreams away!

E. R. Sill.

SAVED BY A BULLET.

"DO you know," said the smallest and weakest of all of us—"do you know, I should like to experience the sensation of *killing somebody?*"

Everybody smiled—some laughed—at the idea of poor little timid Minimus, becoming a homicide; but the train of thought suggested by his quaint remark was one that stimulated comment, and for the next half hour speculation ran riot through the esthetics of murder, suicide, and chance medley.

It has well-nigh become proverbial that the present situation, more especially, perhaps, if it be a pleasant one, is very apt to remind us of its antipodes. Perishing travellers amid the snow wastes of Siberia, are said to conjure up tormenting visions of feather beds, hot chimney corners, and delectable whiskey toddies. The miserable mortal, gasping in the last pangs of starvation, will picture to his hungry soul such a feast as never graced the board of Lucullus; and here we, a round half-dozen of city chums, lying lazily on our backs on the velvet sward of Staten Island, on a delicious, drowsy afternoon of summer, watching, through the rifts in our cigar smoke, the white sails of the pilot-boats skimming the bay, and the lengthening black trails from the pipes of the steamers—here we must needs turn away from the Arcadian topics suggested by our surroundings, and talk of blood, war, and violence. After each of us but one had said his say, Minimus called for Crocker; whereupon that one aroused him from his tobacco trance, and emphatically inquired what we were making such a row about, and as to why a fellow couldn't be allowed to smoke his pipe in peace.

"But I say, Crocker," persisted Minimus, "did you ever kill a man?"

"I suppose so; lots of 'em. Didn't the United States pay me for doing just that for four years or more?"

"Oh yes, of course; but that was all confusion and butchery, you know. There wasn't any individual killing about it, and none of that queer sensation that a man must feel when he puts steel or bullet right into the other fellow before him."

"And which isn't half as queer, I fancy," said Crocker, in his dryest way, "as the sensation of the other fellow."

Then there was a laugh at Minimus. But the little one was on the keen scent after a story, and was not to be ridiculed out of it. So he returned to the charge.

"Well, Colonel, you know what I mean, if I can't philosophize correctly over it. So tell us all you can about it, for it will interest us all. Do you really know of any one man you ever killed? If yea, tell us how it happened, and just how you felt."

Our Crocker was a pretty fair specimen of the higher order of Young America, and as he now sat and smoked, cross-legged, searching the stores of his fertile memory for an experience such as Minimus had requested, there was much

of positive character to be seen in his strongly-cut profile and steely-blue eye. Barely turned thirty, he had already been in almost every nook and corner of the world; had run away to sea when less than fifteen, and voyaged to the South Seas in a New Bedford whaler; had been round the world before the mast before twenty; graduated at Yale a few years after; made and spent two fortunes in California and Australia; had dabbled a little at the stock-board, and won and lost fabulous sums in horse-flesh; and finally, had fought the war through, leaving an arm at Pleasant Hill, up Red River, where he commanded his regiment in that desperate fight. We considered him a fellow entirely after his own kind, and of no ordinary kind, too. So, when Minimus began to call him out, we edged closer about him, quite sure that we should have a red-lettered leaf from his teeming experience. And we had it, as follows:

Modern warfare is too scientific to be called butchery or murder. The tendency of all these astonishing improvements in ordnance is to keep the combatants widely apart, as if to leave no possible opportunity for individual bad blood. Generally, our fighting is a kind of intangible warfare, in which the soldier becomes a kind of automaton; he loads and fires like a well-regulated machine, and at the end of an hour he has possibly killed two men, and put three more *hors de combat;* but he can't and don't realize any such thing. We march our armies up to within half a mile of each other, and there hammer and pound till one of the two gets an over-dose of lead, and has to withdraw; and no man of the twenty thousand victors can walk over the bloody field and select his own victims. Sometimes, rarely enough, we have a bayonet-rush or a cavalry-chase; but these are very exceptional. That jolly piratical style of slaughter in which the Romans and Africans delighted, when they sailed into each other with swords, slings, and javelins, has disappeared before organization and mechanism; it is the steadiness of the mass, not the prowess of the individual, that prevails now, and close hugs on the battle-field have pretty much gone out of date. Thrasymene and Gettysburg were both big fights, but there was a very decided difference in the way the combatants killed each other.

Well, and what of it? Merely to illustrate to you that Minimus is right when he says that there can't be much of the real sensation of killing in our latter-day fighting. But I can tell you of an experience which I once had that may satisfy your curiosity on this point; because human sensation is in all so near akin, that if you can enter into the spirit of the narrative, you can very easily imagine the scene, and each of you himself as the principal actor. I do not relate it boastfully or vaingloriously. It was one of the hardest necessities that ever pressed me, to take human life with deliberate intention; but when it forced itself upon me on that memorable midsummer noon, I may say, without exaggeration, that I met the ordeal as calmly as I now smoke this meerschaum. But you shall hear.

It was in July, 1863. Three weeks before, I rushed with my regiment up against the walls of Port Hudson, in the charging column which Banks sent out one bloody Sunday, and was carried from the ditch with a ball flattened against my ribs. The surgeon pronounced it serious; I knew better, for this was an old business to me, and dangerous wounds never feel as that did. However, I was carted over to the Landing, and shipped to New Orleans with a thousand others; and after a week in hospital, I was walking about, lonesome and restless, and fancying myself well enough for the front again.

Those were troublous times in New Orleans. For three weeks Banks had

been hammering at the gates of Port Hudson without avail, while his gallant little army dwindled away with fever, the bullet and the trenches. West of the river, Dick Taylor had swarmed down upon our outposts, capturing them in detail, and was lying at this moment at the head of Bayou La Fourche, blockading the Mississippi with six thousand men, and heavy guns enough to sink the supply-steamers for the army as fast as they came up. In the city, there was heaviness beneath many a double row of buttons. The force left to hold it had been small enough at first, and General Banks had drawn contingents from it until it was reduced to a very few effective regiments and batteries. Secesh exulted and reared up its head in anticipation of Taylor's appearance in the city by the Fourth of July, as he had promised.

Just at this time a plot was discovered among the citizens to set at liberty four hundred Southern prisoners confined in the Belleville Iron Works opposite. The plot was nipped; but, as a measure of safety, it was determined to send them immediately to Fortress Monroe, for parole and exchange. A detail of five officers and one hundred men was drawn from the hospitals of the city, myself being the senior officer, and placed in charge of the prisoners, with orders to turn them over to the commanding officer at the Fortress, and then return immediately. The official papers of this expedition, by a stretch of military courtesy, styled us the "Convalescent Guard;" but I think the "Crippled Century" would have been a far more appropriate designation.

I was told in advance that the service was a delicate, possibly a dangerous one; that within a month a transport load of prisoners had overpowered their guard off the Virginia coast, run the steamer ashore, plundered it, and made their way to the enemy's lines up the James.

"Could they not give me an efficient guard?" I asked.

No; they could not. Not a soldier could be spared who could shoulder a musket or stand on the picket-line in the field; I could have just one hundred of the convalescents, and must make the most of them.

The steamer lay at the Algiers wharf, and there I ranged my new command in a double line, while the crowd of prisoners passed between to their stowage in the hold; and my heart sank at the appearance of the detail. There were many good soldiers among them, but hardly a sound, vigorous man in the party. Many were enfeebled, lame, and suffering with wounds; many were poor weaklings, hollow-cheeked and hollow-chested with fever, and the majority of them seemed to need the support of their muskets to keep them on their feet. And this was the material with which I was to overawe and keep in subjection this burly crowd of prisoners during a week's voyage! I resolved to do all that man could do; but it was with grave apprehensions that I watched the spires of the Crescent City disappear, and saw the boat ploughing swiftly down to the blue water.

My fears were groundless; the voyage went by pleasantly and prosperously, with hardly a cloud in the sky, a swell on the surface of the summer sea, or a ripple of agitation among the dubious freight we carried. There was incessant mirth, singing, and good humor among the prisoners, from first to last. I relaxed no vigilance; the guard was kept sharply up to duty, and the most careful watch kept over the hold, as well as in it, to ensure against plots and surprises. But there was no plot, there was no thought of rising; and when, on the sixth of July, we anchored under the frowning walls of old Monroe, and passed our prisoners over the side into the flag-of-truce boat that was to convey

them up toward Richmond, my heart warmed to the fellows for their good behavior, and I found myself able to respond heartily to the cheery cry that some of them sent back.

"Good-by, old fellow! You 'uns are pretty good 'uns, after all: we don't believe we want to fight you any more!"

We stayed but an hour in the Roads—long enough to catch up the glorious note of victory that was hardly done pealing up from the field of Gettysburg—and then we laid our bow for New York, where we expected to find a transport to take us back. In due time we were landed over yonder at Governor's Island, and after I had seen my men provided with barracks and rations, and had joined the jovial lieutenants whom the hard exigencies of the war had compelled to serve in this quiet nook of the situation, I enjoyed a few days of pleasant rest and refreshment. It was delightful to sit after dinner in the cool, shady quarters overlooking the water, and speculate over our cigars about the war and its vicissitudes. Some of these subalterns had been in active service; all were West Pointers; and phlegmatic as I was, the nonchalance with which they discussed the prospect of promotion which might follow the great battle, was rather astounding to my volunteer ears.

"Hooray!" yelled Lieutenant P., spinning the morning paper across the floor. "Doubleday mortally wounded—my captain in the regulars, you know—and there's a promotion, sure."

And then the unfeeling young savages began to congratulate the lucky man, and to bewail their own hard fortune. But General Doubleday was not mortally wounded, as later reports said; and then the lieutenant gave vent to impatient disgust, declaring that there was nothing but selfishness among the seniors in the service, and that there was no chance at all for a sub.

On the morning of the 10th, I was notified to be ready to embark at noon with my command, on the steamer Matanzas.

"You will have some duty, on board, enough to keep you from laziness," old Colonel Loomis said to me. "I have had forty-seven men from the Department of the Gulf here under guard for some weeks, waiting for just such a chance. They are desperate fellows, most of them—deserters from Banks's army. The enemy treated them as prisoners of war, and exchanged them down at the fortress; but, it seems, their real character was reported ahead of them, and we are sending them back to be dealt with. You'll need to keep a sharp eye on them."

If I was surprised to hear that so many men could desert from one of our armies to the enemy, I understood the matter perfectly when I took charge of them aboard the tug that carried us over to the Matanzas. They were the lowest offscourings of military life—penitentiary-birds, bounty-jumpers, blacklegs—the siftings, in short, of a whole department. Most of them claimed membership with a notorious cavalry regiment raised in New Orleans, into which swarmed the felons of the city who were allowed to enlist; others came indifferently from a dozen regiments, which were, for the time being, happily rid of them. I spotted a few bold, villainous-looking customers, whom I mentally pronounced fit for any outrage; and on them I resolved to keep a careful eye. I think the Union cause would have been substantially benefitted by keeping the crew at Governor's Island till the close of the war; but as my own business was simply to obey orders, I took charge of them, and the Matanzas went out of the harbor. We had a large number of passengers aboard—a distinguished major-general, late of the Potomac Army, going to Louisiana with his staff, to report to Banks;

several school-ma'ams, bound for New Orleans and a wide sphere of duty among the Freedmen; three cotton speculators; several sutlers, and some dozens of officers returning from sick leaves.

The weather held pleasant, and the days passed away delightfully in such little occupations as people beguile themselves with at sea. No serious thought of trouble with the deserters had entered my brain; knowing their character, I watched them closely, and up to the last day of the voyage discovered nothing amiss. Their comfort was as well attended to as possible; their rations were regularly dealt out, and I had given orders that they should have the liberty of the forehold during the day. I had heard nothing from them, thus far, but an occasional oath, or sullen muttering, which seemed to mean nothing more than an escape-valve for their general malignity. A sergeant of the guard, in whom I put some confidence, pointed out to me two of them who he said were in the habit of spending hours out by the foot of the bowsprit, talking earnestly together, and that more than once he had seen one of them pointing at me, and making motions, as he talked, toward different parts of the steamer; but it hardly seemed to me that the fellow could intend any mischief. Certainly I did not look for it to come in the way it did.

Our voyage drew near its close. We had passed the bar outside Southwest Pass, where we learned from the pilot that Port Hudson had succumbed ten days before; and when the cabin passengers came on deck after dinner, we were steaming up between the reedy marshes which line the lower Mississippi. The prisoners were gathered in knots about the wheel-house and taffrail forward; the guard lounging negligently among them. I walked forward to take a nearer inspection; and the thought occurred to me that it could not be safe to allow the prisoners any further liberty of the deck. There were very likely expert swimmers among them who could easily gain the shore after nightfall, without observation; and, as we neared the city, we should have small boats swarming about us. So I gave the order to the sergeant to fall in both guard and prisoners, and that the latter go below at the roll-call.

The order was obeyed slowly, reluctantly, and with scowls. More than one muttered curse reached me, coupled with my name, and more than one glance of devilish passion was shot from that line to where I was standing, by the forward ladder. But there was no open disobedience. The sergeant called the roll, and as each man answered he went down into the hold. I watched the proceedings in silence, resolved not to interfere except in case of absolute necessity.

When about three-fourths of the names had been answered, that of Henry Rolan was called. The man who came forward was the same whom the sergeant had suspected. He came up promptly, gave me an impudent stare, and placed his foot on the first round of the ladder.

"Damn him!" were his words, as he turned his head toward the men. "Damn him, I say; he's no more feeling for us than a brute. Damn the upstart strapper!"

The words were spoken, as they were intended to be, in the hearing of all the prisoners, and the chuckle that came up from below told me that the arrow had hit the mark. I had one impulse, which I could no more resist than I could have suspended my breath for the next hour—the impulse to detain and punish him. Nobody knew better than myself the consequences of overlooking such a flagrant and deliberate breach of discipline; the next hour might have witnessed an

open and successful mutiny. Therefore, I reached out my hand, and grasping him by the collar, jerked him back of where I stood.

"Stand there," I said, "until I can attend to you. *You* shall have accommodations on deck. Guard, take care of him."

The man glared at me with rage, and for an instant I feared he meditated an attack. He stood motionless for a moment, and I ordered the sergeant to proceed with the roll-call.

"My name first!" the man shouted, and with a savage oath he pushed me aside and sprang down the ladder, while a half-cheer greeted his re-appearance.

I bit my lips hard, for I was becoming roused to the danger that threatened. As speedily as possible I concluded the roll-call, got all the prisoners below, and leaving strict orders to the guard to shoot the first man who insisted on coming up, I hastened down into the after-cabin. Through this unexpected scene I had worn my sword and belt, but had no pistol; and my first thought was to secure a revolver immediately. A lieutenant of the guard met me on the cabin stairs, and I bade him get his pistols and join me on deck instantly.

"Keep close to me, Hall," I said, "and observe carefully what I do. Be ready to act promptly, if the moment comes."

We went forward together. Selecting two men from the best of the guard, I ordered them to accompany me into the hold, following me closely. I descended the ladder first, the lieutenant next, and then the soldiers. The prisoners were mostly gathered together near the foot of the ladder, and scowls fell thick upon me as I passed through them. I searched closely for my man before I found him. He was not on the floor of the hold, in the passages, nor among the bunks, so far as I could at first discover; but after some minutes I spied him, crouched away in the darkest corner of an upper tier of bunks.

"Come down, and go on deck!" I said, abruptly. He gave neither motion nor word, but sat staring at me, unabashed and uncompliant.

"Come down, sir," I repeated; and with the words I laid my hand on my pistol. The fellow comprehended my meaning very quickly.

"Shoot me, will you?" he screamed, in a voice that sounded more like the growl of a wild beast than the articulate speech of a human being. "Shoot me, hey! O, by ——, I'd like to see you try it! I'll kill you—I'll shoot you first!"

I shall attempt no description of the fearful brutality of the man's appearance; nor could I repeat one half the shocking oaths he hurled at me. But I was not intimidated at all. I was determined to take him on deck and punish him at all hazards. Watching him sharply, I ordered one of the men to climb up the first tier of bunks and prick him with his bayonet hard enough to bring him down. This had the desired effect. Waiting until he was certain that the soldier meant to obey me, Rolan clambered down and dropped on the floor, filling the hold with curses and imprecations.

"Now start forward!" I said. "You will go above either dead or alive. Go to that ladder."

He moved along slowly at first, until I again ordered the guard to help him with his bayonet, and then he went on, spitting out his profanity, and abusing me by name with the worst of epithets. At the foot of the ladder he made a stand, and resolutely declared he would not stir a foot further.

"Go on," I said, "or take the bayonet."

"Boys, are you going to let him treat me in this way?" he cried, with an oath, abruptly turning to them and holding out his hands. The prisoners had

surged up solidly around us as we stood there, and were regarding us with knotted brows and clenched fists. "Knock him down, boys, can't you? Just get me away from him, and I'll show—"

"Stand back!" I shouted, drawing my pistol. There was a movement of those next me, and a clear space was quickly made. "If any man attempts a rescue, I'll shoot him without a word."

And nobody did. I placed the two guards with their bayonets charged toward the crowd, ordering them to transfix the first man who should offer any interference; and then turning to Rolan, cocked my pistol, and peremptorily commanded him to mount to the deck. There was something in my voice, or in the muzzle of that pistol, that coerced him into obedience; he went up, still muttering, but not so loudly.

Again on deck, I stationed more guards at the hatch, and ordered the corporal on duty to go to the mate and borrow a pair of handcuffs. Rolan stood with his back to the rail, glowering at me beneath his sullen brows. He heard the order, saw the corporal start, and quickly asked:

"Do you mean them for me?"

I made no answer; I would have no more parleying. But my purpose had been from the first to handcuff, gag him, and tie him in the rigging. As I continued silent, he broke out with another torrent of oaths, defying me, and daring me to lay a hand on him. Lieutenant Hall said, in a low voice, which reached my ear only:

"The fellow is desperate; you must be on your guard. And Colonel, good heavens! look into the hold!"

I motioned one of the guard to stand between Rolan and myself, and threw a glance over my shoulder toward the hatch. The sight was enough to chill the blood of a Christian. The prisoners had crowded densely forward to the ladder, some with their hands resting on it, as if under an impulse to ascend, and filling the space as far back as the sides of the hatch permitted the eye to look. They were standing as closely together as it was possible for human beings to stand, many on tiptoe, their hands clenched, their eyes protruded; some with their mouths open, like wild beasts, and all glaring up at me with such a malignant expression as some of the old masters have contrived to throw into the pictured countenance of the Fiend.

"Look to the guard," I whispered to Hall. "Here are the shackles."

The corporal handed them to me. Rolan instantly dismissed his noisy, profane talk, folded his arms, and looked me straight in the eye.

"I warn you not to put those things on me," he said. "Remember—*I warn you!* You'll repent it if you do."

I continued perfectly calm; but the cool determination of the fellow's manner gave me a more vivid realization of danger than I had yet gained.

And I will tell you why I was cool: It was because I had been prepared two years for just such an emergency. In entering the service, I had resolved that I would be the last to take life in the enforcement of discipline, so long as the necessity could be avoided; but that when it became a necessity, I should not hesitate an instant. And I believe I realized to the full the peril that threatened me; I knew that Hall, the sergeant, and myself, might be disarmed and trampled down by a desperate rush of the prisoners upon us, even though we might kill half a dozen of them; and that when we were out of the way, they would have little difficulty in overcoming and disarming my feeble guard. And what

could they then do? Ask rather what could they not do! There were spirits among those forty-seven ripe for any desperate undertaking, and it was entirely within the bounds of possibility that they should run the boat back to some convenient spot on the coast, where they might abandon it and make good their escape. There was everything to prompt these desperadoes to such an undertaking; the immunity from military punishment for their offences, the hope of plunder, and a speedy escape from the service. Certainly, I realized it all as I stood there on the mid-deck of the Matanzas, facing the ruffian, and just about to speak the words which might overwhelm us in successful mutiny.

The sergeant stood just at my right; the corporal at my left; Hall immediately beyond him, and Rolan exactly in front of me, not more than four feet away. We five made an irregular circle of about a yard in diameter. My thinking was done in less time than one of these pipe whiffs is drawn in and expelled; and, just as Rolan spoke, I reached out my hand toward the sergeant, with the handcuffs.

"Take them, sergeant, and fasten his hands," I said.

But he had not touched them—nay, his own arm had hardly begun to extend itself forward—when Rolan, with a quick, cat-like motion, snatched the shackles from my hand, tossed them overboard, and turned upon me. His eyes were afire with mad, brutish passion; his fists clenched and elevated, and his foot took one step toward me. It all happened in an instant, in the snap of a finger, and I was ready for him. My pistol was drawn and the hammer up before the shackles struck the water; and as he took that step, in just such an attitude as I have seen a prize-fighter assume on a quick offensive, I shot him.

"Did you mean to kill him?" asked Minimus.

"I certainly did; and I say, in all humility what I think, that to my promptness alone that ship, with the crew and passengers, were indebted for their salvation. The ball struck him in the left breast, just above the heart, severing the great artery, as I afterward learned. He jerked his right hand up to the place, and settled heavily to the deck, at my feet, with the cry:

"O, boys, he's killed me, he's killed me!" And from the hold came up a responsive cry, "You murderer, you murderer!"

I bent down over him as his head fell to the deck. The heat of the action was yet in me, but it was in all kindness that I asked him,

"What have you to say? Who has been right in this business?"

He turned his eyes to me. The demon had all left them, and he spoke in a voice that was burdened with terror,

"You was right—and I was wrong—wrong—wrong! But, O, for God's sake, pray for me! pray for me!"

The color left his face in an instant. They were his last articulate words; he died in three minutes.

Up to this time I believe I had not been excited; but just as I rose to my feet, with my eyes fixed on the dead man's face, the cry of "murderer" was flung at me again from the hold, and then, I confess, I could not restrain my temper. I sprang down the ladder with the smoking revolver in my hand, and faced the crowd. They fell back without a word, cowed, I think, by the silent determination they saw in me.

"Men, I hope you understand me now," I said. "I will have no epithets, nor anything that looks like insubordination. You have compelled me to do

what I have done, by your own folly, and now remember—I will deal as sternly with any man who attempts a mutiny."

They believed me, and acted accordingly. This was the last of a revolt which I have now good reason to believe had waited its opportunity since the day of our leaving Governor's Island; and I have the testimony of many officers high in rank, that the effect of the example which I set was most salutary. Within a week I had turned over my precious crew to their respective commanding officers; and I am at liberty to hope that their punishments were commensurate with their deserts.

"And how did you get out of the scrape?"—that little interrogation point—Minimus, asked.

We were at New Orleans that night. On the following day I went up to the headquarters of General Emory, then commanding the defences, to report to his adjutant-general the result of my mission, and the return of the party. Just as I had reached the climax of my narrative, as I have related it to you, the General walked in, and caught my last words.

"How's that?" he interrupted, sharply, bending his shaggy brows, and lifting his leonine front ominously upon me. "What's that, sir? Repeat it."

And I repeated it briefly, giving the exact truth of the affair. He listened attentively, and when I had concluded, looked me very sternly in the eye.

"And so you shot a soldier?"

"Yes, sir."

"Kill him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Deserter, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph! Deserter to the enemy's lines?'

"Yes, sir."

"Humph, humph! How many more of them did you bring me?"

"Forty-six live ones, sir."

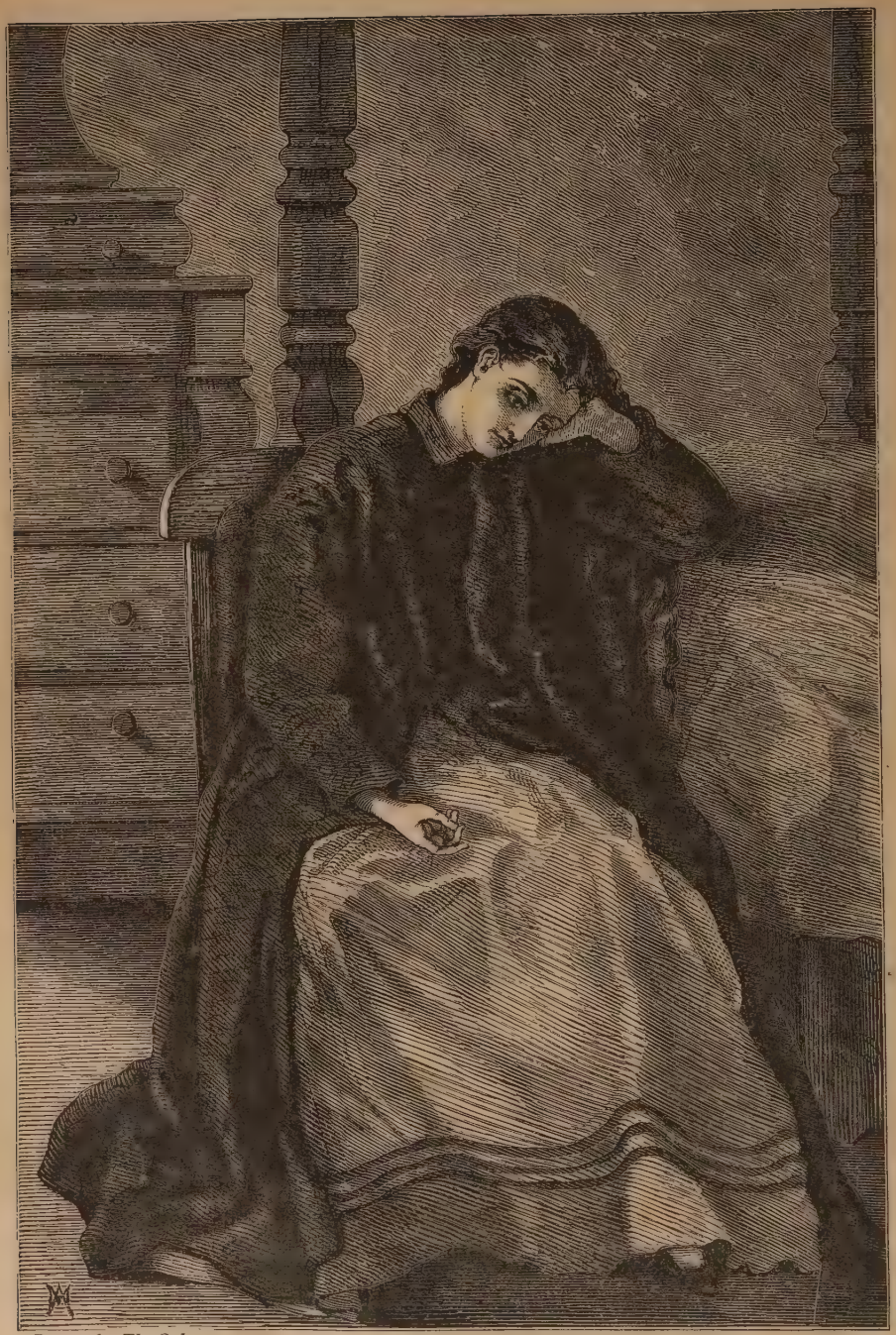
"Well, sir, you have done well—just what you should have done. I believe you've got the stuff in you for a soldier. Why the devil didn't you shoot them all—hey? Colonel Smith! write an order exonerating Colonel Crocker from all blame in this affair. We have no officers to spare for courts of inquiry, and I'll take the responsibility myself. Good morning, Colonel. I hope to meet you often."

The thing seemed to please the old man hugely; and I have pretty good proof that he remembered me. It was ten months afterward, away up the Red River, in the front of that savage battle at Pleasant Hill, that I received the wound that cost me this arm. The General was right on the line when I was struck; and I believe he saw the wound as soon as I felt it, for I heard him sing out:

"Colonel Crocker, you're hit, and hard, too, I'm afraid. Take this orderly's horse and get to the rear—quick, sir! quick! Go to the headquarter ambulance, half a mile back."

I might have stayed long enough to get another bullet, if the old man hadn't ordered me away so peremptorily. So it is just possible that the taking of that miserable life aboard the Matanzas was the saving of my own at Pleasant Hill.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.



Drawn for The Galaxy.

I SAT IN MY ROOM, THRIDDING MY FINGERS THROUGH MY HAIR, WONDERING HOW GIRLS DID MAKE UP THEIR MINDS.—Page 199.

ADAM AND EVE.

THEY say "Quaker sermon is best said unsaid;" but, dear reader, my preachment underlies a love-story; and if I did not tell the story then thee would never hear it. It concerns Adam Mott and myself, and a few other souls. If I undertake it, thee must let me begin at the beginning; and I apprehend that for that I need not go back any further than Adam.

I remember the first time I ever saw Friend Mott: father and I were going to meeting on a first day in fourth month. We were turning a corner, when the wind waked out of a sound sleep and blew a great gust of rain in our faces. Then we found we had fallen in with our worthy Friend Potter and a stranger. The stranger was a personable man; but I saw him through the water in my eyes, and that blurred him a little. An adverse wind seemed to blow us together. I was forced against his drab coat before I knew it; and Friend Potter said, with a smile:

"This is our friend, Adam Mott, from Philadelphia. Friend Mott, let me make thee acquainted with Eve Douglass."

"How, now?" said my father. "Is this verily Friend Adam? And why didn't thee come straight to my house?"

He shook hands as if he would never let go; and then I remembered who the man was, for I had often heard mention of Adam. I looked at him critically, and the first thing I saw was his eyes, as blue and almost as unfathomable as the sky. Thee has seen such bright, opaque eyes, with a smile in them. But thee never knows whether the smile means anything or not; that is for thee to find out after thee gets acquainted.

Adam was pleasant to look upon, and his stiff, quiet ways were rather agreeable; but I could think of nothing to say to him. Father wished me to be social. I knew he did. He had said to me, two or three times: "Eve, when Friend Mott goes through the State, he will call on us, and I expect thee to treat him the best thee knows how. I set great store by some of his family."

So I thought I would try to be agreeable; but if I had been flayed alive I could not have thought of anything to say. When father asked the young man to go and dine with us, and to make our house his home while he remained in town, I repeated the invitation as warmly as I could. He replied that he would go with pleasure; he had long desired to make our acquaintance.

But I judged by the way he gazed at my dress, that he thought I was not much of a "Friend." I did not wear a sugar-scoop bonnet, but a straw cottage with worldly bows on it, and a little lace around the face. My silk gown was mode-colored, and I had on a wicked casaque, which was then the style. Father allowed me to wear what I liked, for I did not "belong to the meeting," and my dear mother before me had been one of the world's people.

They say she was an irrepressible young creature, always on wings. I can just remember the music of her voice as she sang lullabies to me. She died

when brother John was a baby. I had been sent away in my little childhood to a drab-colored boarding-school, and had caught from my teachers and from constant association with "Friends," a steadiness of deportment which gave general satisfaction. Father hoped I had quite outgrown the troublesome impulsiveness of my infancy. The truth is, dear reader, I kept myself under lock and key. Cousin Sophia knew it; Dr. Hathaway knew it; and so did Martha, our maid, and brother John; for there were times when I was really obliged to come out and act myself before *somebody*.

Whether this Friend Adam would ever see me otherwise than as a demure Quaker damsel, depended entirely upon the natural magnetism of his nature. Thee may wonder what were my presentiments on that subject? Ah, friend, thee needn't ask too close questions. A woman may have her intuitions; but even when one tries to tell a true story, don't thee think there are some things one might as well keep back?

Dr. Hathaway was in the house when we reached home. Cousin Sophia had sent for him during a "nervous attack."

"Friend Edward," said I, "I am glad to have thee here. Now, thee must stay to dinner and talk as fast as thee can for dear life."

He did stay, and harangued so lengthily on politics that I had time to pour the tea with Adam's blue eyes looking the other way.

Dinner was over at last; and, as soon as father saw me alone, he asked me, rather anxiously, how I liked Friend Mott.

"Father," said I, "I have not seen him yet."

"Not seen him, child?"

"No, father, he has retired within his brains and locked himself in, and does not come out."

Father smiled.

"He is rather 'put to it' for talk, Eve; but I'm satisfied he is a worthy young man."

Well, he kept staying and staying. I found out one thing—he had a "gift of the Spirit," and could preach with the best. But I never liked the man so well as I did when he fell to discussing the state of the country. Then his voice thrilled us like a battle trumpet. He thought just as father and I did, and we were patriotic to the ends of our fingers.

"I reckon he knows which side his bread is buttered on," remarked Brother John, who had never taken very kindly to our new acquaintance.

Friend Mott said he was glad we could shake hands on the war question; for the Friends in general held different views. If his life was spared, he intended to enlist at the very next call. My heart glowed with sympathy as he talked of resisting unto blood, striving against sin; but, in spite of his virtues, I was not at my ease with him yet. And still he staid.

"Perhaps he thinks he has alighted in the garden of Eden, and dreads to leave it," said Cousin Sophia, looking very wise.

"I am tired of that joke, cousin. If he is Adam and I am Eve, the more's the pity."

"An odd coincidence though, isn't it, my dear? Said Mrs. Mott to your father—'I've named my oldest boy Adam; name your daughter Eve; and when they are of age they shall marry.'"

"Friend Mott's mother didn't say *that*, Cousin Sophia?"

"Indeed she did, Eve; and what is more, your father replied, placidly, 'Very well, Friend Priscilla, nothing could please me better!'"

"Now tell me," cried I, hotly, "who is Priscilla Mott?"

"Priscilla Mott was a prim little Quakeress; and your father ought to have married her, for he promised to."

"My father!"

"Yes, your father; but he taught school among the world's people at Milton, and there he saw Helen Raymond, and *she* taught him what love is!"

Cousin Sophia sighed at this juncture. She had met with a "disappointment" in her youth.

"Cousin Sophia, I cannot credit the story! My father always speaks of love as a 'figment of the brain.'"

"It is often so with elderly men, dear; but they know better all the time. Priscilla Mott—I forget her maiden name—was nearly broken-hearted. Not that she died on the spot—women seldom do, Eve; she's alive now, and her husband, too, for she hadn't the strength of mind to remain single. She married a shiftless, do-nothing sort of man, and your father feels as if he couldn't do too much for the family; he has helped educate Adam."

"Oh! Sophia, thee cuts me to the heart. To think that my father, the soul of honor, should have broken his word."

"Child, what do you know of these matters? You should not have urged me to tell the story. I don't know what your father would say. Don't breathe it to him for the world!"

I made no reply. I was thinking of Abraham and Isaac. When Abraham was commanded to offer up his little son, did he flinch? If father thought it a duty to sacrifice me, would he hesitate?

My eyes were opened, now, and I saw which way the straws were blowing. Adam was half the time musing in a corner, with those handsome, opaque eyes fixed on me. But when at last the declaration came, I was not exactly prepared for it. For the quiet Adam to speak in such an impassioned manner, was a marvel. It moved me; but whether my heart was touched, I could not tell. He said he would try to wait with patience for my answer. It seemed to me he would have to wait till doomsday.

I sat in my room half that afternoon thridding my fingers through my hair, wondering how girls did make up their minds? By comparison, probably. For instance, did I like Adam better than Solomon Potter? O, certainly, he knew a great deal more. Better than Dr. Hathaway? Why, Dr. Hathaway wasn't to be taken into the account; he was not a suitor like Solomon and Job, and though an excellent man, must he at least thirty-five years old! If I lived in that wide and dangerous place called "the world," should I be likely to meet people more agreeable than old bachelors and "preaching friends?" But this question did not bear upon the subject. My lot was cast among Quakers.

Miriam Grant came in that evening, and I longed to open my heart to her, but she was not a girl to respect one's confidence, though such a pretty, winsome creature, that I loved to watch her. Adam seemed to find her entertaining. She was not overawed by him as I was. Why had'nt he fancied her instead of me, and saved me all this trouble of making up my mind?

Presently Dr. Hathaway, who boarded at Friend Grant's, came to walk home with Miriam. He talked to me, but I scarcely listened. I was thinking how I longed to ask father if he really wished me to cancel his debt to the mother by

marrying the son? Not that I should ever say as much to father: I could not break through the reserve which had always existed between us.

"I see thou art in perplexity," said Dr. Hathaway, falling into the "plain language," as he sometimes did with me when very much in earnest. "Is there anything I can do for thee, Eve?"

"Nothing. O no, Friend Edward, and I mustn't tell thee what it is," stammered I. "I am not perplexed at all; and if I am, thee mustn't notice it."

He looked at me, and then glanced across the room at Adam, who seemed to be furtively watching us. In my simplicity I never imagined that the story was very easy to read.

"My dear child," said the doctor, in his kind way, "I would not intrude on thy confidence for the world, but—"

What he might have said I do not know; something to be remembered afterward; something to give me a little aid, I do not doubt; but just then Cousin Sophia came languidly along and desired the doctor to pronounce on a new "symptom." I was vexed: I wished to talk longer with Friend Edward. Not that I would have told him anything, but I might have asked a few leading questions, I thought, without betraying Adam. While Miriam was putting on her things, he found time to say:

"Be true to thyself, Eve. Let no one over-persuade thee to any step thy heart does not sanction. Next time we meet I have a long story to tell thee. Good-by."

"Be true to thyself, Eve." Those words rang in my ears.

But I was not true to myself any more than was the great grandmother of us all. I did not know what the truth was. My mind was tossed up and down like the sea in a storm. I had no mother whose advice I could seek. Adam loved me so dearly—that was what I thought—and father said to me with such a confident look,

"I'm glad thee seems to be led in the right path, Eve."

Cousin Sophia rallied me upon being in love. John made broad jokes on the subject. I supposed they all knew better than I did. The fates seemed to push me along, just as the adverse wind blew me that first day against Adam's drab coat. I supposed I was led in the right path when I put my hand in Friend Mott's, and said:

"If thee wants me I am thine."

"Thank the Lord," ejaculated Adam, "let us pray."

"Thee is a good daughter," said father, buoyantly; "thee'll make a good wife."

"If thee chooses to be a fool," said brother John, doggedly, "I've nothing to say. If thee would only look straight before thy nose, thee'd see a man worth twenty Adam Motts."

"I suppose thee means thyself, John."

Father and Adam had long talks about my property which had been accumulating in bank ever since my mother's death. As Adam was to be a merchant, father thought it best for him to take my money and set himself up in business. I had no objections to make.

When father and Adam discussed these matters, I stole off by myself. I loved to keep out of the way on the slightest excuse. Adam had always been hard to entertain, and now conversation with him was well nigh impossible. We sat in the parlor by the half hour without speaking. Only when he talked about

the war, then he was eloquent, and I listened with pride. He said he must leave me at the call of his country, and I replied:

"Adam, I'll never stand in thy way."

One day Miriam Grant gave a party. It was then that our engagement became known, though what little bird whispered it I never knew, unless it was Cousin Sophia.

Dr. Hathaway was the first to congratulate me. The guests were all out of doors, and Friend Edward and I walked along together toward the summer-house in the garden. I suggested that it was a good time for the story he had promised to tell. He seemed to have forgotten the promise.

"What did thee mean that night when thee told me to be true to myself, Friend Edward? Thee didn't suspect what was on my mind?"

"I hope you pondered well my words," replied Friend Edward, without noticing my question. "You have been true to yourself? You are happy?"

"O very happy, indeed. Thee has no idea how pleased father is!"

"I suppose so. And you are pleased, too, Eve? Forgive me for asking: but you have no doubts?"

While he spoke he never looked at me, but straight at the sky.

"Doubts?" said I, affecting a confident tone; "not one."

"Then I am satisfied," replied Friend Edward, solemnly; but his face was so pale that it startled me, and there was a look in it that thrilled my heart strangely. I was never in my life less sure of anything than I was just then of my love for Adam Mott!

We had unconsciously strayed to some distance, and on our return I saw that Adam was displeased. As we walked home he undertook to chide me for being too trifling in my manners. His words were very gentle, but they roused me to anger.

"Adam Mott," said I, "thee may as well know first as last that I am not a saint. Thee need not attempt to control me! I shall never ask thy leave to talk with an old friend. Moreover, while I was walking with the doctor what was *thee* doing?"

Reading poetry with Miriam, for she had told me so.

Adam hastened to apologize, and tried to soothe me with tender words; but all he said only irritated me; his affection repelled me more than his anger.

Another week passed. I was growing wretched. Father thought my sobriety very commendable, and Adam liked me all the better for it.

He and father still talked of trade; but I fancied father was not as well satisfied as at first with Adam's business capacity; he told me he thought the young man was too fond of speculation; he didn't know but he "took after the Motts."

Adam was going home to Philadelphia to enlist with the young men of his own city. Why didn't he start? When he was fairly gone, at last, I drew a sigh of relief. It was downright wicked of me, but I could not help it!

"O Cousin Sophia," said I, one day, in an irrepressible burst of confidence, "I begin to be afraid I don't love Adam as well as I ought to."

"Well, dear," replied my experienced cousin, "it will be very different after you are married."

Reader, does thee perceive the sophistry of her views?

Friend Edward had grown estranged. I could not but observe it with pain. One evening he came to say good-by. He was going into the army as surgeon. Friend Edward! Ah, this struck home! I tried to conceal my distress. I had

begun before this to suspect the true state of my heart, and the bitter consciousness made me wary. Words I had no right to speak rose to my tongue; emotions I had no right to feel were throbbing at my heart; tears which would not have started if Adam had been dying, gushed up and choked me while Edward held my hand to say good-by.

So many years as I had known him! Such pleasant talks as we had had together! How could I spare him? Perhaps he might not live to come back! Never had I known such a friend before, never should I find such another. It was dreadful that he was going, and I dared not tell him I was sorry.

"Not one word for me?" said he, sadly. "Only say 'God speed,' my friend!"

My lips moved. He must have seen I could not speak. I tore my hands from his and rushed out of the room; that was our parting.

The summer passed on—or they called it summer. I tried to do my duty, and hoped that sometime my mind would "settle down into quietness." I worked in the kitchen and I worked for the soldiers. Miram's mother held me up as a model. But always underlying everything else was the thought, "Why can't I die?"

They said Dr. Hathaway was engaged to Miriam. It was no concern of mine, but she was too shallow for Friend Edward. I had my own private thoughts as to what might have been, but I dared not think them. And as for the chain which bound me to Adam, I never dreamed of starting one of its iron links. Hadn't my word been passed? *My word!*

Adam had not enlisted yet; was waiting for his company. His letters to me were well enough, but I had no patience to read them. Yet all the while I listened greedily to every stray word from Dr. Hathaway. He was throwing his whole soul into the work. Everybody in town missed the good doctor—Cousin Sophia by no means least.

One evening, as I walked home from a sewing-circle, whom should I meet in my very path but Adam Mott? "Why, where in the world did thee come from?" I cried with more surprise than delight.

He seemed so glad to see me that my heart smote me for my coldness.

"When is thy company to start?"

"They started two weeks ago. Thee will be the last to blame me, Eve. I hadn't the courage to leave thee!"

"What does thee say, Adam?"

"I've been longing so for another sight of thy sweet face, Eve."

"Adam," said I, coldly, "thee hasn't given up enlisting?"

"Well, yes, Eve, the truth is, my love for thee stands in the way."

"Indeed," cried I, "it shall do so no longer! Where is thy patriotism, Adam?"

"Don't be hard on me, Eve!"

"Thee might know, Adam," cried I, throwing off all restraint, "that all I ever liked in thee was thy patriotism! If thee hasn't *that*, thee has very little to recommend thee!"

Adam winced.

"Perhaps, Eve, I may have obtained clearer views of duty."

"Don't talk nonsense, Adam! Thee knows what my temper is!"

"Why, Eve, a man may change his mind, I hope!"

"Yes, so may a woman. I've changed mine, Adam. I'll never marry thee."

The words flew out without any will of mine.

"Why, Eve, thee is joking!"

"No, Friend Adam. I am in downright earnest. Our engagement has been a mistake. It is bounden upon me to say so! I wish thee well, Adam, but there's not one spark of love for thee in my heart—not one spark!"

"Oh, Eve, Eve!"

"I have deceived thee, Adam. I beg thy pardon. If thee had enlisted as thee said thee would, I should have kept my word if it had killed me. Now, as long as thee breaks thy own promise, how can thee hold me to mine!"

Adam gazed at me in a stupor. What I had said was not to be comprehended in a minute.

"But Eve, thee wouldn't break thy friend's heart?"

He looked as if the blow had crushed him. I wanted to sink into the earth. I deeply pitied the man I had wronged. But what was spoken was spoken, and even if I could I would not have taken it back.

When I told father of it he was sorely displeased.

"He had thy promise, daughter—thy faithful promise!"

How could father look me in the face and say that!

"Father," said I, earnestly. "I believe I was led."

Adam lingered about the house, and besought and beset me till I was nearly wild. Even my pity was spent at last, and I entreated him to summon all his manhood and go away.

Then came out the true secret of his persistence. He had used my capital in speculation and lost half of it. If I would not marry him, what would become of him, for he could not pay it back.

So it was not *love*, but *debt* that had agonized him so! Thee may know I was only too glad to forgive the coward what he owed. I heard nothing more about lacerated affections; and the cringing fellow went away very well pleased. Then my heart danced for joy. The world might say what it pleased. I was free, and even my father was heartily glad of the turn things had taken.

Thus ends the first chapter of my preachment; and if thee doesn't see the moral, it is this:

"A bad promise is better broken than kept."

The second chapter of my story is very short; I mean that part of it which will bear the telling.

Friend Edward came home from the army. I was very shy about letting him see how glad I was, for I had no more right to any emotions now than I had when he went away, though for a different reason.

"Why, Eve, no welcome for me?"

"Everybody can't be as pleased as Miriam, I suppose," said I; and I wished next minute I could bite my tongue out for its foolishness!

"Thee doesn't mean to say thee believes that silly gossip?" said Friend Edward, reproachfully, looking as bright, nevertheless, as a June sunbeam.

"Why, why, thee knows its no concern of mine," stammered I, like an idiot.

Then there was more said on both sides.

By-and-by I ventured to look up, and said I:

"Ah, Friend Edward, if thee really loves me so much as that, I think the least I can do is to—to—be true to myself."

That remark of mine was rather ambiguous; but it appeared to give entire satisfaction; it showed Friend Edward that I remembered and respected his advice.

"Mr. Douglass," said he to my father, "can you consent to give your daughter to one of the world's people?"

"As to that," replied my father, benignly. "If the girl *will* marry out of meeting, I'd as soon give her to thee as to any one I know."

Which was saying a good deal for father.

Cousin Sophia did not seem at first altogether pleased; but after she decided to marry the Reverend Seth Witham, of Marlboro', her views of my prospects underwent a change.

Adam and Miriam have gone to housekeeping across the river, like a pair of turtle doves.

Edward and I were wedded three years ago come next fourth month; and it is a true marriage; so I suppose thee will say, that is all thee cares to hear about it.

SOPHIE MAY.

LITERARY TRANSFER WORK.

DO you know what the transfer work is on a bank-note?

If you do not, it would be useless to attempt to explain it minutely, unless I desired to use the whole space allotted to my article for that purpose. But I may be able, perhaps, briefly to impart a glimmering idea of it.

If you happen to have a national bank-note or bond in your pocket, take it out and examine it. You will see that on both sides it is a labyrinth of delicately-engraved lines, some of them so fine that you need a magnifying glass to observe clearly how beautiful and accurate they are. But do not suppose that all this work has been engraved especially for this note. Look, for instance, at the border. You will see that it is a repetition by sections of the same lines. The transferrer had a piece of engraving or lathe-work on a steel-plate, which he may have used in whole or part on fifty other bills or checks. The repetition of some narrow section of this will make a pretty border. So, by process of hardening and softening of metals and concentration of great lever powers, he presses these fine lines, elevated or depressed, from one metal surface to another, filing off all which he does not want, until the section he wishes is transferred to the plate of the bill, and until this section is repeated again and again to the end of the border. Then, suppose he wishes to make a round groundwork, with fine lines, in which the figure representing the denomination shall be placed. From the same engraving, or some other, he takes a wedge-shaped sixteenth section, it may be, and, by repeating this sixteen times around a common centre, the circumference is complete. And all these sections, in the border and in the round groundwork, are so accurately joined that you do not know where the point of separation was. Again, it may be that the workman files away a place in the centre of this round figure for the character, Roman or Arabic, determining the denomination of the note, and that he has this character also ready engraved to transfer to this space.

So by the different combinations of a few engravings he makes all sorts of notes, checks, drafts, and bonds, with scarcely a feature that can be recognized as similar by a casual observer, while scarcely anything, unless it be the name or the date, has been engraved expressly for any one of them. Even the letters of the name and the figures of the date may be old ones also transferred to the plate. The plate from which this beautiful bill or bond is printed is not at all an original engraving, but a different combination of different parts of old engravings that have been used a hundred times before. If this work had been attempted to be done especially for this bill or bond, it would have taken an amount of labor and time that would astonish you. And after all it would have been no better for the popular eye than this.

Now a great proportion of the literary work of the present day is transfer work. Our essays, and even our books, are made up of old quotations, old metaphors, old jokes, old ideas, old clusters of words, old forms of treating subjects,

transferred by small sections and in new combinations to new pages. There is very little new work put in. One good reason for this is that there is scarcely a strictly new thing that can be said, and that those who strive for the original and think they have attained it are apt to find that some one has done something very similar in former years.

Another good reason is that these old sayings have been culled as the best from all the ages that are past, and are such that one man, always excepting Shakespeare, uttered only a very few of them in a lifetime. A saying, too, which has been repeated a thousand times is just as new to a person who never read it, as one which is put in type for the first time. Those pertinent old quotations, those fine metaphors, those excellent references to mythological personages and localities, will never lose their potency, for the evident reason that by the time one generation learns them, it dies and they remain quite as new to the next. The old man to whom all these things are hackneyed, leaves a son, nevertheless, to whom they give just as much delight as though his ancestors had not been repeating them to their cotemporaries for two hundred years back.

I remember the pleasurable sensation with which I first heard the line—

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.

I did not know how many times it had been quoted, or who wrote it. I did not know, what I afterward read in a newspaper, that it had been ascribed to the German of Von Logau, might also be found in the Spanish of Padre de Isla's "Friar Gerund," and had trickled down the centuries, through many languages, as most of the best thoughts have done. I heard a lecture this winter which was merely a stringing together of well-known facts, scraps of poetry, and jokes, all of which I can conscientiously say I had heard at least half a dozen times. It was a marked success, and a very intelligent audience applauded and enjoyed it more than any entertainment of the kind that I have attended for a long time. Another lecturer, perhaps, with a grim determination to be original, would have put a collection of stale platitudes about some abstruse subject into inane words, and would have been intensely dull to listen to. I have no doubt, however, that at this lecture of which I speak, there was some simple old duffer in the audience, to whom some one of the jokes was familiar, who, with mild contempt, pluming himself on his knowledge, remarked, "Oh! that's old." But he seemed not to know that all the rest which he enjoyed so much was just as old, and that this joke, which he thought stale, was deemed by most of the audience to be the best in the lecture; for staleness in literature is a comparative term, and is to be decided entirely by what happens to be familiar to the hearer.

Emerson says, that a man is original now-a-days in proportion to the amount which he steals from Plato. The great point in quoting is to quote from out-of-the-way books which but few have seen. To introduce a familiar quotation, the following formula is effective: "The reader well remembers the beautiful passage," etc. Something of this kind disarms those who have read it before; and, strange to say, flatters those who have not. I think you will be surprised, in looking at our current literature, to see how much transfer work there is in it. Did you ever happen to discover an article about songs that did not quote that saying of Fletcher of Saltoun, which I have seen also attributed to Sir Philip Sidney, "Let who will make the laws of a people if I write their songs;" or one about poets that did not quote "*Poeta nascitur non fit;*" or one on ladies' feet that did not quote Sir John Suckling—

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;

or one on names that did not say—

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet;

or one about unappreciated worth that did not draw upon Gray's Elegy for the stanza commencing—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene;

or one about vanity that did not say, with Burns—

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us, etc.;

or one about peace that did not remark, with Milton, that "Peace hath her victories," etc.; or one about music that did not say that it had charms to soothe the savage breast, or that the individual who had none of it in his soul was fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils; or one on education that did not refer, with Thomson, to teaching the young idea how to shoot; or one about tenement-houses that did not inform the reader that one-half the world does not know how the other lives; or one on the Great West that did not tell us that Bishop Berkeley said "Westward the course of empire takes its way" (the course of empire in this instance being as peculiar as "the course of true love;") or any reference to soldiers and ladies that did not insist that none but the brave deserve the fair; or any argument about a thing being impossible that did not refer to Mrs. Partington's attempt to sweep the Atlantic Ocean out of her door with a broom; or anything about trans-continental telegraphic enterprises that did not refer to Puck putting a girdle round the earth; or anything about running away from battle that did not quote "He that fights and runs away," etc.; or any reference to anybody being vulnerable in one place that did not call to mind Achilles's heel; or anything about a decisive crisis that did not speak of crossing the Rubicon. If you ever happened to see any such article as I have suggested, you may be sure that the author was in a great hurry, or was not a professional writer.

But this transfer work is even more effective in addresses and orations. There are a hundred quotations, with which we are all familiar, that never fail to give great delight to a promiscuous audience:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, etc.,

and

For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though battled oft, is always won,

may grow hackneyed to the learned and cultivated few, but never to the populace.

How few original figures of speech there are printed. This department of literature is pretty much all transfer work. Some metaphors seem to be like wine, and to grow better with age; and those which have been in use from the earliest days of literature are the ones which call forth the most profound admiration, when falling from the pulpit, and the loudest applause when uttered in the lyceum or on the political forum. There is nothing finer with which a political orator can enliven his peroration than that good old metaphor which pictures the ship of state, tossed by angry storms, and in imminent danger of being engulphed unless his candidate is called to the helm, in which case the grand

old vessel will be guided safely through the threatening billows, and anchor before long in the peaceful harbor of prosperity and never-fading glory.

Let any youthful orator look over his speech, and observe critically how many of his figures have been the common property of every public speaker for the last forty years, and how many are drawn, original, from his own actual experience.

I need not say that he is always entirely unprepared. He commences, very probably, by stating that language is inadequate to express his emotions on the present occasion. But these emotions, which language is inadequate to express, are only the counterpart of those scenes in the novels which beggar description, and of those feelings which can better be imagined than described. The orator then ventures the statement that our beloved country has recently been convulsed by a terrible civil war, or that its institutions have been shaken to their foundations by the throes of a mighty revolution. After basking for eighty years in the sunshine of prosperity, we were suddenly overshadowed by the dark cloud of adversity. In pursuing this train of thought, he remarks that traitor hands have attempted to overthrow the grandest structure of human government upon which the sun ever shone. Sometimes he prefers to call it the fairest fabric of human government under the blue vault of heaven. There are several approved forms of this idea; but he is sure to use it in some shape. He does not know what a yeoman is, and he never saw a plough in the furrow; but, notwithstanding this, he goes on to relate, in glowing language, that the hardy yeomen of the land, leaving the plough in the furrow, sprang forward to the rescue of the imperilled commonwealth. Sometimes it is the lion-hearted yeomanry who spring forward, and sometimes they have hearts of oak and nerves of steel; sometimes they rush to the breach; sometimes they swear by their altars and their fires (the last two ingredients being from "Marco Bozaris") never to relinquish the sword until success crowns their efforts, or better, until victory perches upon their banners. Then it is that the smouldering embers of patriotism are enlivened; then it is that the beacon-fires of liberty are rekindled; then it is that they lay their hands upon the altars of their common country, and swear something or other; then it is that men are willing to die at the post of duty; then it is that men have an eye single, or a single eye (the latter form having become quite popular since Mr. Fernando Wood introduced it), to their country's welfare; then it is that men think of the days that tried men's souls, when the fathers of the Republic threw off the yoke of oppression, or burst the galling chains of slavery, or broke the shackles that bound them, that they might hand down to us the fair fabric (sometimes it is a priceless inheritance; sometimes it is an heir-loom, or, if not, perhaps a sweet boon, or, at least, a precious boon) of American liberty, to be by us transmitted to our children's children unimpaired. There never was an eloquent patriotic speech that did not bring in our forefathers and our latest posterity. Sometimes the orator hears the voices of the former from the tombs; sometimes he "methinks" he sees the form of Washington hovering over the hotly-contested battle-field; sometimes he sees posterity looking down upon us from the pyramids of the future. The pyramids are supposed to be originally the property of Napoleon Bonaparte. Then it is that youths, over whose heads not more than sixteen summers have passed, fly to the theatre of action, and rush fearlessly into the embrace of death, or the jaws of death, as the case may be. Mr. Tennyson has the six hundred riding into the jaws of hell. Then it is that mourning is brought to every hearthstone·

The youthful orator is totally unfamiliar with hearths; yet he never fails to refer to them. He is more accustomed to stoves and heaters; but he never brings mourning to them. Then it is that the destinies of the country hang trembling in the balance; then it is that we have to lay our axe to the root of something, or destroy it, root and branch; then it is that that banner is unfurled which was never trailed in the dust, and which is certain to float again triumphantly over every foot of our common territory, from the Androscoggin to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Sometimes the names of the States are used in this connection.

Possibly at the present time the eloquent speaker is willing to pour oil upon the troubled waters. Yet he does not worship at the shrine of a miserable subserviency, and he will not have any unpopular measure forced down the throats of the people. The gentleman of the opposite party has said something offensive, and the orator hurls back the base insinuation into his very teeth with scorn and contempt. He denounces the influences which go forth from the coffers of monied monopolists; for whatever coffers may be, he knows well enough that rich men always have coffers. He denounces those men who, goaded on by the spur of ambition, are sowing the seeds of corruption and sapping the foundations of public morality; and he invariably knows of some Augean stable which ought to be cleansed. The Augean stable was known a long time ago. In "Dekkers Guls Horne Booke" (1609) it is said, "To purge (the world) will be a sorer labor than the cleansing of Augeas's stable, or the scouring of Moore ditch." Moore ditch has gone out of memory; but the Augean stable was immediately transmitted by poets and orators from generation to generation. Warton mentions another early use of it in Marston's "Scoorge of Villanie" as follows:

> Oh that a satyr's hand had force to pluck
> Some floodgate up to purge the world from muck!
> Would God I could turn Alpheus's river in
> To purge this Augean stable from foul sin!

The orator, in the course of his speech, is also likely to refer to the Black Hole of Calcutta, to the sword of Damocles, to the mirror of Archimedes, to the wealth of Crœsus, to lazar-houses, to the horrors of Tartarus, and to Scylla and Charybdis. He thinks, however, that we still live under the ægis of a glorious constitution, and that we shall successfully solve the problem of republican government on this grand American continent. He then beholds various things in the dim vista of the future, among which there is likely to be a cloud-capped pinnacle, or mayhap, a beacon-light, and he sails away magnificently, with all his colors flying upon the ship of state.

Now it is undeniable that a great proportion of the very young ladies and gentlemen who write poetry and stories never saw an aspen leaf or heard the notes of a nightingale, to recognize either of them. Yet it is quite safe to challenge any one to find anywhere in their poetry or prose that when their heroine was frightened she did not tremble like an aspen leaf; or when she lifted up her voice in song that she did not sing as sweetly as a nightingale. It is also an undeniable fact that no human corpse that is properly buried is ever eaten by worms, and yet with what ill-concealed delight they always remind us that we shall all be food for those detestable animals, and how pleased they are to speak (more correctly) of man himself being but a worm of the dust. You will also notice in the writings of these persons that though they are always climbing the mount of Parnassus or attempting to scale its heights, yet that they deem fame

to be but an empty bubble or like the baseless fabric of a dream. They love to study the book of nature, and hope with them often soars exultant, and subsequently folds her wings. Their youth build many air castles and poise the cup of happiness to their lips; a certain number of summers or springs always pass over their heads (which gave rise to a joke referring to the springs in ladies' hoops) after which time they fall a prey to Cupid's arrows, and are bound in the holy bonds of matrimony. Their children perish like blossoms, while their old men are cut down by time's scythe. They speak of those who are born as being ushered into existence, and of those who die as being launched into eternity. Their travellers always wend their way instead of going. Their ships, before embarking on the raging main, invariably weigh anchor and then walk the waters like a thing of life. Their cannon are loud-mouthed. Their streams, when frozen, are bound by winter's icy chain. The twelve o'clock bell is the iron tongue of midnight. Their dancers are votaries of Terpsichore who trip the light fantastic toe. They frequently refer also to beetling crags, natal days, green-eyed jealousy, bitter tears, the king of day, the silver moon, forlorn hopes, adamantine souls, bowers of ease, the pangs of poverty, time's effacing fingers, laughing sunbeams, false caitiffs, the fleeting breath, and to skeletons in the closet.

In descriptions of natural scenes you will notice a prevalence of such things as blossoming meadows, rippling streams, babbling brooks, blue skies, smiling sunlight, green verdure, cool retreats, umbrageous shadows, feathered songsters, and melodious warblers.

You will notice that pretty girls are as beautiful as houris, with the form of Hebe, with rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, laughing eyes, dimpled chins, alabaster brows, and cherry or ruby or coral lips. Certainly there is no womanly beauty that has not been described over and over again; and I suppose the descriptions of heroines from all the novels and short stories ever written would conform to six or eight models, that would include several eccentric types; for the great mass would be included under four models.

In the papers an accident is a frightful catastrophe, a street fight is a terrible affray, an assault is a diabolical outrage, suicide is a rash act, a bad man is a fiend in human shape, a person who does anything bad succeeds in accomplishing his hellish design, fire is the devouring element, things are postponed on account of the inclemency of the weather (meaning rain), people are prevented from doing things by circumstances over which they have no control, and actors and actresses are deterred from playing by indisposition (meaning that they are sick or indisposed to play).

Considering the state of facts in our literature, of which I have spoken, it is very hard to say where quotation marks may be left out and where plagiarism begins. A phrase or quotation ought, after a while, to become common property, and educated people ought to know where it came from without using the formula of reference. The "Tribune" some time ago had the good sense to say of Mrs. Kemble: "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety," without quoting it or even putting it into different type to show that it should be versified.

Some writers indulge in quotation marks as profusely as young ladies in italics, and their writings bristle with inverted commas. They think that they thus display extensive reading, or make the particular words enclosed very funny or very emphatic.

There has been developed lately a passion for noting down what are called

plagiarisms. I suppose when Franklin copied the whole of Jeremy Taylor's allegory against Intolerance, in his works, without any reference to its authorship, so that Lord Kaimes quoted it as Franklin's own, that might seem to be a real case of plagiarism. But when Young spoke of "varieties' fantastic toe," I think he was right in not using quotation marks, though Milton had already spoken of the light fantastic toe. Longfellow has been accused of plagiarism, because he compared blossoms to snow, in "The Golden Legend:"

White with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow,

when Ward had said:

For all the bloomy orchards glow
As with a fall of rosy snow.

Tennyson also has this passage in "Two Voices:"

That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow.

Still worse, Longfellow is accused of borrowing:

And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,

from Pollock's "Course of Time."

Rejoicing on the mountains, clapped their hands.

If this is plagiarism, it is plagiarism to speak of "rosy cheeks."

A much more striking coincidence than hundreds that have been collated, to show how poets steal from each other, occurred in the "Atlantic Monthly" of July, 1866, under circumstances where, of course, there could not have been intentional plagiarism. Longfellow's poem is "On Translating the Divina Commedia," and Bryant's on "The Death of Slavery." Longfellow addresses the shade of the "poet saturnine" (Dante):

I enter and see thee *in the gloom*
Of the long aisles,
The congregation of the dead *make room*
For thee to pass.

Bryant addresses the shade of the "Great Wrong" which he sends, "accursed of God," to its place where

Lo, the foul phantoms, silent *in the gloom*
Of the flown ages, part *to yield thee room.*

An incident is told by Mr. Thomas W. Gibson, in an account of Edgar A. Poe's life at West Point, of how Poe once expressed his contempt of Campbell.

"There," said he, "is a line more often quoted than any other passage of his: 'Like angel visits few and far between,' and he stole it bodily from Blair's "Grave." Not satisfied with the theft, he has spoiled it in the effort to disguise it. Blair wrote, 'Like angel visits *short* and far between.' Campbell's 'few and far between' is mere tautology."

But on looking further, Poe would have found that Blair was no better than Campbell, for Norris, who died in 1711, had written, "Like angels visits short and bright." Blair changed "bright" into "far between," and Campbell changed "short" into "few." Probably the same idea might be traced far back into other languages. I have read, somewhere, a charming description of the manner in which Campbell originated the second line of the following:

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

If I remember rightly, he was worrying his mind all day for an appropriate line, and went to bed without it. Suddenly, in the darkness, as in a dream, this line

came to him, and he struck a light and transfixed it on paper. Yet some have accused him of plagiarism, because Paul says, in Hebrews x. 1, "For the law having a shadow of good things to come," etc., and because Shelley, in his defence of poetry, says "Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present." The question is, was it not an impulse of memory, instead of inspiration, as he supposed, which gave Campbell that line?

Many of us, no doubt, have a great admiration for Milton, because he wrote on his slate at school this "unpremeditated verse:"

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

But it has been observed that Arvine's Cyclopædia gives Dryden, also, as well as Milton, the credit for writing the same thing at school, while in Aaron Hill's works we find the lines:

See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gushed,
The bashful water saw its God and blushed.

And in Richard Crashawe's works we find:

Lympha pudica Deum videt et erubuit.

We are told that Talleyrand was the author of the saying that the true use of language is to conceal our thoughts; yet Pycroft's "Ways and Words of Men of Letters" quotes an article from a periodical published in 1759, in which is the passage, "The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them;" and Dr. South, a long time before, had said in a sermon, "In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our politic sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, but to wise men to conceal it."

The "Pall Mall Gazette" says of such parallels:

There is no borrowing; there is no recollection or conscious appropriation; there is, indeed, seldom any reason for either the thought being usually quite different. It is merely that certain words cohere in the mind, and fall into certain new places, like words in dreams.

"The cups that cheer but not inebriate" are in Cowper and in Bishop Berkeley; "With all thy faults I love thee still" is in Cowper and Churchill; and Bolingbroke had previously written, in a letter to Dean Swift, "Dear Swift, with all thy faults, I love thee entirely." Milton says, "And justify the ways of God to man," and Pope says, "But vindicate the ways of God to man." Byron and Waller both call the head "the palace of the soul." Addison and Pope both have the line—

Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

"The luxury of doing good" is in Goldsmith's "Traveller," Garth's "Claremont," and Crabbe's "Tales." Waller, Byron, Moore, and I know not how many others, use the figure about the eagle seeing his own feather on the shaft that caused his death. Shakespeare has "The elements so mixed in him," and Bryant "To mix forever with the elements," the words being similar, but the idea and connection totally different.

Hundreds of these parallels might be mentioned, and nine out of ten of them amount to about as much, as charges of plagiarism, as that against Swinburne, who is accused of borrowing the idea:

I dare not always touch her, lest the kiss
Leave my lips charred.

from the old poet's monkey, which—

Married the baboon's sister,
Smacked his lips, and then he kissed her—
Kissed so hard he raised a blister;
She set up a yell.

Many are explained on the theory of the "Pall Mall Gazette," given above, or on that of Dr. Holmes: "A man cannot always tell whether his ideas are stolen or not. We take a thought we love, and nurse it, like a babe, in our bosom, and, if it looks pretty when it has grown older, we flatter ourselves that it has the family countenance."

Our jokes are also mostly transfer work. A great many of the funny things which we think are quite original now-a-days were all said centuries ago. Some of the best bulls attributed during recent years to Irishmen are to be found in the works of Hierocles. Matreas, the Alexandrian, used to write comic histories like "Knickerbocker's History of New York," containing learned inquiries as to why swans never get drunk with drinking; and why the sun when he sets in the sea does not set off swimming. A similar joke to that of Theodore Hook, who induced a large number of people to get into the circumscribed limits of Berners street at the same time, and the hoax of the man in Wall street who looked fixedly into the sky and got a large crowd around him looking in the same direction at nothing whatever, was played by a classical personage named Cephisodorus, who hired a vast number of laborers and appointed them all to meet in a narrow street into which not a tenth of them could enter, and on whom, as they blocked up the way, this ancient humorist looked with great amusement. There is a joke older than the Crusades which is ascribed to Lady Wortley Montague and half a dozen others, to the effect that being rallied on the dirtiness of her hands she said, "Ah, you should see my feet!" Another form of the joke represents that when some one said "What a dirty hand!" she offered to bet that there was a dirtier in the room, and the bet being accepted she showed her other hand and won it.

When I was quite a small boy I had strict moral and physiological notions about tight-lacing, and I invented out of my own head, positively, a pun which I thought remarkably fine, to this effect: "A small waist is a great waste—of life, health, and beauty." When I grew older what was my astonishment to find that, as long ago as Shakespeare's time, Falstaff said "Indeed I am in the *waist* two yards about; but I am now about no *waste;* I am about thrift," and that it was old even then, because the following occurs in Heywood's "Epigrammes," 1562:

"Where am I least, husband?" Quoth he, "In the waist;
Which cometh of this thou art vengeance straight-laced.
Where am I biggest, wife?" "In the waste," quoth she,
"For all is waste in you as far as I can see."

It is quite safe to say, I think, that there is no pun on any word in the English language which has not already been made. The only chance for a new one is when a new word is coined. Of course they are printed in ephemeral publications or are shot off in conversation, and go down to oblivion, and so they are made a dozen times over by people who suppose that they are new. Nearly all those fine old repartees of which we read are attributed to half a dozen great names, and were probably original with none of them. "Punch" sometime ago warned contributors not to send jokes transcribed from its early volumes, and mentioned that it kept a memory boy who knew every line that had been published in it from its first number.

All this, you will say, may be true of books and essays; but our daily papers, of course, being made up of statements of immediate events, must necessarily be new, and there is no transfer work about them.

You know what they do with old paper. They grind it up and make paper of it again. A similar process goes on in the mind of the reporter and editor. He has a certain stock of ideas and information. He wrote that stock out last year, and it appeared in the newspaper. This year he grinds the same ideas over and they appear again. With a true perception of this fact, the process of writing is called in newspaper offices "grinding out copy."

When the Emperor of Austria arrived in Paris near the close of the great Exhibition, he was entertained by a quiet review at Longchamps. In the morning a writer entered a newspaper office and handed in an article describing the review.

"But," objected the editor, "the review does not take place till this afternoon."

"That is nothing. I have taken my article on the last review and altered the dates. It will do as well; everything is to be just the same."

The article was accepted, and the writer went away. In five minutes, however, he returned in consternation.

"*Sapristi!* We were about to make a blunder. I have forgotten to take out Berezowski!"

I was once acquainted with a reporter who knew the courses of all the grooves in which everything under the sun was accustomed to run. He had been in the profession for years, and without ever troubling himself to hunt up details, he wrote accounts of everything from his own previously acquired knowledge of the manner in which, according to all precedent, these things would, without doubt, occur. He even knew just what kind of speeches half the men in the Metropolis would make on certain occasions. He could tell you what jokes, what quotations, what flights of rhetoric would be got off at the New England and St. Patrick's dinners, and at the Burns Festival. He could tell you just what arguments and what figures of speech each man would indulge in at a political meeting. I should like to make two or three exceptions to that, but it might be deemed too personal. Of course, in writing for the press, he never committed himself too much to details. When he was set down for a meeting for some general, popular object, he would oftentimes sit down in the office and write up the whole thing, somewhat after the following model:

A large and intelligent audience assembled last evening at the George Washington Hall to make arrangements for perfecting an organization for the purpose of etc., etc. After the usual preliminary business necessary to put the association in working order, the Hon. —— was introduced, and delivered an eloquent and forcible address. He congratulated the audience on the numbers and enthusiasm which had characterized this gathering. He considered it an omen of the success of the grand and beneficent cause in which they were engaged. That cause was founded in justice and right, and would prevail. It might be impeded for a time, but it would spring forth again, like Phœnix from his ashes, with new strength and beauty. Truth crushed to earth would surely rise again. The persons enlisted in this cause were energetic and determined. They knew their rights, and knowing, dared maintain. He proceeded at some length to expatiate upon the benefits to be derived from success in their efforts, and concluded by exhorting all present to put their shoulders to the wheel and aid the object for which they had assembled, by every means in their power.

The speech was listened to attentively, and was repeatedly interrupted by applause. The meeting broke up amid great enthusiasm.

No speaker ever came down to the office and complained of such a report of his speech. He saw that it was nicely worded and would do him credit, and that it was what he ought to have said whether he did say it or not.

Suppose that somebody came to the office and told him that the Hon. —— had been tendered the nomination for the Assembly or for Congress, and had attended the meeting and accepted the nomination. He immediately sat down and wrote an account including the honorable gentleman's speech as follows :

The Hon. —— here entered the room, escorted by the committee, which had been appointed to wait upon him and inform him of his nomination. He was greeted with the most overwhelming enthusiasm. When the applause had subsided he addressed the audience in a few brief and pertinent remarks.

He thanked the meeting for the very great honor they had conferred upon him by tendering him this nomination. He should consider it as an expression of their approval of his previous course, and of their confidence in that honesty of purpose and earnest desire for the public good by which he had sought to merit their approbation in his previous career. He hoped still to be actuated by an unswerving fidelity to those principles which his party had so triumphantly vindicated in the past. If he should be successful in this contest he should spare no effort to do his whole duty to his constituents and to serve with his best abilities the grand old party to which they all owed allegiance. (Loud cheering.) In conclusion he stated his profound conviction that they should emerge victoriously from this contest, and would go forward with renewed energy to the rescue of our common country from the hands of the miserable demagogues who now, for a brief period, held the helm of power.

The meeting adjourned with rousing cheers for the speaker and for the Republocratic party.

Invariably after reading this report of his speech the Hon. —— would ask my friend the reporter, whenever he saw him, to take a cigar.

How easy it was to write a nice item about a ball.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the votaries of Terpsichore assembled last evening in full force at Independence Hall to enjoy the festivities of the 44th anniversary of the Bullgine Guards. The music, which was furnished by Gideon's Band, was excellent, the arrangements of the committee perfect, and everything passed off in the pleasantest manner. The company continued to trip the "light fantastic toe" until "the wee sma' hours ayant the twal," and when our reporter left (this was a bold stroke of fancy) "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious," and the enjoyment had reached its height.

This of course could have been extended to half a column by a description of the terrible condition of the weather, by some complimentary and historical remarks about the Bullgine Guards (for he knew all about them) and by a description of the scene in the ball-room, and of the dancing, the supper, and the music.

Suppose he was called on to write an account of a great storm, or of the breaking up of the ice in the river. He had done it twenty times before, and knew everything that was likely to happen on such an occasion. The whole scene was present to his mind, for in his early reporting days he had trudged many weary blocks to get the impressions and facts which he now drew from his memory. On the other hand if he was asked to write a letter from the West Indies describing an earthquake, though he had never seen either an earthquake or the West Indies, he would find a description of some former earthquake in the en-

cyclopædia and of the locality in the gazetteer, and would thus bring the whole scene directly before his mind's eye.

I have only spoken of strict matters of news. How about the other departments of a newspaper? The political editorials are a rehash of ideas a century old. We are grinding over the same arguments. There is always a crisis. The present issue is always the most momentous that was ever presented to the consideration of a free people. The perpetuity of our institutions always depends on its decision. I have never discovered the time in the writings of editors or the speeches of politicians when there was not a crisis. I cannot find such a time in looking over all the debates of Congress since its first assembling. I cannot find such a time in looking over old reports of parliamentary speeches. I cannot find a time when the country was not on the brink of a precipice. You can read in Jeremy Bentham's Works half the arguments you hear to-day, and a great many of them will be in his "Book of Fallacies."

I once knew still another member of the press who kept an enormous collection of scraps from newspapers. He produced more articles in a given time than anybody I ever knew, for he kept two or three persons busy copying them for him. At Christmas and New Year's, at Valentine's day, at All Fool's day, at Lent, at all the noticeable anniversaries, he had pleasant little articles ready about them, with a mixture of gossip and history that made them very readable and appropriate. They had all been quoted from his scraps, perhaps with a combination of two or three accounts, and perhaps with the addition of a few lines at the beginning to change them and make them fresh. They had all been written by other hands for previous anniversaries. At one time he would have a little descriptive article about spring at the Central Park; now one about the Five Points; now gossip about fashions. I once wrote an article about a rainy first of May, or moving day, and laid it aside until it was too late to print it for that year. I happened to fish it out from my old papers four years afterward, about the last week in April. I watched for the weather on the first of May with some interest. It turned out a rainy day, and I sold my article without the change of a word, as though it had just been written. The same itemized editorial indignation about dirty streets, crowded cars, ferry mismanagement, the need of public baths, the reckless use of fire-arms, the necessity of cheaper houses for the poorer classes, the wrongs of women, the extravagance of fashion, the corruption in public places, are as forcible one year as another. An incident occurred last year, which, if I remember rightly, was as follows: A grand ball was given at Saratoga, and was reported in the "Saratogian," with a full account of the ladies' dresses. A week after a ball was given at Cape May, and, strange to say, there appeared in a New Jersey paper a report of it, with precisely the same account of dresses, the initials of ladies wearing them being the only part changed.

I am, of course, giving an exaggerated case; but it is an illustration of the manner in which much work is done in newspaper offices.

But, after all is said, there is a great deal of nonsense written about originality. The earnest man does not write to show his fellow-creatures how great a genius he is, but to do the best he can to interest and reform the greatest number of his readers. His success in this is the measure of the success due him. The work of creation in literature is pretty nearly accomplished, and it is now undergoing the processes of differentiation and integration.

GEO. WAKEMAN.

Drawn by Winslow Homer.

BEECHDALE.

By Marian Harland.

CHAPTER VIII.

ORRIN was shocked into sober sincerity by the fierce, curt utterance.

"My dear Jessie! what has happened?"

"Don't ask me!" walking on, her arms tightly wrapped in her shawl.

Orrin kept step with her for several moments, studying the eyes that, black and disdainful, stared straight before her, and the mouth, rigid with pride, before he spoke again.

"I will ask nothing just now, except that you take my arm and allow me to be your escort. This is a lonely road."

"It suits me the better, then."

He waited a minute more, and with gentle force undid her right hand from its hold upon the fellow, and drew it within his arm.

"I know my society is unwelcome, Jessie; but it is not right for you to be here without a protector. I shall not compel your confidence. When you are ready to give it, my sympathies or services are at your command."

The hot spark was brighter as she looked up at him.

"*You* must have known it. You, who pretend to be my friend! Why did you never tell me of Roy Fordham's former engagement?"

Unaffectedly amazed, Orrin yet refrained from explicit denial.

"Who has been talking to you?" he asked, instead.

She dashed through the story in the same impetuous strain, ending it with—"He ought to have told me this, and so ought you! I can forgive anything else better than I can deception."

Orrin mused.

"You are excited—" he began, slowly.

"She interrupted him:

"Who would not be? I am not a stone!"

"Nobody said you were!" smiling a little. "I was about to say that the anger you feel is perfectly natural—just what any woman with a heart would experience in the circumstances. But let us investigate before we censure. What is your ground of complaint against my friend and your betrothed? Did he ever tell you that you were his first and only love?"

"I do not know that he asserted it in so many words," she replied, with a vivid blush. "But I certainly inferred as much from what he has said."

"Every woman's inference is the same when she listens to a declaration of affection. Who but a fool would preface or supplement such by a confession of how many times he had rehearsed it to other ears? Few men reach the age of twenty-five without having had two or three *grandes passions*. I do not main

tain, as did a gentleman of my acquaintance when taxed with being engaged in his fortieth love-suit, that in this, as in most other things, practice makes perfect. But I hold that you cannot accuse Roy of deceiving you, unless he declared expressly that he had never loved or wooed until he met you. Happy are those who are not visited by the ghosts of bygone—and, as they deemed, buried—affections upon their bridal eves!"

"None such shall stand between me and him whom I marry!" cried Jessie, vehemently. "If Roy once loved, if he still regrets this girl, he shall go back to her. I will have a whole heart, or I will leave him quite empty-handed. Divided allegiance is worse than desertion."

"Be assured of one thing," returned Orrin, emphatically; "Roy Fordham regrets no past action of his own. His judgment is calm as his measures are decided. If he suffers his heart to go out of his keeping, he does it in the persuasion that he could not act more prudently, more in accordance with his best interests, than to entrust it to her whom he has chosen. But should he, nevertheless, discover, from subsequent developments, that he was mistaken, he would recall affections and troth without weak hesitation. If Miss Sanford's story be true, we may still rest content in the knowledge that he pursued what he thought was the wisest course, performed what seemed to him a simple and imperative duty. He is, of all men I know, the most clear-headed and conscientious. If his ideas upon certain subjects appear to me over strict, if his conduct, in cases that would be trying emergencies to me, look like an exercise of superhuman resolution or self-denial, I do not, therefore, question his wisdom or my weakness."

"Don't make labored excuses for him, which you feel in your heart are flimsy sophisms!" broke in Jessie, impatiently. "Is it your belief that he was ever betrothed to this girl? And, if so, did he cast her off upon the barbarous pretext Hester Sanford named?"

"If I knew the exact truth, you should have heard it before now. Roy has friends in the town in which Miss Sanford lives. He was with them at the seashore, two summers ago, and paid a visit to them Christmas before last. This is the extent of my actual knowledge touching this affair. He is reticent in the extreme with regard to his private and personal history. I never heard your name, never suspected that he was not heart-whole, prior to my first visit to Beechdale. I can only judge him in this case by what I know of his principles and conduct. He is incapable of what he considers a dishonorable, much less a base deed."

"Christmas before last!" murmured Jessie, in stifled accents. "He was corresponding with me then! had told my father he meant to ask my hand! Oh!" stopping short, and stamping her foot with feverish energy upon the frozen snow. "Is there no one who will end this horrible suspense? I would give my right hand if I might stand, face to face, with Roy Fordham, for ten minutes; just long enough to bring my accusation and hear his defence!"

"I am thankful you cannot!" said Orrin, composedly. "I understand him far better than you do in some respects. To doubt is to insult him. One sentence of accusation, and your power over him is gone forever! Be guided by me, Jessie. You are not in a fit condition to decide for yourself upon your safest mode of action. It is an oft-repeated maxim of human law, that every man is innocent until proof brings his guilt home to him. Two things are patent from our present stand-point. When Roy asked you to marry him, he was free to do so—the previous engagement, assuming that such had ever existed, having been

dissolved some months earlier than the date of his proposal to you. Again, he is satisfied that his choice is a judicious one. He may not be an ardent suitor, because his is not a passionate nature, nor is he given to demonstrations of feeling. But he is more than contented. He is sincerely attached to you—"

"Which means that he will fulfil his part of the contract of marriage, unless *my* sister should die of consumption before the wedding-day arrives!" Jessie stopped his defence by saying, with a bitter laugh.

Orrin looked deeply pained.

"We will talk about this, after a while," he said, with a manifest struggle. "You are not ready for it just yet, or you would not sneer at my well-meant attempt to set your mind at rest."

"With unfeeling arguments—with special pleadings that freeze the blood at my heart!" she pursued, unappeased and desperate. "Your advocacy is worthy of the cause you have espoused. And I am being torn by pride and wounded affection as by raging wild horses! It is easy for you to talk sensibly and coolly of what appeals only to your reason."

"Child!" seizing her elbows, and bringing her to a stand still in the middle of the road, facing himself. "Does it cost me nothing, do you think, to plead this cause! There are no wild horses for me, then! No might-have-been dogging my daily steps and haunting my pillow! No furies of remorse and betrayed confidence menacing me! I tell you, your pettish jealousy, your slight heat of resentment, that will be gone before to-morrow morning, is in comparison with what I endure, as a summer breeze to a tornado—the flicker of a match to the fires of Gehenna!"

He let her go, and she walked on beside him, stunned and dizzy, almost oblivious of her own grievances in the thought of the passion that had blazed in his eyes—found vent in his hurried sentences.

Not daring to glance at his face, she had another surprise, almost as great, when he at length suggested, in a tone tranquil to coldness, that they should retrace their steps.

"It will be late before we reach home, as it is," he offered in support of his proposition. "And the air grows keener every minute."

Nothing more was said until they were again upon the bridge, where he stayed her a moment that he might rearrange her shawl.

"Are you tolerably comfortable?" he asked, in his usual brotherly way.

"If you are not angry with me," she said, appealingly, emboldened by the little attention.

"You silly child! I have never had a thought of you that bordered upon unkindness. We have both been unreasonable, this afternoon. Your warmth was excusable. Mine was culpable weakness. You will hate me in time, if I forget myself in this manner. It was selfish and wicked besides being unmanly. Don't contradict me! I know what I am saying now, at any rate. To exchange an unpleasant for a painful subject, promise me that you will not allude to Miss Sanford's narrative in your letters to Roy. I shall make it my business to sift that matter thoroughly, and shall apprise you of the result. Meanwhile, we will depend upon what we are certain of—the excellence of his principles and nicety of his honor. He is, in my estimation, as nearly faultless as mortals ever grow to be. You can hardly act more sensibly than to think as much as possible of him, and as little of his *vaurien* cousin as is consistent with common benevolence."

It was silvery-grey twilight out of doors when they gained Mrs. Baxter's

door, and they found a rosy twilight of summer warmth within her parlors, balmy, moreover, with the spiciness flowing out, in the genial temperature, from the latest bouquet presented by Mr. Wyllys—mignonette, citron, aloes, and violets. The donor, playfully gallant, was chafing Jessie's numb fingers before the fire, and she laughing, in spite of herself, at his sallies, when Mrs. Baxter tripped in.

She always entered a room bouncingly or mincingly, generally with the added effect of having been pushed in by some unseen hand from behind. She recoiled, momentarily, at the tableau upon the rug, and Jessie observed it with a sick, guilty qualm that made her snatch away her hand from Orrin's hold.

He was not discomfited.

"Here is a frozen wayfarer I picked up on the bridge, my dear madam," he said, gayly. "Mindful of your known charity and condescension, I took the liberty of bringing her in to be treated by you as her needs require. If I may advise you in a matter in which you are so much wiser than myself, I recommend that a cup of warm drink—gruel, panado, or posset—and a reasonable amount of admonition, be administered without delay. As an additional precaution against rheumatism, pleurisy, or bronchitis, a glass of hot lemonade, with"—affecting to whisper—"a tablespoonful of Jamaica rum or old Bourbon, at bed-time, would be eminently judicious. My impertinence culminates in the petition that you vouchsafe to bestow upon my unworthy but very chilly self a cup of the nectar in common use upon your table under the name of Souchong."

Jessie slipped away to her chamber while her cousin was replying in hospitable terms to this nonsense, and did not reappear below until the tea-bell had rung twice.

She had been crying, Mrs. Baxter saw at once, and she was still very pale. It had been a violent fit of weeping that had exhausted her to languor of expression and movement. The doctor spoke cheerily to her as she seated herself beside him.

"Well, my little girl, how are your spirits this freezing night? Do they follow the mercury, or rise in inverse ratio to its descent?"

An unfortunate question, but it brought a faint glow to her face.

"I shall be more lively when I have had my supper," she said, averting her eyes. "I am cold and tired now."

The doctor bent his head and raised his hand to ask a blessing, then bade his wife "pour out Jessie's tea, forthwith. She looks as if she needed it," he subjoined, uneasily, watching her with the grey eyes that were very keen when he was awake to what was passing in the every-day and material world."

Jessie sipped the scalding liquid, swallowing each spoonful with a tremendous effort, when it trickled down to the lump that obstructed larynx and epiglottis, wishing the while that the docter would subside into one of his fits of learned abstraction and knot his handkerchief instead of staring so solemnly at her, expecting each second to hear him demand "What she had been crying about?"

She was very grateful to Orrin for his persistent, and, in the end, successful attempts to draw the fire of the searching regards, and, rallying her wits and courage, she at last joined in the conversation. Mrs. Baxter, likewise, was less voluble than was her wont. Appreciating the fact, almost universally recognized by his acquaintances, that Mr. Wyllys was not a marrying man, she aroused herself to ponder, in serious earnest, upon what was likely to be the result of his fraternal intimacy with her ward. Orrin had made all straight with her at

the outset, even before Jessie entered her house as a visitor, by representing himself as an old friend of the family, and speaking of Jessie in a grandfatherly strain that entitled him to become the platonic cavalier of the unsophisticated *débutante*. But platonic grandfathers did not squeeze pretty girls' hands when *tête-à-tête* in the twilight, or should not, reasoned the duenna; and Jessie's red eyes and pallid complexion increased her misgivings to dreads. She seemed to have been asleep all winter until to-night, and awakened upon the edge of a precipice. If, through her neglect or misplaced confidence, Ginevra's child should come to grief, she would rue, to the latest day of her life, the invitation that had enticed her from home and safety to lose her heart to the designing arts of a man of the world.

Orrin had small temptation to prolong his stay into the evening. There was incipient disfavor in the hostess's eye which was not neutralized by her stereotyped smile. The doctor betook himself to his study when he arose from the table, and Jessie shaded her face from fire and lamp-light by a hand screen, complaining that she was stupid after her walk in the wind.

"I promised to go up to the Judge's to-night," he said, at the end of an unsatisfactory half hour. Won't you join our party for billiards and music? Miss Fanny charged me not to come without you."

Jessie did not raise her regards from the screen.

"No, thank you; I have had enough billiards for one day. And I am in an intensely unmusical humor."

"I really ought to 'do' the polite to Miss Sanford," continued he, lightly to Mrs. Baxter's auriculars, significantly to Jessie's. "I have been shamefully remiss since her appearance among us. Miss Fanny took me to task for it, an evening or two since, and I was obliged to plead 'Guilty.'"

"She is a very pleasant young lady, I hear, and invested with more solid charms than any of our Hamilton belles can boast, I suppose," chirped Mrs. Baxter.

Jessie was silent and gloomy, calling up the least imaginable symptom of a smile in response to Orrin's adieus, and relapsing into taciturnity and the shadow of her hand-screen when he had departed.

Mrs. Baxter flitted about the rooms like a perturbed guardian angel, poking the fire that her charge's feet might be warmer, dropping a curtain to shut out a draught from the back of her neck, pushing forward a brioche for her use, and giving her chair a gentle tug nearer the grate before she essayed verbal consolation.

Finally, she leaned upon the back of Jessie's seat, and made several mesmeric passes over her brow and scalp, the fringe of the scarlet scarf it was her pleasure to-night to sport twisted around her right wrist, brushing the chin and tickling the nose of her young relative.

"Does your head ache very badly now, my sweet?" breathlessly solicitous.

"Not at all, thank you, cousin."

"I am *de*lighted to hear you say so! You don't think you have really taken cold, my precious, do you?"

"Oh, no! I never take cold!"

"Mr. Wyllys seemed very anxious lest you had," Mrs. Baxter remarked, quite too carelessly. "I say 'seemed,' for these ladies' men are not models of sincerity, always, however charming they may be as parlor companions. If I had a daughter, my love—and it is the great sorrow of my life that I never had

one—if I had a daughter, just blooming into womanhood, affectionate, susceptible, and unsuspecting, I should caution her to be on her guard against a too ready credence in the flattering tongues, and the more insidious flattery of demeanor and action of gentlemen who are honorable in all things else. I respect Mr. Wyllys," she continued, the passes faster and more agitated, the silken fringes bobbing up and down before Jessie's vision, "I honor his many estimable, admire his many shining qualities; but I am fearful that in his otherwise commendable desire to please and make happy, he may excite hopes—or expectations may be the better term—he never intended to engender. It is the way with men who are the pets of society, particularly ladies' favorites."

Entirely out of breath by this time, she withdrew her hand from her guest's head to press it upon her palpitating bosom, while her gulp of emotion was loud as the cluck of a brooding hen.

Jessie lowered her screen with a gesture of haughty amusement.

"If your object is to warn me against attaching undue importance to Mr. Wyllys's friendly attentions, cousin, I can disabuse your mind of fears for my peace of mind, by assuring you that it is not threatened from that quarter. I ought, perhaps, to have told you, long ago, of a circumstance that exculpates Mr. Wyllys from the charge of trifling, and renders the notice he bestows upon me altogether harmless and proper. I am engaged to be married to his cousin, Mr. Fordham, and he knows it. This makes all safe for us both—does it not?"

CHAPTER IX.

THERE was no prettier spot in all the country-side than Willow Creek, just where it was spanned by the rustic bridge at the bottom of the parsonage meadows. The stream was there at its widest and deepest, and, in consequence, its smoothest. The fringe of willows on the thither bank and the alder and birch thicket studding that nearest the parsonage, were reflected in the clear, dark mirror to the tiniest leaf and bud. Beneath and between these, there were stretches of turf that were evergreen; beds of wild balsam which flowered all summer, and on the September day we are describing, these alternated with borders of hoary mountain sage, blue-eyed gentian, tall plumes of golden rod, yet taller purple brush, stiff and stately—and yellow patches of love-vine, running riotously into the water, and entangling the commoner arrow-leaf and sedge in its gorgeous meshes.

Through the gorge worn by the creek in the mountains, one had a view of the upper valley and the chain of hills that grew bluer and lower as the eye pursued their northerly course. Below the bridge lay the church, benignant warder of the plain, fertile as was that of Sodom, loaded with ripe grain, ready to be cut, or already stacked for the garner, and white, here and there, as from untimely snows, with blossoming buckwheat. The whistle of the quail in the stubble; the rattling roll of empty farm wagons over the distant bridge, on their way to the field, the duller thunder of heavily-laden wains creaking and swaying from side to side behind the straining oxen, and the drowsy undertone of the mill-wheel mingled with the nearer warble of birds in the trees and the gentle wash of the waves under the willows.

Jessie Kirke heard all this as she leaned over the rail of the foot-bridge and looked into the water. The narrow crossing had been designed and partly

built by Mr. Kirke himself. The railing was composed of cedar branches, with the bark left on, arranged into fantastic figures, and surmounted by a slender pole of the same wood. Many stopped to examine and admire it in passing over, and it made a picturesque feature in the landscape. It was familiar in every joint to Jessie, having formed a part of her favorite walk for ten years; but she chose to linger there on this morning, to hang over the parapet, pick bits of bark from the side and fling them into the brook, as an idle child might launch and watch a toy fleet.

It was a face many removes from childhood's thoughtlessness and childish glee that stared back at her from the glassy surface. A face, wild eyed and haggard, with bent brows betokening suffering and conflict; a mouth telling, in piteous and patient lines, of defeat.

She had returned from Hamilton in March, looking jaded and ill, said the dwellers in Beechdale, who shook sagacious heads over her winter's dissipation. Her father and Eunice attributed her loss of bloom and liveliness to too close application to her studies, and cited her improvement in music, French, and German in proof of their theory. She would not relax her diligence when she was settled at home. Eunice, whose name was a synonyme for industry, did not surpass her in strict attention to all departments of feminine labor. In the kitchen and the garden, at the needle, the piano, writing-desk, and her books, she toiled from sunrise until bedtime, with energy Eunice silently likened to greediness for occupation of mind and body, while Mr. Kirke hardly recognized his darling in the decorous and thrifty housewife and busy student. Voice, phraseology, and carriage—all were altered. She was an elegant woman in appearance and conversation; but the fond parent missed the tricksy sprite who had wrought mischief and mirth in his home, missed her teasing and her follies, her exactions and her caresses. Not that she was cold or sullen. She told long and entertaining stories of her Hamilton life; gave faithful descriptions of people and things; talked of arts and philosophy to him by the hour, and offered regularly the morning and evening kiss she had been accustomed to bestow from her infancy. But having already one daughter who was an exemplar to her sex, he recollected the bewitching naughtiness of the old-time Jessie, and wished fervently he had met Mrs. Baxter's alluring invitation by a peremptory negative, and kept his gem as it was. To his taste, it had lost—not gained—in the cutting and polishing.

Eunice was discreet when he intimated something of the kind to her.

"She is certainly more quiet and studious," she replied; "but she says she is very well, and she has much to make her thoughtful in Roy's absence. Moreover, she works hard; too hard, I think, while I honor her determination to prepare herself thoroughly for her future position. She will be a wife of whom Roy may justly be proud."

Again, when Mr. Kirke feared that Jessie was often depressed to despondency, although she strove nobly to conceal it, the elder daughter "hoped all would be well again when Roy should come back. He can reason or soothe her out of morbid fancies better and sooner than either you or I can, father. His influence over her is wonderful, and always beneficial."

"I wish the dear fellow were home again, then!" sighed the parent.

He did not guess how fervently Eunice echoed the desire. She might be partially successful in quelling his anxieties; but the beryl eyes saw that, so far from all being right with her young sister, something was lamentably wrong.

Jessie's very manner of speaking of Roy and her marriage were totally dissimilar to her former frank or bashful confessions. If she had lived with him as his wife a dozen years she could not have alluded to him more composedly, or talked of housekeeping and other practicalities in a more matter-of-fact strain. This was exceedingly sensible; but it was not on that account the more like Jessie. The transformation from an enthusiastic madcap, who did and felt nothing by halves—let it be loving, laughing, sorrowing, or working—into the dignified partner of Eunice's everyday cares and duties, equable in temperament, reliable in judgment, and judicious in action, ought, perhaps, to have elicited commendation from one who was herself a model in all these respects; but, instead of gratification, she felt only bewilderment and alarm at the completeness of the change. It must have manifested itself in Jessie's letters also, for Roy had twice written to Eunice privately, questioning her about her sister's health and spirits.

"Her letters are regular as ever, and no less beautiful than punctual," he said. "But they contain so few particulars of her daily life and feelings, while they treat freely of family and neighborhood affairs, that I have fancied there was something pertaining to her individual experience she desired to hide from me, lest the knowledge of it should give me pain."

Eunice answered hopefully and with such reassurance as she could truthfully impart, and wished more ardently than ever that he would return and assume the charge of his treasure—the charge and the cure.

They had had a quiet summer, the main event being a visit from Mrs. Baxter, and Orrin Wyllys who officiated as her escort. They were domesticated for a week at the parsonage, and Jessie's monopoly of her cousin's society had left Orrin entirely to her father's and sister's care. Nobody made verbal objection to this division of hospitable duties. Mr. Wyllys held long talks with his host —scientific, literary, and political—during post-prandial smokes, besides driving and riding with him in his professional rounds at such seasons as Eunice was too busy to attend to her guests. When she was at liberty to devote herself to social duties there were hours of music and reading; long rambles among the hills, Mrs. Baxter and Jessie far in advance—for the latter always outstripped her sister in pedestrian expeditions; moonlight promenades and conferences on the piazza that left Jessie all the time she desired for conversation with her late *chaperon*. It was unanimously agreed at parting that the week had passed swiftly and delightfully; farewells were linked with hopes of a repetition of the pleasure, and the household relapsed into its ordinary aspect and ways. If there were any perceptible difference in those composing it, it was that Jessie worked harder and was paler than she had been prior to the interruption, while Eunice grew younger and prettier every day.

"I have tried very hard!" Jessie said aloud, still hanging over the water, but clasping her hands in a sort of despair. "And I am very tired!"

Then, two heavy tears rolled from her eyes and broke up the reflection of the sad face below into little dancing circles.

An hour before, as she stood in the garden, grafting a lemon tree, a neighbor rode up to the fence to say "good-day" and inquire after the health of the clergyman's family.

"You'll have company pretty soon, I'm thinking," he said, knowingly. "I suppose that's no news to you, though."

"We expect no one," said Jessie, carelessly.

"Then you'll have a pleasant surprise. I saw Mr. Wyllys at the hotel as I came by."

Jessie's knife swerved slightly as she made the incision in the bark, but her voice was firm.

"Are you sure?"

"O, yes! I spoke with him. He got up late last night, he said. Come now, Miss Jessie, I am an old friend. Which of you is he after?"

"Neither, that I know of. Certainly not me!" replied she, imperturbably.

She finished her task carefully when the inquisitor had passed, carried twine and scissors into the house, gave Patsey an order as she glanced into the kitchen, and, unobserved by the servant, left the dwelling and went down through the garden into the meadow.

Her father and Eunice were away from home for the day—possibly for the night also, and she had her reasons for preferring the solitude of the woods or a retreat among the crags of Old Windbeam to a prolonged interview with Orrin Wyllys.

Did I say "preferred?" Does not the opium-eater in his lucid intervals prefer thirst and languor and pain to the drug for which his diseased appetite cries out as the dying for breath and the fever-scorched for water? Prefer it with mind and conscience, if not with flesh and will? Jessie Kirke's will lived yet, and it had borne her beyond the reach of temptation and kept her there. But it did not hinder her from picturing Orrin pacing the portico, or sitting in the parlor, awaiting her while she hid herself and her wretchedness among the willows.

She had but to go back by the way she had come, and hours of blissful companionship were hers; full draughts of enjoyment such as those which had intoxicated the unwary girl who, last winter, had believed that she might drink and be innocent. His eyes would kindle into the magic gleam that enervated resolution and let loose a flood of vague, delicious fancies upon her brain; his voice melt into the modulations that enchained the ear like pathetic music. Under the spell of his consummate address she would believe, for the moment, or the hour, or the day he spent with her, all that he said or looked, although dimly conscious, the while, that she would despise herself as a weak, guilty fool for the temporary faith, through weeks and months afterward.

As she did now! She was wrung by self-contempt for musing these imaginations, yet dallied with them—sipped shudderingly, yet with avidity, of their dangerous sweetness.

"I have tried very hard!" she moaned again.

Tried to hold fast to her trust in her betrothed after the cruel shock it had sustained from Hester Sanford's story. She was still uncertain how much or how little truth there was in it. It had been long since her latest mention of it to Orrin. He had replied to this by an injunction to continued confidence in Roy's honor, construed by her into a charitable evasion. He promised anew to push his investigations as occasion might offer, but she believed that he was afraid to keep his word. He loved his cousin too truly to enter upon an examination of a record which he more than suspected to contain entries that would damage Roy irretrievably in her esteem. Given this lever of unappeased distrust in, and latent resentment toward him to whom her allegiance was due, and a less adroit diplomat than Orrin might have so weakened the defences of her love and constancy as to make her doubt whether surrender were not unavoidable, even

desirable. She was "tired," poor child! dismayed that her labor in "deep mid-ocean" was so tedious and severe, longing for rest in whatever port her worn heart might make.

"I shall be tamed by the time you come home," she had said, 'twixt tears and smiles, to Roy at their parting. "Quite tame and old!"

"And I am!" she thought, as the jest recurred to her now. "Only life also has grown tame and the world old and gray!"

She had swung her hat upon her arm, and pushing back her hair with the palms that supported her forehead, that the wind from the water might cool her temples, she rested her listless weight upon the frail parapet. The woven twigs, once supple, were dry and rotten under their bark, and swayed outward with a sharp crack—a warning that came too late to save her. She caught, in falling, at the shattered panels left standing, and dragged only a handful of broken sticks with her into the creek. Coming to the surface after the plunge, she threw her grasping, struggling hands widely abroad, succeeded in seizing one of the upright supports of the bridge, and clung to it. Her head and shoulders were out of water. She was not actually drowning, and in the strength imparted by this consciousness she drew a long breath and called for help.

A faint echo came back from the hills; the rest of the shout was lost in the spreading meadows, or overpowered by the commingled sounds that were the voice of the early autumn day.

She heard them more distinctly than when she had stood upon the bridge; the beat of the mill-wheel, the rattle and rumble of the farm-wagons—even the tread of the teams upon the bridge, the now distant whistle of the quail, and, close beside her, the lapping of the creek among the sedges.

She weighed her chances of speedy release from her unpleasant and dangerous situation before she raised another outcry. The stream was the feeder of the mill-pond, and was made deeper and more sluggish by the dam, less than half a mile further down. She remembered to have heard that the depth just under the bridge was about six feet. It might as well be sixty, if she were to relinquish her hold. She could do nothing but cling and wait until her calls should bring rescue, or some chance passenger espy her. This was an unfrequented byway, and it might be many hours before assistance came to her in the latter form. As to the other, the Parsonage was the nearest dwelling. The mill was no further off, but the united shriek of twenty drowning women could not be heard above the clatter of the machinery. Patsey was alone in the kitchen, her whole soul in her semi-weekly baking, and deaf to all out-door noises, excepting those from the poultry-yard. There was no one else in the house, unless Orrin had arrived. Jessie believed that she tasted the bitterness of death, as she imagined him expectant of her coming, yet thoughtless of evil as the reason of her delay, taking a few restless turns upon the portico; then wandering into the parlor, and standing, as he often did, for several minutes together, gazing at the picture of the girl at the wishing well; opening the piano and running over some remembered air, or improvising dreamy, wistful strains, with absent thoughts and eyes fixed upon vacancy.

"And she was here—nearing the gates that were to shut down between them forever!

She called again—a shrill scream, that scared the birds from their perches on the willow and birch boughs, and awoke a wailing echo among the mountains. Then all was quiet save for the mill, the fainter roll of heavy wheels, and, louder

than either, the lap! lap! lap! of the waves upon the grassy bank. How deadly cold the water was! and she became sensible, now, of an increasing weight drawing her downward; the strain of her saturated garments upon the arms wound about the rough pole which stood between her and death. There was a current, also, to be resisted, placid as the mirror had seemed from above, and her muscles were aching already. Her whole body would be numb presently, her clutch be relaxed by cold and prostration of the nervous and muscular system.

She had decried life as tame, and the world as unlovely. She found them, in this fearfully honest hour, too dear and beautiful to leave thus suddenly. She recollected, even in this season of peril and dread, the oft-repeated story that one in the act of drowning recalls, in a flash of memory, every event of his past existence, however remote and minute; reasoned within herself that this must be an old wives' fable, since she, on the brink of eternity, had but one overmastering idea—how to avert impending dissolution. Her father, Eunice, Roy, and Orrin were all in her mind by turns, but there was no quickening of affection now that she might be leaving them to return no more. They seemed, in comparison with the terrible fact of her present danger, but vague and far-off abstractions—faded portraits in her mental gallery, hardly deserving a glance. She dwelt with agony upon the circumstances that the stream was becoming like ice to her limbs, and the pain in her arms intense, while her soaked clothing and the current were sucking her downward. When the last remnant of her strength failed, would she be drowned by the cruel waves where she had fallen in, or borne, conscious and writhing in the throes of suffocation, over the dam, to be mangled by the rocks below the fall!

The horror of the last fancy drew from her another shriek. The echo taunted her by its feeble mimicry; the dull boom of the mill-wheel, the teamster's shout to his oxen, had the same meaning, and the lapping of the water was that of a fierce destroyer, hungering for his prey.

Meanwhile, the visitor at the parsonage had been through the round Jessie had sketched for him in her tortured imagination; had paced the porch until he was weary of the solitary turns; surveyed the portrait to his heart's content, regretting, in his esthetic mind, that the original had toned down to the level of commonplace refinement, and had played a pensive "thought" on the piano.

This performance brought in Patsey.

"Dick Van Brunt was by the gate just now, Mr. Wyllys, and he said as how he seen Miss Jessie, going down toward the crick, nigh upon an hour ago. You mought see something on her if you was to walk down that way."

"Thank you, Patsey. Perhaps I will if she do not come in soon. And perhaps I 'mought' make a fool of myself clambering those confounded mountain paths for half a day, and not get a glimpse of her!" he muttered, when the handmaiden had withdrawn.

He stepped through the oriel window into the garden, humming, *sotto voce*, "'My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,'" made the tour of the enclosure, noting how Eunice's roses had grown, and that the exotics he had sent her in the spring were recompensing her for the care she had bestowed upon them, brushed both hands over a bed of musk-plant until the air reeked with perfume, and plucked a sprig of rosemary from the spot where he had stood to overhear the sister's criticism of himself on the Fourth of July, smiling queerly as he did so.

"I will send the fair Una a root of 'Cæsar's Bay,' with the stipulation that she shall set it just here," he said inwardly, the smile brightening at the apt conceit. "It shall be to me a floral monument, a sort of Cupid's Ebenezer."

He gathered, furthermore, several bunches of late roses, rifling them of their freshest odor by ruthless handling, and strewing them to the right and left as he went from the garden into the meadow. The day was fine, but not warm enough to make walking a grievous task, and he might find Jessie at or beyond the bridge. He whistled "Casta Diva" as he strolled over the short grass—one might have believed from want of thought, who remarked his roving eyes and tranquil physiognomy. He looked, as he felt, on excellent terms with himself and the rest of the world; like a man who had eaten to satisfaction, but not to repletion, of the sunny side of the peach tendered by fortune, and who was suitably grateful to the person to whom he considered that he owed his success in life, to wit, Orrin Wyllys.

What a companion portrait to set over against this serene visage and lounging figure in the pleasant meadow paths was that which, with distorted limbs, and countenance eager to frenzy, hung midway over the stream he was approaching! Jessie had heard the whistle and known it for his; had caught from afar his measured tread upon the sward, and feeling herself grow weak and voiceless in the rush of reviving hope, had painfully gathered her remaining forces to abide his coming. She could see him through rifts in the low-branching birches; counted every step with trembling impatience until he was within a stone's throw.

Then, she signalled him in a husky, dissonant voice that shocked herself, fainting though she was with suspense, intent only upon watching his movements, which meant to her deliverance sure and swift.

"Orrin! make haste! I am perishing!"

A glimpse of the broken railing told him all.

Tearing off his coat as he ran, he leaped into the creek, swam out to her, and bade her loosen her hold, and remain perfectly quiet.

"Don't seize me! I will save you! Trust me!" he said, in authority she did not dream of resisting.

In two minutes more he had dragged her through the water and laid her upon the warm turf, where the sun fell in brightness that meant comfort to her now as emphatically as the wavering glitter upon the stream had signified derision of her sufferings when she was very nigh to death.

In all their intercourse Orrin had never spoken words that came so directly from what had once been a heart as those that stirred the languid pulses and brought back the fleeting senses of the forlorn creature who lay gasping within his arms—livid, sodden, almost lifeless.

"Darling Jessie! precious child! Thank heaven I was in time!"

The blue lips were touched by a smile; her eyes unclosed upon his with a look of worshipful love and gratitude that appealed to meaner elements of his character than those that had prompted his first outburst. He was himself again as his gaze kindled into responsive softness and fire.

"*My* love!" he murmured, bending to kiss her. "May I not call you so for this one blessed instant? My only love, and mine alone!"

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Kirke and Eunice were still absent when Orrin paid his second call at the parsonage that day. He had conducted Jessie home in the forenoon, a drenched and shivering figure, at which Patsey screeched with terror; stayed long enough to learn from the girl that the preventives he had ordered against cold were administered, and that her young mistress was put comfortably to bed, then betaken himself to his hotel to make the requisite changes in his own apparel.

"Miss Jessie hopes you'll stay here, sir," remonstrated Patsey. "She says you'll find dry things in Mr. Kirke's room. I've jist laid 'em all out ready."

"I am much obliged to Miss Jessie and to you, my good girl; but I shall run no risk in going down to the village. Say to Miss Jessie that she will hear from, or see me again before night."

Three hours later, a messenger brought a note, inquiring how Jessie was, and if she would be quite able to see him in the evening.

"For I must return to Hamilton to-morrow," he added.

Jessie wrote one line in reply:

I am up and well. Come whenever you please.

Gratefully, J. K.

His pleasure was to delay the visit until twilight. Perhaps he had a difficult programme to arrange; perhaps he wanted to give Jessie time to recover strength and composure; or, he may have thought that delay would enhance the value of his society—on the legal principle he had enunciated, when Roy's prior engagement was under discussion, we should accept his own explanation of his tardiness.

"I could not come earlier," he said, very gravely, in reply to Jessie's faltered gratitude and fears lest he had suffered from the morning's adventure. "You needed rest and quiet, and I have been unhinged all day—mentally, I mean. Don't thank me again! You don't know how like mockery phrases of acknowledgment sound from you to me. Sit down. You are still weak and nervous. You are trembling all over."

If she was, it was not from cold or debility. He placed her in an arm-chair, brought a shawl from the hall, and folded it about her; turned away abruptly, and walked the room in a silence she had neither words nor courage to break. The piano stood open as he had left it in the morning. He stopped before it at his tenth round, seated himself, and began a prelude. Then he sang the ballad she had crooned in the July sunset, so many, many months ago! while he listened without, and tore out the hearts of Eunice's roses.

He gave the first verse with tenderness that was exquisite; rendered the musing ecstacy of the dream with beauty and expression that thrilled the auditor with delicious pain. This deepened into agony under the passionate melancholy of the last stanza:

Soon, o'er the bright waves howled forth the gale,
Fiercely the lightning flashed on our sail;
Yet, while our frail bark drove o'er the sea,
Thine eyes, like load-stars, beamed love on me.
O heart! awaken! wrecked on lone shore!
Thou art forsaken! Dream, heart, no more!

He came back to where she sat, all bowed together, and quivering in every limb—and knelt before her.

"Jessie! I have dreamed, and I am awake! I am here to-night to ask you to forgive not only the rash, presumptuous words I spoke this morning, but the feeling that gave them birth. I have loved you from the moment of our first meeting. You and heaven are my witnesses how I have striven with my unwarrantable passion—how, persuaded that the indulgence of this would be a rank offence against honor and friendship, I resisted by feigned coldness your innocent wiles to win the good will of Roy's relative. I deluded myself for a time with the belief that I could control the proofs of my affection within the bounds of brotherly regard. You best know how, when your faith in the truth of your accepted lover was shaken, I became his champion; how conscientiously and laboriously I have pleaded his cause with you, tried to be faithful to the trust he had reposed in me; how, when I had nearly betrayed myself in an unguarded moment, I endeavored to dissipate any suspicions my imprudence had awakened in your mind. Again and again, I have avoided you for days and months together; punished myself for my involuntary transgression against my friend by denying myself the sight of that which was dearer and more to be desired in my esteem than all the world and heaven itself; shut myself into outer darkness from the light of your eyes and the sound of your voice. The fruit of the toils, the anguish, the precautions of fourteen months were destroyed to-day by one outburst of ungovernable emotion. I shall dream no more, dear! I solemnly vow this on my knees, while I beg you to say that you do not despise me!"

The bowed head was upon his shoulder now, and she was weeping. He put his arm about her and held her close, while he prayed her to be comforted.

"These tears are all for me, I know," he said, sadly. "But, indeed, darling, I am unworthy of one of them. They make me feel yet more keenly what a villain I must seem to you."

"Don't say that!" she burst forth. "If you are unworthy in your own sight, what must I think of my conduct? You were under no vow, had professed to love no other; had entered into no compact in the name of GOD to be constant to one—one only—while life endured; a compact you called sacred and binding as marriage! I loathe myself when I think of my fickleness and falsehood? I do not deserve to receive the love of any true man. There is, at times, a bitter tonic in the idea that I may be better worth Roy Fordham's acceptance than I would be of another's who had never deceived the trust of the woman that loved him!"

She sat upright and laughed in saying it. "We—he and I—could not upbraid one another on the score of inconstancy!"

"I cannot have you depreciate yourself. You have been true to the letter of your vow. There are some feelings that defy control. Listen to me, dearest"—sitting down by her. "This is a world of mismatched plans—of blighted hopes and fruitless regrets. But the wise do not defy fate. They look, instead, for the sparkle of some stray gem amid the ashes of desolation. Let us be brave since we cannot be hopeful. I can never forget you—never cease to think of you as the dearest and noblest of women. The memory will be more to me than any possession in the gift of fortune. No change of external circumstances can make us less to one another than we are now, while to the world we can never be more. Nothing is further from my wishes or designs than to weaken your regard for the strength of a compact so solemn as that which binds you to your betrothed. He is a good man, and he will cherish you kindly and faith-

fully. It may seem harsh judgment, but we are dealing in no mock reserves now, love; and, however weakly my heart may shrink from pronouncing the doom of my happiness, I ought not to disguise from myself or you the truth, that, since he has done nothing since your betrothal to forfeit your esteem, you should fulfill your promise whenever he shall claim it."

"Which he may never do!" Jessie interrupted the forced calmness of the argument. "I heard a terrible story a month ago—one that has driven sleep from my eyes for nights since. Did you ever hear that my mother was insane for many years before she died?"

It was too dark to see her face, but Orrin felt the strong shudder that ran over her; saw the gesture which seemed to tear the dreadful secret from her. She went on wildly: "That the loving words and caresses, the recollection of which has fed my heart from my babyhood; the tales, and songs, and sketches that were my choicest pleasures then, were the vagaries of an unsettled mind; that she knew nothing aright after I—miserable little wretch!—was born—not even her own child! that through all these years I have been worshipping a beautiful abstraction! I never had a mother! Oh! that I had died while I still believed in her!"

The cry of the last sentence was of hopeless bereavement, and the specious actor beside her sat appalled at the might of a woe beyond his conception.

She resumed before he could reply:

"I ought never to marry! Accursed from the beginning, I should finish my shadowed life alone. You talk of the gifts of fortune. The best she can offer me now is quiet and obscurity. I have written all this to Mr. Fordham. He knows, by this time, that I am a less desirable partner for his fastidious and untainted self than was the poor girl whose only crime was that her sister had died of consumption—that a more deadly malady is my birthright."

"You have written thus to Roy!" exclaimed Orrin, in stern earnest, "without consultation with your sister or father?"

"Why should I consult them? Having deceived me for twenty years and more, they would not be likely to tell me the truth now. The story came directly to me from the daughter of my mother's nurse, who lived here herself as a servant girl when I was born, and afterward I saw and talked with the woman. There is no mistake."

"You have acted hastily—most unwisely!" Orrin said, in seriousness that commanded her attention. This tale is not a new one to me. Your sister informed me of the slander before you went to Mrs. Baxter."

He rehearsed Eunice's description of her stepmother's invalidism, softening such portions of it as might, he feared, tend to feed the daughter's unhealthy fancies.

"Your father and your physician will tell you that her disease was physical; her low nervous state and hysterical symptoms were concomitants of this, as were her indisposition to see strangers and inability to go abroad. It is your duty to write this explanation to Roy. He had your father's version of the case when he asked his sanction to his addresses to yourself. You must tell him that this was the correct one."

"To what purpose would all this be?" He had never heard her speak sullenly until now. "Better that he should part from me on this pretext than upon the ground which my farther confession will furnish."

She said the concluding words so inaudibly that Orrin did not catch their purport, or his rejoinder would have been different and less prompt.

"For the sake of your mother's memory!" he urged, gently. "The mother who, you are again persuaded, both knew and loved you!"

She was still for a moment.

"You are right!" she said, abruptly. "It would be base to screen my faithlessness at the expense of her reputation. I will tell him all! It is just that I should be spared no humiliation!"

"What do you mean?" queried Orrin, in an altered tone.

Instead of replying, she hid her face in her hands (how well he recollected the old action!) and moaned.

He touched her shoulder, less in caress than admonition, as he asked: "Tell him what? Why do you speak of humiliation?"

"He will scorn me when I confess that my heart has changed—that I can never love him again, as I fancied I did once," she whispered, as if ashamed to say it aloud.

The temptation was potent, and the Thug yielded to it.

"And what then, darling!" he said, tightening his arm about her waist.

"*You* should not ask me!" in a yet lower whisper.

Had the dusk allowed, she might have seen a smile of triumph upon the face bent toward hers—an involuntary uprearing of the head as from the binding of the bay of victory about his brows. In affections and in spirit she lay at his feet, her love confessed, her destiny in his power. Did he wish for one wild instant, that his acting had been reality, that with clean heart and hands he could fold her in his embrace, and call her by the name which is the seal and glory of loving womanhood—make her his honored and beloved wife?

If this were so, he conquered the weakness before he again spoke.

"Jessie! this is sheer madness! My beautiful angel! why have you made me love you, only that both our hearts should be broken at last! Do you know what you are doing? Do not injure yourself fatally in the estimation of all your friends by cancelling this engagement. Your father loves and honors Roy—is happy in his old age in the anticipation of giving you into his keeping. This will be a crushing blow to his pride and affection. And Fordham! you do not comprehend what a terrible thing his anger is. Do not make him your life-long enemy. These calm, slow natures are vindictive beyond the possibility of your conception. Leave things as they now are! If I plead earnestly it is because there is so much at stake. For me, as well as for you! Do not tempt me to perjury and dishonor! Help me to keep my integrity by holding fast to your own!"

"Perjury! dishonor!" repeated Jessie, bewildered. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of the business which brought me to Beechdale. I am engaged to be married."

"To whom?" huskily—her throat and tongue too dry for perfect articulation.

"To Hester Sanford."

Without another word, she arose and groped her way to the mantle.

Orrin followed.

"What is it?" he asked, still tenderly.

"I want the matches! Ah! here they are!"

She struck one, the blue flame showing a ghastly face above it, lighted the lamp and motioned Orrin to a seat opposite her own at the centre-table.

"Now!" she said, interlacing her fingers upon the table, and leaning over them, in an attitude of attention. "Go on with what you were saying!"

If she had expected him to show discomfiture she was foiled. He put his hand upon hers before he began, and although she drew it back, he had felt that it was clay-cold, and judged rightly that his real composure would outlast her counterfeit.

"What could I do?" he said, beseechingly. "You were lost to me as surely as though you were already married, or dead. If I am to blame for obeying the reckless impulse to double-bar the door separating us; to divide myself from you by a gulf so wide that expectancy, desire, and hope would perish in attempting to cross it, you are scarcely the one to upbraid me for the deed. More marriages are contracted in desperation than from mutual love. I said: 'If I am ever cured, it will be by this means.' Miss Sanford was not unpropitious to my advances. I will not insult your good sense by pretending that her evident partiality flattered or attracted me—much less that I ever felt one throb of tenderness for her. But I cannot talk of her and my new bonds here and now. I thought myself armed at every point for self-justification when I came hither. One beam from your dear eyes has shown me my error."

"Perjury! dishonor!" reiterated Jessie, without moving the steady eyes that were fast filling with disdain. "It is from these I am to save you. You perjured yourself when you told that girl that you loved her. You dishonored yourself and the name of love in every vow you made her. From this sin, at least, I am free. When I promised to marry Roy Fordham I thought I understood my own feelings, and I did love him! If I could forget the mad, wicked dream that divides me from that season of purity and gladness, I would peril my soul to do it! You speak of the sanctity of my engagement; of the integrity that bids you hold fast to yours. We will pass over the first. It *was* a sacred thing and a precious, once, before the serpent left his loathsome trail upon it. But where was your integrity when you talked to me of love just now? when you deliberately prefaced the announcement of your betrothal by the declaration that my memory must always be more to you than any earthly possession? Was this loyal? Was it honorable; or even honest? I believe I have loved you, Orrin Wyllys! I believe, moreover, that you tried to win my love, for what end, the Maker and Judge of us both, alone knows. If I have been weak, you have been wicked. And to crown the injury you have done me, with insult, you adjure me to save you from temptation to perjury by heaping lie upon lie in continuing to assert by actions, if not by direct protestation, that I love a man to whom I am indifferent.

"I have no affection for him, or for anyone else! No faith! no hope!" she pursued, towering above him, like a lost, but menacing spirit. "You saved my life this morning. You make of that benefit a wrong to-night by robbing life of all that it held of sweetness and comfort. I wish you had let me drown!"

"Jessie!"

He had arisen with her, and would have drawn nearer to her side, but she waved him off. There was a terrible beauty in her anger that fascinated him, in spite of her cutting words.

"I was a happy, trustful child when you crossed my path. I am a hard, bitter, suspicious woman—and the change is your work. You have humbled me for-

ever in my own sight. I care not what others think of me. I shall write to Roy Fordham before I sleep, and release him, if he still considers himself bound to me; shall tell him plainly that my love is dead—and my heart!"

"You will judge me more mercifully, and yourself more justly, one day, Jessie. Your self-reproaches pain me more than do your vituperations against myself. Nothing you can say in your present mood can alter my feelings for you. You have had much to try you to-day, my poor child! Implacable as I know Roy, under his impassive demeanor, to be, he will be more lenient to me when he hears my defence than you are at this moment."

"I shall not mention your name!" she said, contemptuously. "I should be ashamed to own who was the cause of my folly. You have nothing to dread from your cousin's anger."

And, although his last remark was a "feeler," designed to elicit this assurance, the speech cut him more sorely than the volley of invectives that had preceded it had done.

Mr. Kirke and Eunice did not return until midnight. Jessie had the evening to herself, and the letter to Roy was sent to the post-office before she went to bed. It was short and decisive to unkindness.

"When I wrote to you last week," was the abrupt commencement, "I said that I would await your reply before sending another letter. I believed the information contained in the former would be the means of terminating our engagement. I have learned since, that the story was a malicious or idle exaggeration. My mother died, as she had lived, a sane woman. But this matters little so far as our relation to one another is concerned. Another and an insuperable obstacle to our union exists in the change in my feelings for yourself. I love you no longer. Months of doubt and suffering have brought me to the determination to confess this without reserve. I offer no extenuation of my fickleness. I ought to have remained constant, but I have not. May you choose more wisely and happily in the future!

"I need hardly say that I have not entered into pledges with any one else. Nor do I contemplate such a step. No one desires that I should. It rests with you to give me the release I ask or to hold me to the letter of my promise. If, having learned the extent of the change that has come over me since I gave it, you insist on the fulfilment I shall submit to your decision.

"Foreseeing what your action will be it remains only for me to add that your gifts and letters await your order.

"JESSAMINE KIRKE."

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

MISUSED WORDS. MAKING PRONOUNS. PEASE AND PISON.

THERE is nothing in the world more charming than simple, unpretending ignorance, nothing more respectable, nothing surer to elicit sympathy from healthy minds. On the contrary, there is nothing more repulsive, and little less worthy of respect and kind feeling, than ignorant pretence to knowledge. I was looking once at Miss Hosmer's statue of Zenobia, with a young Englishman, a guardsman, and born to an ancient coronet. "It is a fine thing," he said, "except that disagreement between the two sides of the figure. But, do tell me, who *was* Zenobia? I don't know." How much more charming, how much more attractive as a companion was that man for his simple, frank avowal of ignorance that Zenobia was the Queen of Palmyra who was led in chains by Aurelian to Rome, than he would have been by being able to pronounce an oration upon her career, that would have given him a chair in the French Academy! And if, being ignorant, he had pretended to knowledge, and had exposed his imposture, could he ever quite have made his title clear to the trust that is due to manliness and honesty? The curse and the peril of language in this day, and especially in this country, is, that it is at the mercy of men who, instead of being content to use it well according to their honest ignorance, use it ill according their affected knowledge; who being vulgar, would seem elegant; who being empty, would seem full; who make up in pretence what they lack in reality; and whose little thoughts let off in enormous phrases, sound like fire-crackers in an empty barrel.

How I detest the vain parade
  Of big-mouthed words of large pretence!
And shall they thus thy soul degrade,
  O tongue so dear to common-sense!
Shouldst thou accept the pompous laws
  By which our blustering tyros prate,
Soon Shakespeare's songs and Bunyan's saws
  Some tumid trickster must translate.

Our language, like our daily life,
  Accords the homely and sublime,
And jars with phrases that are rife
  With pedantry of every clime.
For eloquence it clangs like arms,
  For love it touches tender chords,
But he to whom the world's heart warms,
  Must speak in wholesome home-bred words.

To the reader who is familiar with Beranger's "Derniers Chansons" these lines will bring to mind two stanzas in the poet's "Tambour Major," in which he compares pretentious phrases to a big, bedizened drum-major, and simple language to the little gray-coated Napoleon at Austerlitz—a comparison which has come to my mind very frequently during the writing of the last two or three of these articles. With this one, and perhaps another, I must leave Misused Words for the present at least, and turn to other branches of my subject.

DRESS has the singular fortune of being misused by one sex only. By town-bred women, both in Great Britain and the United States, and by that very large and widespread rural class who affect town-bred airs, *dress* is used for *gown;* and thus woman, in a most unhousewifely way, takes from one good servant half his rights, and throws another out of place entirely, thereby leaving herself short-handed. The radical idea expressed in the word *dress* is, right; and *dress*, the verb, means simply, to set right, to put in order. A captain of infantry orders his company to dress to the right—that is, to bring themselves into order, into line, by looking to the right. The kitchen dresser is so called because upon it dishes are put in order. As to the body, dress is that which puts it in order, in a condition comfortable and suitable to the circumstances in which it is placed. *Dress* is a general term, including the entire apparel, the under-garments as well as the outer. No man thinks of calling his coat or his waistcoat his dress, more than of so calling his shirt or his stockings. But women do so call the gown; and thus they use a word which is a vague, general term, and is applicable to all apparel, and belongs to men as much as to women, instead of one which means exactly that which they wish to express—a long outer garment, extending from the shoulder below the knee. *Frock*, sometimes used for *gown*, is properly of more limited application, although it belongs both to masculine and feminine attire. The general observer, casting his eye over a room full of women, might not unreasonably suppose that the word *dress* is thus perverted by the sex because of a belief on their part that the outer garment is the all-important part of their apparel, and being so, is the dress *par excellence*. But the great display of embroidered petticoats and laced chemises among wedding presents is not consistent with this plausible theory. The origin of the perversion is probably untraceable, except by the aid of some lady of close observation and reflection who is old enough to have been brought up to say *gown*. Such a person might be able to tell us how and why, in a little more than a generation, this word has come to be thus perverted by her sex only.

ANIMAL.—It would seem that man is about to be deprived of the rank to which he is assigned by Hamlet—that of being the paragon of animals. Man, like the meanest worm that crawls, is an animal. His grade in the animal scale makes him neither more nor less an animal. And yet many people affect to call only brutes animals. Are they ashamed of the bond which binds them to all living creatures? On this supposition Mr. Bergh might account for that lack of sympathy, the absence of which causes the cruelty of some men to their dumb fellow-beings; were it not that in past days, when no one had thought of taking man out of the animal kingdom, brutes were more cruelly treated than they are now. Except, indeed, among the natives of this country, among whom good nature, real kindness of heart, common sense, self-interest and a respect for the sound and gentle maxim that a merciful man is merciful to his beast, seem always to have prevailed to such a degree as to render a society for the prevention of cruelty little better than a dilettante tribute to the benevolent spirit of the age—the result of most praiseworthy intention, but somewhat superfluous, and even more—implying an undeserved reproach. Mr. Bergh's society—like that in London, of which it is a copy—is called The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is in reality the society for the prevention of cruelty to brutes; for, the animal which suffers most from cruelty—man, is not under the shield of its protection.

DECIMATED.—The learned style of my eminent friend, the war correspond-

ent of the ———, has brought this word into vogue since the Rebellion, but with a sense somewhat different from that in which it was used by his guide and model, Caius Julius Cæsar. After the battle on the Rapidan, or the Chattanooga, he—I do not mean the greater of the two eminent persons, and probably my friend will admit that C. J. Cæsar was the more distinguished even as a writer upon military affairs—used to say, in his fine Roman style, that the army was "awfully decimated," as in one of the many instances before me: "The troops, although fighting bravely, were terribly decimated, and gave way." Old Veni-vidi-vici would tell him that he might as well have written that the troops were terribly halved or awfully quartered. When a Roman cohort revolted, and the revolt was put down, a common punishment was to decimate the cohort—that is, select every tenth man, *decimus*, by lot, and put him to death. If a cohort suffered in battle so that about one man in ten was killed, it was consequently said to be decimated. But to use decimation as a general phrase for slaughter is simply ridiculous. The exact equivalent of this usage would be to say, The troops were terribly tithed.

Predicate.—Should I express to my own satisfaction the feeling which the frequent misuse of this word by people who use it because they do not know its meaning, excites in the bosoms of those who do, and who, therefore, use it rarely, I might provoke a smile from my readers, and I certainly should smile at myself. If there is any verbal offence which more than another justifies an open expression of contempt, it is when an honorable gentleman rises in his place and asks whether the honorable body of which he is a member "intends to predicate any action upon the statement of the honorable gentleman who has just sat down;" what he wishes to know, being if they mean to take any steps about it, or found any action upon it. Yet, perhaps, such a man does not forfeit all the consideration due to a vertebrate animal. *Predicate* means primarily to speak before, and, hence, to bear witness, to affirm, to declare. So the Germans call their clergymen *predicants*, because they bear witness to and declare the Gospel. But in English, *predicate* is a technical word used by grammarians to express that element of the sentence which affirms something of the subject, or (as a noun) that which is affirmed. And thus action may be predicated *of* a body or an individual; but action predicated *by* a body *upon* circumstances or statements, is simple absurdity. Those for whom this distinction is too subtle had better confine themselves to plain English, and ask, What are you going to do about it?—language good enough for a chief justice or a prime minister.

Kinsman.—For this hearty English word, full of manhood and warm blood, elegant people have forced upon us two very vague, misty substitutes—*relation* and *connection*. By the use of the latter words in place of the former, nothing is gained and much is lost. Both of them are very general terms. Men have relations of various kinds; and connections are of still wider distribution. Even in regard to family and friends, it is impossible to give these words exactness of meaning; whereas a man's kin, his kinsmen, are only those of his own blood. His cousin is his kinsman, but his brother-in-law is not. Yet *relation* is made to express both connections, one of blood and the other of law. In losing *kinsman* we lose also his frank, sweet-lipped sister, *kinswoman*, and are obliged to give her place to that poor, mealy-mouthed, made-up Latin interloper, *female relation*.

Bring, Fetch.—The misuse and confusion of these two words, which are so common, so rooted for centuries in the deep soil of our vernacular, would indi-

cate a very great unsettling of the foundations of our language, were it not that the perversion is confined almost entirely to cities. You will hardly find an English or a Yankee farmer who is content to speak his mother tongue as his mother spoke it, who does not use these words without taking thought about it as correctly as persons bred in the most cultivated society. But people in glossy hats, fine coats and gorgeous neckties, filled, too, with the consciousness of their apparel, are heard saying to their shop boys, "Go to such and such a place and bring this parcel with you; and, say, you may fetch that other one along." Now *bring* expresses motion toward the speaker, and this only. A boy is properly told to take his books to school, and to bring them home. But *at* school he may correctly say, I did not bring my books. *Fetch* expresses a double motion—first from and then toward the speaker. Thus, a gardener may say to his helper, "Go and bring me yonder rake;" but he may better say, "Fetch me yonder rake," *i. e.*, go and bring it. From this usage of these words there is no justifiable variation. The slang phrase—"a fetch"—is hardly slang, for it expresses a venture, *i. e.*, a metaphorical going out to bring something in.

AWFUL.—It would seem superfluous to say to the readers of THE GALAXY that *awful* is not a synonyme of *very*, were it not that the word is thus used by many people who should know better than to do so. The misuse is a Briticism; but it has been spreading rapidly here during the last few years. I have heard several educated English gentlemen speak in sober, unconscious good faith, of "awfully nice women," "awfully pretty girls," and "awfully jolly people." That is awful which inspires or is inspired by awe; and in the line in the old metrical version of the Hundredth Psalm,

> Glad homage pay with awful mirth,

Tate and Brady did not mean that we were to be awfully jolly or very mirthful or gay in our worship. Observe here again how misuse debases a good and much needed word, and voids it of its meaning; by so much impoverishing the language.

SPLENDID suffers much as *awful* does, but chiefly from those whom our grandfathers were wont to call, in collective compliment, the fair. A man will call some radiant beauty a splendid woman; but one of any culture will rarely mar the well-deserved compliment of such an epithet by applying it to any inferior excellence. But with most women now-a-days everything that is satisfactory is splendid. A very charming one, to whose self the word might have been well applied, regarded a friend of mine with that look of personal injury with which women meet minor disappointments from the stronger sex, because he did not agree, *avec effusion*, that a hideous little dog lying in her lap was "perfectly splendid;" and once a bright, intelligent being in muslin at my side predicated perfect splendor of a slice of roast beef which was rapidly disappearing before her, any dazzling qualities of which seemed to me to be due to her own sharp appetite.

CAPTION.—The affectation of fine, big-sounding words which have a flavor of classical learning has had few more laughable or absurd manifestations than the use of *caption*, in the sense, and in the rightful place, of *heading*. In our newspapers, even the best of them, it is too common. Thus "The World," which in its leading columns has the enviable distinction of rarely sinning against commonsense or English, a few days ago began a little article thus: "Under the caption of 'Extract of a letter from an Enlightened Republican,'" etc., etc. What the writer meant was—under the heading: what he said was, under the seizure,

the act of taking. This monstrous blunder was first made by some person who knew that *captain* and *capital* expressed the idea of headship, but who was sufficiently ignorant to suppose that *caption*, from its similarity in sound to those words, had a kindred meaning. But *captain* and *capital* are from the Latin *caput*, a head; and *caption* is from *capio*, I seize, *captum*, seized. Language rarely suffers at the hands of simple ignorance; by which indeed it is often enriched and strengthened; but this absurd misuse of *caption* is an example of the way in which it is made mere empty sound, by the pretentious efforts of presuming half-knowledge. *Captivate*—a word closely connected with *caption*—once, indeed, its relative verb—is, on the other hand, an interesting example of the perfectly legitimate change, or limitation, which may be made by common consent in a word's meaning. *Captivate* means primarily to seize, to take captive; and, until within a few years, comparatively, it was used in that sense. But within the last two generations it has been so closely limited to the metaphorical expression of the act of charming by beauty of person and ensnaring by wiles and winning ways, that it seems very strange to read in one of Washington's letters that "our citizens are frequently captivated by Algerine pirates."

Character, Reputation.—These words are not synonymes; but they are too generally used as such. How commonly do we hear it said that such and such a man "bore a very bad character in his vicinity," the speaker meaning that the man was of bad repute in his neighborhood. We know very little of each other's characters; but reputations are well known to us, except our own. *Character*, meaning first a figure or letter engraved, means secondarily those traits which are peculiar to any person or thing. Reputation is the result of character. Character is the sum of individual qualities: reputation, what is generally thought of character, as far as it is known. Character is like an inward and spiritual grace of which reputation is, or should be, the outward and visible sign. A man may have a good character and a bad reputation, or a bad character and a good reputation; although, to the credit of human nature, which, with all its weakness, is not ignoble, the latter is more common than the former.

Executed.—A vicious use of this word has become so common that, although it produces sheer nonsense, there is little hope of its reformation, except in case of that rare occurrence in the history of language, a vigorous and persistent effort on the part of the best speakers and writers and professional teachers toward the accomplishment of a special purpose. The perversion referred to is the use of *executed* to mean hanged, beheaded, put to death. Thus a well-known historian says of Anne Boleyn that "she was tried, found guilty, and executed;" and in the newspapers we almost always read of the "execution" of a murderer. The writers declare the performance of an impossibility. A law may be executed; a sentence may be executed; and the execution of the law or of a sentence sometimes, although not once in a thousand times, results in the death of the person upon whom it is executed. The coroner's jury which sits in the prison-yard upon the body of a felon who has been hanged, brings in its formal verdict, "Execution of the law." To execute (from *sequo*) is to follow to the end, and so to carry out, and to perform; and how is it possible that a human being can be executed? A plea of metaphorical or secondary use will not save the word in this sense; for the law or a sentence is as much executed when a condemned felon is imprisoned as when he is put to death. But who would think of saying that a man was executed because he was shut up in the

State Prison? And even were it not so, how much simpler and more significant a use of language to say that a felon, or a victim of tyranny, had been hanged, beheaded, shot, or generally, put to death, than to say he was executed; of which use of this word there is no justification, and only the palliation afforded by custom and bad example.

MARRY.—There has been not a little discussion as to the use of this word, chiefly in regard to public announcements of marriage. The usual mode of making the announcement is—Married, John Smith to Mary Jones. Some people being dissatisfied with this form, of late years we have seen in certain quarters—Married, John Smith *with* Mary Jones, and in others—John Smith *and* Mary Jones. I have no hesitation in saying that all of these forms are incorrect. We know, indeed, what is meant by any one of them; but the same is true of hundreds and thousands of erroneous uses of language. Properly speaking, a man is not married to a woman, or married with her; nor are a man and a woman married with each other. The woman is married to the man. It is her name that is lost in his, not his in hers; she becomes a member of his family, not he of hers; it is her life that is merged, or supposed to be merged, in his, not his in hers; she follows his fortunes, and takes his station, not he hers. And thus, manifestly, she has been attached to him by a legal bond, not he to her; except, indeed, as all attachment is necessarily mutual. But, nevertheless, we do not speak of tying a ship to a boat, but a boat to a ship. And as long, at least, as man is the larger, the stronger, the more individually important, as long as woman generally lives in her husband's house and bears his name—still more should she not bear his name—it is the woman who is married to the man. In speaking of the ceremony it is proper to say that he married her (*duxit in matrimoniam*) and not that she married him, but that she was married to him; and the proper form of announcement is—Married, Mary Jones to John Smith. The etymology of the word agrees entirely with the conditions of the act which it expresses. To marry is to give, or to be given, to a husband, *mari*.

HELP MEET.—It is *apropos* of the foregoing article to remark upon the common absurd use of these two words, as if they together were the name of one thing—a wife. They are frequently printed with a hyphen, as a compound word; and there is your man who thinks it at once tender, respectful, biblical, and humorous to speak of his wife as his help-meet. And this merely because in Genesis we are told that man was given in woman a help who was meet, fit, suitable for him. "I will make him an help meet for him;" not "I will make a helpmeet for him." Our biblical friend might as well call his "partner," his help-fit, or help-proper. That this protest is not superfluous, even as regards people of education, may be seen by the following sentence in a work—and one of ability, too—on the English language. "Heaven gave Eve, as a help-meet, to Adam." Here the hyphen and the change of the preposition from *for* to *to*, leave no doubt as to the nature of the blunder, which is lamentable and laughable. And yet Matthew Harrison, the author of the work in which it appears, is not only a clergyman of the Church of England, but Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

PETROLEUM.—This is what is called a perfectly legitimate word, but it is one of a class which is doing injury to the language. *Petroleum* means merely rock oil. In it the two corresponding Latin words, *petra* and *oleum*, are only put together; and we use the compound without knowing, most of us, what it means. Now there is no good reason, or semblance of one, why we should use a pure

Latin compound of four syllables to express that which is better expressed in an English one of two. The language is full of words compounded of two or more simple ones, and which are used without a thought of their being themselves other than simple words—*chestnut*, *walnut*, *household*, *husbandman*, *manhood*, *shepherd*, *anon*, *alone*, *wheelwright*, *toward*, *forward*, and the like. The power to form such words is an element of wealth and strength in a language; and every word got up for the occasion out of the Latin or the Greek lexicon, when a possible English compound would serve the same purpose, is a standing but unjust reproach to the language—a false confession both of its weakness and inflexibility.

Making a Pronoun.—Two correspondents, one of them at the Hub of the Universe and the other at the Capitol, have laid before me the great need—which they have discovered—of a new pronoun in English, and both have suggested the same means of supplying the deficiency. One of these gentlemen begins his letter thus: "In a discussion with my friend Mr. —— (a magazine contributor as yourself), the question arose whether any word had ever been invented for a specific purpose and occasion." The writer then goes on to say that he maintained the affirmative of this proposition on an occasion when he "was advocating the use of *en*, or some more euphonious substitute, as a personal pronoun, common gender." "A deficiency exists there," he continues, "and we should fill it." Some of my readers may be surprised that a gentleman who could write "a magazine contributor *as* yourself," should propose the making of a pronoun. But I am not at all surprised. On the contrary, that passage of the letter, regarded in all its aspects, is just what I should expect from a man who would undertake to supply new parts of speech on the shortest notice, and to furnish a new and elegant article of pronoun, as per order. My other correspondent has a somewhat juster notion of the magnitude of his proposition, or, as I should rather say, of its enormity. But, still, he insists that a new pronoun is "universally needed," and as an example of the inconvenience caused by the want, he gives the following sentence:

If a person wishes to sleep, they mustn't eat cheese for supper.

"Of course," he goes on to say, "that is incorrect; yet almost every one would say *they*. [This I venture to doubt.] Few would say in common conversation, 'If a person wishes to sleep, he or she mustn't eat cheese for supper.' It is too much trouble. We must have a word to take the place of *he or she*, *his or hers*, *him or her*, etc. . . . As the French make the little word *en* answer a great many purposes, suppose we take the same word, give it an English pronunciation (or any other word), and make it answer for any and every case of that kind, and thus tend to simplify the language."

This is the essential part of my correspondent's letter, to which there are two sufficient replies. First, the thing can't be done; last, it is not at all necessary or desirable that it should be done. And to consider the last point first. There is no such dilemma as the one in question. A speaker of good common sense and of fair mastery of the mother tongue would say, "If a man wishes to sleep, he must not eat cheese for supper," where *man*, as in the word *mankind*, is used in a general sense for the species. Any objection to this use of *man*, and of the relative pronoun, is for the consideration of the next Woman's Rights Convention, at which I hope it may be discussed with all the gravity beseeming its momentous significance. But as a slight contribution to the amenities of the occasion, I venture to suggest that to free the language of the oppression of the

sex and the outrage to its dignity, which have for centuries lurked in this use of *man*, it is not necessary to say, "If a person wishes to sleep, *en* mustn't eat cheese for supper," but merely, as the speakers of the best English now say and have said for generations, "If one wishes to sleep, one mustn't, etc." *One*, thus used, is a good pronoun, of healthy, well-rooted growth. And we have in *some* another word which supplies all our need in this respect without our going to the French for their over-worked *en*; e. g., *Voici des bonnes fraises. Voulez vous en avoir?* These are fine strawberries. Will you have some? Thus used, *some* is to all intents and purposes a pronoun which leaves nothing to be desired. With *he*, *she*, *it*, and *we*, and *one*, and *some*, we have no need of *en* or any other pronoun.

Or we should have had one long ere this. For the service to which the proposed pronoun would be put, if it were adopted, is not new. The need is one which, if it exists at all, must have been felt five hundred years ago as much as it could be now. At that period, and long before, a noun in the third person singular was represented, according to its gender, by the pronouns *he*, *she*, or *it*, and there was no pronoun of common gender to take the place of all of them. In the matter of language, popular need is inexorable, and popular ingenuity inexhaustible; and it is not in the nature of things that, if the imagined need had existed, it should not have been supplied during the formative stages of our languages, especially at the Elizabethan period, to which we owe the pronoun *its*. The introduction of this word, although it is merely the possessive form of *it*, was a work of so much time and difficulty that an acquaintance with the struggle would alone deter a considerate man from attempting to make a new pronoun. Although, as I have said, the mere possessive case of a word which had been on the lips of all men of Anglo-Saxon blood for a thousand years, and although introduced at a period notable for bold linguistic innovations, and soon adopted by some of the most popular writers, Shakespeare among them, nearly a century elapsed before its firm establishment in the English tongue.

For pronouns are of all words the remotest in origin, the slowest of growth, the most irregular and capricious in their manner of growth, the most tenacious of hold, the most difficult to plant, the most nearly impossible to transplant. To say that *I*, the first of pronouns, is three thousand years old, is quite within bounds. We trace it through the old English form *ich*, the Anglo-Saxon *ic*, the Maeso-Gothic *ik*, the Icelandic *eg*, the Latin and Greek *ego*, the Hebrew verbal postfix *ī*, to the Sanskrit *ah-am*. Should any of my readers fail to see the connection between *ah-am* and *I*, let him consider for a moment that the sound or name of the latter is *ah-ee*.

The antiquity of pronouns is shown, also, by the irregularity of their cases. This is generally a trait of the oldest words in any language; verbs and adjectives as well as pronouns. For instance, the words expressing consciousness, existence, pleasure, and pain, the first and commonest linguistic needs of all peoples—in English, *I*, *be*, *good*, *bad*; in Latin, *ego*, *esse*, *bonus*, *malus*—are regular in no language that I can remember within the very narrow circle with which I have been able to scrape acquaintance. *Telegraph* and *skedaddle* are as regular as may be; but we say *go*, *went*, *gone*; the Romans said *eo*, *ire*, *ivi*, *itum*; and the irregularities, dialectic and other, of the Greek *eimi*, are multitudinous and anomalous. English pronouns have real cases, which is one sign of their antiquity, the Anglo-Saxon having been an inflected language; but not in Anglo-Saxon, Latin or any other inflected language, are the oblique cases of *I*

derived from it more than they are in English. *My*, *me*, *we*, *our*, *us* are not inflections of *I;* but no more are *meus*, *mihi*, *me*, *nos*, *nostrum*, *nobis* inflections of *ego*. The oblique cases of pronouns are furnished by other parts of speech, or by other pronouns, from which they are taken bodily or composed in the early and, generally, unwritten stages of a language. Between the pronoun and the article, in all tongues, there is a very close relation. It is in allusion to this fact that Sir Hugh Evans, putting William Page to school ("Merry Wives of Windsor," act iv., scene 1), and endeavoring to trip the lad—though he learned the trick of William Lilly—asks: "What is he, William, that doth lend articles?" But the boy is too quick for him, and replies: "Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined: *singulariter*, *nominativo*, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*."

A marked instance of this relationship between the pronoun and the article, and an instructive example of the manner in which pronouns come into a language, is our English *she*, which is borrowed from the Anglo-Saxon definite article *se*, the feminine form of which was *seó;* and this definite article itself originally was or was used as a demonstrative pronoun, corresponding to *who*, *that*. For *se* is a softened form of the older *the;* and *Ic the*, *he the* are Anglo-Saxon for I who, he who. The Anglo-Saxon for *she* was *heó;* the masculine being as in English, *he*. And as a definite feminine object was expressed by the article *seó*, the likeness and the difference between this and *heó*, the feminine pronoun, caused a sort of coalition between the two, as our language was losing its old inflectional form and passing from Anglo-Saxon into Early English. Something of the same sort is done by the feminization of the word Hebrew, and the calling of a woman of that race a Shebrew.

Our possessive neuter pronoun *its*, to which reference has been made before, came into the language last of all its kin, in this manner. As *heó* was the feminine of *he*, *hit* was the neuter. From *hit* the *h* was dropped by some of the vicissitudes which have so often damped the aspirations of that unfortunate letter. Now in *it* the *t*, half the word, is no part of the original pronoun, but the mere inflectional termination by which it is formed from *he*. But by long usage, in a period of linguistic disintegration, the *t* came to be looked upon as an essential part of the word, one really original letter of which, *h*, had been dropped by the most cultivated writers. This letter, however, long held its place; and in the usage of the common people and in that of some writers, the Anglo-Saxon *hit* was the neuter pronoun close down to the Elizabethan period. Of both the masculine *he* and the neuter *hit*, the possessive case was *his*, just as *ejus* is the genitive of both *ille* and *illud;* and so *his* was the proper lineal possessive case of *it*, the successor of *hit*. If *his* had been subjected to a like deprivation to that of the nominative, by an elision of the *h*, and made into *is*, there would have been no apparent reason to question its relationship to *it*. But this was not to be. The *t*, not the *h*, had come to be regarded as the essential letter of the word; *his* was looked upon as belonging to *he* and not to *it;* and to the latter was added the *s*, which is a sign of the possessive thought in so many of the Indo-European languages. But there lingered long, not only among the uneducated people who continued to use *hit*, but among writers and scholars a consciousness that *his* was the true possessive of *it*, and still more a feeling that *its* was an illegitimate pretender. And, indeed, if ever word was justly called bastard, this deserves the stigma. But like some other bastards it has held the place it seized, and justified the usurpation by the service it has rendered. This is the story, hitherto untold consecutively, I believe, of a pronoun which as late as

1611 was not allowed to appear in a work at once so scholarly and so idiomatic as our English version of the Bible, which occurs but a few times in Shakespeare, and instead of which we find *his*, *her*, and even *it*, used by writers far down in the seventeenth century.

It is worth while to remark that the feminine possessive pronoun has a story somewhat similar to the neuter's. *Her* is the Anglo-Saxon *hire* slightly modified by time and usage. In *hire*, and consequently in *her*, the *r* is not an original element, but merely inflectional; *hire* or *her* being the genitive of *heo*, she. We still say, as our Anglo-Saxon forefathers said, her book, her gown. But the instinct of uniformity which led to the addition of *s* to *it* had led also before to the addition of the same letter to *her* for the formation of a possessive absolute, *hers*. We say, not This gown is her, but This gown is hers; as we say, Your book, but This book is yours; Our house, but This house is ours. Thus all these absolute possessive nouns in *s* are double possessives, having the possessive affix *s* added to the inflectional possessive form. In the case of the first example, *hers*, the inflectional possessive *her* became the objective, taking the place of the Anglo-Saxon objective or accusative *hí*; probably because *hers* was regarded as a possessive formed from *her*, which in some parts of England among the peasantry is now used as a nominative. In illustration of which I remember the story of a schoolmaster, who, crossing a common, directed the attention of two ragged urchins to a woman who was screaming for some one at her cottage door. Whereupon Pedagogus received answer, "Her beant a callin o' we. Uz doant belong to she." On hearing which he collapsed as with cholera.

To the above illustration of the way in which pronouns find their way into a language, I will add one timely example of this taking of a part of an original word as a root. Had we lived three or four hundred years ago, we should have said about this time of year that we liked pison for dinner. But by this we should not have meant that fluid which is sung, cold, in the touching ballad of "Villikins and his Dinah," but simply peas; and we should have pronounced the word, not *py-son*, but *pee-son*. *Pison*, or *pisen*, is merely the old plural in *en* (like *oxen*, *oretnren*) of *pise*—pronounced *peese*—the name of the vegetable which we call pea. Our forefathers said a pise, as we say a pea. When the old plural in *en* was dropped, *pise* (*peese*) came to be regarded as a plural in *s* of a supposed singular, *pi* (pronounced *pee*); and by this backward movement toward a non-existent starting-point, we have attained the word *pea*.

To return to my former topic. The British Parliament is called omnipotent, and a majority may, by a single vote, change the so-called British Constitution, as a majority of Congress may, if it will, set at naught the Constitution of the United States. But neither Parliament nor Congress, not both of them by a concurrent vote, could make or modify a pronoun.

RICHARD GRANT-WHITE.

TWO ARTISTS OF COMEDY.

MAGGIE MITCHELL AND MARY GANNON.

A LITTLE girl, curiously ragged and unkempt, bounding through an open window in the side-scene—her voice not especially sweet or musical, yet rarely modulated, clear, and decided; her utterance lightning quick, and every movement, gesture, pose, electric with energy; her laugh a wild, careless, jubilant, child's laugh, resonant, ringing, and perfectly natural—such is the familiar apparition of the actress Maggie Mitchell, at the opening of her famous play of "Fanchon."

Previous to the late rebellion, Miss Mitchell had been a favorite actress with some New York audiences, and was extremely popular in Southern and Western theatres. To the play-goers of New Orleans, she was known as the "Star of the South," and at Pittsburg as the "Pet of the West"—at least these were the titles she herself had placed upon the bills, and which she liked to see there in very large type indeed. She had youth, a certain piquancy and *abandon* which served in place of beauty, a curiously child-like voice and manner, both capable of expressing joy or melancholy; add to these great vivacity and a sprightly enjoyment of her work, and you have a fair *résumé* of her dramatic abilities. As an actress, she gave no especial marks of excellence, was neither forcible nor original, and the characters in which she appeared were often better played by others, and did not belong to the highest standards of the drama. She generally appeared in conjunction with Mr. Sam. Glenn, an indifferent actor of a single part, that of a stupid Dutchman in the farce of "The Double Bedded Room."

For a good many years, she led a precarious, nomadic life, wandering about from town to town, mainly up and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and finding her greatest profit in the South.

In 1860, there was a gentleman in St. Louis named Aug. Waldauer, leading the orchestra at the theatre, and chief promoter and conductor of all the musical festivals in that Germanic city. He had been liberally educated in one of the best of the German universities, and his mind was deeply imbued with the spirit of the drama and the music of his native country. He sat on his perch in the orchestra night after night, watching the vivacious little actress, fancying there was more in her than she knew; that she was capable of better things than she had thus far shown. He said nothing to her or to any one about his fancy, but went home one night resolving to make the little lady's fortune, and to write her name up among the real stars in the dramatic sky. He worked very hard and earnestly at his self-appointed task, and was kept pretty busy between his morning and evening duties at the theatre and his musical societies.

When she appeared in St. Louis in the May of 1861, his work was done. He asked permission to read a new play to her. It was read and approved. It

was called "Fanchon, the Cricket," and was a translation from a German play, which, in turn, was a dramatization from George Sand's famous idyl of the loves and trials of rustic lovers.

During that same engagement, the play was put in rehearsal and produced, the author anticipating his own and the artist's future success from his stool in the orchestra. But, on the very night of its production, Camp Jackson was taken by Lyon, and there was some ugly fighting going on in the streets of St. Louis. Two German regiments, finding themselves sorely pressed, turned and fired upon their tormentors, and there was weeping that night, and for many nights after, over dead and mangled sons and fathers. The fictitious grief of Fanchon had to yield in interest to the real sorrows rife in those Missouri homes. The realities of life had suddenly become too serious to permit public attention to be devoted to the stage. Star and manager struggled bravely on, acting to empty houses for a few nights more, and then succumbed to the universal neglect, and the theatre closed.

Nevertheless, the play was a good one, and so thought author, star, and manager. When the theatre closed, the author became a soldier, and won a captain's commission under Fremont; the manager paced the stage of his dark old shell of a house, grimly surveying the tawdry scenery, the draped chandeliers and upholstery, and sighed for the "piping times of peace;" and Maggie Mitchell, left once more to struggle with fortune, wandered away through the West again, carrying the manuscript of "Fanchon" with her, and to not too fastidious audiences played the new part, thereby slowly growing to greatness.

On the 9th of June, 1862, Maggie Mitchell was in New York, lessee of Laura Keene's little theatre on Broadway, which she had especially engaged for the production of her new play. Evidently it was not held in much estimation yet, for in the issue of that morning the "Tribune" went out of its way to fling a sneer at it. But the next morning the "Tribune" told a different story; for the play had been produced, and the young actress had startled the critics by the almost miraculous power she displayed in the character of Fanchon—a power before undeveloped, unsuspected by either herself or any other person, excepting Aug. Waldauer, musician and soldier.

When Maggie Mitchell walked off the stage of Laura Keene's little theatre that beautiful summer's night, she knew she was famous and that her fortune was secure.

Joseph Jefferson went over to England a little while before that June night, carrying in his carpet-bag an old dog-eared copy of the play of "Rip Van Winkle," a dramatization of Irving's story, done by the great comedian's half-brother, Charles Burke. It was the body of the same play which Mr. Jefferson now performs. Arriving in England, he hands it to Mr. Dion Bourcicault, and requests that gentleman to "touch it up a little." That very clever dramatist, novelist, and actor, touched it up, as suggested, and has received from Joseph Jefferson, first and last, as compensation for that little bit of journey-work, eighteen thousand dollars. The result of Mr. Bourcicault's touching up, added to Mr. Jefferson's genius, made the latter one of the wealthiest actors on the stage.

Aug. Waldauer's translation, added to Maggie Mitchell's peculiar power, made her as rich as her brother artist. And, as the actress now stands triumphantly upon the stage, her fame and fortune assured, tossing back the flying masses of her hair, dancing from foot to foot in elfish joyousness, full of a singular winsomeness, and regnant with nervous passion; while boxes, pit and galleries

unite in prolonged and deafening applause, or yield to the more subtle flattery of tears, let us hope that she has not forgotten her author.

It is not alone that nature has done so much toward making Maggie Mitchell what she is, but she has of her own self a subtle intuition of, and a living sympathy with, the character of Fanchon, and to its development and representation she has been a close and patient student.

Nature might have seemed churlish and niggardly of her gifts, if this character had not been especially created for the actress; but as it is, her stunted growth, her child-like voice, which, while it has all of youth's tenderness and humor, is full of age's melancholy and bitterness, her petulant manner, and her elfish, tiny gestures, are great aids to her success. For she, more than any other, is essentially the actor of a single part.

It would be interesting to know, if it were possible, how nearly her own early career resembled in its hard knocks, stern religious teachings, and the utter absence of girlhood's ordinary pleasure and tenderness, that of the orphan Fanchon; for that there is in her disposition something closely interwoven with it, no one who has seen the performance can doubt. This fancy is strengthened by the fact, that Miss Mitchell plays no other part with marked success, and further, by her inability to make anything of this same character in the last two acts, where Fanchon, lifted out of the surroundings which established the peculiarities of her disposition, becomes a fine young lady of the stereotyped sort, with nothing more interesting about her than her 20,000 francs.

The abiding charm of the first three acts is, that Miss Mitchell has so entirely assimilated herself with the character, that the illusion of the real presence of Fanchon, of her trials, sorrows, joys and triumphs, is never destroyed. The simple girl, battered of fortune, jeered at and avoided by the village boors—she of whom George Sand told us the beautiful story—is the very same we see upon the stage.

The impression that the reader of the novelist's story obtains is that Fanchon is a little touched "o' the moon," though the author nowhere broadly asserts or even insinuates that such is the fact, nor does the play itself contain such an imputation—yet both play and story lead the auditor or reader to that conclusion. Miss Mitchell, with rare refinement and delicacy, both of conception and execution, preserves this illusion, yet never oversteps the line which would change suspicion to assurance. In overcoming the difficulties encountered in maintaining this nice balance of doubt in the minds of her audience, she gives one of the finest assurances of her power and of her right to be considered one of the great artists of the stage.

The burthen Fanchon is made to bear, is a heavy one; her way of life, through being the grandchild of a reputed witch, and being herself suspected of dealings with the devil, is rough and hard in the extreme; yet through it all, there is a noble dignity in her childish struggles, a charm in her simple goodness which yield to no temptation, and which Miss Mitchell portrays with such truth and fidelity to nature as are rarely seen upon the stage.

The elfish and eccentric elements of her character, which easily lead the spectator to believe in the existence of some hurt to Fanchon's intellect, underlie and affect her neighbors opinions and treatment of her. To them she appears half witch, half-crazed, one with whom it is best not to be too intimately associated. Before them, before any person, she is never still, never in repose.

Her arms, her legs, her feet, her hands, her head and tongue, all are in motion. She dances about the scene, now merry as the Cricket she is called, now sad; again resigned to her bitter life, again rebellious against it; but whatever her mood, she is all action and vitality. The fiery spirit in the tiny form imparts to it an eternal unrest. It is scarcely possible to look at the curiously dressed figure, which seems to be strung upon wires and impelled by electric shocks, as it gives way to laughter or subsides into tears, whose voice suddenly sinks from the most boisterous mirth into the most profound depths of pathos in a breath, without feeling that the girl's mind has suffered some rude shock. Yet when her clear, strange voice breaks into speech, its music is wedded to words of noble simplicity. When sorrow moves them, they fall upon the ear softly as rippling water, in slow, measured cadences; but when an ugly wrong has wrought upon her mind, the actress, who is utterly forgotten in the part, flings them out with quick and savage hatred; they rise, and swell and fill the air, until each hurtling word seems potent as a curse or witch's spell.

The infinite charm and grace of childhood, the jubilant sense of an innocent triumph obtained over the youth she loves, but who has not dealt kindly, fairly with her, which are shown in the last scene of the first act, are very beautifully and naturally done by the actress. She has cheated her lover into a rash promise; he is to do anything she may ask him to do, no matter how great or how absurd the thing she may exact. To-morrow she means to ask Landry, the pride and flower of village beaux, to dance with her, the poor, despised Cricket, about the garlanded pole, at the festival of St. Androché. He is an honest fellow, and will keep his word with her, though the whole village scoff and scorn both him and his eccentric partner. The knowledge of this has filled her life full to the brim, with a simple, childish joy, which at first finds vantage ground in wild, exuberant laughter, and in mad, frolicsome gestures, which are interrupted presently by her catching sight of her own weird and fantastic shadow in the moonlight. The rays fall through a break in the trees, forming a sort of fairy circle, into which she steps, and to a blithesome song that bubbles up from her full heart, she begins a strange, fantastic dance, full of artless grace and freedom. Her whole body vibrates, moves to and fro to the measured rhythm of her song. The lithe limbs, the undulating body, the bending head crowned with its wealth of hair, are instinct with happiness, swayed and impelled by the music of her own voice. Directly her shoe falls off, and she stoops to put it on, still singing, but in a softer key, her jubilant song to which still sways her body and bends her head. But as she stoops lower, the tiny, tawdry figure and its shadow meet and start appalled apart, then the sweet song dies on her lips, an awful pain fills up her face, a terror, very pitiful to see in any child, animates her form, and bending still lower, till her loose hair touches the little black shadow of herself, she addresses it familiarly, bitterly, as if it had life, and were sentient as her own self.

All this action lasts scarcely longer than a minute. But in that minute *the shadow has shown her herself;* she has seen in that little moment how her childhood has been abused by circumstance, how tawdry, eccentric and mean is her dress, her fantastic and uncouth appearance, and her lack of all that is debonair and beautiful in childhood, and though the few words with which she addresses it are a child's simple language, they are so full of nature, so burdened with her trouble, loss and pain, so nearly underlying all human sympathy, that no one who looks upon the actress now, sees any actress there, but only a little child to

succor, to whom he would like to stretch out loving, helpful hands—a little child who has wetted his cheeks with unusual tears.

Again, in the second act, where at the festival the boorish peasantry offer her the violence of scorn and blows, the actress gives noble assurance of her power. The opportunity is a great one, and she acts greatly. Small and insignificant as her form, features and gestures are, no actor upon the stage, since the elder Kean played Zanga, has thrown into any single situation the nervous force and bewildering concentration of scorn and hatred which the actress hurls upon her tormentors in this scene. Her words seemed to blister and scorch the creatures they fell upon, the tiny gestures were charged with a nameless evil against those at whom they were directed, the little, trembling body was regnant, fiery with a passion that had power to wither or to kill; her very laughter, that had been but a moment before soft and melodious as the music of the dance, was full of stinging, savage bitterness, creating an atmosphere of poisoned malice in which the very actors there seemed to shrink and cower.

There are other individual beauties in this performance of Miss Mitchell's which must forever rank with the noblest traditions of the theatre, and one of them occurs in her interview with Landry as he returns from the festival. He finds her weeping by her door; the contumely of her neighbors at the dance in the morning has rankled within and stung her all day, their cruel taunts have awakened a hundred memories of like wrongs and shames that had else forever slept. The night is coming on, and as she lies upon the ground weeping and sobbing, it is not a clever artist, but a sorely stricken girl that the audience recognize. She sobs as if her grief had exhausted physical nature and she could weep no more; but she stretches her hands out straight before her with infinite weariness, clasps them about her neck as her head droops to her breast; her eyes are swollen and dry, her dress disordered, and all that is heard is the sound of the painful, tearless sobs; but underneath all this, the spectator sees that a child's heart is breaking, She does not speak; her pain, and wrong, and misery are too deep for words, and they find more suitable expression in a certain nervous caressing of her arms, and hands, and face, which are more pitiful to see than language would be to hear. The tenderness and pathos of the picture are unutterable; its very poverty of words is an additional appeal for sympathy and tears.

When Landry finds her thus, and she can speak of her troubles, her voice echoes all the pain and sadness in it of youth suddenly grown old, robbed of its just inheritance of love and joy, and all that leads it on to gracious ends. She says to him, "Since my mother kissed me last, no mild breath has ever touched my face."

And in that speech the artist rises to great heights. Her tones linger on the words with marvellous sweetness and beauty, evoking sounds that crowd the air with their music—the child's presence appears to fill the scene, for in that burst of grief, which was but the reflex and echo of all the cruelty, neglect and shame she had ever borne, it seems to summon to the memory of her audience the images of all the neglected, forgotten children of whom she is the type and semblance, and whose cheeks their mother's breath will no more touch. The silence, the awe and tears upon the faces in the audience there, bear tribute to the artist's power.

It is not well done in Miss Mitchell that in another moment she should destroy the memory of this masterly touch of art, and shock her admirers by a mis-

conception as false as it is gross. We refer to her action in the following passage, which occurs immediately after Landry has declared his love for her:

LANDRY. [He draws his arm around her.] Fanchon.

FANCHON. [Tears herself away and runs quick as lightning over to the other side, and says, trembling,] No, no, no, Landry!

It will be seen that the stage direction of the prompt book is unusually full and clear. It tells the actress "to run *quick as lightning*" from Landry when he dares to do this thing.

Miss Mitchell disregards this direction altogether, and nestles close into Landry's breast, her whole body trembling, her eyes glowing with hungry passion, her very feet and limbs sentient with the warmth and pleasure of Landry's embrace.

It is the one single blemish in an else perfect picture. Of the artist, we will only say, she is too conscious, and of the act, that in either maiden or actress it is scarcely delicate.

The greatest excellence, however, achieved by the actress—and in it lies the beautiful moral of the play, and which runs through all of its earlier acts—is one that she loses sight of but once, in the scene with Landry, as above; and with that single exception, she, with exquisite delicacy and sustained power, keeps it always prominently before her audience. It consists in showing how in the heart of a rough, eccentric and apparently half-witted girl, a flower of pure love springs up, the color and fragrance of which, entering into her life gradually and by nice degrees, redeem it from its grossness, making it beautiful and fragrant forever. George Sand knew the woman's heart better than her fellow-laborer, Dumas the younger. In the latter's play, which is known to us as "Camille," when unsordid love enters the heart of his heroine, purifying and lifting it into a sweeter, nobler atmosphere, the prayer of her lover's father has power to send her back to walk in her old, unclean ways. The story of that poor girl was a true one, but abused and given to shame by the novelist. It had this nobler ending. When Camille was deserted by her lover, she did not return to crime, but buried the pure, sweet life her woman's love had taught her in the waters of the Seine. The story was known to all Paris, but only the younger Dumas dared to lay foul hands upon it.

Excellent as the early portions of Miss Mitchell's performance are, we hesitate to profane the sacred inspirations of art by calling it the consequence of her *genius*. If it were that, she would produce like results in other parts, or she would carry the impersonation of Fanchon to a triumphant close. She does neither. Her few other characters are indifferently played, and Fanchon, divested of her ragged dress, her dishevelled hair and her elfish eccentricities, which are solely the property of the first three acts, becomes, in Miss Mitchell's hands, a part worthy of no especial regard.

The stage direction, written by one not altogether at home in our language, quaintly says to the player that on her return to her native village "One must see that Fanchon has been in the city." Upon this hint Miss Mitchell endows Fanchon with the subdued costume and cheap graces of a city maiden, and the best suggestion we can offer for it is, that the change is not a happy one; that the Cricket is now much less charming, blithe and winsome, than when she danced her elfish dance and sang her merry song in the light of the moon.

Yet even in her new character there occurs an occasional flash of her old fire and vitality; but, generally, she walks through the balance of the part as if her

powers were fettered, or buried under her trailing, sable robes. She does not seem happy in them, and she looks as if she felt that the *outré* gown and the slip-shod feet were more natural, dearer to her than the richer garb. We are all rather glad at the end that she has 20,000 francs and the lover of her heart; but we fancy it is owing more to the old feeling of poetic justice within us, demanding that at the fall of the green curtain virtue shall always triumph, than at seeing her settle down to the somewhat hum-drum existence of a dairy-maid. We rather resent it--especially when that indifferent actor, Mr. Collier, plays Landry—that all the noble wine of her life should be poured out before such sober mortals as the respectable members of her husband's family. Fanchon, half-elf, half-woman, should have married a gypsy, and had nut-brown children about her tent door.

The love for the drama is confined to no class, no station. The son of the millionaire is nightly seen at Wallack's or Niblo's. The bootblack, if he cannot earn the entrance fee to the Bowery, borrows it from a more successful member of his guild, leaving his implements in pledge. And thus our youth are learning nightly, at the school of the drama, some lesson. It is well for them that they have a school such as Wallack's to attend, or at other houses a teacher like Maggie Mitchell to instruct them in a purer, more human method than they shall find elsewhere.

While the theatre remains the instructor of America's men and women—and we have sometimes thought it a greater--not a better—one than pulpit, press, or society, it is for us, the patrons of the drama, to say whether it shall teach us well or ill.

What is required is not tragedy, even Shakespeare cannot reconcile us to that, for acted tragedy is in itself a vast deformity. It is not a natural, pleasant thing to witness bloody death brought to our very feet, to see the expiring struggles, to listen to the last groans of butchered humanity. The player's potent art is to show us the inward workings of the mind, to interpret for us the moral sense struggling from within, inciting to noble deeds and gracious lives. Tragedy pushes nature to the wall, and shows us nothing but her agonized contortions of the body. That which the audiences of to-day require, is the representation of the lives, the accompanying trials, the joys of the best social class, and by that we do not mean the simply rich, but that middle class, standing between the rich and poor, which, being endowed with intelligence, religion, and energy, makes itself the salvation of the Commonwealth. This class restrains the enervation and extravagance of the upper and reforms the vices of the lower. The stage should be a school of humanity, holding up as in a mirror, nature in her purest, wisest, most gracious forms. It does this, when it shows us, not the revolting details of tragedy, but the graceful charm, wit, probity, and repose of comedy, or the pure and simple drama of a simple life.

Of this latter sort is the play of "Fanchon." It is the poetic idyl of rural middle life, its trials and its triumphs, and in its single representation of a night is embraced the history of its actors' lives from youth to age, teaching, with no offensive intrusiveness, how a stainless life and simple worth are better than largest wealth or "long descent."

Knowing what we do of Miss Mitchell, we acquit her of any intention of reforming anything, yet she has done, and is nightly doing, a noble work for the theatre and for humanity by her matchless impersonation of the part of Fanchon. It is better than many sermons.

— But while the Cricket dances to jubilant music and the weird accompaniment of her shadow, while her sobs, echoing a feigned sorrow, fill the little Olympic Theatre on Broadway, and as her laughter is taken up and echoed again by a thronged and charmed audience, further up the street, at another theatre, among the noblest company of comedians now upon the stage, there is a sorrow not feigned, for one of that rare combination has gone from among them, and will return no more forever. They stand together in little knots of twos and threes, in the by-places of the stage and in the green-room, speaking quietly, tenderly of her who was greater than them all, of one the latchets of whose shoes the Fanchon was not worthy to unloose, of Mary Gannon, the grace and crown of comedy, its noblest, truest female representative, lying, with some white flowers on her breast, in her beautiful home, in an adjoining street.

On the manager's table a card is lying, bearing these words,

Mary Gannon, *Obiit* February 22d, 1868.

Blessed are the women who have no history, it is written. She had none. Her life moved purely, simply on to its serene ending, and though her death did not "eclipse the gaiety of nations," it drove the smile from the lips of thousands of her true friends for whom she had "gladdened life"—friends, between whom and her there had been no closer companionship than that which may endure between the actor and audience.

It is not easy to speak coldly and critically of this lady; she was wont to hold her audience by stronger ties than other artists hold theirs; there was ever something more than the sympathy of tears and laughter between them; they might admire the actress never so well, yet they must honor the woman more, for she was chaste as ice and pure as snow, and calumny did not touch her; her life was so bountiful, sweet, and beautiful, so filled and rounded out with charity and simple faith, that the public voice knew not whether to honor most, her home or artist life, and so honored both.

Miss Gannon was an actress at the Old Bowery in her sixth year, playing Henry in "Jack Robinson," and Julio in "The Planter and his Dog." After that she was at the old Franklin Theatre, in Chatham street, dancing with infinite grace, and so learning that charm of deportment which afterward became one of the strongest characteristics of her acting. The next season she has advanced a step, has quite left the Old Bowery behind her forever, and makes her *début* in an old play of Garrick's, at the elder Wallack's Theatre. The greatest Romeo and Don Cæsar and Benedict of his day—or of ours—has been watching the little lady, and hereafter she will grow to greatness and win from the old veteran the high praise of being "the first of America's female comedians." But for awhile, misfortune waits upon the manager, and he goes over to England, to contest the ground with Kemble, and Cooke, and the elder Booth. Meanwhile Mary Gannon is strolling through the South; but in the year 1848, and she is in her nineteenth year now, she is at Mitchell's Olympic, playing the first comedy and burlesque parts to charmed audiences, who regretfully bid her farewell and God-speed at the end of the season, for she has chosen a husband and home, and has turned her back upon the applause and adulation of the theatre, for awhile, until, in a few years, death comes knocking at her door, and takes away with him her husband and little children. Then poverty comes her way and lingers by her desolated hearth, and the young widow and mother, in whose heart husband and children will never die, but will live there to make her tender and

bountiful to other widows and mothers, betakes herself again to the stage. But she has not yet the nerve to face that old, generous New York audience while her loss and pain are so new to her, and she is up in Canada, along with that late best of eccentric comedians, Charles Walcott, Sr., who is managing a theatre there. After awhile, Wallack grows tired of his transpontine audiences in London, who are not over-refined or courteous to the American actor, and he sets up his new house on Broadway, below Broome, and among his company is Mary Gannon. She plays for her *début* Madam Dentozy, a Lady in Difficulties, and wins great fame thereby.

A year or two later, she is in Baltimore, at the Holliday street house, of which old Charles Bass is manager. But the next season Mary Gannon has returned to Wallack's, and will act under his or his son's management unto the end.

As an actress Miss Gannon was but slightly indebted to mere personal appearances or to physical endowments for her success. Her figure was of medium height, rounded and full, and did not lack a certain grace and elegance. Her step upon the stage was firm, elastic, and she moved across it, never assertant, yet always as if assured of her power ; her gesticulation was charmingly natural, graceful, and expressive, and that most difficult thing for an actress to master, the movement of the hands and arms, was always with her perfectly easy and correct, never forestalling the speech, but following it certainly and regularly, as sound follows the blow, or shadow the substance. In her by-play, a movement of her hand, or a change in the wonderfully mobile face, created a meaning out of silence, provoking laughter or tears as no words could do. But generally, her hands seemed only to emphasize the speech, giving it a significance unknown before. Voice and hand moved one before the other, with a propriety and naturalness that could result from no amount of study, but only from an intimate and very human sympathy with her author's meaning.

Her face was of exceeding plainness, but the expression of her features, when in repose, was habitually soft and pleasing ; and if any fancy touched them from within, a smile, wonderfully rare in its sweetness, lighted them up, and for the moment made them beautiful. It was a face that attracted beggars, and all hurt and sorrowful people, and it never showed them anything but pity for their pain, and her hand was always ready as her face to enforce its sympathy and human love. Her voice ranged through all the scale of sweet and gentle utterances. Its mellowness, richness, and distinctness had no counterpart upon the American stage, and it died, leaving us no copy.

Miss Gannon was only lovely in the beauty of her life and art, and it is saying something for the credit of the public in these days, and more for her genius, that she could hold her audience's allegiance so long and closely, considering how plain a face she nightly showed them. There was something of excellence in the oddness of her ways, in her strange simplicity, in her freedom of all effort, and in the gracious human aspect of her genius, in its truthfulness to nature, and her honest, earnest love for her art, that won their sympathy and made her a great artist. Her success in the development and portrayal of character never seemed the result of mere study, but rather of an intense feeling for and kinship with all the personal joys or sorrows of the heroines whose phase of life she depicted. For the time being, the player and the creature she personified became one and inseparable. As an actress, she was without a single trick, and scorned the meretricious art that catches at applause.

She played in apparent, and, we believe, in real unconsciousness of her audience. After her feet touched the stage she was the thing, in outward semblance and in inward truth, that she personated. There was more subtle wit, more delicate humor, more *abandon*, simplicity, tenderness, or pathos shown by her than the author, whose character she adorned by her genius, ever suspected could be put into it. She took the bald creation of his mind, and informed it with the hot blood of life and passion that ebbed and flowed to and from her own heart.

Her nature was wide as the air, beautiful, generous, and strong, full of those delicate sensibilities which permitted her to dissolve in tenderness, to be gentle, grave, or hoydenish, to fly from the maddest burlesque to profoundest depths of passion. She wrapped her soul in "measureless content," was witty, strong, weak, stupid or passionate, grave or tender, all in a moment. She could express, as no other actress could, all shades and moods of passion; she could do so because they were in her heart, and were as real and tangible to her as the revolving years that made up her sum of life. She had learned all degrees of feeling in her husband's and her children's love—she had felt all sorrows and the extent of mortal suffering in their early death, in her prolonged and beautiful widowhood—she had known the stings of poverty, and had only learned pity and charity from them; the charms and graces of society were her daily companions, teaching her those refinements which adorned her life and made more potent her art. There was nothing weird or startling in her acting; she did not lift the soul higher than nature, but gave the true and perfect type of all that was pure and womanly. She spoke only in the true language of nature and passion, and as her most brilliant triumphs were achieved without effort, the applause attendant upon them was never tumultuous. It began in a low murmur of laughter, or followed the utter silence of tears. She touched no vulgar springs to elicit the loud shout or evoke the whirlwind of commendation. To the last she was sublimely unconscious of the "golden rigol that bound her brows withal;" from first to last, a wondrous simplicity possessed and ennobled her life. One who knew her well has laid this passing tribute on her new-made grave. "Her whole private life was passed in doing good to others, and her whole public life in contributing to the amusement of everybody."

Mr. Lester Wallack, a great artist himself, and whose dramatic career was contemporary with Miss Gannon's, in writing of his friend, says of her:

"I shall not in my time 'look upon her like again.' She has left a void that cannot be completely filled. Her appearance on the stage was always (aside from the hearty applause which greeted her) marked by a low murmur of delight among her audience, as if they were congratulating one another on the certainty of a bright and pleasant evening.

"It is my opinion, as it was that of my father and other experienced artists, that she was by far the most accomplished actress in America. Her acting in the higher walks of comedy was marked by a perfection of finish and ease that no other lady artist could approach.

"In private life, she possessed the rare faculty of *compelling* the regard and affection of all about her; she was generous and charitable to a fault."

Mr. Wallack further says: "I think Miss Gannon's best performances were Sophia, in 'The Road to Ruin,' Hester in 'To Marry or not to Marry,' Miss Hardcastle in 'She Stoops to Conquer,' Gertrude in 'The Little Treasure,' and Flora in 'The Wonder.' These were her best impersonations, I think, but

when all was so exquisite, it is difficult to indicate particular parts. She excelled in all."

That is the tribute of one great artist of the drama to another.

It will be noticed that the characters above enumerated by Mr. Wallack, are all purely legitimate comedy, that the plays of which they are part, require for their production an order of talent so high, that they are no longer seen upon the stage in this country, except in one or two theatres, such as Selwyn's of Boston and Wallack's of New York, and the company of the latter house can alone properly represent them. Not long ago it was different. We cannot believe that the present generation of New York play-goers will forget the brilliant casts of the old English comedies at Burton's Theatre, which often embraced the names of Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Charles Matthews, Burton, Walcott, Matthews, Charles Fisher and Brougham; or at Laura Keene's new house, where nightly might be seen Rufus Blake, Joseph Jefferson, Couldock, Old Peters, vixenish Polly Marshall and Laura Keene, tallest and fairest of women; or even in provincial Philadelphia, at the old Arch Street house, in which Burton had once come to grief financially, followed by handsome Ned Conner, to sink a fortune and to make way for the great Wheatley and Drew combination, who for an entire season played to crowded houses but two plays, "The Serious Family," and "The Comedy of Errors," and among whom might be seen, William Wheatley, John Drew, J. Sleeper Clarke, E. L. Davenport, J. W. Wallack, Jr., John Gilbert, Mrs. Drew, *née* Mossop, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, beautiful Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Davenport and Mrs. Gilbert.

Those were the great days of the Drama, and these are great names, and if they could all be brought together for one night, we would all try to see them at no matter what prices. They should play "Macbeth," with Charlotte Cushman—greater than any since the Siddons—as the Thane's Wife, and for interlude, "The School for Scandal," with Laura Keene as Lady Teazle and John Gilbert as Sir Peter, followed by "Hamlet," with Mr. Davenport as the Dane, while Burton and Clarke should play the grave-diggers. Then, we think, we should ask for one night more, if only to see Blake as Jesse Rural, or pretty Polly Marshall as Captain Charlotte, or Jefferson as Bob Acres, or Mrs. Drew as Beatrice.

Not one of us all would remain away from that performance, and the night of it would be held forever in blessed memory. But in the meantime, no matter how remotely we may live from the metropolis of the nation, we must all go to Wallack's to obtain a glimpse of old English Comedy, or a hint of how nobly we were entertained at the theatre only a few years ago. Yet we will see there no more the "house's prop," the soul of comedy, gentle Mary Gannon.

She had been dying for a long time, and knew it. Early in the present season, she saw the end approaching, and regretted that her failing strength no longer permitted her to please, as once she had done, the refined audiences who were made glad at her entrance. The last time she played in "The Captain of the Watch," she told her old comrades—and some of them had seen her grow from childhood up—that she had felt death touch her; that she must soon leave them to put her house in order, and lay aside forever the cap and bells of comedy.

On the 27th of January of this present year, she played Mary Netley, in Robertson's and Artemus Ward's comedy of "Ours;" and when the sombre green curtain fell that night it had shut her out forever from that brilliant public whom, for thirty honorable, arduous years, she made merry and happy.

For thirty years she had served them, through sunshine and shadow, in beautiful youth and beautiful age, in health and sickness. As it chances every night that hundreds in the slowly emptying aisles look back at the grouped figures of the scene, so did they look back that night; and they saw no figure there who had given them nobler or more devoted service than the Mary Netley of the evening, and they who saw her then saw her never again; from them, and from us all, the rare genius, the fascinations of her art, the wondrous melody of her voice, the odd, dainty ways, the plain face, and all that lends grace to comedy, are gone. Yet the loiterers in the aisles that night flung back to her no word of farewell, for no sign of parting was in her eyes, no hint of separation on her lips. But Mary Gannon, as the curtain slowly fell, looked on her audience with more real sorrow than she had ever feigned, and until the last moment the brave smile was on her lips, and if her hands trembled up to her parched throat, no man saw the meaning thereof, for art was stronger than death in this great artist's heart, and the tender eyes were filled with only their usual grave humanity; and so, slowly dying where she stood, she smiled down upon her life-long friends her old, sweet, good-night smile, and solemnly, yet uttering no word, she bade them good-night and farewell together.

When she laid aside her stage-dresses a few moments later, she said, "I have worn them for the last time;" and as she silently, tearfully folded them away, they who saw her then knew that in the act she folded away the recollections of all her noble, useful and beautiful years.

Then she went home to set her house in order, and to wait, with grave and patient dignity, for death. And when it came, it found her ready.

A few nights later, when a crowded house witnessed a new actress play Mary Gannon's part in "Rosedale," an inconstant public were for once loyal to an old favorite even in death; and when a murmur ran through the house, saying, "The King is dead," there fell a silence on the multitude, and in memory of her, no one answering, cried, "Long live the King."

L. CLARKE DAVIS.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

OUR AFRICAN PARROT.

I WAS bargaining for the bird at a stall in Leadenhall Market sometime during the spring of 1855. She was a grey, African parrot, with sleek plumage set off by a dash of red at the tip of her tail, about the size of a large wood-pigeon, well formed, particularly about the head and neck, but with a white feather cropping out here and there, that indicated approaching old age. The dealer, who, with his father and grandfather before him, had sold parrots in the same place ever since the year 1798, as the sign over his stall indicated, and whose statements bore all the appearance of truth, thought she must be seventy years old at least, from what he knew of her history.

"Was she healthy?"

"Perfectly so, and would probably live, with good treatment, twenty years, and longer."

"Clever?"

"The best talker I ever owned, has more words at command than any parrot in London, and if she were not bashful, would fetch me twenty pounds."

"And you say she has learned no bad words?"

"No, sir. You may hang her cage in your parlor, and she will never bring a blush to the cheek of the most modest maiden in Britain."

"How long have you had her for sale?"

"Nearly two years. To tell you the truth, sir, her age is against her. Gentlemen don't like to purchase an old bird. They make a mistake there, sir. She'll live till they are tired of her, and she hasn't got to be taught. She knows enough now. Old Mr. Price, of Brecknockshire, Wales, the great Welsh scholar, who died seven years ago, had her of his father in 1802, who had purchased her of an African trader at Bristol fifteen years before, and she was then a full-grown bird. She can talk both Welsh and English, sir, and you will never regret buying her."

"You are quite sure she is free from all disease?"

"Bring her back, sir, if she has anything beyond a touch of the gout in the next year, and I'll return the money."

I thereupon closed the bargain for Polly and her cage, and calling a cab, took her home to Porchester square.

The Empress of France, married on the 19th of the previous January, proud with the *dot* of the 150,000 francs annual grant of the French Chambers, and vain of her reception at Windsor Castle, had just made her imperial exit from London; and Polly, being the penalty *pater familias* paid for saving his only daughter from the crush that cost eighteen lives and nine times that number of broken limbs and mutilated bodies, was instantly named Eugenie. It is proper to state here, however, that as nothing which concerned Polly ever remained

done without her consent, and as she repudiated all *parvenu* pretensions to the royal rank she maintained among us for thirteen years, the name of Eugenie was never used in addressing her. She entered our house, reigned in it, without a rival, during all its migrations, and left it at last—*dies infelix!*—acknowledging only her ancestral name of Polly.

Polly—though presented as a gift to the young miss alluded to, whose title to her ownership was never in dispute—became at once the pet of all the household. Her first greeting to her new friends was on the evening of her arrival, as we were all standing around her cage, by the simple and brief "Pretty Polly," spoken in pleasant tones, as if modestly introducing herself to our acquaintance. She would say nothing further; so, with special directions to the servants of safe-keeping from the cat and dog—directions we often laughed about afterward when we better knew her abilities of self-protection—she was left for the night.

The next morning gave promise of one of those unusual April days in London which, though the mercury in Fahrenheit never reaches 75°, the English people call "hot," and Polly was placed upon the leads in the rear of the first flight of stairs. All efforts to coax her into a talking mood had failed, and the three ladies had left her to her mumps, when a clear, mellow whistle, with a prolonged cadence that rose and fell like the reveille of a bugle, was heard through every part of the house, followed by a soliloquy, so rapid and yet human-like, that everybody ran to the windows. "Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly! Polly wants a shirt! Scratch her poll! Scratch her poll! Going, going, going, Polly going for twenty pounds! Going! Going! Twenty pounds! Twenty pounds! Mr. Price! Mr. Price! Who are you? Going for twenty pounds!" The last repeated in the prolonged, despairing notes of an auctioneer unwillingly sacrificing the lot he has for sale, and all spoken in such varieties of intonation and natural cadences as filled the listeners with wonder. While repeating these sentences with a volubility and distinctness that defies description, Polly stood balancing herself on one leg—"teetering" the children afterward called it—swaying her body back and forth, her head cocked on one side, her small, round eyes watching against the approach of an intruder, and her attitude and bearing full of independence and nonchalance. The shouts of delight that followed this first essay of her powers of utterance checked her at once, and we soon learned that it was only when left to herself, and that during the warmest days in the open air, that her loquaciousness was indulged to its vent. Then—exposed to the full rays of the sun, without company, better in the stillness of the country than in town, full fed, her feathers smooth and glossy, her morning exercise of climbing the rounds and bars of her cage and swinging upon her ring finished, her ablutions thoroughly performed, and her poll scratched by the one whom she had chosen to consider her best friend—this last a favor she never failed to ask upon Mrs. G.'s approach, "scratch her poll, scratch her poll, pretty, pretty Polly, scratch her poll!"—would she pour forth her melody of language. Beginning with a sharp rebuking tone to "Mr. Price," followed by a beseeching request, "Polly wants her beer," she would call the cat "Pussy! poor pussy! mew! mew! poor pussy!" whistle to the dog, ask of the onlookers who stood below, wondering, "Who, who are you?" and then, composing herself to the dignity of surging to and fro, repeat, with infinite variety, her rich vocabulary.

In two respects she was remarkable; she never ceased to learn new words, old as she was, and she never forgot what she had already learned. But you could not teach her; she taught herself. Unceasing efforts to make her say

"Harrie" or "Thiddie" failed, but the rebuking call to "George," and the welcome back to "Roy," the prolonged whistle of the oldest son returning at evening from the office, and the cant phrase of an ostler in the neighboring mews, "I'll warm ye," she adopted at once.

It happened one noon, during her first summer with us, that a strange cat, attracted either by Polly's mimicry of her call or the hope of a sweet morsel of bird, had stolen on to the leads. No person whom either could see was near. The former, a full-grown "Tom," crouching stealthily and slowly, amid long and doubtful pauses, approached the cage. Polly, confident in her power, for she was a stranger to fear, and as if possessed of reason, began her call of "puss, puss, puss, poor pussy, poor, *poor* pussy," in her most winning tones, and followed it by her perfect imitation of the cry of a kitten for its mother. For ten minutes or more, while the changes of "mew! mew!" sometimes quick and sharp, sometimes prolonged wailings, and the endearing "poor, *poor* pussy," were rung by the bird, the cat, now and then shifting her line of approach, kept drawing nearer the cage. Her eyes were fixed upon the strange object before her, her tail waved stiffly to and fro, her movement forward was so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and her crouch, and pointed ears, and lithe back, and frequently protruded tongue, and whiskers instinct with life, indicated her fell purpose. A minute more and her paw, thrust between the bars of the cage, was about to fix its claw in the bird's flesh, when a yell startled the house. Polly's beak, that terrible weapon which neither man nor beast dared encounter twice, with the quickness of an arrow had transfixed the cat's paw, and she was struggling, with cries of pain, to be free. It was a fair fight for championship, in which Polly was the victor, and by whatever means the result may have been known it is certain that no animal of the feline species on either side of the Atlantic ever afterward disputed her supremacy.

One of the earliest acquaintances Polly made in our house—an acquaintance that quickly ripened into intimacy—was with Flora, a small white German spitz, in whose blood there was a dash of the Esquimaux dog brought to England by Captain Parry from Lancaster Sound in 1818. Without unusual sagacity or strong antipathies, Flora was easily won by attention and kindness, so that no sooner had Polly learned to call "Flo, Flo, Flo," than the former acknowledged a tie of friendship between herself and the bird. Twenty times in a day would she rush from the area at Polly's call, tear up the stairs, and giving two short barks, as much as to say, "Well, I'm here," curl down near the cage, and engage in catching flies, at which she was expert, until she fell asleep, Polly meanwhile looking contentedly on. She was the only animal at whom the bird never struck when she found an opportunity. When Flora died Polly ceased to call her, and it is not remembered that she has spoken her name once in nine years. Even the stuffed skin of Flora, which was shortly brought home and placed in a glazed case near her cage, failed to awaken in the bird remembrances of her lost friend.

As has been stated already, one of her most emphatic calls was "George." From the top of the stairs, through the halls and rooms, to the most distant parts of the house, the short, sharp, and decisive "George! George!! George!!!" would ring, every repetition of the name being made increasingly severe and emphatic. "Confound you, Polly," said the subject of this call one morning, "I've a great mind to wring your neck." "Come along," replied the bird.

A smith, who was called in to repair the handle of her cage, was warned against her bite. While working warily at the job with wire and pincers, Polly,

after eyeing him for a time, gave vent to her indignation in a quick, angry "George!" The man started as if shot, and turning pale, said, "Why, that's my name! She's a devil!" and was with difficulty persuaded to complete his work.

Two foppish young men were endeavoring one Sunday afternoon, from a neighboring window, to attract her attention. "Say something, Polly! Sell at auction, Polly! Do talk!" Polly, who was apparently interested in some stable talk overheard among the ostlers, and always manifested contempt for fine outsides, for a long time paid no attention to their requests, until, as if wearied by their importunity, she turned upon them with, "Who are you?" and immediately resumed her attitude of listening, refusing to speak another word.

The name of her mistress she never called aloud, and indeed, never spoke, except during the half hour they spent together daily. Then, courting every demonstration of fondness which hand, or voice, or look could give, bending her head to be scratched, stretching her back to be smoothed, kissing, shaking hands, giving back and receiving again her lump of sugar, and rollicking in the overflow of gladness on swing and perch and bar, sometimes rattling off words too rapid for full pronunciation, as "Pretty Polly, pret, pret, pret, Poll, Polly wants, pretty Poll," or subsiding into a gentler mood, accompanied by a "Hush, hush," lengthening the aspirate like a mother quieting her child, "'sh, 'sh," and breathing the low cooing she had caught from the doves, she would begin, "Mary! Mary! Pretty Mary! May, May, May!" with a continually decreasing volume of sound, till it reached a confidential whisper. She made friends of others, and perhaps was as pleased with their attentions, but the name of Mary she never uttered except to her mistress.

More remarkable in some respects than her power of speech was her whistle. It was a full, loud, clear note, of great power, as melodious as that of the piping bullfinch, and various as the mocking-bird's. Usually whistling in scales, with a compass of more than two octaves, she would run up and down her semi-wild, semi-cultivated gamut by the hour, introducing now and then, as variations, snatches caught from the violin or overheard in the street. A gentleman calling to introduce a friend one evening had passed her cage on the landing, when she gave one of her wild scales, the echo of which rang through the house. Thinking the whistle to have proceeded from his companion who was following him, the gentleman turned angrily around, saying, "D—n it, Smith, do you know where you are?"

Though Polly's words and phrases were imitative, they were, beyond doubt, often associated with ideas. If the person fetching her food were stopped on the way, she would cry, "Come along, come along!" If one she liked (never to one she disliked) approached her cage, putting her head through the bars, she asked, "Scratch her poll," repeating the request till granted; and to boys, who in the country stood wondering at her through the palings, she invariably cried, "Who are you?" To Hexior, the dog succeeding Flora, but with whom she formed no friendship, she barked; to the cat, as also to a muff or other furs, she either mewed or called "puss;" to a stranger she addressed "Mr. Price;" to two ladies who were accustomed to stand admiring her, "pretty, pretty Polly," dwelling on the adjective with a voice of feminine softness; and only when alone, in the joy of a hot midsummer's sun, selling herself to some mythical buyer, "going, going, going, Polly going for twenty pounds!"

It was charged that she was treacherous, but only by those who had incurred

her anger and were afraid of her terrible beak. She never struck a friend but once, and then because the hand that caressed her was gloved, and she never lost an opportunity to inflict a blow upon an enemy. To her favorite next to her mistress, a lady of great gentleness and equipoise of character, she would come to be petted with the greatest eagerness, bending her neck, softening her voice, offering her claw, and in many ways manifesting her affection. She knew every member of the family, calling four of them by name, and what, considering the difference she made in every other demonstration between friend and foe, is remarkable, two of the four were her special dislike.

In all Polly's wonderful vocabulary there were no words which she used more effectively or appropriately than those intended to excite a consciousness of wrong. Nothing irregular ever came within her notice, nothing disobedient by the children, or evasive by the servants, or rude by visitors, or undignified by the elders of the family, which was not followed by an instant expression of scorn. "For shame! For shame!" spoken in those low, grave tones, with the falling inflexion, that give to our Saxon idiom an intensity of rebuke beyond most modern tongues, fell upon the unwilling ears of wrong-doers, not without good. Where she caught the words, or why she never misapplied them, was alike mysterious. To the attempt to terrify her by menace, or to punish her by blows—to the worrying of dog or cat—to the boisterous crying of boys or girls—to hasty words of anger spoken in her hearing—she applied the solemn, dignified rebuke, "For shame! For shame!" In this respect she was, in fact, the mentor of the household, many a door having been shut, and many a scene of disturbance removed from hall to study or parlor, to escape from hearing her reiterated rebuke.

Like most domestic animals she was strongly under the law of habit. She insisted upon the cleansing of her cage, supply of her food, change of her water for drink or bathing, removal to the open air from the house, and her daily lumps of sugar, at certain fixed hours, any omission or postponement of which she knew both how to make known and to punish. The only exception to this which her twelve years' membership in our family afforded, was her escape one morning to a neighboring roof in London, and her unwillingness to be captured and brought back. We at one time furnished her with a companion of her own breed, an African parrot, younger and sprightlier than she, but she refused all acquaintance or any introduction that should lead to it, not according even the recognition which she gave to dog, cat, or canary bird. Age had made her celibate habits a second nature, and she bridled up with the dignity of an ancient spinster at any purpose of invading them.

Of Polly's faults it is best to say nothing, "nor draw her frailties from their dread abode." Even humanity is imperfect, and the god Pan, who was more than human, sometimes changed the music that caused all the wood nymphs to dance, into cries that drove every one mad. With all her winning blandishments, Polly had the power of making herself infinitely disagreeable. At the approach of cold weather her gaiety disappeared, her spirits sunk, and her sulks came on, lasting the whole winter. This change of disposition was accompanied by shrieks—the country folk called them *squawks*—uttered at intervals of every few seconds, and continued for hours. Nothing availed to stop them—food, the warmest place in the house, or threats—except the total exclusion of light from her cage, and this was accomplished by drawing over it a thick covering of drugget.

Polly came to this country in 1861. She bore the voyage impatiently, making our state-room hideous by her complainings, and was so ill-natured that, to warn visitors not to approach too near, we hung a placard "she bites" upon her cage. Under the July sun of Columbia county, New York, however, she shortly recovered her good temper, and, barring an occasional attack of gout in her feet, continued in good health up to this last winter. She had then reached the age of eighty years. Without considering the exhausted resources of advanced life to meet severe cold, she was committed to Adams's Express to be taken on to Washington City during the severest night of the season, and froze to death on the way. The taxidermist of the Smithsonian Institute has done his best to preserve the bird's mortal part, and restore it to our sight. But he had never seen Polly alive, and has failed. As her form, perched on a spray, rises above the bracket before me, it is but the mockery of the queenly bird—the arched neck, and knowing look, and graceful posture, and princely bearing, are no longer there. As the grave-digger said to Hamlet about poor Ophelia (varying a single word)—"One that *was* a parrot, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead."

N. S. DODGE.

THREE WEEKS AT KISSINGEN.

MY London doctor regarded me quietly over his spectacles, as I finished the recital of my bodily ailments, and then, with the corners of his mouth well drawn down, and a general appearance of having often heard the same thing before, proceeded to explain the causes of my ailment, and summed up by saying that I ought to go to Kissingen for three or four weeks.

I cannot say that I was altogether pleased. I had expected to be sent on a little tour in Switzerland, or a month at Baden Baden or Biarritz. As for this place Kissingen, I had never heard of anybody's going there, and scarcely knew where it was. It might have caught my eye on the map, and I was certainly familiar with the salty beverage of the same name dispensed at the Fifth avenue drug-store; but to be actually sent off to an obscure German spring for three weeks! It made me home-sick to think of it.

This was on or about the first of June, 1867. A day or two afterward, we glided out of the great railway station at Charing Cross, over the Thames and the dingy roofs of the London houses, and across the Kentish fields, down to the white cliffs of Dover. Thence across the Channel ferry, and on through the queer old towns of France and Belgium—up along the Rhine—past the Drachenfels and Ehrenbreitstein and Bingen—and off toward the Bavarian frontier—till I found myself at last, on a chilly Saturday afternoon, at the place where I was to leave the railway, and take a six hours' ride by *diligence* into Kissingen. It was nearly dark when I was received by the porter of the Hotel de Russie, and went submissively to the first room that was shown me, anxious only for rest, and leaving the morrow to take thought for itself.

A wet Sunday in a place where you don't know a soul, and can't speak the language, is not, of course, a very cheerful beginning. I was gratified, however,

to notice that there were signs of more people in the place than the early season had led me to expect. From a very civil and intelligent porter who spoke French, I learned that the fashionable daily routine was as follows: morning promenade at the spring, with music, from six to eight; breakfast from eight to nine, the bath following at any convenient hour of the forenoon; dinner at one; promenade and music again from six to eight in the evening, followed by supper, and bed at ten. There were only a few English, he said, at present, and he did not know of any Americans. The bulk of the visitors were Germans and Russians, with a sprinkling of miscellaneous nationalities. He also gave me the name of one of the principal physicians, whom I could see in the afternoon.

With this information, and two glasses of Rakoczy, I proceeded to my breakfast, which I ate in the large dining-room, entirely alone. There was morning service at the English church, which was tolerably well attended, but I could discover none of my countrymen there.

At dinner-time I had my first view of Kissingen society. Some two hundred apparently well-bred and certainly well-dressed people sat down at the *table d'hôte* of the Hotel de Russie, which seemed to be the largest and best-appointed house in the place. There were three tables running the length of the room, the middle one divided by a fountain. The dinner was served in courses, in the French manner, each dish being passed round separately. Though I listened attentively, I could not hear a word of English. A party, principally ladies, who sat directly opposite me, and whom I at last made out to be Russians, were especially interesting, and were noticeable for their vivacity and beauty, as well as their peculiar type of face, usually a correctly classical profile, with large, grey eyes, and a clear, olive complexion. Like most travellers who have enjoyed the society of the better class of Russian women, I could not but be struck with their effective "style," as we should call it, and their charming grace of manner.

The Hotel de Russie, with a few others, range along one side of the main street, on the other side of which are the public pleasure grounds. A level space of about five acres, known as the Kurgarten, is devoted to the more immediate purposes of the springs, and is the social focus of Kissingen. It is thickly planted with rows of shade trees, forming parallel promenades, and contains the Rakoczy, Pandur and Maxbrunnen springs, each covered with a handsome canopy.

The chemical and medicinal properties of these waters are so well known here that a lengthy description is unnecessary. The Rakoczy, Pandur and Maxbrunnen are essentially the same in composition, and differ principally in strength, the first-named being the strongest and the one imitated by our artificial Kissingen water. They are used almost exclusively for diseases of the liver and digestive organs. The carbonates of iron, lime and magnesia, and the chlorides of magnesium and sodium are the chief ingredients, the latter (common salt) being very largely in excess. Our artificial water is a good imitation, except that it lacks a little of the sparkle, and usually has a stronger taste of salt than the genuine.

The further side is flanked by the Kursaal, a pretentious stone building, with long arcades extending each way. The walks are well furnished with comfortable seats, and the central one, of extra width, passes, about midway, a covered music-stand. The Kursaal is a large hall, lofty and well proportioned, the walls decorated, and the floor left clear for waltzing or dancing. Five hundred might enjoy a ball there without crowding. There are no gambling tables, as at the

larger German watering places, and the hall is used, in connection with the arcades, principally as a place of resort in wet weather. A piano stood at one side, and here and there parties were amusing themselves at chess and dominoes. For these public gardens and buildings Kissingen is principally indebted to the patronage of the late ex-King, Ludwig I., whose liberal and cultivated tastes have done so much for the arts in Bavaria.

Dr. W.'s house was of such size and pretensions as to give me a very exalted idea of the medical staff of Kissingen. I spent an hour very pleasantly with the Doctor, who spoke English, and made me feel quite at home. I noticed a large colored engraving of New York City on the wall of his library. He advised me, of course, not to make my stay less than three weeks, and gave me the following rules, which I insert here, just as I took them down from his dictation, on the fly-leaf of my pocket-book:

Walk every morning from six to eight, drinking four glasses of Rokoczy, half an hour apart. The first few days, warm the water slightly before drinking. Breakfast between eight and nine, on bread and coffee only. At ten or eleven a warm bath of Saline and Pandur (two of the springs) mixed, for fifteen minutes the first day, increasing gradually to half an hour. After the bath, get as warm as possible, either by lying down and being well covered, or, if able, by walking vigorously. Dine at one. Nothing must be eaten that is either sour, raw or greasy. Tea, pastry and fresh fruit are forbidden. A glass or two of very light hock or claret is the only drink allowed at dinner. No water at the evening promenade. Take a good hearty supper at eight, and be in bed by ten.

That was to be my daily regimen. It certainly presented no unpleasant features; but I remonstrated against the hearty supper just before retiring, as being quite opposed to all my experience and education. "No matter," said the doctor, "that is what every one must do here; you will find it is the best." And I must aver that I never enjoyed sounder or more refreshing sleep than after those same hearty suppers.

Returning leisurely toward the Kurgarten, I found the people assembling for the evening promenade, although the ground was still damp from last night's rain, and the sun had not been out all day. The musicians were all in their places; and just as the clock was on the stroke of six, the band-leader lifted his *baton* and the music began. Eight selections, alternating with short intermissions, filled up the two hours. I joined in the crowd, and as we walked up and down, under the trees, I could not help being struck with the aristocratic appearance and orderly behavior of the people, as contrasted with the company I had seen at the larger German springs. The absence of gambling tables and the comparative inaccessibility of Kissingen have much to do with this. During the whole time of my stay, I cannot say that I saw a single objectionable personage of any description, nor did I ever lock the door of my room on the outside. Dissipation seemed to be utterly unknown. The sanitary regulations, in fact, would hardly admit of it, and, as I was told, people go to Kissingen for their health, not to dissipate. Early hours and open-air life, in fact, are stimuli that make any other unnecessary.

I was up betimes the next morning, and found the promenade, a few minutes after six, even more crowded than on the previous evening. The sun shone brightly, and the faces of the people looked as fresh as the green leaves and blue sky above them. The ladies were out in full force, with their pretty morning toilets. Everybody was glad to see everybody else, and almost everybody seemed to have acquaintances. The white and blue flag of Bavaria floated from the

top of the Kursaal. The music—but every one knows what German music is, and certainly the sunshine seemed to have put new life into our band, and the morning air was delicious with their melody. I pressed my way up to the railing of the Rakoczy spring, where half a dozen men in uniform were busy dipping up the water. Near by stood several chafing dishes, each with a flat basin of hot water on the top, in which many placed their glasses a few minutes before drinking, to take off the chill.

Here was a beautiful picture for the eye, the best of music for the ear, the freshest of morning air for the lungs, and unlimited Rakoczy to stimulate the appetite for breakfast. And yet as I watched these joyous and lively promenaders, I felt more than ever that I was alone; alone in a crowd. But I was at least getting familiar with some of the faces. There was the usual Englishman, brisk of gait, with white side whiskers and gay-colored scarf, escorting his buxom wife and daughters with their wash-bowl hats and sombre merinos. There was the grey-eyed Russian girl and her friends, who sat opposite me at dinner, chatting and laughing over their tumblers by the spring railing; and the stout banker from Bordeaux, who occupied the end of the table, puffing slowly along the walk. There was the jaunty young German who had come with me in the coupé of the *diligence*, swinging his hat every now and then to some new-found acquaintance. These and many others, more or less noticeable, passed and repassed me like a succession of pictures. Occasionally I heard some one talking English, at which I would instantly turn and mark the face and dress of the speaker, and put them carefully away in a mental pigeon hole for future reference.

At a book-store hard by, was sold the morning edition of the "Kurliste von Kissingen," a little sheet containing a list of visitors, arrivals, etc. Each name was numbered in the order of arrival, and the residence and occupation or rank appended. My number was 797, and as there is little, if any, transient travel, this must have been about the actual number of guests at that time. In the height of the season there are two or three thousand. There were people from every quarter of the world. Europe, Asia and Africa, North and South America, and the islands of the sea, all walked up and down together, and drank from the same spring.

At the end of the promenade, away from the spring, stood a dozen old peasant woman in a row, with baskets of fresh bouquets at their feet, which were rapidly disposed of to the fortunate gentlemen who had lady friends on whom to bestow them, and some of the favorite belles finished their morning walk with three or four bouquets each in their hands.

Not far from the old flower-women, was another set of dames, tending a few tables covered with clean white cloths, and loaded with every conceivable variety of bread, biscuits, rolls and such like, crisp and fresh-baked. It is the custom, on leaving the promenade, to select your own supply for breakfast, and as soon as the music was over, the people dispersed in every direction, each carrying a paper parcel of bread. I took my breakfast in the dining-room of the hotel; but found myself, as on the day before, quite alone. There was certainly some secret about the breakfast arrangements at Kissingen that I had not yet learned. From a waiter who spoke a *patois* with a trace of French, I ascertained that the morning meal was customarily taken either in one's own apartment, or in the small gardens back of the hotels.

Ten o'clock was my bathing hour. Awaiting me was an affair something be-

tween a wash-tub and a sarcophagus, with a lid leaving only a hole for the head. I soaked myself awhile in the warm and briny mixture; then dressing warmly, walked vigorously up and down the Kurgarten, till I had attained the degree of heat prescribed by my friend the doctor.

Occasionally during the promenade, I had opened conversation on some Englishmen, seated on the same bench with myself; but found them all, as ever, the most uncommunicative of people. By the register in the hall of my hotel, I found that most of my fellow-lodgers were Russians; in fact, on my own *étage*, I was the only one who was not. The apartments next mine were occupied by a tall Cossack-like gentleman, of military bearing, who snored in good English, and whose young and pretty wife was the cynosure of the promenade.

Four or five days after my arrival, something "turned up." I saw a man whom I had seen before! Yes! coming straight toward me along the promenade, I espied my friend and fellow New Yorker, S———. His ample white waistcoat bore down upon me like the long wished-for sail upon the shipwrecked mariner. I felt that I was saved.

S——— made me acquainted with his family, and also apprised me of the presence of a mutual friend, a young German baron whom I had long known as a correspondent, but had never met. Von der H——— and I were not long in finding each other. Other introductions followed rapidly, and two or three more American families arriving about the same time, I found by the end of the week that I had plenty of friends, and could count my acquaintance among half a dozen nations. My Cossack-looking neighbor and his pretty wife proved most friendly, and I soon knew so many Russians, that it became quite a study to remember all their names.

It seemed to me a little remarkable, that although the French visitors were so few, yet French was here, as everywhere else on the continent, the language of society. The conversation at dinner, the greetings in the street, and the small talk of the promenade, were mostly carried on in that tongue. Americans are not naturally linguists, and I never ceased to wonder at the unaffected ease with which a group of Germans or Russians would, upon my joining them, drop their own language, and continue the conversation in English or French.

In the matter of dress, also, the Parisian *modes* everywhere prevailed. One however saw, here and there, a dash of Regent Street, a quaint Dutch head-dress, or richly embroidered *baschlik* or hood of the Russian ladies; this last being a peculiar covering, concealing all but the face, its long ends being wrapped around the neck and shoulders.

No place realizes so nearly the idea of a cosmopolitan exchange, as a German spring in the season. A few hundred or a few thousand people, from every quarter of the globe, with nothing to do but to entertain each other—what equal opportunity does the world afford for giving and acquiring so much information in such a pleasant way?

Some of my friends had been in Kissingen the previous season, when the Bavarian troops, who had espoused the Austrian cause, were hotly pursued through the town by the victorious Prussians, and had made a final stand in the Kurgarten. It was hard to believe that in these very grounds where we sat and talked, there had been such a bloody struggle not a year before. The hottest of the fight had been right in front of the music stand; the main promenade was the line of battle, and the Kursaal had been a hospital. The façades of the hotels bore fearful testimony, even now, to the storm of shot that had swept

against them, and many of the trees had lost their tops. Here and there, where a cannon shot had lodged in a wall, or had perforated a shop window, the inscription "10 Juli, 1866," was appended as a memento.

From the Russians particularly, who seemed to hold a sort of social balance of power at Kissingen, I found I had a great deal to learn. Let a Russian once find out that you have never been to St. Petersburg, and he never seems to weary of describing to you that magnificent capital; and it may well be a matter of national pride that a city, situated on a parallel of latitude that passes through Greenland, and which is half a century younger than New York, has almost equalled Paris in splendor and in the brilliancy of its society. Hearing so much about their sleighing and skating parties, their opera and court balls, and the other festivities that fill their long winter nights, and how they spend their short but sultry summers, when there is no night at all, it was curious to observe how much these people resemble us in some points, and how widely we differ in others. They are fond of comparing the great East of Europe with the great West of America—each a nation of the future; and the *entente cordiale* that has latterly developed between our respective countries found full expression in the interest they all seemed to take in our little American circle at Kissingen. Mr. Seward's purchase of Alaska had just been consummated; and only within a few days, the narrow escape of the Emperor Alexander, in Paris, from a fate similar to that which so suddenly closed the career of our late President, had done much to cement our sympathies. Their feelings toward the English were certainly very different. They would scarcely so much as speak to them. As the English clergyman remarked to me one day, "they never forgave us that Sebastopol business, you know."

Of excitements we had none at Kissingen, and yet there was variety enough to prevent *ennui*. Every Thursday evening there was a *réunion* at the Kursaal from nine to eleven, with music and dancing. Once or twice we had fireworks to give *éclat* to the arrival of some titled personage. Then there were beautiful walks in every direction. Up and down the valley of the stream was a level walk, shaded with regular rows of trees, a continuation, in fact, of the Kurgarten. The hill of the Altenberg on one side, and the ruins of the Bodenlaube perched on an eminence on the other, afforded beautiful rambles for the long afternoons. At the Saline, the great government salt works, half a mile up the valley, was a favorite out-of-door *café*, whither we often repaired after dinner to sip our coffee and see the wonderful artesian well that supplies the brine; or, sometimes, we drove to the Tremberg, another feudal ruin, which commands a great extent of view, and had our coffee served in the great roofless hall of the castle. Sometimes on *fête* days the Bavarian peasant women, in their quaint holiday attire, came strolling through the grounds, and now and then we were treated to a flying visit of a troop of schoolboys on a pedestrian tour.

The long June days were most favorable for out-door life, and it was quite light enough to enjoy a walk at half-past nine—between supper and bed-time.

All the springs at Kissingen, as well as the parks, pleasure grounds and public buildings connected therewith, are the property of the Bavarian government, and the management of the whole is placed in the hands of the *bade-commissär*, an official who must necessarily unite a high social position with good executive capacity. He is, in fact, a sort of grand duke on a small scale, supervising everything that conduces to the comfort or welfare of all who sojourn in his territory. The police arrangements are also under his control, and, to a cer-

tain extent, the medical staff; and he always acts as master of ceremonies at the weekly reunions. The grounds, etc., are open and free to all, and as there are no gambling tables (gambling having been suppressed here in 1848) to defray the expenses of the establishment, a tax of five florins (about two dollars) for the season is levied on every visitor who remains more than a week, which is certainly most reasonable when one considers the excellence of the music, the politeness of the attendants, and the perfect order in which the buildings and gardens are constantly kept. The Kursaal, to be sure, is not to be compared to the magnificent establishments at Wiesbaden or Homburg, nor is the situation as picturesque as that of Baden Baden; but the long train of abominations which follow in the wake of *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette*, are also unknown.

I had abundant opportunity, during the long days that I spent under the trees at Kissingen, to draw comparisons between German and American watering places, very much, it must be confessed, at the expense of the latter. Our countrymen know how to systematize labor, but they cannot systematize pleasure as it is done on the Continent. At none of our summer resorts is there any arrangement to bring all the guests periodically together. There is simply an agglommeration of hotels, each of which has its own piazza and parlor, its own music, and keeps its own hours, and each landlord is as anxious to cripple his rivals as to swell his own receipts. In a word, there is no social centre, no Kurgarten, where the attractions of well-kept grounds, cool arcades, and plenty of seats under the trees, as well as music at stated hours, keep people out in the open air, and keep them together. At a German spring, everybody is sure to see everybody else at least twice a day on the promenade, and as you are out of doors almost from morning till night, you do not care, and scarely know, whether your friends are at the same hotel with yourself or not. In fact, the hotels are little more than dormitories, and even at dinner-time you are quite as likely to go to another *table d'hôte* as to your own.

The healthful custom of breakfasting out of doors is too little known in American watering places. I shall not soon forget the shady little garden back of the Hotel de Russie, where, every fine morning, we lingered over our bread and coffee—ambrosia and nectar it seemed, after our two hours' walk and the appetizing Rakoczy.

It was a long time after leaving Kissingen before I could eat anything but bread and coffee for breakfast, or reconcile myself to going indoors for it. What a contrast to the way we begin the day at Saratoga—the great noisy dining-room, the greasy dishes, and the eyes that shone so brightly at the protracted dance of the previous night, looking so sleepy and sullen across the table.

The *régime* at Kissingen has doubtless been carefully studied by the authorities. They seem to have hit upon the precise proportion between food, exercise, and sleep; society, solitude, and amusement, that make up a healthful and enjoyable existence.

Order reigns supreme. There is a time and place for everything. Even my doctor had a particular tree under which he always stood during the morning promenade, that he might be readily found by any of his patients that required advice. The hotels all adapt their tables to the diet prescribed by the medical staff. Smokers (think of it! in tobacco-loving Germany) are confined to the three outer alleys of the Kurgarten. A *gendarme*, in his spinach-colored uniform, is now and then met with, but I never saw an occasion that required even a reprimand from one of them.

One sees too little in America of that tacit understanding, so universal in European society, whereby every one enjoys himself without infringing on the enjoyment or comfort of his neighbors. How frequently are we annoyed, at all our places of public entertainment and amusement, by the boisterous excesses of others, who are as unreasonable as they are ill-bred. It is true, we are noted, as a people, for our gallantry to woman, but, as one of our own writers (Willis) has said, the politeness of man to woman is an impulse of nature, while the politeness of man to man is a mark of good-breeding. The quiet and orderly state of things which we see abroad may imply a want of liberty, and savors, perhaps, of despotism and bayonets; but, after all, is not liberty the fair and equal apportionment among us all of the privileges and enjoyments of life? For every one who takes more than his fair share, some one else must have less, which is hardly right—if we are all free and equal.

But defining liberty is treading on delicate and dangerous ground, and we can only conclude that, perfect as seems the European system, our country is, perhaps, rather too republican for governmental interference on so broad a scale. We must bide our time, and hope that we shall soon, with our free institutions, manage these things even better than they are managed abroad.

The recreations and amusements of the public have an immense influence upon their health, happiness, and general well-being, and it is certainly time that, in this country, the subject should receive more earnest and general consideration.

ABNER W. COLGATE.

A ROMANTIC PASSAGE IN A NOTABLE LIFE.

IN the early spring of 1789, the "Duke of Grafton" sailed for the South Seas, and in it the, as yet, "great unknown" Warren Hastings. This celebrated personage, one of the earliest and most distinguished governors of British India, and to whom, perhaps, more than to any other, Great Britain is indebted for subjecting that portion of the world to her dominion, was born in England A. D. 1732, and, at least on one side, of noble blood; but through certain reverses of fortune, he did not succeed to the patrimony and estates of his fathers. His earliest and life-long ambition, through all his checkered and eventful career in the East, was the recovery of, and his own rehabitation in, this ancestral home. While yet a lad of only a dozen summers, he was wont to recline on the green banks of one of those pure streams that fertilized its gardens and parks, in full view of the old baronial palace, and mature plans for realizing this great object. He would procure a writership in the East India Company, proceed at once to Madras, and press everything into his service that even remotely promised success to his cherished enterprise. Accordingly, in January, 1750, he embarked for India. Here he gave himself to the study of the native languages, and was one of the first to make himself acquainted with the history and literature of the people among whom he now lived. He soon attracted the attention of Lord Clive, and by him was employed in various commercial and diplomatic measures. He

remained in India fourteen years, distinguished in no remarkable manner, but acquiring knowledge, and highly esteemed. In 1764, he arrived in England on a brief furlough. He has now, at length, once again taken passage for the land of his adoption.

An uninterrupted voyage of fifteen thousand miles may be easily conceived as presenting a phase of life sufficiently monotonous. Cut off entirely from the great world, shut up to the limited community of perhaps a dozen individuals, one is utterly denied thousands of those gratifications that give variety and spice to life, and render an enforced idleness tolerable. These circumstances, moreover, as will readily be seen, were eminently favorable either for contracting the most interesting connections, or, on the other hand, the most inveterate and lasting dislikes.

Among the passengers in the "Duke of Grafton" on this voyage, it appears, was one Imhoff, a German portrait painter, and his wife. The latter is described as being a person of rare personal loveliness, intellectual brilliancy, and engaging manners.

With the German painter's wife, Hastings very naturally soon came in contact. His acquaintance with her, under the circumstances, ere long ripened into something very like intimacy; and, strange to say, pretty much the first thing of which he became fully satisfied concerning this exceedingly interesting lady, was that she thoroughly disliked and despised her husband; and, but little later, what more particularly concerned himself, that she was rapidly, and in spite of himself, becoming an object of special favor and regard in his own eyes—startling disclosure indeed! What was he to do? Here he was, completely hemmed in. Compelled by the necessities of his situation to associate daily with one who—whether he would or no—was surely stealing away the only kingdom he had in the world—his heart; gradually but irresistibly becoming the slave of the only person on board whose society could in the least relieve the tedium and mortal irksomeness of that long voyage; enthralled by one whom he could not innocently love, and yet unable to flee from the object of his guilty passion—what, indeed, could the man do? Might there not be some spot—

Some island far away—

whither he might fly from his lovely temptress, or, provided the hazardous expedient of an elopement were determined upon, some secret ocean cave that could afford the asylum of a Gretna Green to the enamored pair?

At this juncture, events transpired calculated materially to precipitate matters—in fact, to bring them to a crisis. Hastings fell seriously ill. Now, of all places to be sick, the worst, we are told, is on ship-board, where every lurch of the reeling, staggering vessel wrings a new pang from the sufferer, and where the constant motion affords never a moment of perfect and natural repose. Thus circumstanced, and constantly racked with pain, who, with all a mother's assiduity and gentleness, watched over and administered to all this lonely sick man's wants? Who, while others slept through the long and wearisome watches of the night, patiently, tirelessly, thus acted the part of his good angel—with her own fair hand giving him all his medicines, preparing all his food, soothing his aching head, "teaching his lone pillow to bloom?" Yes, whose were those lustrous eyes that, in the intervals of his delirium, Hastings recognized as beaming so tenderly upon him?

Ah, the magical power of kindness, particularly when the object is a poor homeless, if not friendless wanderer, sick at sea, and the benefactor a woman

whose looks are so full of tenderness, and whose tones so full of love! John Howard, it will be recollected, while sick at Stoke Newington, was not proof against the unremitting kindness and devotion of his landlady, Mrs. Loidore; but, as soon as he recovered, repaid her patient watchfulness over him by the offer of his hand. Accordingly, if Warren Hastings was deeply interested in the beautiful Madame Imhoff before, how natural that he should be hopelessly smitten now; and that long before the "Duke of Grafton" arrived at Madras, he should be avowedly in love.

Hastings's love, however, while it was deep, ardent, strong, was not impetuous. Intent now on realizing, at whatever sacrifice, the fruition of his desires, he set about maturing a plan for the accomplishment of this object with as cool and calculating a mind as he had previously done for the redemption of his paternal estate. Nay, as unscrupulous even now and as resolute as when, somewhat later, he administered on the temporalities of the begums of Oude, and depopulated whole regions of the British domain, he, in connection with his adored mistress, devised and settled upon the following plan of operations. He would proceed immediately to Bengal and reëstablish himself there in business, while she was to institute a suit for divorce in some of the courts of Franconia. While this latter matter was pending, which in all probability would be four or five years, they should abide apart; but as soon as the marriage tie was dissolved, he would make her his wife, and adopt all the children she had borne to her former husband.

Fired now with a double ambition, he addressed himself to the great purpose of his life with greater zeal and earnestness than ever before. His talents and knowledge of Indian affairs having brought him at once and prominently into the service of the East India Company, it was not long before he was made second in the council of Madras, and three years later the highest official of the Company, the President of the Supreme Council of Bengal. Indeed, such was his indomitable energy and indefatigable devotion to business; such his matchless administrative ability and unwearying constancy that, after having been advanced rapidly from one position of honor and trust to another, he was appointed, January 4, 1774, Governor-General of British India. Like Lord Byron, he had suddenly awoke and found himself famous.

Behold now. The millions of India have become the subjects of this once humble Company clerk. A standing army is at his command, ready to do his bidding, even to letting itself for hire and exterminating the innocent and defenceless Rohillas. The resources of a vast and ancient empire are subject to his control, and the treasures of time-honored and inoffensive nabobs gathered to swell his treasury and carry forward his enterprises. His word becomes law in the province, and his name at length a terror to all the tribes abroad. In a word, in an almost incredibly brief period of time, from the humble capacity of posting books for the Company, he is advanced to the position of statesman, diplomatist, monarch. His movements are attracting the attention of the whole civilized world, and for a series of years afford a fruitful topic of comment and disquisition for the English press, and of debate in the House of Commons. Aspiring to the position of dictator, he completely outwits and discomfits that distinguished statesman, and the alleged author of the papers of Junius, Sir Phillip Francis, who, with one or two others, had been sent out by the Home Government to rule jointly with him, and to correct some of the abuses of which the latter had been not unjustly charged as guilty. Yes, as effectually as he de-

stroys his Indian foes, he defeats opposition in his council, and snaps his finger alike at the home administration and the board of directors. And yet success follows him. With such consummate skill and indomitable energy does he carry forward his enterprises, he wins golden opinions even from his enemies. So manifestly is all India, under his administration, undergoing a rapid and radical revolution, and the English Government securing a stronger hold upon the country than ever before—for the vast territory over which he rules is composed mostly of new conquests—he is popular in court in spite of his obstinacy and his unparalleled excesses. So astonishingly withal are the coffers of the East India Company replenished by the rich harvest of pagodas he is reaping, they resolutely shut their eyes to the enormities he authorizes, and resolve to sustain him at all hazards.

Will not this august potentate, flushed by this unexampled tide of success, remembering that it is gentle blood that flows in his veins, and conscious that in the future he is to be the companion of nobles and princes, the titled and the powerful—will not this young world-renowned hero look with contempt upon, if not entirely forget his love affair with the Dutchwoman on board the "Duke of Grafton?" Not so. Decidedly and unqualifiedly as we must condemn Hastings's deliberate plot to despoil another man of his lawful wife, we cannot but admire the singular fidelity with which, under such vastly changed circumstances, he fulfilled, promptly and to the letter, his former vows. About five years after his second arrival in India, during all which time he had neither seen nor heard anything of his intended, news came that one Madame Imhoff had at length succeeded in obtaining a divorce from her husband in the Franconia courts. Hastings hailed the intelligence with every demonstration of joy; took immediate measures to have the lady brought to him; caused the day of his marriage to be announced as a universal holiday, and celebrated it with festivities of the most magnificent description.

Hastings was some fifteen years Governor-General of India, and his wife always exerted over him a marked and controlling influence. And when at length he returned to England, she who was born under the Arctic circle, and had played the queen under the tropic of Cancer, proved herself not unworthy to grace the Court of Queen Charlotte; acted a conspicuous part during the famous and protracted trial of her husband, whose alleged crimes are preserved in the amber of the immortal eloquence of Sheridan and Burke; and subsequently, Hastings having been enabled, through the generosity of the East India Company, to redeem his ancestral home, for which object he had lived and labored so long, and in which his almost interminable and enormously expensive trial had well nigh defeated him, became extensively and very favorably known as the accomplished lady of Daylesford.

R. H. HOWARD.

DRIFT-WOOD.

PRICES.

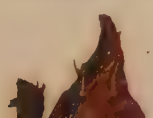
Old Tony Armstrong, who, like Lord Timothy Dexter, was half fool and half sharper, or, at least, enough and little enough of a fool to get money, one day at dinner astonished his wife by telling her he had just made $10,000. "How so?" asks the dame. "Why," replies Tony, "I have marked up all my goods 10 per cent."

Tony's neighbors used to laugh at his new way of making money; but it is just about what tradesmen do now. With no more provocation than old Tony's, they "mark up" till prices have ceased to be measures of value, and represent only the greed of the seller or the recklessness of the buyer. You cannot analyze such prices into component parts. They are not based upon a fixed percentage of profit added to the cost of material, labor, taxes and duties, transportation, rent, nor even upon demand and supply. They are arbitrary and fanciful, and are set not by calculation but caprice.

We all know that the same goods are sold at one rate in Broadway and at another in Sixth avenue, the difference going toward a Broadway rent. But that is all right, since there are enough people who would rather buy on Broadway and pay more, than buy in the Bowery and pay less. The trouble is, that in two Broadway stores you pay different prices for the self-same goods. The tradesman knows perfectly well how his neighbor is selling, but does not care. He will get enough customers at high prices to let the rest go—work will be easier and profits heavier. For one driven off, there are three, ignorant, trustful, reckless, or rich enough to buy without objecting. "How do you sell your butter?" I overheard a grocer say to his neighbor last winter. "Sixty cents a pound." "Pooh, you can just as well get sixty-five," says the other—as accordingly he did. So prices go up, up, up, with merchandise no scarcer.

Books of political economy have much to say of the equipoise of demand and supply, and of competition regulating prices. In many parts of America there is an element in trade whereof the science of political economy makes no mention, namely, that of national characteristics. Americans are proverbially reckless and spendthrifts. Foreign travellers are struck with the careless, slap-dash style of living here; with the extravagance of the well-to-do and the squandering of the rich; with waste of materials and resources everywhere. Eight years of business invaded and controlled by chance, and the excitement of a long and fluctuating war, have deepened these national traits. But they have been chiefly aggravated by the new society leaders and "new rich" lately thrown to the surface, whose profusion and extravagance equal the speed wherewith fortune came to them. They have ruined many of our old buying-places by their dazzling recklessness. In the stores and shops where gentlefolk were welcome before Shoddy was king, they are only half welcome now. Tradesmen look down on modest and moderate purchasers, who ask prices, examine goods, and reflect upon bargains. They prefer to sell obsequiousness, and to be allowed to charge it in the bill. They prefer the new style of dashing customers, who fling money about like princes, and take goods at the shopman's figures, only exacting that they be the costliest. Such is the spirit that has traversed trade and tainted it.

The tradesman is in a hurry to make a fortune this year and "retire." The rapidity with which wealth is heaped up in shoddy, oil, or stocks, drives him a little crazy, and he wants larger prices. Business, under



such influences, becomes more than ever a big game of grab. With gold at 150, many sorts of goods and labor are to be had, not at 50 per cent. above the old prices, but at 200 per cent. Mechanics quadruple their old charges, and grumble at that. The salaried man is ground small between the upper and nether millstone of employer on the one hand, and mechanic and shop-keeper on the other.

The man who goes to an eating-house finds everything priced at a multiple of five or a multiple of ten cents. He pays five cents for what is worth a penny, and for what, except on this multiple system, he would be charged seven cents, he pays ten—and so on through his bill for dinner. The high-minded eating-house keeper will tell you, with a contemptuous curve of his aristocratic nose, that he does not stand about such trifles as pennies. But how did he himself buy—at multiples of five or ten cents a pound? No, but for eleven, twelve and thirteen cents the very meats, a half pound of which he dishes up to his customers for thirty, thirty-five and forty, or forty, fifty and sixty. I doubt whether in any other country this cool ignoring of all sums, except those divisible by five or ten, would be found, at least in cheap, popular inns. In England, you find prices fixed to the nicety of a ha'penny, while here a plain mug of beer is a round ten cents. In France, you buy a single wing of a chicken at the butcher's, if you like; but here, even at the eating-house, for a radish, by way of relish, you pay five or ten cents, though the owner of the place bought a peck of them with your ten cents the same day.

The other evening, a friend of mine, coming from the "Grande Duchesse" with his wife, encountered an old acquaintance and *his* wife, and it being in Fourteenth street, proposed to go to Delmonico's. No one of the four was a gourmand, and in fact the *petit souper* was an excuse for a chat more than a stifling of pangs of hunger. They had some preparation of a fowl, some sweetmeats, and a single bottle of wine, the ladies being abstemious. The bill was $16.

The "Charge at Balaklava," was nothing to the audacious ones which pacific tradesmen every day make; but the fault is less in seller than buyer. Indeed, whom do we mean by sellers—whom but our neighbors and ourselves, whom but you and me, who claim that we are forced to do what we decry? As Delmonico's customers are willing to pay $16 for their bottle and salads and sweetmeats, why should he charge $10? Suppose he could make a profit at $10, why not make a larger at $16? Indeed, I think we should be grateful to him, not only for his resort, matchless the world over, but also for fixing his prices *anywhere*. Did he not set a limit of his own pleasure, he would certainly find none in the moderation, reflection, or economy of his customers.

And of customers, too, who save pennies to spend dollars. I remember lunching with a witty friend at this place, who, while eulogizing the dishes, declared that Delmonico had made one mistake in his splendid career. "What is that?" "He ought to have charged more." I laughed. "Yes," he pursued, "he ought to charge higher for everything—a dollar for a roll. If I owned this place I would have a dollar for a cup of coffee. Then everybody would rush here, for the sake of telling his neighbor he had paid a dollar for a piece of bread and a drink of Mocha." It is difficult to see what better motive induces people to buy the $1 cigars, of which some thousands each week are sold in New York.

The fallacy of the common saying that "a thing is worth all a man can get for it," is shown by another observation, quite as common, "he sold it for more than its worth." At any rate, it is only worth *one* price—it cannot be worth half a dozen; though some dealers have almost as many prices as customers, following Paul's rule, and making their goods "all things to all men," so as to sell some. A friend of mine priced a valise the other day. It was $16. "I only wish to give $15 for one." "Oh, well," says the shopman promptly, "I won't quarrel about a dollar. Take this one for $15." Would not quarrel about a dollar; but what profits and prices does that way of dealing signify?

This is an every day experience, which many people defend. It is hard to say which is the worse class of buyers, those who demoralize trade by their recklessness, or those who do so by "beating down;" and

which is the worse class of sellers, those who expect and are willing to be "beaten down," or those who, as we have seen, aim to play upon ignorance, carelessness, or extravagance, rather than by supplying what every customer needs at a fair profit, to earn a fortune in slow-coach fashion. The splendid success of such men as Mr. A. T. Stewart, demonstrates the wisdom, as well as the justice, of unvarying prices. I have a kind of belief (or, at least, hope) that the one-price trader goes to Heaven.

THE ALABAMA AGAIN.

The Report of the British Neutrality Commission could hardly have avoided reviving the Alabama discussion in the London press—at all events, it did not avoid reviving it. One of the strange concomitants of this fresh discussion is a term the London "Times" has coined to describe vessels of the Alabama sort, namely, "neutral pirates." Another striking feature is an allusion to the theory that Great Britain might have recognized the belligerency of the Confederate States on land and not on sea—a point made by Mr. Bemis. This last seems to have a connection with what was formerly suggested in a "Drift-Wood" note, that the British Neutrality Proclamation of 1861 recognized the Sothern States simply upon their political act of secession.

It will not be necessary to repeat what was then urged, regarding the irrelevancy of this branch of the subject to the main issue involved in the Alabama case. But should this latter be put before a mixed commission, as now seems possible, and should Mr. Seward carry his point of conducting the evidence on his own plan, now so familiar, we can perhaps imagine a line of argument in which this point of the recognition of States might be made the subject of discussion, if not of adjudication.

The argument, as already put thus far, and and as it could be continued, might perhaps be roughly laid out, in one form, as follows:

United States. You are accountable for the Alabama and her ravages, through your so-called proclamation of neutrality, because you thereby substantially declared that the Confederates possessed naval officers, bearing naval commissions; and hence, if they should be able to get ships and men anywhere (as, for instance, by evading your own foreign enlistment act) then there would exist a Confederate navy, to be treated on an equality with that of the United States. You thus laid the foundation for a naval force for them.

Great Britain. We did nothing more than you yourselves did.

United States. We recognized the Confederates after the fact. That is to say, when they had a force in the field, we recognized it as an army, and not as a band of marauders. And we were ready, when a naval force, or a ship armed and officered, should appear, to give the crew the benefit of the laws of war. But you went beyond this. You recognized the *naval capacity* of the Confederacy in the first instance. In this present case of the Alabama, you thereby gave Semmes the status of a naval officer under commission, before the fact.

Great Britain. We suggest that you refresh your memory by reading over your own blockade proclamation.

United States. Yes; but that related only to the *land* force.

Great Britain. Well, after all, we only recognized the Confederate belligerency when you did—that is to say, so nearly at the same time that we are not subject to reproof for the difference of days. If that recognition was construed by other people to give a naval character, as you represent, to Semmes and his officers, how are we responsible?

United States. Because, unlike us, you recognized "certain States" as belligerent parties on their political acts, independently of any knowledge of the forces actually operating by land or by sea; and you placed them, as far as you were concerned, in all respects on the footing of a *nation*—that is, of a Power capable of authorizing a navy and issuing naval commissions, before a keel was laid.

INHERITED WEALTH.

WERE public applause and a shining public example as influential as we are sometimes asked to believe, the spectacle of a young gentleman of wealth and leisure devoting a liberal share of both to the public good, would be less rare here in America. No statute, indeed, prevents a man, be he millionaire or beggar, from using his time and money according to his good pleasure, provided he breaks no law and pays his taxes. But the indignant question "May I not do what I will with mine own?" like that other poser, "Am I my brother's keeper?" usually comes as a remonstrance — a remonstrance from some man of wealth, who finds that, though fulfilling the letter of the statute-book, he fails to employ his fortune to the approval of his fellow-citizens. For public sentiment supplements public law in prescribing what a man shall "do with his own."

The privilege of the poor is to recount the fine things they would do if rich, of the old if they were young, of the peasant if he were lord. It may be added that, when the contingency happens, they do pretty much what they have condemned. A man announces what he would do if President; and when he becomes President, he does nothing of the sort. The spinster, who for a dozen years has explained how *she* would bring up children, spoils her own, when she is married and has got them, rather faster than her neighbors. If Jeannette were King of France, or, still better, Pope of Rome, she would act very much like other kings and popes. But happily our ethical codes are not made useless by the weaknesses of humanity, nor does lame practice ever render contemptible a sound theory.

And, besides, there are noble men in America who have felt and met the public responsibilities which inherited wealth brings, and have set a standard of high ambition at least, if not of obligation, for all sons of rich men. We may say "inherited wealth," because the subject becomes more complicated by including wealth acquired. Perhaps the claims of business for the retention of capital and the devotion of energy, or the natural desire for rest and comfort after the life-long battle, may differ the maker of a fortune from its inheritor; and certainly from the man who has toiled up through poverty we look, in his evening of life, for less devotion to the public weal than from the youth to whom he bequeaths his fortune. The fact is, however, that the former usually does the public more service than his heir.

It is melancholy to hear a rich man talking in this strain: "I am sorry I am rich. My son is going wrong. He has no head for business, and knows too well that he will never need to work. He has no love for science or literature, nor for public life. He finds nothing in the world to do but dissipate, which he does with all his might." As despicable is the heir who hoards more eagerly than the other squanders; who has no motive but the narrowest selfishness, no conception of public duty, no wish regarding the public, except that he and his money may escape attention, no aim except to salt down the ancestral fortune, and heap it higher year by year. The spendthrift may as well plume himself on putting his money in circulation, as the other on his selfish industry and frugality. It is hard to say which is the less fitted to inherit wealth in America.

One unavoidably asks if there be not a serious defect in any system of education—public or private—leading to such results. A tutor should blush to reflect that, with the full orb of science, art, politics, philanthropy, literature, social life at command, he could find nothing interesting enough to keep his pupil from becoming a mere usurer or a sot. A college education—call it "liberal," or anything else—is a failure, which gives so feeble an insight into the treasures of wisdom and walks of noble life it is designed to disclose, as to stir no impulse toward anything above avarice, selfishness or folly.

Where the heir of a vast estate in lands makes it a principle to improve them as little as possible, leaving them to appreciate by the growth of the city and the energy of others; where every spare penny goes to additional real estate which also he never improves, because neighboring owners will do that for their property, whereby his own will rise in value without expense; where, for years, from the same motive, he leaves open lots in crowded quarters, while the

city cries for more houses and spreads reluctantly to its outskirts—clearly he is without public spirit. That communism which calls on a citizen to share evenly with the public, is stupid; but at least we may expect him not to use wealth to the public detriment, and, certainly, it must depreciate a neighborhood that such a man owns unimproved property there. With such results, it would be better that no colossal fortunes should be inherited, and that the land of the municipality should be held by men who have leisure to build as well as buy, and who, though with moderate means, aim to make each piece of property yield its highest value. In a neighboring city, a merchant dying and leaving his great wealth in trust for his heirs, it was invested in building blocks as solid and splendid as they are useful to the city and profitable. A public-spirited man usually knows how to benefit the Commonwealth without crippling his fortune; and even when his motive is not the finest, it is at least a grade above narrow selfishness, and generally comes in part from a consciousness of public duty as well as love of applause.

Of course, not all heirs of large fortunes are to make the business of life, like De Montyon, the establishment of charities; but, at least, there is field enough in America for the noble employment of wealth and leisure, without playing the miser, killing vacant years, aimlessly flying from *ennui* around the globe, or drowning the dullness of life in dissipation. Society here is so young as to be full of needs, and the state so democratic as to be full of abuses. In large cities, the public service is partially surrendered, perforce, to public burglars, or to such as use public trusts simply for private ends. Many public charities are shamefully mismanaged, and, for the lack of worthy supervision, fall into the hands of men who traffic in suffering and coin money from the comforts of which they rob the needy. Frauds and knaveries flourish always, everywhere, in all parties. To organize some new charity, or extend and systematize some old one; to lend a hand to some worthy enterprise—civic, commercial, financial, scientific; to befriend sound literature, true art and useful invention; to aid the poor by some such grand project as the model lodging-house, as only the rich can do; to forward the reforms which social science suggests in schools, prisons, asylums, hospitals—in short, it is impossible to catalogue in detail the thousand services to which the wealth and leisure of an educated man may be worthily devoted. The days of practical business benevolence are here, and yet those of chivalry seem not to be over—even though we may not formally knight Sir Henry Bergh.

In 1861, there was a memorable display of what services the wealth of public-spirited citizens can render in a republic. It raised and equipped regiments, furnished "sinews of war" to the public defence and comforts to the camp and hospital, provided soldiers' homes for the wounded, and in a myriad patriotic and humane ways made its presence manifest. We saw, also, men who had generally stood aloof from public affairs, combining to give the highest tone to public sentiment. Opportunities for public and patriotic devotion did not end with the war, either for rich or poor; but it is hard to feel the intense personal responsibility of 1861. The other day a young gentleman was complaining that, doing all he could, he only got rid of half his income. If he had been called upon to aid some noble charity, he would probably have been the poorest man in New York.

American youth of fortune are probably as public-spirited by nature as those of the Old World; but the responsibilities of wealth have been weighed more carefully there, because for ages it has been unequally distributed, and great estates have been entailed from sire to son. With us vast family inheritances have hitherto been comparatively rare, so that less public attention has been directed upon them as an element in society and the State. And, besides, the vicissitudes of wealth have not always warranted the rich in counting upon the stability of their fortunes. But not less honorable and useful than in the Old World are the careers open to the inheritors of wealth in America.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

GEORGE ELIOT'S POEM.

It is remarkable that this practical, prosaic age is prolific of poetry. Poets are more numerous than they ever were before, and the poetry produced, if not of the very highest order, is not of that which can be justly classed as inferior or minor. We speak, of course, of our own literature only—of English poetry. A great poet is, in any tongue, nay, even in the whole world, the rarest outcome of the highest and subtlest forces of nature. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and the half-barbarous Chaldean who wrote the Book of Job—these are all the poets of the first grade, whose voices are heard from out the ages. From their elevation we take three or four downward steps to reach the level of a Tennyson. But still, Tennyson, although not a born poet, but made, if ever anything under the sun was made—a made poet, lacking entirely the spontaneous, living spring of song, such for instance as that that ever flowed in Burns's soul—a self-made poet, too, a man who said within his heart, "I will be a poet in spite of myself," and who has made good his determination. This Tennyson is yet a poet for his contemporaries, and all who speak his mother tongue, to take a pride in, and to hearken to with no less deference than pleasure. Robert Browning is the best dramatic poet—it might better be said, the only truly dramatic poet of a high class in our language since Shakespeare. Swinburne's fancy, feeling, and utterance are those of a poet of the highest class, although whether he ever becomes much more than a marvellous voice depends on facts of his moral and intellectual organization, as to which only those who know him best have any trustworthy knowledge. For that subtly formed, almost indefinable something, called character, enters as an important element into a poet's powers, and decides whether he shall be large and enduring, or more or less trivial and ephemeral. Mr. Bryant's poems have a certain tone, given them by character, which will cause them to be preserved and read for comfort and for pleasure when those of more facile, more voluminous, and more popular versifiers will have had their day and been forgotten. And now, while Mr. Swinburne is plucking his first laurels, two new poets come forward for the crown. One of them is the well-known authoress of "Adam Bede" and "Romola;" the other's name, William Morris, is as yet almost unknown in the world of literature.

George Eliot's poem is an ambitious effort—a romantic tragedy in blank verse.* The story is, to say the least, exceedingly improbable, which it might be and still have interest for even thoughtful readers; but it not only is, but seems improbable, and it has withal a very melodramatic, low-theatrical air. This, however, may be inseparable from tales about Gypsies, around whom there seems to be woven a robe of romantic nonsense much like that which conceals the real North American Indian from so many eyes. The incidents and characters are briefly these: Fedalma, a foundling child, has been brought up in the household of a Spanish grandee, and, blooming into a rare, rich-natured beauty, she is beloved by the heir, who, when he becomes his own master, determines to marry her, in spite of her uncertain origin. In this condition of affairs, and with a war against the Moors on the hands of the young Duke Alva, the poem opens. On the eve of his marriage, some Gypsy prisoners are brought in, and these Fedalma sees, as, having

* The Spanish Gypsy, a Poem. By George Eliot. 16mo, pp. 385. Boston: Ticknor & Fields

broken the bounds of the palace and of propriety, in the gaiety of her heart, she is dancing in the midst of a motley group on the plaza. She observes, and is closely observed by the chief of the Gypsy band, who makes upon her a strong but indefinable impression. This Gypsy proves to be Fedalma's father; and he, escaping from his prison, comes to her, and calls on her, as her father and as the chief of her race, to abandon her noble lover, and to share and help to raise the fortunes of the Gypsies, whom he hopes to gather into a great nation in Africa. She admits the claim, yields, and becomes a Gypsy queen. Had she not yielded, she would have been brought before the tribunal of the Inquisition by a certain prior, who regards her, justly enough, as the Delilah in whose lap the great Duke Alva, the hope of Spain and of the Church against the Infidels, is about to forget his manhood and his duty to his country. She goes with her father and his band, who join the Moors. Alva, unable to live happily without her, follows, and, abandoning country, religion, family, and race, becomes, as far as oaths can make him so, one of the Zincali. A battle is fought, the Spaniards are defeated, and Bedmar, where Alva's palace was, is taken. Zarca, Fedalma's father, is about hanging the prior, who was a cruel persecutor of Moors and Gypsies, when Alva appears. He demands the prior's life, accuses Zarca of treachery, and finally, in a transport of rage and shame, stabs him to death. This separates Fedalma finally from Silva. The success of the Moors is but slight and temporary, and Fedalma goes with her father's body to Africa. The lovers—for such they are still—meet and part for the last time upon the shore—meet and part forever, without kiss or clasp of hand, with only the greeting and the adieu of speech and look; and this, too, not with outbursts of grief, vows of love, protestations, wailings, or reproaches. They stand face to tearless face, calm in their well-assured consciousness of a mutual love and a mutual yet dividing woe. This last is a very finely imagined scene, and is altogether the most impressive in the poem, which thus ends happily at its best.

Unfortunately for the permanent hold of the poem upon our interest, the improbability of this story is in the incidents which are the mainspring of its action. It is in the highest degree improbable that a Spanish grandee should marry a nameless foundling, and as improbable that it should be necessary for him to do so to enjoy her love. It is directly in the face of nature, and, therefore, improbable to the verge of impossibility, that a girl—brought up from her earliest infancy with noble Spaniards, having no memory of her dead mother or of her living father, and loving a man with all the fervor and devotion of which woman is capable—should, at the summons of another man unknown to her, abandon her lover and the bright, sweet future he holds before her eyes, to take her place among a people that she knows only by a name contemned, because that other man proves to her that he is her father, and that she is of the blood of that people. And it is equally improbable, to the verge of impossibility, that her noble lover should, after she has thus abandoned him, abandon, for her, his family, his paternal roof, his race and his religion, to become by adoption what she is by birth—a Gypsy. But, notwithstanding all this, and notwithstanding the great defect of dramatic power in the poem, it is one of unusual interest and merit. Its interest lies chiefly in the revelations through the heroine by a woman of noble and sensitive nature, of her conception, or, rather, her consciousness of such a nature; its merit is chiefly in its descriptive passages.

The dramatic deficiency before mentioned is, in a measure, compensated to the reader by the combined strength and delicacy of these descriptions; but as a drama, it is none the less inferior for this reason. For instance, an admirable description, as fine as anything of the kind in "Adam Bede" or "Romola," of one of the minor personages, opens thus:

> Like Juan there, the spare man with the lute,
> Who makes you dizzy with his rapid tongue,
> Whirring athwart your mind with comment swift
> On speech you would have finished by-and-by,
> Cheapening your wisdom as a pattern known
> And spun by any shuttle on demand.

This vivid portrait of a man, who, often intelligent, is always essentially uncivil and irritating, if not offensive, is thus supple-

mented by himself in reply to a complaint by Fedalma that he is concealing something from her.

> I never had the virtue to hide aught
> Save what a man is whipped for publishing.
> I'm no more reticent than the voluble air—
> Dote on disclosure—never could contain
> The latter half of all my sentences
> But for the need to utter the beginning.
> My lust to tell is so importunate
> That it abridges every other vice,
> And makes me temperate for want of time.

This is excellent, equally minute and spirited; and yet for all this talk about his talking, Juan is as quiet, as reticent, almost as reserved a person as can be found among people of ordinary intelligence and sociability; never interrupts any one, or hurries his own speech, or leaves what he has to say incomplete at beginning, middle or end, and is merely a pleasant, kind-hearted, rather whimsical fellow. The defect of which this is an example is the chief shortcoming of the poem considered as a work of dramatic art; but, although it is a great one in that regard, it does not diminish the interest of the work as a romance in verse. Its most dramatic touches appear in the speeches of Fedalma, particularly in those in which the authoress, resisting the evidently great temptation to make her heroine a grand, sententious creature, shows her to us arch, or loving, or both, in sweet and simple womanhood. Such a speech is the following, in which Fedalma deprecates the anger of Don Silva against her nurse, or duenna, for letting her go into the plaza on the eve of their expected marriage:

> "Nay, my lord,
> You must not blame her, dear old nurse," she cried;
> "Why, you would have consented, too, at last.
> I said such things! I was resolved to go,
> And see the streets, the shops, the men at work,
> The women, little children—everything
> Just as it is when nobody looks on.
> And I have done it! We were out for hours.
> I feel so wise."

Of fine poetical thought there is somewhat, although not as much as on a superficial reading there will seem to be. These are the most noteworthy passages of this kind that we have noticed:

> Ay, secrecy and disobedience—these
> No tyranny can master. Disobey!
> You may divide the universe with God,
> Keeping your will unbent, and hold a world
> Where he is not supreme.

The next refers to the desertion of Silva by Fedalma, and to the possibility of his replacing her:

> Well, goddesses will go;
> But for a noble there were mortals left,
> Shaped just like goddesses. O hateful sweet!
> O impudent pleasure, that should dare to front
> With vulgar visage memories divine.

The following begins the reply of a sage astrologer to an outburst of the bereaved Silva:

> My lord, you are o erwrought by pain. My words,
> That carried an innocent meaning, do but float
> Like little emptied cups upon the flood
> Your mind brings to it.

It is a great pity that there is not more of this and less, much less, of another kind of writing which stains the work with a widely-diffused blemish. This is a use of the formal poetical imagery and the hollow poetical formulas of the last century. Of the former, here is one that might be taken out of a tie-wig tragedy:

> —as a nature quiveringly poised
> In reach of storms, whose qualities may turn
> To murdered virtues that still walk as ghosts
> Within the shuddering soul, and shriek remorse.

Of the latter, the supply is copious. For instance, the following passages within three pages:

> But now the gilded balls begin to play
> In *rhythmic numbers, ruled by practice fine*
> Of eye and muscle: All the juggler's form
> *Consents harmonious* in swift, gliding change.
> . . . . 'Tis wondrous force
> That moves in *combination multiform*
> Toward conscious ends.
>
> With *thrill mysterious,*
> *Ray-borne from orb to orb* of conscious eyes.
>
> Makes the white beams pass
> With *causeless fact sublime* from cup to cup.
> Even the pliant folds that cling *transverse,*
> When, with *obliquely soaring bend altern,*
> She seems a goddess.
>
> They stood and looked:
> Within the duke was *struggling confluence*
> Of *feelings manifold.*

This is not poetry, unless poetry consists chiefly in a rhythmic arrangement of language remote from that of common life, which was the notion of most of the elegant versifiers of the last century, any one of whom would have been delighted at the production of these passages. Such writing is offensive to all lovers of real poetry; but perhaps, another objection that we shall

make is based upon feelings peculiar to the writer—this is against the big talk about Gypsies, which pervades the poem. It goes on, getting bigger and bigger, until Zarca, the head Gypsy, calls Fedalma "My royal daughter," and she addresses him as "My imperial father," which, to any one who knows what Gypsy kings and queens are, is as ridiculous as it would be applied to the negro kings and queens of whom we are told by Sir Samuel Baker. It is not necessary to deny to Gypsies, Indians and negroes, the rights of humanity, to see the absurdity of all high-flown nonsense about their noble, royal and imperial traits. But, notwithstanding such shortcomings and blemishes, "The Spanish Gypsy" is a poem of more than common merit, and although it is far inferior, as a poem, to "Adam Bede" and "Romola," as novels, it should be read by every admirer of those works, which we are inclined to rate as the best of their kind that this day has produced. Of William Morris we must postpone our judgment until the issue of another number of THE GALAXY.

A PASSAGE IN MACBETH.

A DISCUSSION has sprung up in the correspondence of one of the weekly papers as to the proper emphasis of the well-known line in Macbeth's soliloquy as he goes to murder Duncan:

> Is this a dagger which I see before me?

It is always read and spoken with the emphasis upon *dagger*. The propriety of this reading is denied, and *this* is proposed as the emphatic word. A consideration of the circumstances, and of what is passing in Macbeth's mind and before his mind's eye, is necessary to the settlement of this question. Macbeth is about committing a murder from which his soul revolts with shuddering; for although ambitious, he is of a generous and kindly nature, but infirm of purpose; infirm, whether in good or evil; yet with a loving and a longing for the good, even to the sacrifice of his interest and his ambition; for, so says the the woman that owns him and that reads his character. His soul is so troubled, and his imagination is so excited by the thought of the deed he has undertaken to do, that, as he approaches Duncan's chamber, he sees a visionary dagger before him in the air. This dagger is never represented on our stage, although the ghost of Banquo is. But when the tragedy was first performed in Germany the dagger was made visible to the audience. And there is no more dramatic propriety in making Banquo's ghost visible than in doing the same for the dagger. Strictly, the ghost should be seen in the face of the actor, as the dagger is. This will appear, upon a study of the text—not the stage directions. The difference between the ghost in "Macbeth" and that in "Hamlet" is remarkable. The former is the mere creation of an imagination stimulated by the consciousness of crime accomplished, as the dagger is of an imagination stimulated by the shrinking from crime about to be committed. These forms are visible only to the guilty person. Neither Lady Macbeth nor the guests at the banquet see Banquo's ghost. But the ghost of Hamlet's father, being an actual visitant from the other world, is visible to Horatio and to the sentinels, as well as to Hamlet himself. Hamlet's mother, it is true, does not see the vision that he sees during his interview with her. But it would seem that this vision, like Macbeth's of Banquo and of the dagger, is an optical illusion brought before Hamlet by his excited imagination, and is not the real ghost who is visible to all eyes. The Queen neither sees the ghost nor, what is most significant, hears what he says to Hamlet. In this may be found an explanation of the remarkable stage direction for this passage in the oldest copy of the play —"Enter the ghost in his night-gowne;" which tells us the way in which the ghost was presented under Shakespeare's own eye, there is reason for believing, by Shakespeare's self. The night-gown in which the ghost appeared in this scene was what we call a dressing-gown, or *robe de chambre*. A night-gown, to be worn in bed, was a thing unknown, not only in Hamlet's time but in Shakespeare's, who but alludes to facts as they were in his day, in his lines,

> Who sees his true love in her naked bed
> Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white.

Although by poetical figure he transfers to the bed the epithet that belongs to its oc-

cupant. We read of furred and gold lace "night-gowns" and "bed-gowns" as worn long after Shakespeare's day. They were mere dressing-gowns worn in private apartments; and Shakespeare, making Hamlet, excited by his long and turbulent interview with his mother in her chamber, imagine that he sees his father come "to whet his almost blunted purpose," subtly presented the spectral illusion, not in the panoply worn by the real ghost, but in the dress in which Hamlet had been in the habit of seeing his father in that very apartment. But Macbeth's dagger, although it was also a spectral illusion, was clearly enough defined not to be mistaken. It is no vague and misty vision that he sees. He is not in doubt as to the form of the image on his brain—whether it is a dagger, or a spear, or a sword. He sees plainly enough that it is a dagger, and that its handle is toward his hand. What he wonders at before he begins to speak, is the appearance of the dagger at all; and he doubts, and asks himself not about its form but its reality. For, after having clutched at the shape in vain, he says,

> Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
> To feeling or to sight? or art thou but
> A dagger of the mind, a false creation
> Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain?

The emphatic word, therefore, in his first question is the verb which touches the reality of the subject of the doubt; and the line demands first this emphasis—"*Is* this a dagger?" But as the form of the object is yet that which suggests the question as to its reality, *dagger* itself should have emphasis, which, however, should be noticeably secondary to that placed upon the verb. By thus reading,

> *Is* this a *dagger* which I see before me?

the condition of Macbeth's mind as to the vision is fully expressed.

THE KALEVALA.

AMONG the ancient mythological compositions, sagas, and the like, which the zeal of literary antiquarians has rescued from tradition during the last half century, others are more important, but hardly one is more interesting in its incidents and in its style than the Finnish epic "The Kalevala." It is made up, as Wolf maintained with much reason the "Iliad" was, of various separate compositions, which are connected by identity of spirit and of personages. It contains nearly twenty-three thousand verses, in which is embodied all the mythology of the Finnish race. That mythology, it is almost needless to say, is puerile in the extreme; and the story of the poem, if story it must be called, is supremely silly. Witchcraft of the coarsest and most sense-defying kind is the principal agency in bringing about the events of this story. Not only are natural laws entirely disregarded, but there is no keeping, no consideration whatever for reason in the movement of the whole poem. The personages do certain things by magical power—they might just as well do any other. The poem is full of evidence that it was produced by and for a people as brutal, as childish, and as gross as American Indians. But, if we may judge by a translation before us, which was made by the late Dr. J. A. Porter, of Yale College, it has isolated passages and episodes which have the charm of freakful fancy, of humor, of some wise insight, of some pretty and some grand imagery. As much as this can be said for very little of the poetry of the savage old days, which is generally a mixture of brutality and childishness, rarely relieved by a flash of fancy or a touch of nature. Dr. Porter has made his translation, which is of only a part—but quite enough—of the poem, into the measure and rhythm of the original—the eight-syllable trochaic, in which Mr. Longfellow, imitating the "Kalevala," wrote "Hiawatha." It is a trivial measure, which becomes very wearisome when it is long continued; but in the present volume the ear is not overtaxed by it, and, besides, it suits well the trifling and fantastic matter of these runes. Of the great antiquity of this poem, or collection of poems, in its original form, there can, we suppose, be little doubt; but there can be as little that that form was lost, to all intents and purposes, centuries ago. The editor of the present volume refers to a modified version of Christ's nativity, which appears in one of the runes as the intrusion of Christian ideas upon a pagan epic, and as one of the changes which the "Kale-

vala" underwent while living only in the mouths of bards during the lapse of ages. Perhaps the editor is right; but while there is little if anything in the poem that might not have been sung by a savage Christian people believing in witchcraft, there is much that smacks of later days, and of a close contact with civilization. Read the following passage, in which the heroine, Aino, is bidden to deck herself out, that she may be beautiful:

> Thither go, my dear, loved daughter,
> Thither hie thee to the hill-top;
> There adorn with bows thy temples,
> Deck them bright with silken ribbons.
> Lay thy gold cross on thy bosom,
> Hang with beads thy neck and shoulders—
> So shalt thou be fair to look on.
> Robe thy gentle limbs in linen—
> Finest that the weaver fashions;
> From thy waist hang woollen short frocks,
> Circle it with silken girdle;
> Then with shining, silken stockings,
> And with shoes of finest leather—
> Surely thou art fair to look on.
> Braid thy hair in comely fashion,
> Loop it up with silken ribbons;
> Deck with gold thy limber fingers,
> And thy hands with linen ruffles.

Surely, if Aino is not indebted to the translator for her golden cross, her silken ribbons, her finest linen, her silken stockings, and her linen ruffles, this passage was written but a short time, comparatively, ago. Go back but two centuries, and what would a Finnish woman, living on the shores of the upper Baltic and the White Sea know of such articles of dress. Observe, too, by the way, how the woman peeps out in this passage. The mother tells her daughter, who is represented as the fairest of her race, the belle of Finland, to cover herself with fine clothes and trinkets, to "do up" her hair in braids and with ribbons, in kluwigses, plainly, and *then* she will be beautiful. It is twice said, "*So* shalt thou be fair to look on." But whatever its age and its value as an historic record, the "Kalevala" has a great, though not a high, intrinsic interest, and we are indebted to Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt for presenting us this part of it in an English version, and also for the simple elegance of the volume, which, in all respects, is one of the prettiest ever issued by an American firm, and will add to the well-deserved reputation of its publishers for good taste and thorough workmanship.

R. G. W.

ST. COLUMBA.

In this small volume,* taken mainly from the "Monks of the West," Count Montalembert has given us the history of the most famous of those heroic and saintly men who were the glory of Ireland in the Sixth Century, and through whose devotion, courage, and enterprise the gospel was first preached in Caledonia. St. Columba, the apostle of Caledonia, was by birth a prince. He was a poet, too, gifted with vast intellect and great personal beauty, and with so passionate a love of country and so burning an enthusiasm for heroic deeds, that nature, it would seem, intended him for anything rather than a monk. He early displayed, however, his predilection for a monastic life, and when the period of his novitiate expired, entered upon the duties of his order with so much devotion and enthusiasm that, before he was twenty-five years old, he is said to have presided over the creation of a number of monasteries. His retirement to Iona is assigned by one of his biographers to a penance laid upon him by his confessor, by which he was bound to exile himself forever from his native land. Be that as it may, he was still in the prime of life when he bade farewell to the country he never ceased to love, and sailed with a band of twelve monks for the islands where he spent the remainder of his life. His greatest usefulness seems to have dated from this period, for, not only was he singularly successful in his missionary labors, and in the management of the numerous monasteries which sprang up about Iona, but he was wonderfully gifted in guiding and disciplining the many penitents who, attracted by the fame of his sanctity and wisdom, came from far and near to implore help and counsel. He became an arbiter in political affairs, too, and in performance of this duty visited once more his beloved land. He died toward the close of the Sixth Century in his own monastery of Iona, full of years and honors. His life is beautifully and eloquently written by

* "St. Columba." By Count de Montalembert. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

Count Montalembert, and is the result of a profound and careful research into the best known records of Irish hagiography. The translation is, in the main, excellent, smooth, clear, and spirited.

* *

THE JARVES COLLECTION—BUYING "OLD MASTERS."

"NOTHING is good at second-hand," once said to me the great German painter, Kaulbach, in the course of a conversation on the state of art in America; "and I cannot but think that some of your wealthy men who come to Europe might employ their means to a better purpose than multiplying copies of the great pictures in our galleries. At the best, a copy is but a faint image of the original. Your wealthy men ought to buy original works only, and chiefly those of modern artists, as it is a rare thing to find an ancient work of undoubted originality and real value for sale."

These words were brought to my recollection the other day as I turned the pages of the interesting "Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Painters," written by Mr. Russell Sturgis, Jr., in which it is claimed that this collection, now in the galleries of the Yale School of Fine Arts, consists of works of undoubted originality. The claim may be just; but I have seen so much rascality in the sale of "old masters" by European picture dealers, that I look with suspicion upon every work whose history cannot be traced, without a break, up to the time of its production. Everybody knows that "old masters" are manufactured by the thousand in modern studios; and yet almost every American who buys pictures abroad is allured into the purchase of an "undoubted" Raphael, or Rubens, or some other famous master, whose genuine works have been objects of rare request for many generations; and every purchaser is willing to admit this of everybody's pictures but his own. He alone has not been cheated. For him the good fortune was reserved to find, by mere chance, in an odd corner of a dealer's store-room, a genuine "Madonna," by Raphael, which all other buyers had missed or disregarded. He eagerly secures the prize, and bears it off in triumph. If he should renew his search, he would probably find its place filled by an exact counterpart, to catch the next green and credulous purchaser.

Dishonest picture-dealers are greatly assisted in their traffic by travellers' couriers, with whom, like all other European extortioners, they are in close league. Almost every traveller trusts his courier, till he finds him out, and the confidence generally lasts till he has been pretty well bled. In the presence of his employer the courier inveighs severely against the dishonesty of the dealers, boasts of his ability to see through all their tricks, and declares that they hate the very sight of his face. He will then arrange privately with some dealer a nice little plot to lighten the rich American's pocket, and generally succeeds in it. The method is very simple. Suppose yourself a rich American, say in Paris or Florence, wanting to buy a few "old masters" for your bran-new picture gallery on Fifth avenue. Your honest courier takes you to his confederate dealer, whom he pretends to hate, and shows you how quickly he knows a genuine from a spurious picture. Among a dozen pictures on the wall together, his unerring eye instantly detects the one that bears the token of the master's hand. Having impressed you with a sense of his immense knowledge and cleverness, he suddenly stops before a picture in an obscure corner, looks at it eagerly, and whispers in your ear that here is a prize —a Raphael, or a Rubens, or a Claude, according to your taste, a genuine specimen, worth any money you can get it for. At this moment the dealer happens to notice you, and remarks that that is not for sale, Prince —— having secured it for his magnificent gallery, into which original works only are admitted. But your wonderful courier, anxious for his own credit as well as for yours, suggests that "for once" the dealer might cheat a prince, and, looking about, discovers a "copy" of the work so miraculously like the "original" that you can scarcely tell one from the other. After a long palaver, the dealer at length gives in; you pay your money, see the picture packed up, under your own eye, and go home chuckling over the fact that you have got the better of a prince and secured a great prize in art. Sometimes the dealer will try on another dodge, and set an exor-

bitant price on the picture you want to purchase. Your courier will then beat him down to what seem to you like reasonable terms, and you shudder to think what you might have had to pay but for your attendant's sharpness. The dealer would probably have been glad to take a tenth of the price you feel almost ashamed to pay for so valuable a picture!

This account is not at all overdrawn. I have seen this game played several times in Florence and other cities. Once, I remember, two Americans, who had each secured a rare Raphael at a Florentine dealer's, met at my rooms the same day, and one of them boasting of his acquisition, the cheat was discovered, and the rascally dealer was afterward compelled to take back both "originals." They have probably found their way, long before this, into American parlors, where they pass for genuine, and make people wonder how it was that the "old masters" ever became famous. For, in general, these spurious works are not bought on account of their beauty, but because they look old and venerable, and have been highly praised.

A few such experiences lead one to be very suspicious of "old masters," in whatever shape they come to market; but I venture to say there are three times as many pictures in America passing as genuine Raphaels as that artist ever painted. "Do you really think that an original picture by Rubens?" I once asked a citizen of a western city, who had bought a "Descent from the Cross" for twenty dollars, frame included. "*Original?*" was the indignant response, "of course it's original; don't you see the label on the back of the frame?" I had no reply to this argument, and that Rubens is still to be seen in the gentleman's parlor, with the label on the frame to assert its genuineness against all critics.

But whatever may be thought of the value of the Jarves collection, there is little doubt, I believe, of the genuineness of most of the works included in its catalogue; and it is only to be regretted that it was ever permitted to leave New York. It ought to be more accessible to students of art than it is now. Yale can never hope to sustain a flourishing school of art, whatever advantages for the study she may provide. Art-people always congregate about artists' studios, and New York will always be headquarters for the sculptors and painters of America. It was a shame that Yale was permitted to bear away so great a prize from the metropolis, and it is to be hoped that our citizens are by this time conscious of the mistake they made in not securing it.

S. S. C.

NEBULÆ.

— TIME was when the club excited the suspicion, if not the detestation, of all right-minded sisters, sweethearts, and wives. Our age has seen a miraculous change in this sentiment. Now, we find springing up everywhere women's clubs — institutions wholly supported by the very sex that used to inveigh against them. Whether this change of opinion is a case of the "first endure, then pity, then embrace," of which the poet sings, we can hardly say. Perhaps the strategy is rather of this sort, that, being unable to put down the club, it seeks to control it—and, in that view, the plan of the New York "Evening Post" to establish mixed clubs will probably be hailed with great favor. To be sure, as a stronghold or retreat, the institution of the club would then lose one distinguishing trait which has hitherto marked it—but, we presume, very few gentlemen are unfortunate enough to have to employ it for this purpose, and these few ought to be recaptured and returned to the domestic fold. But may we whisper that there is a possible objection to "mixed clubs" in their liability to become very much like other "mixed" assemblages—more interesting than club-like? However, there is no reason why women's clubs should not flourish as well as men's clubs. Those in New York and Boston have already established their success. The former has, to be sure, received some adventitious aid, of an unnecessary sort, in the criticism of the public press, partly favorable and partly adverse—the latter sort, it is hinted, provoked by some of the more newspapery ladies connected with it, who are versed in the "tricks of the trade." The Boston New England Woman's Club has been kept as private as possible, being organized without much newspaper comment, like the Century, the New York Club, or any club of gentlemen. It is understood, however, that one of the principles of this New England club is not to allow the organization to be used by "adventurers" as a ladder wherewith to climb into such social distinction as they might not achieve without its aid. Accordingly, it is held that membership of the club does not necessarily carry with it an intimate acquaintance with all its members, as is the code with most clubs of gentlemen. It must be reserved for some future Thackeray among women—if such a personage be possible—to set forth the varied picture of club life among her sisterhood. This life may yet play a prominent part in the novel of the future; for, we take it, women's clubs are thoroughly established as a feature of our society.

— AN English scientific periodical contains an engraving of a new and powerful locomotive constructed in Bristol, England, for the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Nova Scotia, and called "Evangeline." We presume this strange christening of a snorting steam-engine is in compliment to the land of its destination—"the Acadian land, the shores of the Basin of Minas;" but it is hard to be reminded of the delicate and saintly daughter of Acadie through the medium of the gigantic locomotive. When it dashes thunderingly along, leaving a trail of smoke and cinders behind it, we doubt whether the villagers will regretfully say,

> Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.

When its fierce scream dies away, we *very* much doubt whether the villagers will add,

> When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

— A CALIFORNIA paper lately told an extraordinary story of a horse which lived twenty-seven days without food, its only nourishment being whatever rain may have

fallen into the deep hole into which the animal had stumbled, and where it was at last found and recovered. The "Memoirs of the French Academy" record a still more wonderful instance of subsistence on water—that of a young girl, Christiana Michelot, the daughter of a Pomard vine-dresser, who lived *four years*, from the age of eleven to the age of fifteen, on water alone. It should be added that this abstinence of food began with a fever, succeeded by a delirium, and ending in a strange languor, accompanied by a partial palsy, during which she had no power of speech. At length the use of her speech, and then of her limbs, returned; and, after passing nearly four years without nourishment, she began to eat like other people. During this long period, she resented all attempts to supply her with food. A physician of Beaune, astonished at the case, tried to deceive her by giving her veal broth, highly clarified, instead of water; but he "deceived only her senses and not her stomach," which latter threw up the broth, with violent convulsions. This is probably the most astounding instance of the sort on record, though, it must be confessed, one connected with an abnormal state of the body. Returning to the case of the luckless mustang, let us hope that nobody will try to repeat his experience, from mistaken economy, on other domestic animals. We have now a great many horses in New York which have lived longer than this one on very little more than water, and are, perhaps, quite as bony as the mustang. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bergh will see that no philosophical experiments of the "one-oat-a-day" sort will result from the perusal of that California case.

— Whoever has chanced to attend service in the neighborhood of a college, in a church frequented by the students, may have observed that the fruits of their scholastic training are sometimes to be found in the bibles, prayer books or hymn books of the place. At all events, chance threw such an experience in our way the other day, and the inscriptions on the fly-leaves of a hymn book were quite as entertaining as the metrical sentiments in the body of the volume. One of them read: "Those students who intend to take a course of law would do well to examine the second stanza on page 530 of this book—hymn 40." The book was one published by Crocker & Brewster, in 1850. On turning to the "second stanza," so referred to, it proved to be a part of Dr. Watts's hymn, called "The Heart Healed by Mercy," and it read as follows:

> Friends and ministers said much
> The gospel to enforce,
> But *my blindness still was such,*
> *I chose a legal course.*
> Much I fasted, watched and strove,
> Scarce would show my face abroad;
> Feared, almost, to speak or move,
> A stranger still to God.

Whether any incipient law student was deterred by this warning from "choosing a legal course," is much to be doubted.

— We have met with sensitive Germans who were disposed to complain that they should be characterized by foreigners as a nation of beer-drinkers and tobacco-smokers, as though the entire "Vaterland," from the Baltic to the Alps, and from the Rhine to the Danube, was devoted to no other occupation than that of floating their powerful minds in beer, as beneath an impenetrable veil of misty smoke. All Germans do not smoke, it is true, and the statistics of wine-growing in Germany show that there is a considerable admixture of other liquors with the beer, the demand for which covers Germany with "Bier Gärten" and "Brauereien." But the statistics presented to the German Custom's Parliament show how substantial a basis there is for the smoke which is associated with our ideas of a German. Taking the aggregate yearly consumption of tobacco, and dividing it among the entire population of men, women and children, we find that the German is not content with less than 3.19 pounds, while an Englishman satisfies himself with 1.37 pounds. Certainly the foreign tourists in Germany have not been misled by the fact that smoking on the great lines of travel, where they chiefly circulate, is so general that the "*nicht rauchen*" coupés are in the proportion of but one to ten to the coupés where smoking is allowed and expected.

"What an opportunity for revenue!" the government assessor would say; unfortunately, though, the habit of smoking is so general in Germany that tobacco has been transferred from the list of luxuries to that of necessities. Where every English man, woman and child contributes four English shillings to the total of the tobacco duty levied in that country, but fourpence is exacted of the German by his government. The Frenchman has to pay a tax nearly as heavy as the Englishman, and the French government obtains about $30,000,000 a year in gold from its smokers, where the German Zollverein obtains but $2,000,000 from the same source. Even the pressure of the increased expenses in which all the German governments have been involved by the recent aggrandizement of Prussia, is insufficient to reconcile the Germans to any addition of the tax upon their tobacco. With a prospective deficiency of 5,000,000 thalers to provide for the Customs, Parliament found it impossible not to touch the sacred weed, and even a proposition to slightly increase the tax upon it was voted down. Political considerations unquestionably influenced this decision; but the modest form in which the suggestion for the increased tax was presented, shows how well the popular sensitiveness in this direction was understood. So, tobacco is still to go free of tax, and the German can enjoy his cigars at three, or four, or five cents each, while Americans are forced to pay anywhere from ten to twenty cents for the similar luxury. No wonder the Germans all smoke. It must be cheaper than eating.

— MR. WAKEMAN, in his "Literary Transfer Work," in the present number of THE GALAXY, gives some amusing models of how ordinary political speeches are made, which we recommend to popular orators in the present canvass, as examples of what *not* to say. It is hard to tell which are the least edifying, the common run of political meetings, or the common run of newspaper reports of those meetings. Here is one of the latter, taken from a public print, with only the names changed. "A. B., Esq., next made a taking speech, in which he talked good American doctrine in plain Saxon. C. D., Esq., being called upon, made one of the most thrilling and effective speeches of the evening. He was loudly applauded. He was followed by Mr. F., who delivered a neat and telling speech, calling forth loud applause. We regret that our limits, this morning, will not permit us to give an idea of these eloquent addresses." Certainly, nothing that Mr. Wakeman invents is more general and undescriptive than this transcript from actual fact. It will serve for any number of gatherings.

— HERE is another instance of newspaper facts, in campaign times. A paper reports as follows: "In Ward X, addresses were made by Messrs. T., R., N. and F., and much enthusiasm was displayed." The facts are these. The meeting was called for eight o'clock, but there being only five persons then in the hall, it was not organized till half-past eight. The whole number of persons at any time present, was 17—the hall has held 700, and the ward polls 1,200 votes. A committee having been chosen, an uncomfortable silence prevailed for some minutes, until the chairman inquired if there was any more business. Then Mr. T. got up, and invited the audience to *another* grand rally to be held on the following Thursday. Somebody then said he would like to hear from Mr. R., who accordingly repeated Mr. T.'s invitation, amid the noise of two pairs of boots—which is where the "much enthusiasm" comes in. One-fourth of the audience (four men on a front seat) then withdrew. Mr. N. next addressed the assembly as follows: "Mr. Chairman—most ter hot for me to speak. Excuse served for other gentleman (with a jerk of the head toward Mr. R.) hope it'll serve for me. I shall try to be with you on Thursday. I may not always be with you at your meetings this campaign. I may not always be able to. Still, my heart will be with you, I shall be with you." Here the orator became unintelligible, as he was trying to regain his seat. Then followed the "others," who spoke precisely as follows: "Hope Mr. Jones will favor—speech—old friend."

Mr. Jones. "I a'n't for speechifying, I'm for action."

With this last "address" the meeting adjourned; so that we may conclude it will

not always do, in political times, to take everything the papers say for gospel.

— An admirer of General Grant says, quoting somewhat incorrectly from Tennyson, that, little as the General says, all his words are "rich in stable common-sense." Surely he does not mean "talking horse?"

— At the 3 o'clock (P. M.) breakfast lately given by the Press Club of New York to the Sorosis (or feminine Press Club) of the same city, one gallant gentleman pronounced that the American woman far excelled any of her European sisterhood in intellectual freedom, in intellectual attainment, and in her influence upon public affairs. It was a patriotic and very chivalric thing to say, and, being uttered just after breakfast, with such particularly pleasant surroundings, may be passed by as a graceful compliment to the fair guests. The simple fact is, however, quite the reverse, and especially as regards knowledge of public affairs, and control of them. We have, to be sure, distinguished female Capitol lobbyists, and at least one distinguished female pardon-broker; but, as a general principle, American women of education and social position are less acquainted, not only with current politics, but with the manifold social problems of the day, than the same classes in England, France or Germany. It is true that we have more female public speakers here than in the Old World; and, probably, none of the countries just mentioned could exhibit a spectacle like that of the cluster of distinguished women who are now vigorously stumping the North and West in behalf of Woman's Suffrage. Nevertheless, educated Englishwomen and Frenchwomen who do not speak or write in public, know much more of public affairs, and can discuss them far more intelligently, as a class, than our American women. The fault is partly with American husbands or fathers, who beg their wives and daughters not to "meddle with politics," not to read the newspapers, and not to prattle about public affairs. It is the opinion of some well-informed people that the Woman's Suffrage movement is really more advanced, and nearer practical success, in conservative England than in the United States, owing to the very fact that, in the former country, women have shown themselves more conversant with public affairs, and, by discussing them frequently in society, have made the suffrage proposition less startling than it is here.

— A Western journal which overdoes its desire to conciliate the South, by comparisons and statements which must be as unpleasantly obsequious there as anywhere else, amuses itself by calling some other papers "Black Crook publications." After all, is there much to choose between the Black Crook and the White Fawn?

— Punch's famous series of caricatures called "Servantgalism: or, what is to become of the Missuses?" used to be very funny; but, after a while, they got to be so much less extravagant and ludicrous than the actual facts that they ceased to be so amusing. "Help," in America cause the inquiry, "What is to become of the Missuses?" to be quite as alarming as in England. Some of the stories about servants in the papers, like some of the marvels of "four-year-olds," are based rather on fancy than on fact. Here, however, is one for whose truth we can vouch. A cook having called for a situation at the house of Mr. X. —it so chanced when that gentleman was at home, and his wife absent—began to prosecute her inquiries about the place. She went through the usual list of "privileges," "stationary tubs," "other help," and so forth, and then, before the astonished gentleman could interpose any inquiries of his own, asked to be shown the whole house, as she "couldn't abide being in any but a first-class establishment." Mr. X., having by this time a little recovered from his surprise, gravely escorted her, first to the parlor, which, after critically examining, she approved. Next, he took her to the guests' chamber, which also she approved; whereupon Mr. X. asked her if it would suit her for her own. She replied that it would perfectly, as she was fond of mirrors and rosewood furniture.

"All right, madam," then adds Mr. X., gallantly; "but — I suppose you speak French?"

"No."

"No? Not speak French! Hum! Of course, you paint?"

"Oh no, sir."

"Not paint, indeed! Well, then, certainly you play the piano?"

"No, sir, please."

"Ah, then you will not suit. My rule is invariable that whenever a cook occupies *this* chamber, she must speak French, paint, and play the piano."

The fastidious cook went away, looking very much as if a new idea has been suggested to her.

— THE victuals-aspect of things has always been slighted too much by historical inquirers into the origin of our institutions. Fish was conspicuous, as a *causa causans*, if not as *causa sine qua non*, in the settlement of more than one New England colony, and many a prolific family of Massachusetts and New Hampshire may trace back to a piscatorial founder. The Naumkeag settlement on Cape Ann, which is regarded as the embryo of the Massachusetts Bay colony, was begun for fishing purposes by Conant and others, who had been snubbed by the straighter ones at Plymouth—perhaps for having too much of the Dutch idea of liberty of conscience. Fish, in all its varieties, constituted the main diet of both the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth and the Puritan founders of the Bay colony; which, by the way, may account (if we can rely on Professor Agassiz) for the preponderating intellectuality of our friends of New England origin. But we can imagine that fisherman's liberty of conscience was most largely enjoyed in settlements a little on the outside of the limits of these colonies. A gentleman of this city, who is himself of New Hampshire piscatorial descent, an officer of our New York Society, a corresponding member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and distinguished for the accuracy of his historical researches, has told us that, some years ago, but when several generations of colonists had lived and bred and died on the New England soil, the population of a place on the coast, within the limits of New Hampshire, had become so notorious for careless living, especially by indulgence in fishing and fowling, to the desecration of the sabbath and habitual neglect of stated preaching, that a prominent and zealous minister, Parson Moody by name, from Newbury or thereabouts, in Massachusetts, undertook a missionary effort among them, and, by taking occasion of a strong north-easter, and giving special notice, managed to collect a satisfactory audience, including many of the older fellows. Moody went straight into the matter in hand, charging them with the facts in the plainest terms, and they all listened with respectful attention. But in his further attempt to awaken in them a sense of the wickedness of their conduct, the parson rashly assumed a historical basis—a very good basis to have when you are sure, but a very bad one to take for granted. He told them of their ancestors leaving their homes in their pleasant native land and cheerfully encountering all the dangers of the ocean, all the toils and hardships of life in the unknown wilderness, all the terrors of the savage foe, etc., for the sake of freedom of conscience—for liberty to worship God! He had got to this point when, in one of the back seats, a weather-beaten old specimen rose and interrupted him, calling, "Parson Moody, look a 'ere, Parson Moody!" as if he were hailing a comrade boat in a fog. "Look a 'ere, Parson Moody, you're wrong in your latitude—wrong by more'n five mile. This here place ain't in the *Bay* colony. The *Bay* colony is more'n five mile to soth'ard. *Our* fathers didn't come out here to worship God. *Our* fathers came out here to catch fish!" The Parson had to go back to Mount Sinai for another base. If fish diet may have credit for the intellectual development of the descendants of the Puritans, why may not fishing account for the freedom of conscience now so largely enjoyed in Massachusetts?

— IT will be remembered that before the "Pilgrim" emigrants settled at Plymouth, in New England, they had sought in Holland a refuge from the ecclesiastical restrictions which they had experienced in England, and that they left Leyden, the place of their temporary sojourn, and

sought a new home in America, because they found that the laxity of the Hollanders In matters of church government endangered the preservation, in its purity and discipline, of their little congregation. Since Dutchmen have the reputation of not changing much in the course of one or two hundred years, we may accept testimony as to the objection taken by the Leyden Pilgrims against the Hollanders, from an English writer of the middle of Eighteenth Century, J. T. Phillips, Historiographer to his Majesty, who, from his relations to the king, cannot be supposed to have had much sympathy with Puritans.

In describing the public law of the United Provinces of Holland, etc., he says:

> Their religion hath the show of a Reformed Church, and their public services make a good face and presence of a Christian congregation; but otherwise they are mere receptacles of both Jew and Gentile. All sects and schisms are as free there as the religion publicly professed by the State; and a man may live there all his lifetime and be of no congregation, with impunity; for as there is no distinction of parishes, so every man may go to what church he list, or stay at home. It was in deliberation at Rotterdam whether they should admit the building of a synagogue. The Jews' children at Amsterdam, going to the common schools, do as confidently blaspheme in the presence and hearing of their school-fellows, the burghers' children, as if they were in a synagogue of their own nation; which liberty, as it begetteth a confluence of all sorts of people to the enlarging of trade and bringing profit to the public (for no man cometh thither but, by eating and sleeping, increaseth the excise), so it portendeth destruction and confusion. That which may be said in their excuse is, that the cause for which they have spent so much blood and yet fight for, being liberty of conscience, they should offend against the liberty which they have now gained to think of any church discipline, or constrain any man farther than his conscience doth lead him, and so, by bowing the crooked stick as far the contrary way they hope to make it straight in the end.

Phillips's book had some reputation in its day, being in some sort, a pioneer treatise on constitutional law, though it contains very little original matter, and is made up of a number of curious odds and ends, together with some important documents. It is entitled, "The Fundamental Laws and Constitutions of Seven Potent Kingdoms and States in Europe, viz.: Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Poland, England, Holland, and Switzerland, whereby may be seen how one of those Nations lost its liberties, and how the others have preserved them or bravely recovered them. *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*" London, 1752.

This obsolete authority on constitutional law showed himself, in one respect, more a philosopher than those who have succeeded him. He perceived the relation between the constitution and a stomach. THE GALAXY may claim the credit of having called attention, through Prof. Blot's truly scientific essays, to this phase of our constitutional development. Phillips was not above noticing the matter of victuals in the same work in which he treats of Magna Charta and the Golden Bull. From the manner in which he tells what the Hollanders had for dinner, it is clear that he knew that "Roast Beef of Old England," with plum pudding, was the bulwark of the British Constitution. We give his statement on this point, thinking that it may bear materially on the question why the Pilgrims would not stay with the Dutchmen, and more especially because it explains how buckwheat cakes became a Yankee institution. His Majesty's historiographer says further in relation to "The Politia of the United Provinces:"

> The ordinary and main bulk of victuals for the common sort is of four kinds, viz.: Pickled herrings, turnips, and butter, rincle, and a kind of pancake made of French wheat, called *bucquey de cocowe*. [Buckwheat cookies, *kuchen*—Dutch for cakes.] Few or none of the better sort eat roast meat; but their feeding is a hodge-podge of flesh and roots boiled in a pipkin. Many pipkins on the fire is an argument for a feast. They know no name for a loin of mutton or veal, or any other joint of meat, for they never have so much together. What they buy is by the pound, or in small gobbets for a hodge-podge.

The New Englander is commonly regarded as a dyspeptic animal. But may not the sojourn of "the Fathers" in Holland account for it? There it was, as we think they acquired the fatal fondness for buckwheat cakes—for what the stolid Phillips heard called "buckwheat cookies," and wrote down in his own French-Dutch as *bucquey de cocowe!* But, even if this is unfounded conjecture, what might not have been expected, in stomachs not fortified from infancy by schnapps, from pickled herrings, turnips and butter, and rincle.

— A WRITER in the present number of THE GALAXY expresses the opinion that the stage is a more potent teacher of morals than even the pulpit. That strikes us as a very extreme position. But it is somewhat noteworthy that the drama seems to be gaining favor in the quarter where it has hitherto been most opposed. We have already noted Mrs. Stowe's vigorous plea to the churches to fit up buildings "with scenery and a stage," for dramatic performances, and the exercise of "that histrionic talent of which there is so much lying unemployed." Tableaux have become one of the most noticeable features of many Sunday school fairs. In the town of Henry, Illinois, the performance of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" at the theatre there was recently announced from the pulpits, and the various congregations were advised to attend. Miss Logan lately gave her "Stage Struck" entertainment for the benefit of the Baptist church in Monmouth, in the same State, and the papers report that the inhabitants were glad "to see a pretty actress serving the cause of religion so heartily." The Young Men's Christian Union, of Boston, lately acted "Still Waters Run Deep," on the ground that it was an "entertainment of a moral and elevating character." Such examples as these go to confirm the idea that there is a division of sentiment in the religious world upon the subject of the moral uses of the drama. It seems to be reduced to a question of opinion as to the wisest method of action; and one portion holds firmly to the belief that experience has shown that the theatre cannot be separated from its corrupting surroundings, while the other holds that it can be so separated. It is a dispute, however, much older than our generation.

— WE have heard a good deal, lately, of "colored Conservatives" at the South. The organization of the Louisiana Legislature has put beyond question the fact that there are Black Democrats as well as Black Republicans in the country. Some of the former were elected to that Legislature, and one of them, named Sambola, "interrupted the Senate," according to the report, by his protests against the action of his Republican brethren. Sambo is the new Republican of the South, Sambola the new Democrat. When Sambola meets Sambo, then comes the tug of war.

— A CORRESPONDENT desires to correct what he considers two important errors of fact in the article in the July GALAXY on "The Church of the Future." The writer of that article declared that "the doors of the English churches were closed against Mr. Wesley," and again, "not a church in England was open to him." Our correspondent says:

> But a short time before Mr. Wesley's death, he was desirous of preaching in a village within the jurisdiction of (I believe) the Bishop of Oxford. There was no place convenient but the parish church. Recognizing him as a presbyter of the Church of England, the rector invited him to minister at its old familiar altar. Fearing to bring the rector into collision with his bishop, Mr. Wesley wished to decline; but his friends insisted, and finally, to settle the matter, application was made to the bishop for his consent. His reply was to the effect that Mr. Wesley, being a presbyter of the Church, could of course officiate if he so desired. He did so, and thus one of the last acts of his life was to preach in one of those churches whose doors, our writer says, were closed against him. A reference to Mr. Wesley's journal will prove the correctness of my statement. The first mention of it I read in the "Guardian," the official paper of the Church of England. The occasion of its being mentioned there was a comment upon the statement, so often brought forward, of Mr. Wesley's exclusion from the ministry of the church. I make no comment, but proceed at once to the second error. The writer speaks of the ordination of Mr. Coke to be bishop of the Methodist Church in this country. The fact is, Mr. Wesley authorized Mr. Coke to act simply as superintendent of his society in America, and when both Mr. Coke and Mr. Asbury assumed, upon no special ordination, the title of bishop, Mr. Wesley wrote them a most severe letter, condemning their action in the severest terms, and expressing his own conviction that it was a grave assumption and usurpation on their part. To prove more conclusively their own opinion concerning their action, let it be remembered that, when consulting with Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, concerning a reunion with the church, one of their stipulations was that they should be consecrated and placed as bishops over their old flock.

Drawn by Sol Eytinge.

"HURRAH!" SHE CRIED. "THE MAST!

THE GALAXY.

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KIT GRALE.

PART SECOND.

IV.

THE wind was fresh from the east; she had to beat out all the way to the light. The tide was past the full, the ebb setting out strongly helped her on. Coming to the inlet finally, the wind was dead ahead, and the tide running out swift as a mill-race. Running for the middle of the passage, she put the Foam up straight into the wind, drew the sail fore-and-aft, and drifted out slowly on the tide, in the teeth of the fresh breeze. The light-keeper gave her a "Good-day" as she passed; his great black Newfoundland bounded and barked on the shore, then plunged in and swam off to the boat. They all knew and liked Kit. She patted the dripping head that looked at her so friendly out of the waves. But she drove him off.

"Off, Tower, off, sir! I've no time for play. Poor boy—you'd help me if you could!"

She put the helm to starboard, slipped the sheet, then, bringing the boat up close to the wind, stood off half a mile on the port tack. Going about then, she ran down straight for the other inlet, worked through slowly against the ebb, and then went bowling on up Hilbury harbor, with a stiff breeze on the port beam.

Coming to the head of the harbor, she tied up her boat to the landing-place, letting the sail fly out. A strange boat lay close by, with "Bess Maynard" painted on the stern. Kit bought a few groceries at the shop near by, engaged Clif Crackel to take the Foam back home, and then walked up the road.

By this time it was half-past one. Hearing voices, she looked forward. Two men sat on a bench by the door of Mark Callowell's little shop; she knew them both. The great unwieldly, red-faced, and jolly-looking fellow on the right was Captain Tacitus Marlin. Few in Hilbury, however, knew him by that name. He had somehow got the nickname of "Whaler;" and it stuck to him as such things will. Everybody in Hilbury called him Cap'n Tass or Cap'n Tass Whaler. He had lived there all his life, off and on, until, a couple of years back, becoming too unwieldly for active life, he had gone to live with his married son, across the

Sound. Kit had known him as long as she could remember, and the old fellow had always been fond of the daring, wayward child. She went up to him now, and held out her hand.

"How do you do, Cap'n Tass?" she said.

He took his pipe from his mouth, stared a minute, then got up and gave her both his great paws.

"Shirks an' finbacks!" he said, shaking with a great inward laugh. "If it ain't little Kit gone an' growed a woman! How d'ye do, Kit? How d'ye do? Y'r lookin' thin, little un. That'll never do. Ye didn't never use to look thin, when you use to cut up round the old Kingfisher. What a wild un you was though, Kit! Glad to see ye, anyhow; glad to see ye."

She had eaten nothing since morning, little then. She felt faint. She would go in and buy some biscuits. She passed in. The two men went on with their talk. Kit could hear every word.

"Seen this here, Cap'n Tass?" It was Potter's voice.

"What? That poster? No, hain't looked at it partickler. Let's see. 'Thousan' dollars reward.' Hello! Guess I hev seen it. Got over here, eh, has it? Let's hear it, Tom, an' I'll tell ye 'bout it."

"'One thousand reward. The above reward will be paid by the subscriber, to any person who shall give such information as shall lead to the discovery of the schooner Onward, which was sunk by the steamer Ticonderoga, in a fog, on the morning of the 12th of March last, supposed at the time to be about four miles off Clerken Light, bearing S. E. half E. Information must be given personally to Garrett Ingram, High street, Rutherby.'"

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed Marlin. "Ho, ho, ho. That's the stunnin'est joke I ever see. Ho, ho, ho. Ain't it a good un, Tom? I never told ye, did I? Well, look here. I could take that there thousand if I liked, an' I won't hev it. I know where to put my finger on that schooner, but I won't. Know why? Cause if I make one thousan' out of it, Gat Ingram 'll make ten. An' ruther 'n that, I'd give a thousan' to keep him from findin' her. Me an' Gat Ingram ain't no frien's, we ain't. He sarved me a scaly trick on the banks once that I'll never forgive him. But that's a good un, that is—'off Clerken Light, four mile sou'-east half-east.' Haw, haw, haw. The fact is, Tom, they didn't nary one on 'em know where they was—the fog was so thick. I was out in the Bess that same arternoon, takin' a look at things, ye know. I cruised roun' a little an', takin' 'count of wind an' tide, an' the pint where the Ticondrogy run ashore, I made up my mind the schooner wasn't sunk 'off Clerken Light, sou'-east half-east.' I waited till dead low water, an' then run the Bess down where I thought was about the spot. Well, sir, ye wouldn't believe it, but I wasn't twenty foot out o' the line. It was more luck than anything, I've allus said, but, howsever, it was her an' no mistake. I didn't let on to nobody, though. Says I, I'll let 'em hunt for her awhile, then I'll get fifty dollars out of 'em for showin' where she lays. I put my mark on to her, ye see. Well, they scratched roun', dragged high an' low, an' never got near her. I went out an' watched 'em every day. Scratch away, my hearties, says I; bime-by I'll put in my oar. Well, I'd just about made up my mind to speak to the company that owned her, when I heerd how Gat Ingram had bought out their right in her on a spec. He offered fifty dollars reward right away, an' he's been huntin' fur her ever since. The reward's been a growin' bigger 'n bigger till it's got to what ye see. But it'll grow to ten

thousan' afore Tass Marlin shows Gat Ingram where the schooner lays in eighteen fathom at dead low water."

Kit had heard every word. She listened intently, unconscious of all else. There was hope in the words, only a faint gleam, a merest chance, but still hope, hope! The shopman was speaking to her. She started, she had not heard him.

"Your crackers, Miss. Ten cents."

She paid him and passed out.

"Cap'n Tass, will you walk with me?" she said. "I want to speak to you."

"I ain't just built for walkin', Kit," he said. But he got up and came with her. She led him down along the water-side.

"Cap'n Tass," she began. "I heard you speaking about the Onward. Don't you mean to show them where she is?"

He shook his head, gravely. "No, Kit, I can't do it. I've had all my dealin's along of Gat Ingram. He don't deserve it, Kit, no more he don't."

"You oughtn't to bear malice, Cap'n Tass. It isn't like you. 'Tisn't Christian."

"Well, I d'know, Kit. That's what my Jane says, an' she reads me a piece out o' the Book where it says how't a man 'd oughter cut up to a feller same's he'd be done by. An' I know tarnal well how I'd be done by, if Gat Ingram was to hev the doin' on't. Leastways I can't do it, and ther' ain't no use jawin' about it. It goes agin me to say no to ye, Kit, it allus did. An' ye've got enough to fret ye, anyway 'thout that. I've heerd how ye've come through the hards, little un, an' I'm sorry 'nough—ye know I'd be sorry fur ye, Kit. Lord knows I 'd help ye if I could! Poor Jack! I know'd him afore you was born, Kit—afore George Gladwin was drownded on Gull Reef. Never see two fellers take to other like them. Jack never got right over it—never been the same man since, though it's twenty-one year. Lord, how time flies, Kit! 'Pears sometimes it just flinders. It's a queer world—mighty queer. D'ye think I could help ye, little un? Poor Kit! Poor Kit!"

And he laid his big hand kindly on her head, and looked pityingly into her thin worn face. They were standing apart, in the shade of a tall old tree. She looked in his face and spoke—there was a gleam of hope in her eyes, a tremor of eagerness in her words. She told him the sad story, their troubles, her father's gloom, her own anxiety, her terrible fears.

"I feel there's no hope from the lawyer," she finished. "He's a hard, merciless man. And I can't go back without some help. Oh, I can't—I can't! I'm afraid, Cap'n Tass, I'm afraid. You know what I mean, I can't say it—it's too horrible. Oh, Cap'n Tass, you can help me, you can save him, if you will. Will you do it? Will you?—will you?"

"How can I, girl? Tell me how?"

She grasped his arm in her eagerness. Her face flushed hot. Her heart beat hard. There is help, there is hope, it cried; he will, he can't refuse. She could hardly speak the words, between fear and hope.

"Tell me how I can find the schooner!"

He shrank as if she had struck him. He had not guessed her meaning—it took him by surprise. He sat down on a log, took off his cap, wiped his wet forehead, looked at her doubtingly a minute, then he spoke.

"I'm taken all aback, Kit. I dun' know what to say. I can't do it—it's too much, it's too hard. You didn't ought to ask me, Kit, it aint right. I can't put

money in that man's pocket—he don't deserve it. Ye wouldn't ask me if ye knowed. Tain't like ye, girl, tain't like ye. Ask me anything else—I can't do that. What's more, I dun' know't I could find her now. She may 'a heeled over, tides may 'a shifted her, she may 'a settled deeper, somebody may 'a run over her and broke off the topm'st."

"Cap'n Tass," she said, pleading, as for her life. "Cap'n Tass, remember your old messmate. Do ye think John Grale would have let his pride stand in the way, if you were in deadly peril and he could save you by any means? Are you going to send me back to him to see him going day by day, till one day we'll miss him, and God knows what we'll find!" She shuddered and wrung her hands. "Oh, Cap'n Tass, you won't, you can't!"

He stood up before her, rubbed his forehead thoughtfully a minute, then threw his handkerchief into his cap and put it on tight. There was settled purpose in his face and gesture.

"God forgive me!" he said. "I didn't look at it so. Poor Jack! Poor Jack! We'll save him yet, Kit, you an' me—we'll save him yet. There's no time to spare. We'll go now. It is low water at four fifteen. We'll need our time. Go down to the Bess, Kit, an' wait for me."

He went over to the house where he was staying. Kit unfurled the Bess's sail, run it up and set it taut. Then Marlin came down with a jug of water and a brown-paper parcel, a shawl and a couple of coats over his arm. He stowed them under the deck, forward, threw off the line. The boat drifted off, swayed round before the wind.

"Take the tiller, Kit," he said. "This is your cruise. You're Cap'n, I'm only pilot."

The wind had hauled into the south-east, still veering southward. The clouds had cleared away, the sun shone bright and warm. The breeze was fresh, the boat filled away before it, went bowling down the harbor with the wind on her starboard quarter. The green hills dropped behind—dark woods, houses here and there, projecting points and little shaded coves. Kit steered—old Tass trimmed sheet.

No trouble in the inlet now, wind and tide astern. Kit sees the light on the bar, the long reach of water stretching away toward home. She wonders how things are getting on there. The worrying thought frets her sorely.

"Let her stan' close for Goose Neck P'int, Kit," says Tass, and trims the sheet a little closer.

On, across the broad bay, breezily now along the shore of the point; then the Neck drops behind; they are clear of the land. The boat rises and falls on the tumbling waves of the open Sound.

"Luff, Kit, luff a little: There—stiddy—keep her so," says Marlin. "Run your eye along the line o' the keel. Ye see that white spire on the north shore—east of the little village—on the hill, with the woods behind it? Keep her nose to that meetin'-house."

The wind veered steadily round through the southern quarter, blowing fresh and steady. On went the Bess before it, crowding ahead dancingly, making way swiftly, drawing the northern shore on nearer and plainer.

They ran in to within a couple of miles of the shore; the wind very nearly west, the sky clear.

"Hard a-port!" called Marlin, then. "Let her go about."

The boom swayed over, Tass slipped the sheet.

"So, Kit—keep her there. Square afore the wind."

They ran down the coast a mile or more.

"Port again, Kit—hard a-port—there! P'int her up a leetle more—stiddy—so-o-o! Ye see Goose Light, Kit? Keep her nose square for the tower. It's nigh onto dead-low tide now. We keep the line 'tween the church an' the light, an' if we're lucky, we'll sight about four foot o' yeller spar. Ther' ain't much of any drift, an' I think we'll hit it. Ther' ain't no need to look out till that 'ere clump o' cedars on the rocky p'int there to the west, bears square abeam to wind'ard. Arter that, look sharp."

They held on half a mile or so, on the same course, sailing close on the wind. Then the cedars drew on, gradually, until they stood off right abreast.

"Now then," Tass sung out. "Hold her stiddy an' keep your eyes about ye."

On they foamed, straight for the light, four keen eyes searching intently. But they saw no spar. Only the tumbling waves, seething, sunlit, and tipped with foam. On they went. Kit's heart sank. No mast in sight on either hand. Presently Marlin turned.

"Luff, Kit," he said, "hard a-lee! Put her about. We missed her that time. Guess she must 'a fell off to loo'ard, sailin' so clus to the wind. We'll hev a better chance afore it. Now then, full fur the spire; an' don't let her fall off, Kit—if anything, luff her a p'int."

The boat jibbed round, and filled away before the wind on the port quarter. Again they searched keenly, anxiously. They saw no spar; on they foamed. Kit's heart weighed like lead, and full of fear. The clump of cedars drew on only too swiftly. Another quarter of a mile, and they will be abreast! She stood up in her excitement, strained her sharp eyes—oh, how eagerly! She forgot the helm one moment; the boat's head fell away to lee. Tass did not notice. Suddenly he saw.

"Luff, Kit," he shouted—"hard a-lee! Hard, I say! you're off the course three p'ints."

She seized the tiller, but she did not luff. She jammed it hard to port. Her face was radiant as an angel's. She laughed and pointed east.

"Hurrah!" she cried—"hurrah! hurrah! The mast! the mast!"

Sure enough; there it was, the tip of a mast two feet above the tide. Never was sight more joyful to heart of man than these two feet of wave-washed spar in Kit's glad eyes that day!

They ran alongside. The tide was rising now; the waves washed over it every time. It was somewhat out of the line between light and spire. It was deeper in the water, too. But for Kit's momentary forgetfulness, they must have gone by, and missed it. It was hit or miss, the simplest accident decided—chance, providence, fate, what you will. Marlin tore a shred of old muslin—tied it to the mast.

"It'll help us next time, Kit," he said. "Now for Rutherby!—fifteen mile to wind'ard. Wind west, half no'the, an' pretty fresh. Put her about, Kit—hard a-lee—clus on the wind—there! Head her fur Kensel P'int. A long leg an' a short un."

Away they went, bowling breezily, bounding on the tumbling rollers. The sun sank behind the blue hills in the far north-west. Night drew on slowly. The light-house lanterns flashed out one by one; the dusk deepened; the brightness died out of the west; it grew chilly. Old Tass got out the shawl which he had brought for Kit. She wrapped it about her, and sat silent—steering on, on.

Old Tass sat a little forward on the weather side, his eyes wandering, his gray locks straggling from under his cap. He was a shrewd, kindly old fellow. Frank and free as the sea he loved, without its deceitful wiles. If he liked you, you had a friend through thick and thin. If you wronged him, you made an enemy for life—not treacherous, but fearless, and almost unforgiving. He sat idle, and let Kit steer; he knew she was harassed by anxious thoughts of her father, alone at home, and that it was charity to let her have this task, that necessitated continual watchfulness, and might partially dissipate her gloomy meditations. He felt, as he watched her askance, a strange mingling of pity and admiration. So they sped on. The full moon swung up out of the east, and silvered the crested waves. The island shore approached nearer and nearer. They opened Hilbury Bay after a while, and far in could see the gleam of the low light on the bar. Then Kensel Point drew on abeam, and hid it from sight. Their course was straight for Gull Reef. They ran close in; the white line of the wave-washed ledge stretched shoreward before them. Then Marlin said:

"Luff, Kit! Put her about! Luff a-lee!"

The wind had veered meanwhile more to the north of west. The boat payed off again on the starboard tack. Kit looked back at the long, low neck. Beyond that ridge, only two miles away as the crow flies, was her home. How she longed to know what was going on there—how she fretted herself with anxious fears! Would she have gone on then had she known what a day would bring forth upon that spray-white reef? She did not know; and the Bess went foaming on, northward, close to the wind.

The clocks in the town were striking the hour as they ran up Rutherby harbor through the anchored vessels, lying quietly head to wind, their red and green lanterns swinging in the fore-shrouds. It was two o'clock. They tied the boat to the pier, climbed out, and went away up the deserted street.

"Ye're quite clear, are ye, Kit," asked Marlin, "as to what I told ye as we come along, how ye'd best talk to Ingram?"

"Quite clear," said Kit.

They stopped at a small brick house. Marlin banged the knocker. A window opened above, and a head appeared.

"Who's that a knockin'? What d'ye want?"

"That's him, Kit," said old Tass. "Speak him rough."

"Do you want to find the Onward?" called Kit.

"Hold on a minute. I'll come down."

He opened the door presently.

"Have you found her?" he asked, eagerly. Then recognizing Marlin, who stood with his back turned, he asked rather sullenly,

"What do ye want o' me, Tass Marlin? I ain't been a doin' anythink to ye."

"Kit Grale," said old Tass without turning—there was a strange gleam in the old gray eyes, and a look of righteous wrath in his weather-beaten face—"ye may tell Gat Ingram that I've got nothin' to say to him, an' no dealin's with him. This is your affair, not mine."

"If you want to find the Onward," Kit said, "give me pen, paper, and a light."

He went in, Kit following, struck a light, brought writing materials. Marlin staid without. Kit sat down, took the pen and wrote. She was awkward with the pen, knew nothing of legal forms. She only knew that this money would

save a soul from death, if it was not too late, and that this man would cheat her of it if he could.

She handed him the paper. This is what he read:

RUTHERBY, July 20, 1858.

I hereby freely promise that, if I shall be shown, by Catharine Grale, of Kensel Point, the present position of the schooner Onward, and shall refuse or delay to pay immediately after to Catharine Grale, so showing, the advertised reward, I will pay to her an additional sum of equal amount ten days from date.

"I won't sign it," he said. "D'ye think I'm a robber, Miss?"

"Then I've nothing more to say," she said. She walked out.

"Come, Cap'n Tass," she said. "He doesn't want the schooner."

They started down the street. Ingram came running out.

"Hold on!" he called. "What's the good o' bein' so sharp? I'll sign the cursed paper, 'f ye'll gimme a chance."

Two hours later, they were in the Bess, in line with Goose Neck Light and the white spire. They found the mast without much trouble. Then they ran into the nearest harbor, went all three to a tavern. Ingram counted out the money, grudging every coin. Kit gave him the paper he had signed, and he went away. Kit and old Tass were together again alone. It was past eight. He made her eat some breakfast, and saw her safely off in the 8:30 express.

V.

ARRIVING in the city, she went directly to a shop in Holly street, where she knew a young man from Hilbury was clerk. Tom Denham was very glad to see Kit, as most who knew her were. He was homesick—poor boy!—in that great Babel, and the sight of a home face did him good. Kit told him she would like to have him go with her, as witness to a little matter of business; and, trade being dull, he easily obtained leave of absence.

"I'm going to Bullion lane, Denham," she said—"No. 209. I don't know the way. You'll show me."

Tom was only too proud. They found the place easily enough. Mr. Wyckel was in. He rose politely to receive them, made them sit down, believed he had not the honor of their acquaintance, could he serve them in any way?

"My name is Catharine Grale," said Kit. "You hold a mortgage against some property of mine."

His manner changed at once.

"Ah, yes, I do; let me see," referring to a note-book. "'Mortgage—Haliburton farm—due June 2, 1858, for $500—default made—demand sent June 22—no answer—motion to foreclose filed July 13th.' Well, young woman, what have you got to say? Suppose you've come to beg off. I know the dodge—ruin and despair. Pretty face down on bended knee—hair pulled down—eyes rubbed red—sham tears. It's all in the story books. But I tell you beforehand it's no use trying it on me. I'm too old a bird. I tell you I want my money, and I'm going to have it. The court will grant a decree of foreclosure in a few days. Then you'd better look out for other lodgings. That's all, I believe."

"Not quite," said Kit. Her face flushed hot with pride and scorn. Her lips were white, her teeth firm set. "Not quite all, Abraham Wyckel. I despise

your base imputations. Do your worst. I wouldn't take a penny from your hand if I died. Only a coward would strike a man that's down already. Only a brute would trample on him. But I defy you. You will not sell us out!"

"By heaven, I will!" he swore, rising in wrath. "Who'll hinder me?"

"I will," she answered, quiet and firm.

"You will? Ha, ha! that's good," he laughed. "How'll you do it, my lady?"

"Here and now," she said, "I offer you payment in full of all debts, interest, and costs. Here is the money. Make out the bill."

She took out the gold and laid it on the table. The lawyer was utterly abashed—shamed, humbled. He turned away to hide his face—sat apart and wrote the bill. He handed it to her without a word. Debt, interest, costs, disbursements, it read, six hundred and odd. She counted out the money, pushed it across the table with the bill.

"Receipt it," she said.

She put the receipt and the rest of the money into her pocket. Without a word she went out with Denham.

"By George, Kit!" says Tom; "didn't you cut up rough though?"

The angry flush went from her face. She laughed; she could have danced in the street. She had been thirty hours already in constant action in the open air. She felt no weariness; indeed, she was rested more than she had been these months. She felt fresh and light as a bird. The debt paid off, principal and interest—three hundred and odd in hand to start afresh! The thought made her bound and laugh. What would he think? What would he say? How he would laugh when she told him the story! She bade Tom good-by. Now for home! She longed to fly—home, home! She ran along, threading her way through the press and throng—down Bullion, up Ship. She forgot that the boat did not leave for hours. She went aboard and waited. She could not read or sit. She walked about—wore away the time as she might. At last they got off. At the second landing—the water was low—the steamer stuck fast on the bar. There was no help for it; they must wait till the tide went down and rose again. The delay was annoying enough to any one. It fretted Kit sorely. But the time passed, though very wearily.

It was eight o'clock when the gangway was thrown out at Willowtree Dock. Kit hurried ashore and ran away up the road. It was high tide; the calm waters rippled and gleamed in the moonlight, through the trees that fringed the road. Her heart was full of anxiety. She longed yet feared to know how things got on at home. She ran along quickly. Turning a bend, she could see the poplars before the house, the white beach below them. But the Foam was nowhere to be seen. A vague dread strikes to her heart. Where could it be? Where could it be? Clif Crackel might not have brought her home. Kit hoped so, but feared. She ran up to the house, looked in at the window. There was no one in the living room. She went in, ran to the kitchen. Bridget sat there alone. Her eyes were red; she had been crying.

"Where's father, Bridget?" she asked, eagerly.

"Oh, miss, an' it's meself that's glad for the sight o' yeze. Shure, yere pa has took on dreffle bad iver since ye wint, intirely. He stayed about, moodsome like, an' actin' quare. He'd sit wid his hid in his han's, an' think an' think; an' often I'd hear him a-sayin', 'she hadn't ought to 'a left me, she hadn't ought to 'a left me alone.' 'Dade, thin, an' I tried to chare him. 'Shure, sir,' says I,

'ye should take heart.' But he wouldn't hear to it. 'It's no good, Bridget,' he says. 'There's no help—no help.' I was 'feared he'd be after doin' somethin' afore ye'd get home. But he samed more charefuller like to-night, bein' he expicted ye. But when ye didn't come, he got gloomy again. He come in forninst the door afther a bit, an' says he, brighter than he'd been, 'Bridget,' says he, 'I'm goin' to bed. If Miss Kit comes in, till her I was tired and couldn't wait. Good night, Bridget,' he says, 'ye've been a faithful girl to us, an' God'll reward ye.'"

There was a welcome home for you, friend. Pray heaven you may never come home to the like!

Kit ran up the stairs, listened at the door, heard no sound. She opened it ajar, listened again. That was still sleep—no breath, no sigh. She pushed the door open, went in. The bed was smooth—no one had lain there that night. She wrung her hands one moment. "Too late!" she cried. "Too late, too late! Gone—gone!"

Then she fled away—out of the house, through the side-gate, over to the barn. She stifled the despairing cry. "Hope!" she cried, silently—"hope yet! The reef! the reef!" The horses stand at their racks munching their hay. The moonlight streams in at the wide door—lies white by lines of shade on the littered floor. Robert whinnies to her, shaking his head, welcoming her home. Still, Robert, stand! no time for play! She slips the bridle over his ears—let the throat-latch hang! No time to saddle—Death rides fast. Who rides with him need not tarry—fling leg and away, and spare not! She leads him out, opens the gate of the lane, leaps up, and away. The long, steep hill is before them. Up they go, bounding, bounding. On the right the Early Bow apples hang ripe, the locust thicket stands dark on the left. They pass the pond on the left—Robert pants up the steep. Over the ridge now the road lies level before them. Braver horse, truer heart never rode tilt together.

Cheerily, cheerily, Robert! Speed! speed! Gallop as you never galloped before—gallop for life or death! The pale horse runs before—so pale that none may see. His hoofs make no sound, his phantom rider utters no cry. But his pace is terribly swift—he stays not for fence or wall!

Forward, brave Robert—to save, to save! Nobly he gallops and free. His nostrils are flame; his heart and his pulse on fire; nerve and sinew of steel. The rein flies free! The girl leans forward on his glossy neck, clings, and urges him on. Free and wild he runs—head low, neck curved, mane flying, nostrils wide. His shod hoofs clatter on the scattered stones, thunder on the trodden turf. His fore legs double under him, supple as springs of steel; shoot out before, sharp and swift as their recoil. His haunches come forward under him, swift and strong as steam, keen as a piston's throb—hurl him on like light.

The hay-barrack leaps behind. The level fields slide back on either hand. Sheep-bells tinkle sweetly on the night; lambs bleat and mothers cry. A minute ago all was calm; now a wild gale whirls by. The roar of stormy seas is in her ears—in her heart a wild despair. O God! it cries, give help! give help! Faster, brave Robert, faster! Speed! speed!

The lane lies level for half a mile, smooth and firm as a course, the racer as keen as a hound. Half a mile, half a mile, swift and straight as an arrow's flight, with the fiery power and heave of a railway engine. The long, green line of turf whirls under their flying feet. Field after field, field after field.

The gate stands open at the farther end; thank heaven for that! Through

it they dart like a flash—through it and on. Through the stump-field the road winds now; sweeps round to the left through the hollow. Horse and rider bound on. Down the decline with a rushing plunge, bound through the hollow with a fiery sweep. The blackberry vines trail round the stumps right and left. Under the leaves the fruit lies ripe and sweet. On they go. Up, now, out of the hollow, striding fiercely, laboring a little in the soft, new ground, a cloud of dust trailing behind.

Through the gate, now, at the farther end, into the wood beyond. For the next half-mile the road is a slight descent, winding among the trees. Down it goes Robert, flying, running keen and free, doubling, striding fierce as fire. The tree-boughs arch the path. The green leaves brush Kit's face; her cheek is wet with dew. A sharp branch cuts her mouth; it bleeds, but she knows it not. Trampling, trampling, on they fly. Round the curves with a great sweep, through tunnels of blackness like a clattering train, where the trees stand close. On, like a flight, through bars and sprays of mottled moonlight.

Round a bend, now, with a swing. An opening leaps into sight—the end of the wood, the gate of the meadow lands. The gate is shut. They are close upon it in their mad career. Robert scarcely avoids a collision—comes to a halt with a fearful plunge. Instantly Kit is off, more thrown than willing, staggers, and almost falls. The gate leaps open. Up again and away. Down through the sloping meadows, riding wild. Up again, striding, striding, double and bound. The gate of the wood beyond stands wide. Through it they tramp—sharp round to the left, with a plunge. Sharp to the right again, instantly after, past the chip-strewn opening, where the woodmen hew railway ties. Up there on the left is the blackberry hill, a matted thicket of standing vines, heavy and sweet with the luscious fruit. The great trees stand apart; the moonlight spinkles through. Rider and horse fly on, like a swallow's skimming flight. The shod hoofs clatter and tramp.

The pathway swerves to the right. The ground sinks on the left, parts in two shoreward ridges. The road runs down the right. A shallow valley drops between, widens, opens broad and clear of trees. There lie the salt-grass meadows, dotted with pools, grown thick with the rank salt grass. Yonder she sees the line of the beach that rose above the plain of the meadows, and hid is the Sound beyond.

On they tramp—brave horse, brave, eager heart!—up a slight rise with a lift. Gaining the level, they turn a bend. Right before them, not twenty rods away, the bars stand, five rails high. One instant Kit deliberates, no more. Every second is precious. A minute may lose her the race. The pale horse gallops terribly swift, stays not for fence or wall! Shall she wait to let them down? She can't—she can't! She shuts her eyes, clings closer, cries an unworded prayer, urges the brave horse on. He understands, sees what is to be done; he will do it if mettle can. Kit holds her breath, and clings. She feels herself hurtled forward in a wilder spurt of speed, then lifted and borne through the air with one great flying bound. They strike with a heavy rebound. Robert staggers a little; Kit is near being flung to the earth, but she clings with a desperate strength and keeps her seat. Robert gathers himself together again, strides on as keen as before.

The bars are behind, and the track is clear all the way now—all the way. The footing changes; it is sand now, soft sea-sand. Ah, there is the opening just ahead, the gleam of water beyond! The bushes leap back on either hand;

rider and horse as one, shoot out from the gap as from a bow. Through the white, fetlock-deep sand, over the stony ridge, the fierce rush carries them—down the sloping tide sands—into the very wave. Whoa, Robert, whoa! Gently—gently! Brace your brave feet in the dripping sands; swerve to the right, to the east.

Away to the east there—a mile away—along the lonely shore, you see Gull Reef, stretching out from the land. At the farther end, partially hidden behind that highest rock, gleaming white in the moon's white light, what do you see? A sail! A sail! What is it? What does it mean? Kit knows. It means life and hope—hope yet! Her heart leaps up. There is hope, there is hope, it cries. Thank God! Thank God!

But they must not stay now or spare. On, again, on. Forward, brave Robert; speed, speed! Stride as you never strode, gallop with fire, double and spring with might. For life, for life! Freely and wild he runs. Pulse and heart of fire, nostril and flank aflame, fibre and nerve of steel, power of steam! Eyes wide and shot with blood, each breath a fiery gasp, each spring the leap of a wild chamois!

Oh, the mad rush of that ride for life! Will she ever forget the hurling flight between sea and shore, the gale on her cheek, the hurricane in her ears?

A mile! a mile! Between sea and shore, on the firm tide-sands. And still the pale horse runs before with his ghastly skeleton rider. Faster, Kit, faster yet! Pray God they be not too late! Summer breezes, flee from before, waft them on from behind! Shelving sands, clog not the steed's brave feet; give him smooth footing, and firm! Tide-ripples, wash up and lave his hot hoofs! Hasten them, earth and air—help them, for life's sweet sake!

On they dash, hoofs clattering like hail. Kit's eyes are on the sail; she sees only that. The moonlight lies calm and white. The summer waters murmur on the sliding sands. No life on that lonely shore, save only the one mad flight. High banks leap up on the right, a hundred feet sheer. Beyond, in the wood, Kit hears the whippoorwill's mournful song, the owl's uncanny cry. The sound makes her shudder—so weird, so wild! it sounds like an omen of death. Half of the mile is behind. The reef draws nearer—nearer every stride. The boat swings slowly round the high rock into sight; the sail flaps over. Kit sees a human form. A man lies forward on the little deck, leaning over the side, gazing intently down through the shimmering deeps. She shudders, but hopes. That is not the action of a sane man, but it is a posture of life, not of death.

Quick, Robert, quick! Faster, faster! The ledge draws on. The end is near. The horse writhes forward to a wilder pace. Every nerve charged, every cord, every fibre strung, takes the last quarter-mile with a maddened rush, goes home with the swoop of a hawk. Straight for the ledge they stride. 'Ware! 'ware! They will dash on the rocks—but, no. She sees it all. She guides him with a touch—just in time. He swerves to the left, straight into the wave, deep, deep, comes to a halt with a staggering plunge. She is flung headlong into the water by the shock, but rises instantly, dashes the brine from her eyes, leaps up on the nearest rock.

Robert stands still, breast deep, looking after her, panting terribly, trembling like a palsied hand. Good Robert, your work is done, but the end is not yet. The pale horse stays not for rock or wave; land and sea are alike to him! Kit must finish the race on foot, and over a breakneck path—you can help her no more, brave horse.

Over the ledge she goes, leaping from rock to rock, climbing, wading, slipping, falling, rising again, cut and bruised—heeding not, struggling, scrambling on.

Quick, Kit, quick—for the love of heaven!

The pale horse has won the race. The ghastly phantom is at Grale's side. It whispers in his ear, "George calls—George calls. Go to him. Go to your friend, where is rest and peace!" A mocking devil looks up at him out of the shimmering wave—it wears George Gladwin's face. It beckons him—it is George's familiar gesture. He hears his voice—it is soft and low, it entreats. "Come, John,—come, come!"

Quick, Kit—for love's sake, quick!

He leaps up on his feet.

"I'm coming, George," he cries—"coming, coming!"

He lays off his coat—the instinct of orderly habit with him still in his madness. He leans over again—looks down.

"I'm coming, George," he cries, again—"coming, coming!"

He straightens up for the plunge. One moment more!

Two light feet leap into the boat. Two arms go round his neck.

"Father, father," she cries, "come home, come home!"

He turns his face upon her—a strange face, haggard and wild. He struggles, makes as though he would strike her. She shudders, but does not shrink. She locks her hands together, clings to him fiercely. He looks into the loved face keenly. The wildness dies out of his eyes. The power of madness goes from him. He sinks down, she clinging to him.

"I've paid the mortgage, father." She shows him the glittering coins. "See, father—gold, gold!"

He looks at her steadfastly—looks and listens. Is it the clink of the gold he hears? its yellow gleam that he sees? No. Not the red gold. He hears a loved voice, unspeakably sweet in his ears. He sees a thin, white face that is dearer to him than life. The voice and the face of true love!

He knows her now. A peaceful look comes into his eyes, a smile plays feebly upon his lips. His head sinks back in her arms, rests on the true, tried heart—the heart that has been more to him than brother, more than sweetheart, more than wife!

"God bless ye, Kit," he murmurs. "I'm glad ye've come home."

Saved! Saved!

Murmur it, winds of summer night, waft it to sea and shore! Tide ripples tinkle it to rock and wet sea sands! Green leaves, rustle and tell the tale! Green grass, bend and whisper it to sweet wild flowers! Chime it, sweet sheep-bells, in the pasture fields! Whippoorwill, hush your mournful call, warble a gladder song!

Saved! Saved!

JAMES T. MCKAY.

THE ANNALS OF ANGLING.

THE custom of catching fish is as old as the world, and the taking of them with the angle may be traced directly to the times of Homer and the Hebrew prophets. The love of the sport seems to be an inherent element in humanity. In all ages and in every clime, the little boy, without another thought, and the gray-headed man, bending under the weight of many cares, have both alike delighted in the companionship of the murmuring streams. The why and wherefore of all this, who can divine? May it not be that, as the sighing of the wind, which comes to us from we know not where, is that particular voice of nature which invites the mind to meditate upon the future life beyond the grave, so do the voices of flowing and falling waters take the fancy captive, and tell us to be pure in heart and happy while we may?

Turning aside from the many sacred and profane writers who have incidentally paid their respects to fish and the art of catching them, we propose to give a summary of the ancient authors who have written upon the subject in question, as well as an account of the later annals of angling, and a glance at a few of the more famous of modern anglers. About twenty-one hundred years have passed away since Theocritus lived in Syracuse, and he was the poet who, in an idyl, first celebrated the mysteries of angling. His story has two heroes, both of whom were Greek fishermen, and in view of the proverbial habit of the craft, it is a little singular that their exploits should be mixed up with *dreams*. Another Greek poet, named Oppian, wrote a work on "The Nature of Fishes, and the Fishing of the Ancients." It was divided into five books, two of which discussed the nature and habits of fish with the accuracy of a naturalist, and the three others the art of fishing. This work was paraphrased in Greek prose, and translated into the Latin and English tongues. A Greek author named Ælian, sometimes styled the "honey-tongued, also wrote a treatise on "Fish and Fishing," and it is a remarkable fact that he devoted a chapter to the custom of angling with the artificial fly; and modern critics have supposed that the speckled fish to which he alludes was either a trout or grayling, and with regard to the lure in question, the opinions seem to be divided between a large mosquito and the common mayfly. A treatise on fish, written by Aristotle, occupies a high position among the learned; he recognizes no less than one hundred and seventeen varieties, and describes, with great minuteness, all their characteristics.

Among the Romans the propensity for catching fish and feasting upon them was even more general than among the Greeks, and, like Johnson and Byron in modern times, such Roman authors as Polycrates and Lamprias levelled the shafts of their ridicule at the angling fraternity of their time. When a man like Lucullus went ahead of his neighbors and became a kind of piscatorial snob by building fancy fish ponds, even Cicero could not refrain from having his sarcastic fling at him; and Varro did not mince matters in making something like

minced meat of his fish-loving friend, Hortensius. Notwithstanding that fact Varro wrote learnedly on the subject of fish and fish-ponds, and so also did Columella, as well as such men as Martial (who was a sportsman) and Pollux. Pliny, in his "Natural History," devoted an entire book to the nature, habits and localities of fish; and a Latin poet named Ausonius, was the first man who mentioned the salmon by the name which it now bears.

In 560, a piscatory bard named Toliesin made his appearance in Wales and wrote a poem on the importance of protecting the salmon streams of his country. Nor were the fathers and the saints of the Romish Church behind the wicked of the world in recording their views on matters piscatorial. One St. Isidorus, of Spain, gave an account of the fish and rivers of that country; and, not many years ago, a manuscript book was found in France which was supposed to have been written in the year 1000; it was divided into twenty-two chapters, and its main object seemed to be to prove that fishermen had been singularly noticed by Divine approbation. In 1350, one Juan Ruiz published, in Spain, a Lenten poem, in which the fish are arrayed in mortal strife with the beasts, and in which the poor quadrupeds are utterly overthrown and vanquished; and the most complete account of the various modes and instruments of fishing, during the middle ages, was written by an author named Du Cange.

Toward the close of the Fourteenth Century, that is, in 1496, a new impetus was given to the recreation of angling, and an important acquisition made to that species of literature, by the publication, in England, of the "Treatyse of Fysshinge with an Angle," from the pen, as it is supposed, of Jane Juliana Berners, a prioress of the Nunnery of St. Albans. It was the first piscatorial volume ever issued in England, and almost the only one ever written by a woman. It contained a very rough wood-cut of a man catching a fish, and a few fac-similes of the crude hooks in use at the time. In 1558 a physician residing in Rome, named Hippolito Salviani, published a philosophical work of five hundred pages, in which he gave a full and accurate account of the nature and habits of fish, which work was illustrated by no less than one hundred copper-plate engravings. About the same period, quite a number of Italian writers treated the art of angling in a sentimental strain; but in 1584 a work appeared in Venice on the Fish, the Rivers, and Scenery of Italy, from the pen of Antonio Ongaro, in which the fact was first mentioned that the trout were in the habit of mating with each other in the months of July and August. This writer also held the opinion that the trout family were, to a great extent, subject to a kind of domestic government, in which the largest fish held despotic sway. It was during that century also that Conrad Gesner, the Swiss naturalist, became noted as an author, and in his writings paid much attention to fishes. In Venice, in 1576, there was published a book of fishing songs, and for several years thereafter songs and squibs bearing upon the art piscatorial were of frequent occurrence throughout Italy. The next two leading productions in this department of literature made their appearance in England; the first was, "A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line," etc., published by Leonard Mascall in 1590, and the second, "Certain Experiments Concerning Fish and Fruit," by John Tavener, Gent., and issued in 1600. From this last date until 1653 the only books of note which come within the scope of our catalogue are as follow: "A Work of Research and Speculation on the Medical Properties and Instincts of all the Known Classes of Fish," by Caspar Schwenkfield; The Piscatory Eclogues of an Italian named James Sannazarius, which are known to the English reader

through the translations of Pope; a work by Giovanni Villifranci; another, descriptive of the Arno, in which the author asserts that Michael Angelo was a devoted angler; a Handbook of Fishing, published at Amsterdam; a Book of Fishing Songs, by a Dutchman named Jacob Cats, who was the first to discuss the charms of fishing by torchlight; Piscatory Eclogues, by an Italian Jesuit named Nicolas Perthenius; Piscatory Eclogues, by Phineas Fletcher, as well as a Piscatory Drama; Michael Dayton's Poem on the Severn; the "Secrets of Angling," etc., in poetry, by J. Davors, who was a man of deep thought, and very much of a philosopher: he claimed for a real adept this whole catalogue of Christian virtues—faith, hope, charity, humility, courage, knowledge, peaceableness, and temperance, and was the real founder of that particular style of writing which was brought to great perfection by Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton in the "Complete Angler," first published in 1653.

Here it becomes us to pause. More than two hundred years have elapsed since the appearance of the "Complete Angler and Contemplative Man's Recreation." Notwithstanding all that had been previously written upon the subject, it was the first systematic and satisfactory treatise on angling, and, with the second part added to it by Charles Cotton, is yet without an equal in any of the modern languages, whether we consider the elegant simplicity of its style, its sweetness, its natural grace, its invention, the ease and unaffected humor of the dialogue, the lovely scenes which it delineates, the enchanting pastoral poetry which it contains, the morality which it inculcates, and the happy intermixture of graver strains with quaint quotations from history and the precepts of the art to which it is devoted. The first edition was illustrated with engravings by Lombart, and the motto of it was as follows: "Simon Peter said, 'I go a fishing;' and they said, 'We also will go with thee;'" but in succeeding editions Walton thought proper to omit it, which was undoubtedly a judicious conclusion. The book is not one calculated to interest the mere matter-of-fact fisherman, but will always delight the scholar, the true lover of nature, and the contemplative angler. Although Walton was familiar with everything translated into English, he was not what we call a scholar, as his many classical allusions might lead us to suppose; but that he was a deep thinker and a clear writer, there can be no doubt. He was an industrious and frugal tradesman, as well as a painstaking collector of historical facts connected with men or systems which had enlisted his feelings. He was a very dutiful son of the Church of England, and lived on terms of intimacy with the most gifted of prelates and poets of his age; and his lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, are among the gems of biographical literature. He was well versed in the study of the Bible and in ecclesiastical, civil, and natural history, and possessed a correct judgment respecting poetry. The simplicity and natural elegance of his style of writing have been, and ever will be, more admired than successfully imitated. He was a devoted lover of nature, and ever listened to her teachings with the humbleness of a child; he was a good Christian man, carried a gentle heart, and lived with his eye of faith fixed upon the home of the happy beyond the grave; and was indeed the most worthy father and master of that art, about which he wrote one of the most delightful and fascinating of books, for which all true anglers will forever honor and revere his name.

By reference to the proper records, and without going outside of the English language, we find, that since the time of Walton, there have been published in England and the United States no less than *four hundred* works immediately

connected with the history of fishes and the art of angling. Merely to read all these books would require a long life; and as they form a part and parcel of this sublunary world, we may venture the opinion that a very large proportion of them are commonplace imitations, merely technical in character, or without any original merit.

The pets of our own library are as follows:

Adventures of a Salmon in the River Dee. By a Friend of the Family (William Ayrton). London, 1853.
Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle. By C. D. Badham. London, 1854.
Angling Literature of all Nations. By Robert Blakey. London, 1856.
Book of the Salmon. By Ephemera (Edward Fitzgibbon). London, 1850.
The Moor and the Loch. By John Colquhoun. Edinburgh, 1851.
Salmonia; Or, Days of Fly-Fishing. By Sir Humphrey Davy. London, 1828.
The British Angler's Manual. By T. C. Hofland. London, 1839.
The Angler in Wales. 2 vols. By Thomas Medwin. London, 1834.
The Erne: Its Legends and Fly-Fishing. By Rev. Henry Newland. London, 1851.
Forest Scenes in Norway and Sweden. By Rev. Henry Newland. London, 1854.
The Practice of Angling in Ireland. By O'Gorman. 2 vols. Dublin, 1845.
Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing. By William Scrope. London, 1843.
The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland. By Thomas Todd Stoddart. London, 1847.
Lays of the Deer Forest. By J. S. & C. E. Stuart. Edinburgh, 1848. 2 volumes (second volume especially.)
History of British Fishes. By William Yarrell. 2 vols. London, 1835.
The Rod and the Gun. By James Wilson. Edinburgh, 1840.
The Sportsman in Ireland. 2 vols. London, 1840.
Wild Sports of the West. By W. H. Maxwell. London, 1850.
Highlands and Islands. By W. H. Maxwell. London, 1852.
Wild Sports and Natural History in the Highlands. By Charles St. John. London, 1849.
Recreations of Christopher North. With other sporting contributions to Blackwood's Magazine from his pen. By John Wilson. 12 vols. Edinburgh, 1857.
Two Summers in Norway. 2 vols. By Belton. London, 1840.
Scandinavian Adventures. By L. Lloyd. 2 vols. London, 1856.
Sporting Adventures in the New World. By Campbell Hardy. 2 vols. London, 1855.
The Sea and River Fisheries of New Brunswick. By Moses H. Perley. Frederickton, 1852.

As will be observed, we make no mention in the foregoing list of any American books on angling, unless we except the work of the late Mr. Perley, which is in reality a geographical history of the fishes found in the British American provinces. The fact is, the first and best book devoted to angling which has yet appeared in this country was published by a dealer in fishing tackle named John J. Brown, in 1849. It was entitled "The American Angler's Guide," and if not entirely original, possessed the rare merit of being unpretending. The "Fish and Fishing of the United States," by H. W. Herbert, was the production of a professional book maker, and in many respects a mere rehash of English publications. One or two piscatorial books by R. B. Roosevelt, are readable, but sensational and unreliable. But more ambitious than either of the preceding is the "American Angler's Book," by T. Norris. This, also, is a rehash or conglomeration of other people's ideas and experiences, though a goodish, handsomely printed, and entertaining volume notwithstanding. But the best contributions to the literature of angling in the United States are to be found incidentally introduced in the writings of such men as George W. Bethune, Henry Ward Beecher, James T. Headley, S. H. Hammond, William C. Prime, Alfred B. Street, W. Elliott, and for the sake of his single song about the "Hermit Trout," we must add William P. Hawes. In Canada, the leading authority on the fishes of the country is J. M. Le Moine.

From what we have thus far written, the uninitiated reader will perceive that the annals of angling occupy a conspicuous position in the polite literature of

the world. For us, who have an affection for the art, it would only be a pleasure to set forth its various attractions in all their force and beauty; but this is hardly the time and place for so doing. We may with propriety, however, conclude our "disjointed chat" by passing in review the more distinguished men who have in recent times prided themselves on being considered the disciples of Isaac Walton.

And first, as to Sir Humphrey Davy. He was devoted to fly-fishing, and enjoyed the recreation in a greater number of countries than any other man of his time. He resorted to it by way of relaxing his mind from the strain laid upon it by his scientific investigations, as well as for the preservation of his health, and his charming work entitled "Salmonia" is an evidence of what a man of genius may sometimes do while suffering from long-continued ill health. The key-note of all that he has left us on the subject of angling is, perhaps, contained in this single sentence: "It carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; among the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or make their way through the cavities of calcareous rocks."

William Paley was another man of note who, while accomplishing wonders as a theologian and a philosopher, found time and took pleasure in wandering with rod in hand along the beautiful rivers of England. He was so much attached to this amusement that, when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good humor, "My Lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over," as if this had been the business of his life.

And there, too, was the greatest naval hero of England, whose love of fly-fishing was only equalled by his skill in wielding a rod, which he continued to do with his left hand after he had lost the other in battle. Many things connected with this man were affecting; but the following anecdote related to Walter Scott by a friend, will touch the heart of the most careless reader:

"I was," said the friend, "at the Naval Hospital at Yarmouth on the morning when Nelson, after the battle of Copenhagen (having sent the wounded before him), arrived at the roads, and landed on the jetty. The populace soon surrounded him, and the military were drawn up in the market place ready to receive him; but, making his way through the crowd, and the dust, and the clamor, he went straight to the hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanor to the sailors. He stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheerful to say. At length, he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying who had lost his right arm, and the following dialogue passed between them:

"*Nelson.* 'Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?'

"*Sailor.* 'Lost my right arm, your honor.'

"Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said, playfully:

"'Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen. Cheer up, my brave fellow.' And, as the great admiral passed along, the sailor's eyes sparkled with delight."

Walter Scott, as all men know, was also a fisherman. In his youth and early manhood he wetted many a line among the lone glens of Scotland, and later in life, when killing himself by work, he loved to pilot his friends and guests from Abbotsford to his favorite pools on the Tweed. He took pleasure in the companionship of anglers, whether of gentle blood or whether they lived as subordinates on his estate; and, like the honest keeper in the New Forest, when he

endeavored to form an idea of paradise, he always supposed a trout stream going through it. In his novels he frequently makes mention of fishermen and their calling. One of the finest reviews he ever penned was on his friend Davy's "Salmonia;" and, in spite of his extensive labors with the pen, he found time to edit, with copious notes, and reprint, in 1821, a curious book on local geography and angling, by Richard Franck, originally published in 1694. According to his recorded opinion, "the art of fly fishing is peculiarly seductive, requires much ingenuity, and yet is easily reconciled to a course of quiet reflection, as, step by step, we ascend a devious brook, opening new prospects as we advance, which remind us of a good and unambitious man's journey through the world, wherein changing scenes glide past him with each its own interest, until evening falls and life is ended."

A frequent guest at Abbotsford was no less famous a man than Francis Chantry, who seldom or never went into the country without carrying his fishing tackle; and Scott testifies that he had seen him when he had taken two salmon on the same morning, and could well believe that his sense of self-importance exceeded twenty-fold that which he felt on the production of any of the masterpieces which have immortalized him.

But the man, above all others, who, since the time of Walton, has done most to foster a love of nature and of angling in the hearts of the people of Saxon blood, was John Wilson. The sporting chapters which he published in "Blackwood's Magazine" for so many years, have never been equalled in their wild and rampant, but, at the same time, gentle beauty; and to blot them out of the literature of England, would be like sinking in the depths of ocean the whole of Switzerland. He delighted, as he himself says, and as all the world well knew, in every kind of fishing, from the whale to the minnow. Not content, apparently, with what he could accomplish as John Wilson, he must needs send forth a counterpart or off-shoot from himself in the shape of Christopher North, whereby he could enjoy a double amount of sport, and produce in writing a double amount of his experiences. With him, as his accomplished daughter has written, the passion for sport, and especially angling, was developed at an age when most little boys are still hardly safe beyond the nurse's apron strings.

Another man deserving mention in this connection is R. Gordon Cumming, the celebrated African traveller, and, without exception, the most famous hunter of modern times. Salmon fishing was his favorite amusement in Scotland for many years before he entered the army, and after his extended and wonderful experiences in the wilds of Africa, he gave it as his opinion that the pleasure of capturing a salmon in the Tweed was more intense and satisfactory than any he had ever enjoyed in killing the elephant, the giraffe, or rhinoceros in the mimosa groves of Africa.

Among the nobility and the gentry of England, the custom of fly-fishing for salmon and trout is well-nigh universal, and for that purpose expeditions are annually made to Norway, Scotland, Ireland and the British American Provinces. To give even a summary of their exploits, would be to add another volume to the literature of angling; and by referring to the select list of English books on angling, and the history of fishes already submitted, it will be found that many of their authors occupy high positions both as fishermen and authors. While bowing our compliments to such men as Yarrell, James Wilson, L. Lloyd, William H. Maxwell, Charles St. John, Thomas T. Stoddart, Edward Fitzgibbon and John Colquhoun, we are constrained to conclude our notices of leading English

anglers with the name of William Scrope. His "Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing on the Tweed," and his "Deer Stalking Adventures in the Forest of Athol," are two of the most perfect, satisfactory and charming sporting books which have been published during the present century. When such men as Wilkie and Landseer condescend to furnish illustrations for a book, we may suppose the letter-press to be worthy, and that is what they did for Scrope's book on salmon fishing. He always liked the society of fish, as he quaintly tells us, and as they could not, with any convenience to themselves, visit him on dry land, it became him, in point of courtesy, to pay his respects to them in their own element. Let those, therefore, who have a taste for real glory—the glory of nature—clamber with him among the steeps of the North, beneath the shaggy mountains, where the river comes raging and foaming everlastingly, wedging its way through the secret glen, while the eagle, dimly seen, cleaves the winds and the clouds, and the dun deer gaze from the mosses above—then, among the gigantic rocks and the din of mountain torrents, with him do battle with the lusty salmon.

But good Old England does not, as the mother of famous fishermen, reign alone in her glory. Our own country has not been behind hand in this particular, and we can almost fancy the names of several Americans peering over our shoulders as we reach this point of our essay. The annals of the War Department will tell us that George Gibson acquitted himself with great credit during the war of 1812, and that for many years he was a tower of strength in the army. With him the art of angling was an intense passion. He had fished the streams of every part of the Union, and prided himself upon his skill in throwing the fly. For a long period his favorite resort for trout was in the centre of Pennsylvania, but as he advanced in years, and resided in Washington, he subsequently devoted his attention to the rock-fish or striped bass of the Potomac. He was one of the few who fished with the fly at the Little Falls of the Potomac, and he continued the practice with a trembling hand until a few weeks before his death. His last fish was a five-pounder, and while playing it with his delicate rod, he had to be supported on his feet, as he stood in the stern of his boat, by his body servant and the attending fisherman. He was a good man, a model angler, and died thinking of his fancy flies, and of the welfare of the friends whom he was to leave behind.

Of all desperate or inveterate fishermen, George M. Bibb was undoubtedly the prince. He scorned the fly, and seemed to have rather a fondness for plebeian fish. Although distinguished as a judge, a governor, a cabinet minister, and a senator in Congress, he was, so far as his tastes were concerned, nothing but a fisherman. Unlike all his illustrious predecessors in this country and over the sea, he practised the bad habits of fishing on the Sabbath and of using a kind of language which belied the real goodness of his heart. He would plant himself upon an old wharf or bridge, early in the morning, and there, with no companion but his thoughts, or perhaps the live frog squatted by his side, with which he was supposed to be alluring the fish, he would remain for ten or twelve hours. At all times liberal, he was as lavish with his money, when out upon a fishing frolic, as if it were indeed nothing but filthy lucre, and occasionally he would go forth and spend two or three days with strangers at a farm house for the purpose of catching gudgeons in a neighboring stream. In strength of intellect and patience he was the peer of Walton, and a personal encounter upon a neutral stream, between these two brothers of the angle, would have resulted in a decided surfeit of "quiet contemplation."

And now, with all the purer feelings that should fill the angler's heart, we would mention the name of George W. Bethune. The solid business of his life was to promulgate the precepts of the Bible, which he did with wonderful power; but when his mind and body both needed relaxation, he at once began to "pant for the water brooks," and for the beautiful lakes and rivers of our land, and, while his vacations lasted, was wont to be wholly absorbed in fishing with the fly. He was the very man of all others to edit an American edition of "Walton's Complete Angler," and this he did in a manner that all men praise; and he it was who brought together, for his own amusement, one of the most complete collections of books on angling to be found in any country. A few years before his death he was called upon to mourn over the untimely departure of a very dear friend, with whom he had fished in many waters, and the affliction weighed so heavily upon him that he could not thereafter throw the fly with any pleasure. It was that circumstance which caused him to find relief in piscatorial studies and in amplifying the treasures of his library. He was just such a man as the good Walton would have loved and valued with all the energy of his being.

We come now to Daniel Webster, our foremost statesman, and, so far as his tastes were concerned, our greatest angler. He began his career as a fisherman when only five years old, with a pin-hook, in a New Hampshire brook, and he was on his way to a trout pond near Plymouth, when he met with the sad accident which undoubtedly hastened his death. When in the prime of life, he was an expert trout fisherman, but as time rolled on he became partial to the fishes and scenery of the sea, and never was he so happy as when fishing for cod or pollock, in his yacht off the coast of Marshfield. He had a passion for every kind of fish, of fishing, and of fishermen; delighted in giving little dinners to his angling friends; and he once said to his friend William W. Leaton, that two of the most agreeable days of his life where those when he received from the writer a box of salmon from the coast of Labrador, and, on another occasion, a present of trout from the Upper Potomac, the secret of his enjoyment having been the fact that, on both occasions he was tied to the Department of State by his official duties, and the fish reminded him of their wild and lovely haunts, and helped him to gratify his friends. To his mind, a pure running stream and a deep tranquil lake were among the most poetical objects in nature, and when in the presence of either he seemed to forget the great world of trouble and care, and to be especially thankful for the gift of life. Three bright particular mornings, which the present writer was permitted to spend in his society, can never be forgotten; the first was occupied in taking a drive along the lovely Merrimack, when he explained the why and wherefore of the apparently wayward movements of the salmon into Lake Winnipiseogee in the olden times; the second was devoted to a long and quiet sail in his yacht Fleetwing off the coast of Marshfield, with Captain Seth Peterson in command, when he went fully into the history of the sea-serpent fantasy; and the last of those famous mornings was when he captured a mammoth bass at the Little Falls of the Potomac, and uttered a triumphant shout, long, loud, and clear, which, had the breeze been favorable, might almost have awakened the sleeping Congressmen in the City of Washington. But, alas! long before the ensuing summer he was at rest, and forever on the pleasant hill which overlooks the home of his old age and the wide blue sea.

CHARLES LANMAN.

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BROWN.

IT was my habit every morning, during the six months I spent in Rome in the years 1862 and 1863, to take a short walk before breakfast. Generally I went from my lodgings in the Piazza di Spagna, through the Via Condotti and the Corso, to the dingy shop of an old bookseller, situated in the Piazza di Montecitorio. I had several reasons for going by that particular route, and to that particular place, which it is not my purpose to disclose at present—there was one reason why, if I had been perfectly free, I should have walked through any other streets, to any other place in Rome. Yes, I verily believe that but for certain overwhelming motives, I should have preferred a daily walk through the hateful catacombs with no other companion than the learned but tiresome antiquarian who conducts professional sight-seers through those subterranean vaults. Even he would have been far less shocking to my sensibilities than the individual who was always waiting for me at the corner of the Via Condotti and the Corso, and who always went with me to the old bookseller's shop.

I am not romantic, and am no particular admirer of women. If I were I should probably have been delighted with the great opportunities for intrigue which were afforded by the association thus forced upon me, for my companion was a woman, young, pretty, well-dressed and well-bred, except that she would persist in forcing an acquaintanceship upon me which she must have perceived was disagreeable.

I had tried many ways of avoiding her, short of altogether giving up my accustomed exercise. I even went so far as to intimate, in very significant language, that I preferred taking my walk without being accompanied by her. I could not omit it often or defer it to another hour without incurring the risk of greater difficulties than any she was likely to lead me into, and finally I accepted my fate with resignation, and submitted to a *quasi* companionship, which was anything but pleasant.

From the first I noticed that there was something strange about the lady, aside from her very singular behavior. There were certain appearances, which to my not inexperienced eye, indicated great emotional disturbance, and there was at times an undefined air of weariness and sorrow in her bearing which would have excited my sympathy if I had not at a very early period of our intercourse formed strong suspicions as to their cause.

She always came in her carriage, alighted, and sending it away, bade me good morning and joined me; walking by my side with her arm in mine, she kept up a continual conversation, always on one topic, till we reached our destination, then she entered the shop with me, and, becoming intently engaged with the books, left me to myself till her carriage, in about an hour, called for her, then with a few polite words to myself and the old bookseller, she stepped lightly into the vehicle, and was driven away, taking with her the volumes she may have pur-

chased. These books were always such as related to the subject of her morning conversation.

At last the time came for me to leave Rome. As it approached I noticed that her demonstrations toward me increased, and that, moreover, there was a degree of anxiety manifested by her countenance and demeanor which convinced me that the *dénouement* of her singular conduct was near at hand. All this tended to arouse my curiosity. There was a mystery connected with myself that I was anxious to conceal, and to do which had required my strongest efforts. This had prevented me taking any interest in the affairs of my matutinal companion; but the persistency and determination which had characterized her actions at length began to impress me, and so on the morning before I was to leave Rome, when, with a hesitating manner, as if not quite sure she was doing right, but as if irresistibly impelled, she invited me to dine with her that day, I accepted, not only with promptness, but really with a good deal of pleasure.

Perhaps some of the wiseacres who read this fragment may think I was a fool, or at any rate deficient in ordinary force of character, to allow myself to be persecuted by a woman whose attentions I might readily have shaken off by calling the nearest policeman. They are at perfect liberty to think what they please. I have long since passed that point of my existence when I cared for the opinions of mankind. I shall therefore make no explanation of my course. I will, however, say that I was never regarded by those who knew me as being lacking in sense or strength of mind. On the contrary, I was, and am, a man of strong will, accustomed to have my own way, and perhaps somewhat inclined to be tyrannical. I thoroughly detested that woman, and if I could have kept her away from me I should not have hesitated to exert my power or have been very scrupulous as to the means. Suffice it to say, therefore, that I could not free myself from her, and that I was obliged to treat her with a certain amount of consideration.

As the hour approached for dining with her, I began forming surmises as to what might occur. I had now known her about four months. I had met her first at the old bookseller's, and observing that she was in search of a rare treatise of which I had heard, had offered her my assistance. It was a difficult undertaking to attempt finding anything there, and the old proprietor himself having lost the run of his books, and being feeble with age, was unable to give much aid. Practice had rendered me perfect in such work, and in a moment of thoughtless politeness I had offered her my services. As she turned toward me and thankfully accepted them, I had a good view of her countenance, which the darkness of the dingy room had hitherto prevented me obtaining. I saw that she was very beautiful and young—about twenty, I suppose. At first, I took her to be English; but she had a delicacy and refinement of features and expression which are very rarely seen in women of that nation, and I very soon made up my mind that she was, like myself, an American. Her hands and feet were faultless. I took special pains to satisfy myself in regard to them, and though the first were gloved and the latter as much as possible concealed by thick boots, I knew they were more perfect than any ideals formed by the sculptor's chisel.

As I have said, I was no particular admirer of women. I had had ample opportunities for becoming thoroughly acquainted with all varieties of the female sex, and my experience had not tended to elevate the feminine character in my estimation. Nevertheless I was not an anchorite, and the sight of so much loveliness somewhat unsettled my nerves. I passed an hour with her that morning.

I perceived that she was well educated, and that she had gone much farther than myself in certain branches of knowledge. Her attention was, however, directed chiefly to chemistry, and especially to the subject of poisons. The book she was looking for related to this latter topic, and was very rare. She had sought for it in nearly every large city in Europe, and had left orders for it with every bookseller without restriction as to price. At last she had traced a copy to Rome, and to the very shop in which we stood, and no pleasure short of owning it could be greater than that of finding it herself.

Well, I scarcely know what induced me to act as I did. I have often tried to trace the line of my thoughts on that occasion, and have never succeeded in doing so to my satisfaction. Perhaps I was moved and instigated by the devil, or perhaps I had conceived a train of thought of which I was unconscious. Be that as it may, while she was looking through a pile of musty volumes I had overturned for her, I found in another part of the shop the book she was so eager to obtain. Instead of giving it to her, I carefully concealed it under my coat, and soon afterward she left the shop, promising to return the following day.

I was now in a dilemma. I was obliged either to replace the book or to take the old bookseller into my confidence. Many persons would have done neither of these things, but would have stolen the work without any compunctions of conscience. I determined to buy it; so I paid double price, to ensure the old man's secrecy, and went off with my treasure.

The next morning, when I arrived at the corner of the Via Condotti and the Corso, I found my acquaintance waiting in her carriage. She got out and joined me. I thought this very singular behavior. However, I put the best possible interpretation upon it, and flattered myself that I effectually concealed my thoughts. Her conversation was still upon poisons—slow, secret poisons, such as those used by the Borgias and Tophanias, and the mode of preparation of which is lost. I did not know what to think of her. She talked in the most voluble manner of those deadly agents, and informed me without reserve that the great desire of her life was to be able to make a poison which would cause death without leaving a trace by which it could be detected. I was not easily shocked, but such ideas entertained by a woman of wonderful beauty and elegance staggered me. I began to study her physically and psychologically, and before we arrived at the Piazza di Montecitorio had formed very definite conclusions in regard to her.

In the first place I noticed that the pupils of her eyes were largely dilated; that they did not contract when we came into the full light of the sun; and that she was unable to hold her hands steady. Then I perceived that there was an excitement of manner about her of which she appeared to be unaware. It seemed to me to be involuntary, and it alternated with short periods of mental depression, during which, notwithstanding all her efforts, tears came into her eyes.

From these facts I concluded that she was under the influence of some powerful narcotic substance—opium, perhaps; and from the style and purport of her conversation I further judged that she contemplated killing some one with poison, provided she could do so with safety to herself.

When I returned home I took up the book I had purchased the previous day. It was a small, thin quarto volume, and purported to be an exact account of the poison with which Locusta killed Britannicus in a few seconds, and of that which Sejanus administered to Drusus, and which was so slow and subtle in its action that several months elapsed before death took place. There were many margin

al notes written in a small and delicate hand, several of which suggested various improvements in the art of making these poisons. As I turned over the leaves I observed that a letter upon each page had a red line drawn under it. Beginning with the first page I traced them all out, and spelled the name CESARE BORGIA. I had no doubt, therefore, that the book had once belonged to that brilliant, but atrociously wicked prince, and had doubtless served him in his various toxicological operations.

Now, this book pertained to a subject which for many years had interested me, merely, however, as a matter of science. With my ideas in regard to my newly-found acquaintance, I deemed it a dangerous volume to place in her hands. There were, therefore, two good reasons why I determined to keep it: so I carefully sealed it up and concealed it in an out-of-the-way place among various objects of curiosity and art which I had picked up in my wanderings.

In regard to the lady, I made a few inquiries, and, having ascertained that her name was so unromantic a one as Brown; that she was married; that her husband was an invalid, and that she had apartments in the Palazzo Barberini, I dismissed her and her supposed schemes as much as possible from my attention. I wished to employ my mind with other thoughts, but every morning, as I have stated, she obtruded herself upon me, and persisted in her conversations relative to poisons. Finally I came to detest her most cordially, and would gladly have rid myself of the hateful association had I not been tied up in a way which I cannot disclose without breaking faith with others and exposing matters relating to myself which I am not yet ready to make public.

I dressed myself with scrupulous care for the dinner, and at a few minutes before seven drove to the Palazzo Barberini. I made the proper inquiries of the porter, and was directed to Mrs. Brown's apartments. In an anteroom I found a servant in plain clothes, to whom I gave my name, and by whom I was shown into the drawing-room. It was a large and lofty chamber, elegantly and tastefully furnished. Before I had time to observe my surroundings more closely, the curtains which concealed the door at the end of the room were thrown aside, and my hostess advanced to meet me. To my surprise, instead of greeting me as an acquaintance, she bowed in a stately manner, and, motioning me to be seated, politely inquired the object of my visit.

I am not easily thrown off my guard, and at that period of my life was even more self-possessed than now; but this strange conduct so confused me that I made some absurd reply, and remained standing.

"There is evidently a mistake," said the lady. "You were announced to me as Mr. St. Arnaud. I cannot recollect that I have the honor of knowing any gentleman of that name, and your face is altogether strange to me."

"Then, madam," said I, with some asperity in my voice, "permit me to beg pardon for my intrusion. In justice, however, to myself, I must be allowed to remind you that you have taken the liberty of walking with me every morning for more than four months past, and that this very day you invited me to dinner."

With these words I bowed, and had reached the door in my way out of the room, when an exclamation from her attracted my attention. I turned toward her; she had risen from her chair and was standing with her hands covering her face. A few steps brought me to her side. She removed her hands, and I saw that her face was as pale as death, and that tears were streaming down her cheeks. She did not sob, there was no agitation of manner, and though I knew she was moved she was evidently trying to conceal the fact. I became inter-

ested. The mystery was at last beginning to be exciting, and I determined to see it through to the end.

I took her hand in mine, led her to a seat, and placed myself by her side. A single lamp shed its soft light upon us. She was wonderfully beautiful, and her rich evening dress set off her fully-developed form to great advantage. I believe I felt all that men generally would feel in such a situation, and I began to think that I had been too harsh in my feelings toward her. Before I had time for further reflection, she gently withdrew her hand and said:

"I hope you will pardon what must seem to you very singular behavior. I did not recollect you at first; but I now dimly recall your name, face, and voice, as though I had met you in a dream or known you long ago; and I seem to be drawn toward you, and irresistibly impelled to speak of events which, perhaps, for my own safety, I ought to keep concealed."

She spoke with fervor and apparent honesty. Little by little I felt my coldness vanishing, and I, who had once cordially hated her, now began to experience an entire revulsion of feeling.

"I know enough of my own life," she continued, after a short pause, "to believe that I have done many things of which I have no distinct recollection. There are times when I am not myself, and when I am moved like an automaton by a power not of my own nature. I have just been freed from the bondage. Henceforth it may be different with me, for the infamous wretch, whose slave I have been, lies in this house dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "Who is dead?"

"The man who was my husband; he died an hour ago from the effects of a poison he intended for me. I tried to save his life, wicked and brutal though he was, but the only book that could have taught me how, I was never able to find, and for six years the deadly substance has slowly but surely been doing its work."

"What book do you mean?" I said, while the blood rushed in a torrent to my face.

"A book that I have tried all means for obtaining, but without success. There is but one copy in the world. That once belonged to my husband, and from its directions he made a poison which he designed administering to me. By mistake he took the draught himself. The book, which contained also directions for preparing the antidote, was soon afterward stolen from him; but an Arab servant, belonging to the sect of the assassins, prepared an imperfect remedy which prolonged his life till now. This remedy consisted in great part of a substance which the assassins take when they purpose committing a murder. I was forced to take this as often as it was given to my husband. While it retarded the action of the poison in him, it rendered me almost insane. Under its influence I have lived a life entirely distinct from my natural one. Strange to say, I have no clear remembrance of what I have done during the daytime for the last six years."

"And now you are free?"

"Yes, thank God!"

"And you do not recollect our meeting every day and going together to the book shop in the Piazza di Montecitorio?"

"Not distinctly; though I can recall some events which are associated with you. Every night at nine o'clock the first dose was given to me. It was repeated at intervals till morning. The effect was to arouse me to action, to excite my mind, and to cause me to act upon the last idea which was suggested by my tyrant. When it was judged that I was sufficiently stimulated, I was ordered to

go and search for the book. It must have been at these times that we met. I have an indistinct idea that you were supposed to know something of this book, and that I was directed to watch you. After my return I went to bed and slept the remainder of the day."

"Why did you take this substance?"

"Because I was compelled. Force was several times used, and, besides, my husband had written a false statement relative to the cause of his illness, and had given it to the Arab. In this paper he charged me with administering the poison to him. Had I refused obedience, this statement would have been placed in the hands of the police, and I should probably not have succeeded in clearing myself of the accusation."

"Why did you invite me here to-day?"

She put her hand to her head and remained silent a few moments, as if endeavoring to collect her thoughts.

"It was for some reason connected with the book," she at last said, "and I think I was also directed to poison you."

This was not very agreeable information. What if I were now in a trap from which I could not escape with my life? I looked around me instinctively for the means of getting away. She observed my movement, and instantly divined my thoughts.

"There is no one here now to harm you," she said. "The Arab, who was my husband's chief reliance in all his schemes, and who was devotedly attached to him, committed suicide as soon as his master died. If you will come with me, I will convince you that I have spoken the truth."

She arose, and I accompanied her through several apartments till we came to a door, before which she stopped for an instant. Then she resolutely opened it, and entered the room. I followed her. By the dim light of a fire that burned sluggishly by the hearth, I saw a man lying on a bed, and another on the floor. I stooped down and felt their pulses in turn. Their bodies were yet warm, but life was certainly extinct in both. While I was examining them my companion lit a couple of candles that stood upon the mantelpiece. I took one of them and looked into the face of the man who lay upon the floor. His features were Oriental in their cast, and were as delicate as those of a woman. I had never seen him before. I then approached the bed, and held the candle close to the face of the dead man stretched upon it. His face was almost concealed by a dark and heavy beard, but I saw that it was thin and wasted. As I looked my memory began to awaken. I had seen that face somewhere, long ago, not as it now was, wan and haggard, but bright and ruddy with health. As I stood by the bed vainly endeavoring to recollect where, and under what circumstances I had encountered its now lifeless occupant, I suddenly began to feel giddy; a film came over my eyes; I heard a roaring noise in my ears; I staggered; the candle dropped from my hands, and I would have fallen had I not supported myself against the wall. In an instant Mrs. Brown seized the other candle, and threw it into the fire. I recollect that and nothing more, for, unable longer to stand, I sank upon the floor, and altogether lost my consciousness.

When I came to myself I was in my own apartments in the Piazza di Spagna, and my own servant was sitting by my bed. I put my hand to my face, and was surprised to find that my hair was thick and long. I recollected shaving myself the evening I went to Mrs. Brown's. I turned toward the man—

"How long have I been here, Giacomo?" I said.

"Four weeks yesterday, signor. You have been very ill."

"How did I get here?"

"I do not know, signor. I found you lying, as if dead, at the foot of the stairs."

I thought a moment. All the events of that night came fresh before me.

"Did you ever hear of Mrs. Brown, Giacomo?"

"Mrs. Brown, signor! Oh yes; who has not heard of her? She was executed this morning for the murder of her husband and servant."

"Executed!" I shrieked, starting from the bed. "She was not guilty. It was the Arab. They have murdered her while I, who knew her innocence, and might have saved her life, have been on that cursed bed!"

"I hope you will not excite yourself, signor. The doctor said that you must be kept perfectly quiet. But, signor, Mrs. Brown was certainly guilty. The proofs against her were overwhelming; and, besides, she confessed her crimes as soon as she was arrested. She was a very wicked woman, but she received absolution, and died a good Christian. Some people said she was crazy, but of course that was not so."

I went back to bed, and said nothing more about Mrs. Brown from that day to this.

P. St. Arnaud.

WHEN DREAMS ARE TRUEST.

—— Le pres so al mattin' del *ver* ci Sogna.

LOVE, let's be thankful we are past the time
When griefs are comfortless; and, though we mourn,
Feel in our sorrow something now sublime,
And in each tear the sweetness of a kiss.
Weep on and smile then: For we know in this
Our immortality; that nothing dies
Within our hearts but something new is born;
And what is roughly taken from our eyes
Gently comes back in visions of the morn
When *dreams* are *truest.* O but death is bliss!
I feel as certain looking on the face
Of a dead sister, smiling from her shroud,
That our sweet angel hath but changed her place
And passed to peace, as when, amid the crowd
Of the mad city, I feel sure of rest
Beyond the hills—a few hours further west.

T. W. Parsons

FACETIÆ OF THE WAR.

IT is related of the young Bonaparte, that, upon assuming command of the Army of Italy, he called his generals around him, and advised them that he was about to inaugurate a new era in the art of war, and to show the world what could be accomplished by a vigorous and tireless offensive, adding pungency to his remarks by the words: "The time has passed, gentlemen, when it was considered the correct thing for a great commander to take off his hat before his line of battle to his adversary, and say, 'Sir, will you have the goodness to fire?'"

The dry humor of this odd conceit is a type of volumes which might be collected illustrative of the facetiæ of army life. It might well be supposed by an inexperienced observer, that men engaged in the systematic killing and mutilating of each other would have no heart or wish for jests or puns, but should rather be expected to pursue their grim business with unvarying solemnity, like the puritanic Broad-Ways, Straight-Gates, and Saving-Graces of the Cromwellian period. Every soldier, however, knows the contrary to be true. Whoever has lived, marched, and fought with an army, must have observed how strangely its exceptional life develops the latent humor and quickens the *grotesquerie* of the dullest intellects. Generally speaking, the dreadful occupation of slaying, which is the soldier's gravest duty and most important task, or the anticipation of himself becoming the mangled and unrecognizable victim of "villainous saltpetre," will cast no shadow over his present existence. To take no thought for the morrow, to live for to-day, and to drive dull care away, become guiding principles with those who never know what moment may precipitate them into the horrors of battle, never to return, or make them the victims of some stealthy scout on the picket line. I can illustrate this strange feeling no better than by referring to the popularity in the army of that wild fantastic chant which represents a party of British officers in India struck down one by one with the plague at their carousals, the song growing weaker and weaker in volume until it is sung by a single voice only:

> Then stand to your glasses steady,
> For this world is a world of lies.
> Here's the health of the dead already,
> And a cheer for the next that dies.

This song I have heard chorused by dozens of voices; and I well remember the smile with which one of my brother officers repeated this stanza of it to me one hour before the battle of Winchester, when our columns were hurrying from Summit Point toward Opequan Creek, and when the dull boom of cannon told us that the enemy were in front.

Nor is there about this singular sentiment anything of bravado or recklessness. Having felt it myself, I have tried to analyze it, and have concluded that it results from nothing so much as a faith in the homely old saying,

"Make the best of it." Did the strictly puritanic rule of life prevail, we should have no laughing at all, because man must needs die at some time, and, therefore, it does not become him to make merry. The life of the army in time of war is a concentration of dangers, an increase of the possibilities of death; and thus, upon closer inquiry, it must appear perfectly natural that the levity and hilarity which are so often found in camps and cantonments, should become necessities to the soldier. He needs them to counterbalance the perils which are always threatening him in the future, and to restore to him that equipoise of spirit which is essential to human enjoyment. And constant habit, as well as the extent and variety of his associations, make him a chronic jester. He will not always—perhaps not often—go into battle in a mirthful mood; but his nonchalance under fire will often take a humorous color.

In the first battle in which I participated, while our line was retiring for the night under a terrific artillery fire, I observed many of the soldiers picking and eating blackberries from the bushes under foot. Upon another occasion, at Port Hudson, a large party of skirmishers, in which my company was included, being pushed too far toward the enemy's works in the darkness, and having taken temporary refuge in a deep ditch at the base of a hill, which was covered by Rebel riflemen, proceeded to sit down in the water and eat hard crackers, for lack of something else to do; and before morning several of the party were sleeping in a bed of mud and water, perfectly careless of the situation. The morning, when it came, brought us the order to retire; and back we went, pursued at every step by screaming bullets, which stretched more than one brave fellow in death on the sides of those barren hills; but the anticipation of all this was not sufficient to deprive the men of the enjoyment of food and rest, although partaken of in the jaws of death, as it were.

All this demonstrates that there is nothing in the imminent dangers of the soldier's life to change him into a being of saturnine aspect and foreboding soul. My purpose in this article, however, is not to make a close analysis of military character, but to present some of the many specimens of piquant sayings and droll humor of the soldier, which I gather from the full *répertoire* of a four years' experience. They are trifles in themselves—many of them inconsiderable pellets of the brain, and might be sternly discarded from any choice compilation of American humor—but they are gratefully remembered as the "quips and quirks" which lightened dreary and perilous hours on the march, on outpost, and in the most emergent situations. I give them as illustrations of the mirthful side of the soldier's character, remarking that those which are not witty in themselves, but only remarkable for their broad absurdity, had the largest circulation as legitimate food for fun. Some of them are quoted from the lips of general officers well known to fame—more are the offspring of the unknown and unrecognized of the rank and file—but they were all the common property of the army, and all served their purpose while our great armies were in being, and may now be embalmed for the benefit of those whom they may interest. And as General Nash apologized to Washington, in the heat of the battle of Germantown, for his soiled wristbands, doubtless thinking that the body of the warrior should be handsomely ornamented for the fray, so I may be compelled to ask the indulgence of the reader if the language in which I deck these pleasantries shall fail to reproduce their spirit and the quaintness of their authors.

The first, although exceptionable in language, contains a pun which has the merit of decided originality. Shortly after the call for three hundred thousand

volunteers in the summer of 1862, a whole division of troops, principally New Yorkers, were encamped about Baltimore. They were all fresh, as yet, soldiers in embryo, training for the work; and having seen only the sunny side of soldiering, were prepossessed toward the life. Just at this time a very injudicious order was put forth by the War Department, looking to the recruitment of the regular army to the full standard. It permitted the volunteers, to the number of ten in a single company, to enlist in the regulars, and held out new inducements in the way of bounty for them to do so. Of course such an order could not fail to excite strong feelings among both officers and men, many of the latter feeling inclined to take the benefits of the order, and the former being naturally indignant and anxious lest their commands should be depleted and general dissatisfaction created. The excitement raged high for a week, and then subsided, without serious consequences. Very few of the men enlisted, and the Department finally withdrew the offensive order. In my own regiment the opinions of the rank and file were settled against it after the first few days following its promulgation; and I really believe that the argument which influenced them more than all others, was the quaint remark of one of the men, who, upon being asked if he intended to enlist in the regulars, replied, with emphasis,

"No, sir! I've been a volunteer d—d fool once, and you can't make a regular d—d fool of me now."

The odd joke went through the camp like wildfire, and little more was heard of a desire to leave the regiment for the regulars.

Another soldier of the same command shortly afterward exhibited a profound philosophy under adverse circumstances, which would have done credit to a sage. General Emory's division, of Banks's expedition, sailed from Fortress Monroe on the 4th of December, just in time to be caught off Cape Hatteras in a storm of almost unexampled fury, out of which half a dozen of the ill-conditioned transports were saved from foundering as by a miracle. The Thames, which carried four companies of the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, was particularly unseaworthy, and in the height of the storm lay rolling and wallowing helplessly in the trough of the sea, her engine useless, her master and several of the crew disabled, and as Virgil would say, "with all things portending present death to the men." Our men, poor fellows, were heaped and knotted together in the hold in an undistinguishable mass, too sea-sick to realize the peril of the hour, excepting a few irrepressible spirits whom nothing could entirely tame, and who were found on deck during much of the gale, holding by the shrouds, and rather enjoying the awful novelty of the situation. One of them, a well-conditioned bright-eyed boy, was discovered munching hard-tack, and was reproachfully addressed by a comrade.

"Why, Charley, how can you feel like eating now? Don't you know we're all going to the bottom?"

To which Charles, filling his mouth anew, replied: "Well, what of it? If I've got to die, I might as well die a fat boy as a lean one."

During the last year of service of the original three-year regiments, the War Department issued orders which contemplated the retaining of these regiments for a new term, giving them a furlough upon reënlistment, another bounty, and allowing each soldier to wear a badge to designate him as a veteran. The word "veteran" was also placed before the number of each regiment which accepted the terms of this order. In one of these veteranized corps which came back to Louisiana from its furlough in time to participate in the Red River cam-

paign, there was one which had obtained so many recruits that they quite equalled the number of old soldiers; but they all belonged to the same organization, and each man carried the word "Veteran" painted conspicuously on his knapsack. The extreme suffering which Banks's army endured on this ill-starred expedition taxed the strength and endurance of these new soldiers distressfully. Overpowered by heat, footsore, and thirsty, they dropped out of the column by dozens, and were passed by the following regiments sitting disconsolately by the dusty road, living statues of despair. But they were regarded as legitimate objects of sarcasm by those who were somewhat jealous of their assumption of a name which it was thought they were not entitled to; and a merciless fire of jokes assailed them in their woebegone condition.

"Come, veteran, get up and travel."

"Ain't you the man that got three hundred dollars and a *caow* for enlisting?"

"Like to go home, my boy—hey? How do you like the veteran business?"

But the "unkindest cut of all" was given by an old joker of my regiment, when one of these "veterans" trudged dolefully by the halted column, distress looking out from every dusty wrinkle of his forlorn face, with a spade over his shoulder. He had probably been detailed to assist in digging some mud-bound wagon out of its trammels; but his appearance was instantly made the subject of an unmerciful jest.

"Halloo, veteran—where ye bound? What ye doing with that spade? Don't you know you don't have to dig your own grave down here? There's lots of fellows will do that for you, any time."

One of the stupid class of soldiers, a fellow of infinite dullness, whose head seemed utterly barren of ideas, perpetrated a blunder on his guard post which made him the butt of the company until a better one was obtained. This man had been carefully instructed, with the others, that when he received the reply "Friend," in answer to his challenge at night, he must say, "Advance and be recognized." One night the colonel approached the post where this man was on duty, and the following colloquy occurred."

Guard. Halt: who comes there?

Colonel. Friend. (A long pause now intervened, the sentinel apparently being at a loss to know how to continue the interview.)

Colonel. Well, sir, what next? I don't mean to stay here all night.

Guard (slowly and with hesitation). Advance and be——and be——

Colonel (impatiently). Be what?

Guard (desperately). Advance and be *organized.*

Poor fellow! He learned to be a good soldier afterward, and bears now the scars of hard service.

One of the well-known characters connected with our regiment was Jonah, the negro servant of one of the officers. He was a most ungainly specimen of his race, with all its peculiarities of form and feature greatly exaggerated; but he had a large stock of droll sayings, which were sure to create mirth among the men. His description of a bomb was very unique. At the time of our first battle in Louisiana, many of the negroes had but very lately come to the army, and not a few were fearful of being returned to their masters. While this fight was in progress, Jonah was safely stowed away out of danger, well to the rear; but a vagrant shell came swooping over him with that peculiar screech which has often shaken stouter nerves than those of this poor African. Him it fright-

ened immeasurably, and after the battle he described it, with awe and trembling, as a great black thing which flew over him, screaming to him: "Where dat nigger? *Where* dat nigger? WHERE dat nigger?"

When the Nineteenth Corps was transferred from Louisiana to Virginia, Jonah accompanied his master. The wonders of the great deep were very novel to him, and, as he was a privileged character, he was permitted on the after-deck with the officers, where his odd remarks were the source of much amusement. One evening, while our transport was traversing the Gulf, a large party of us had collected to watch one of the most beautiful sunsets that I ever beheld. The subdued brilliancy of the latest rays, reflected from clouds and water, produced so unusual an effect as to subdue us all to silent enjoyment of the scene. For full five minutes not a word had been spoken, when Jonah broke the impressive silence with the loud remark:

"Well—de sun hab *done sot!*"

It was an unexpected climax, which elicited peals of laughter from its very absurdity.

Anecdotes illustrative of the timidity of soldiers at the opening of a battle were always current among the men, and were repeated with a kind of grim relish which showed that the subject was one of particular interest. One I remember, which used to elicit the boisterous mirth of crowds in camp, was that of the poor little soldier whom his captain found keeping up bravely to his file-leader, while the bullets of the skirmish line, which preceded a hot engagement, were cutting the air about his ears. Those who have been in this peculiar situation need not be told that it gives nervous feelings to most men; and our captain was not surprised, but was rather irritated, to find this soldier lad crying bitterly, although clutching his musket and never lagging a step.

"Now, sir, what's the matter?" demanded the irate officer. "Are you afraid?"

"No–o; I ain't a bit afraid," replied the poor little fellow, in a broken voice; "but I wish I was in my father's barn."

"What would you do in your father's barn?"

"*I'd go into the house!*"

The colonel of one of the best of our New York regiments told me that during the thickest of the battle of Winchester, when the slaughter in our line had become perfectly frightful, he detected a stout Irishman of his regiment curled up behind a great tree. He rode up to the delinquent, and savagely reprimanded him for his cowardice. But the man, with irresistible Hibernian drollery, cocked up his eye, and responded:

"Now, colonel dear, don't be hard with a poor felly like me! A coward is it? Faith, I think I am; but I'd rather be called that every day in the year than be like that poor crayter yonder."

"The "poor crayter yonder" to whom the colonel's attention was directed was the mangled corpse of a soldier, whose head had been entirely demolished by a shot. The odd earnestness of the fellow's excuse made the colonel laugh heartily, and the man was left to the enjoyment of his tree.

When the system of brevets was first applied to the volunteers, the exact meaning of the word was not well understood among the men, and they speculated largely on the difference between a brevet general and an ordinary general officer. When they learned its proper significance—honorary rank—they immediately turned it to account in the designation of many objects not contemplated

by military rules in the assignment of brevets. Thus, an aspiring private was told by his comrades that he might become "brevet corporal" by good conduct; a mule was styled a "brevet horse;" commissary whiskey, generally a villainous article, with a strong flavor of camphene and rusty nails in it, was called "brevet whiskey;" and a battle was felicitously described by one of the men as "a brevet hell." With this singular grotesqueness of expression, a horse was often called a mule, a sabre a scythe, and a bayonet a toothpick.

One of the most laughable incidents of my campaigns attended the march of the future Shenandoah army from Washington to Frederick, in July, 1864. The movement was a hurried one, made upon the alarm of the burning of Chambersburg when it was reported that sixty thousand Confederate infantry had crossed the Pennsylvania border. The troops were hastened out of the city before daylight, when large numbers of each regiment were enjoying the liberty of the town; and the first roll-call beyond Rockville showed a long list of absentees. Upon the following day, while the columns were wearily pursuing their tedious way, powdered with dust and blistered by the hottest July sun that my memory recalls, we were greeted by the appearance of three stylish barouches from Washington, each drawn by spirited, high-stepping horses, and driven by a darkey. Each of them contained a half dozen soldiers of the Sixth Corps, easy, nonchalant fellows, who, finding themselves twelve hours behind the army, had concluded to have their frolic out, and to expend almost a month's pay in overtaking us stylishly and comfortably. They lolled back lazily on the cushions of the barouches as they passed us, bowing and smiling with an air of mock condescension, which moved all who saw them to laughter. They probably derived infinite satisfaction from the reflection that they were travelling more showily than any general of the command, although they knew that in a few minutes they would be trudging along with their muskets on their shoulders.

On the retreat from the Red River, we passed the spot where the enemy had captured one of our transports a week before. The mails had been brought ashore and rifled; and the ground for the distance of a hundred yards was scattered thick with their *débris*. Many of the men gathered up handfuls of the letters as they passed, and read them; and the bivouac was noisy that night with the fun produced by these epistles. Love-letters were not scarce among them, conveying to distant inamoratas the gushing sentiments of their soldier-swains. Some had not an abundance of elegant English, but they made up in intensity what they lacked in grammar. It was an unexpected supply of literature, and one which the boys enjoyed to the full. The most ardent of the letters were read aloud to eager groups, who testified their appreciation by roars and shouts of laughter, and by the most ridiculous comments. One of these letters I remember to have seen published in a Shreveport paper shortly after, with sarcastic criticisms upon Yankee literary acquirement. Comparisons are so odious that the editor probably did not care to print with it the letter of a Georgia girl to her sweetheart, which I believe was published at the time of its capture in the New Orleans papers. It will be sufficient to present here the stanza with which it concluded, and which was committed to memory by many of our soldiers for the remarkable style of its language:

'Tis hard for you 'uns to live in camps,
'Tis hard for you 'uns to fight the Yanks,
'Tis hard for you 'uns and we 'uns to part,
For you 'uns has stolen we 'uns' heart.

"You 'uns" and "we 'uns" are very common expressions among the meaner classes at the South. It was a peculiarity of the army that it adopted the phraseology of the localities in which it moved, almost as readily as it appropriated the fences for its coffee-kettles. Thus "I reckon," "done gone," "a right smart chance." and even such grotesque words as "you 'uns" and "we 'uns," became common property with the soldiers; and I doubt not that many of them have experienced my own difficulty since the close of the war—the difficulty of shaking off this *argot* from the speech.

Orders from headquarters were often made the subjects of mirth to the command; and none were more properly so than one which was promulgated to the troops of Western Louisiana on the national thanksgiving day of 1863, "by command of Major-General Franklin." The blunder of a staff officer connected two very diverse subjects in the same order; and the regiments at dress parade were astonished and amused with the following:

HEADQUARTERS, etc., NEW IBERIA, La.

General Orders No. —

I. To-morrow having been designated by the President as a day for national thanksgiving and prayer, it will be observed accordingly by divine service in each regiment and battery.

II. A ration of whiskey will be issued to each enlisted man of the command.

We had in Sheridan's army a colonel who had graduated at West Point—a very good officer, barring his inclination to make a great display of himself and his knowledge upon all occasions. I stood near the general on the top of a hill overlooking the enemy's position, one afternoon, when Colonel D., then in command of a brigade, was sent for, to report to Sheridan in person. He came, and the following colloquy ensued, to the amusement of three or four staffs who stood near by.

"Colonel," said the little man, motioning with his hands to a patch of thick woods a mile in front, and well to the right, "do you see those woods? Take your brigade and move over there. If there is anything there, find out what."

Here was a glorious chance for D. to air his acquirements, and he was filled with the idea of showing the general that he knew tactics as well as the best. With an elaborate salute with his sword, he asked,

"General, shall I first form brigade line of regimental columns by division, doubled on the centre? Or would it be better to move by parallel regimental columns by company, right in front, or ——"

"To the devil with your nonsense!" broke in Sheridan, squelching poor D. with the snap of his eye. "Take your brigade over there, in line, and save your tactics for the next drill."

It was said that the colonel was never half so much of a martinet after that short interview with Sheridan.

Just before the battle of Winchester, the audacity of Mosby and his band exceeded all bounds, and there are one or two authenticated instances where partisans of the troop, disguised in blue overcoats, rode up to our picket or camp lines, discharged their carbines at our soldiers, and rode off. One evening, after the halt of the army for the day, just after the headquarter-tents had been put up, a dozen of these reckless fellows rode at full gallop through the space inclosed by the tents of General Emory's headquarters, fired half a dozen shots, and were off before the astonished captain of the guard could order his company to take arms. The general heard the commotion, and came out; and learning

how narrow had been his escape from capture, he poured out the vials of his wrath upon the head of the unlucky captain.

"Confound you, sir," he roared, "do you call this guarding my headquarters? Those scoundrels might have *stolen my boots* as easily as not."

"General Emory's boots" were often referred to after that, in connection with the audacity of Mosby and his followers.

The subject of the humors of the war, in all their wide-spread branches, offers a very large field to the investigation of the compiler, and volumes might be readily made of them. Every returned soldier can add something to the stock which has never appeared in print, and the pages of official orders and reports often contain a kernel of fun for the explorer. The compilation might prove remunerative; and would, at all events, make it certain that in our tremendous civil conflict, with its length of years and hundreds of thousands of victims, the toils and dangers of war were borne lightly by the men who did the fighting. It would show the marvellous buoyancy of the soldier, and make us understand how it is that his existence of danger and fatigue is made endurable. The theme is a prolific one, and has yet to be developed.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE ANSWERING VOICE.

ONCE, in a bright day of my childhood's summer
I wandered through the vistas of a wood,
Where the wild birds, startled at a new-comer,
Left me in solitude.

The sky above me and the trees around me,
And the deep arches where the echoes rang,
In an enchanted, wizard's spell had bound me,
And dreamily I sang.

Down the green listening arches rang my singing,
Mingling and mixing with the sighing breeze,
And from each shrub and tiny flower upspringing,
Brought strange, new melodies.

But as I sang, far down among the columns
Came a deep sound that made my soul rejoice—
To my child's heart, with a thrill sweet and solemn,
There came an answering voice!

And still I sang, nor knew what I was singing:
The spell was on me, and I had no choice,
For low and clear, through the deep arches ringing,
Came that sweet answering voice!

A voice that whispered to my inmost spirit,
That startled through my sleeping, childish heart,
That from its slumbering apathy did stir it,
As of myself a part.

And still I sang, nor knew what I was singing,
And still stood listening the silent trees,
And still, the echoes of my spirit bringing,
Came the mysterious breeze.

So when recalled by voices not of heaven,
I went away in thoughtfulness and tears,
The echoes of that spirit-whisper, even,
Haunted my soul for years.

And evermore, when in my heart's young gladness,
In the sweet summer joy do I rejoice,
Back on my breast my laughter falls like sadness,
I hear no answering voice.

I walk the streets of a fair crownéd city,
And many voices answer to my own;
But in their joy or sorrow, love or pity,
I cannot hear that tone.

Yet sometimes in my moods of sad misgiving,
When earth is dark and heaven itself seems dim,
And I doubt all of loving or of living,
I hear that forest hymn.

And a new strength falls softly on my spirit,
And a new brightness on my aching eyes;
There is but one such voice, and when I hear it
My hopes new-born arise.

And yet I fear that I shall feel life's shadows
Fall coldly on my head for many years,
Treading my pathway through the vales and meadows,
In solitude and tears.

But when the fitful fever all is over,
And I sleep deeply in a narrow room,
Perhaps one angel form will near it hover,
To drive away the gloom.

Then the glad soul will leave the grave's dark portal,
Hearing that thrilling whisper through the clay,
Rising and following its guide immortal
Up to the heavenly day.

And when, beside that fair, serenest angel,
Clad in bright robes, and crowned with asphodels,
She pauses, listening to the clear evangel
That through the ether swells,

One sweetest voice among the seraph bands,
Floating above the golden harp-strings, even,
Will thrill my spirit as she trembling stands
Before the gates of heaven.

FOR LIFE.

IT was one of those days in midsummer when the heavens are suspended in such dead calm over the dry earth that seems panting for the moisture that is denied it. The sun was within half an hour of setting; and along the west was spread the yellowish crimson of a clear warm sky. No cloud flecked the vast blue—not even a stray, dissolving fleece of white.

Just above the rim of crimson, sinking to meet it, was the slender crescent of a moon—too new to linger long after the daylight of a summer day.

It is in the garden of an English cottage that we stop—by a girl who stands amid the well kept greenery, her face turned toward that western sky, one hand hanging listlessly by her side, the other absently caressing the leaves of a fragrant shrub, whose opulent breath has filled the garden with delight.

The girl is not one of the peasantry, though the cottage, save for the indefinite appearance of esthetic culture about it, would resemble the houses of the illiterate workingmen.

The small annuity left to the clergyman's wife and daughter did its whole duty to the girl and her mother.

Jean Ingalls, though she stood alone in the luxuriant little garden, with the purple warmth of that sky above her, did not give her heart to the beauty alone. There was expectancy in the large grey eyes that every moment swept the long, yellow stretch of road, then came back with a gloom of disappointment in them. The pale forehead corrugated as the dusk descended faster and faster, and no one came. The fingers that had gently touched the tender green leaves now crushed them in impatience, for no shadow darkened the still road.

A spare figure, somewhat bent with years and anxiety, with silver hair brushed smoothly back under her cap, came walking slowly down the narrow path that led to where the girl stood; and before the daughter was aware, her mother had laid a thin hand upon her shoulder.

Jean turned quickly, with a startled, eager look, which died as she met the pallid face of her mother.

"Jean," said Mrs. Ingalls, lowly and dejectedly, "he will not come. It is all over; we are disgraced forever."

Jean made a gesture almost of fierceness, and replied, with burning eyes, and swift, impetuous tone:

"Mother, you weakly give way. Nothing but crime can ever disgrace; and the Ingalls can never be so shamed." Then noting her mother's worn face and look of deprecation, she continued:

"Bear with me, mother. You know I was always impatient. Oh, only let me get him here, and I will save him from anything!"

Jean's face flushed with her words. She raised her hands and pushed back the low drooping light hair from her forehead, her glance again bent outward to the gloomy road.

A neighbor passed by the gate, stayed a minute to say how pleasant was the evening, and the daughter answered in low soft tones, as though the beauty and warmth alone called her to linger in the garden beneath the fast coming stars.

Still leaning over the bars, and smelling idly at a flower, whose stalk bent toward her, the woman said,

"They say the murderer of Ralph Monkton has escaped—escaped the night after his sentence was passed."

Mrs. Ingalls's lips parted in a quick gasp, and she turned her head aside and was silent. But some one must speak, and Jean looked coldly across the dusky space at her neighbor, and said,

"Indeed; and how did you hear? I have not heard anything; I supposed the affair had had its usual time of talk and had died away."

The mother listened in wonder. She could not understand how Jean could command her voice to utter a word, much less consecutive sentences—she could not have spoken for her life.

"Oh, you know such things ebb and flow like the tides," was the reply. "My brother heard of it yesterday. The murderer disguised himself and succeeded in getting out to the last gate of the yard, when the door-keeper discovered him, but the prisoner knocked him down before he could give the alarm, and escaped. My brother said, as near as he could learn, it was one of the most daring escapes. Nobody knows where he is now, though the officers are in full pursuit.

Jean bent her head among the leaves by her side while she said,

"Is it fully proved he is guilty? I've heard some talk about many thinking him innocent."

"I don't know, I'm sure. It's a fact that he is condemned. I'm tired of hearing of him. Are you well, Miss Ingalls? You are looking pale to-night."

"I am well; but this warm weather is very exhausting," replied Jean, exclaiming to herself—

"Will she never go?"

Her hand, which appeared so carelessly to be holding her handkerchief, was clenched in its folds, and her face was deadly white, for she was suffering all the tortures of mingled triumph, anxiety, and hope, each struggling in her heart with all the intensity of her nature.

A few more trivial tormenting words, and the woman had gone.

Mrs. Ingalls broke into a flow of words—utterances of fear and hope—pouring them forth as weak people will, until Jean, who felt that she required her whole being in subjection to her will at this moment, of all others, came to her mother's side, and said—

"Do you not know that this talk is useless—worse? That it weakens me when I need all the strength I have? Who can save him if I cannot? Go into the house—lie down—be quiet, I entreat you. If you are wanted, I will call you."

Mrs. Ingalls clasped her hands over her desolate, pained heart.

"But is he not my son?" she exclaimed in a broken voice.

A tremor of emotion passed over Jean's face. Nothing but the demands of that moment would have prevented her from yielding to the wild conflict which possessed her.

She led her mother passively along to the door of the house, and pushed open the net-work that made the door in summer, saying—

"If you are strong, it is for him. Remember, that to be able to serve him, you must be calm. Let me do it all. I feel that I am able—I *will* be able."

Mrs. Ingalls yielded, and entered the little cool parlor alone. Exhausted, she sank down upon the sofa and closed her eyes, this rousing from her usual quiet life having a powerful effect upon the invalid.

Jean threw a light shawl over her shoulders and passed through the gate, going slowly down the road, but stopping every moment to look back and around the house. All was solitary, silent, save from over the little hill where the inn was she heard the occasional loud talk of the men over their beer and cards.

As the time passed, she grew more and more oppressed. It seemed to her that she could not breathe many minutes longer in this state of waiting, when every slightest sound throbbed through her like the pulsation of a heart that would suffocate her.

A few rods from the house she paused in her walk, and leaned against a wild, luxuriant growing hedge, bending her forehead till it touched the cool leaves. But still her eyes seemed continually directed to the house.

In a thicket beyond the hedge, a night bird set up its low song—the minor voice of the night itself. Through the warm, damp air of the meadow on the other side of the road, a swarm of fire-flies whirled and sparkled.

The girl heard and saw it all without knowing that she did so.

She turned to retrace her steps, her gleaming eyes glancing forward, when suddenly there was a rustle in the hedge, a man sprang through, looked in amazement for one instant at Jean, then caught her in his arms, up to his very heart, while he breathed through his kisses in rapid utterances—

"It is Jean! My little sister! My best of all! Oh, were you thinking of me, then?"

The words were murmured almost inaudibly on her lips, but she heard and felt every one of them.

She raised her head to reply, and to look at her brother whom she had not seen for five years—years which had converted the slender stripling into a tall, heavily bearded man.

As she lifted her head from his shoulder, through the darkness, she saw a man who had apparently just reached that spot on the other side the narrow road. But that darkness could not hide from the girl the flash of furious despair and jealousy that burned across the dark face of the man. He turned instantly after that one mutual glance of fire, and, pulling his hat over his eyes, walked rapidly away, disappearing in the night.

Jean's hand, clasping that of her brother, grew icy and passive. In that one moment of joy had come a cloud of unhappiness which she felt was a promise of woe to come.

Bernard Ingalls saw the man, but he had not seen the look that had passed between him and Jean. He laughed as he said—

"Do not fear, Jean. The fellow will think you are at tryst with your lover."

"I know it," she murmured, not caring to reveal what was in her heart.

"You need not tremble thus," he said, holding her hand fast clasped. "You are not afraid that man will suspect anything, are you? No one here guesses that you are connected with—Robert Marsh," he added with bitterness.

"Oh, no. Your identity with the absent son of Mrs. Ingalls will never be suspected," Jean said, forcing, with a violent effort, her overtaxed nerves into the quiet of tenseness.

"They will have but little time to suspect," said Bernard, "for I shall not dare to be seen. If you can conceal me for a day and night, until some means of escape from England can be planned—that is all I ask."

"You shall be concealed. I should die if you were taken!" fervently exclaimed Jean, that glow of earnestness which rendered her face so attractive, overspreading it as she spoke.

The two were walking slowly toward the house, Jean answering his rapid questions concerning their mother and their life since he had been away.

As he stood within the little garden, he turned, and asked with a thrill of pride and thankfulness in his tone,

"You do not ask if I am guilty, Jean?"

She looked up at him with the same proud glance—the pride of blood and family—which is so kept intact for generations of upright lives.

"Need I ask?" she said. "The son of my father *could* not do it!"

Bernard uttered an exclamation of gladness and affection, and drew her to him, as he said, eagerly:

"No! nor a brother of yours! I am innocent, and I will *never* be transported for a crime I did not do. Suicide offers less terrors to me. But I would die fighting; I need not fear a tame death."

Jean did not shudder as her brother spoke. She looked at him with great glowing eyes that had a gleam of admiration and appreciation in them.

"Come in," she whispered, after a moment's silence. "Appear to our mother as if all danger were past. Be to her a son returned in good fortune."

The last words quivered from her lips, for the heart thrust in its pulses through her heroic mood.

Bernard looked at her for an instant with strong affection, then, with his arm around her, the two opened the door and entered the presence of their mother.

By the low-burning lamp they saw her lying upon the lounge; but at the sound of the latch she started into a sitting posture, her snowy face flushing into painful crimson as she reached forth her arms to her only son.

Jean stood one moment in the door-way, her tears dropping fast over her cheeks, then she left them together and wandered in the garden—at last leaning against the wall and looking again along the road where she had met Bernard.

Did any face beside her brother's haunt her thoughts in that hour? A dark face of power, with southern eyes of passionate, jealous reproach.

A profound melancholy enveloped her spirit. The unresting tumult and worry that had been with her so long, suddenly sunk, whelmed in a sadness so deep as to be painful.

A low voice from the open window at last called to her, and she entered the house to sit once more by Bernard's side, as she had done from her earliest childhood.

First, their talk was almost with gaiety of the strange life he had led in Calcutta. A merchant life he called it, for he had gone out in the employ of a large English house; but Jean thought such a life of strange adventure, so unique, so un-English, that the prosaic name he applied did not suit it at all.

Gradually their words became fewer as they approached the days of the last few months. Then, with an effort, he told the story of his misfortunes. He had a year before, in Calcutta, given up his clerkship and entered into business in a small way for himself; but his partner had been dishonest, and he had lost

everything, save barely enough to return home, which he had resolved upon doing, and start in life once more on English soil.

Landing at Liverpool, he journeyed impatiently toward his home, which was not a day's travel from that city; but the cars met with an accident, which delayed him a couple of hours in a village remote from any large city—apparently as remote as though Liverpool's mighty pulses did not beat, not many scores of miles away.

Impatient, full of delight at once more being at home—for every foot of England seemed home to the exile—he strolled across a meadow and into a wood fragrant with the scent of a divine summer time.

Suddenly across the soft air there smote the shrill cry of some direful agony, and Bernard rushed toward the spot—a hollow in the woods, deeply shaded and cool even on such a day.

As he came in sight, he caught a glimpse of a man disappearing among the boles of the trees; then he saw the prostrate figure, and all his thoughts were to aid the fallen man. But he saw instantly that no aid could reach him—that he was dead. A man of wealth, evidently a gentleman. A heavy chain and watch were left—he had not, apparently, been killed for theft.

Bernard knelt beside him, and put his hand on his heart, which was to beat no more. As he did so, his eye caught the gleam of a long knife dropped near the dead man's hand. Amid the deep green of the grass it showed ghastly and crimson spattered.

It had not been a moment since all this had happened, since the young man stooped over the victim. He was still fumbling with his vest when two men from the village, walking near, peered through the leaves.

At sight of them, Bernard, startled, rose quickly. They sprang forward, aghast at the sight, and hurriedly seized the unresisting Bernard.

His explanation was of no avail. The murdered man was well known in the town. The accusers were full of horror and grief, and Bernard was immediately imprisoned.

From the first he had given a false name, and nothing could extort from him any information as to his family. His simple statement was, that he was a stranger in England; and he was so changed from the boy Bernard that not even his friends could have recognized him.

He had managed to convey to his mother and sister the tidings of his dreary welcome home, and they, with aching eyes, had searched every column of news that told of the progress of the trial; and when, at last, they read the sentence of transportation for life, Jean felt suddenly within herself the heart of iron that should dare and do all things rather than that the brother so faithfully believed in should suffer.

Thus far his escape had been successful. He had been enabled to baffle the police, and he felt that he had not been traced in this direction—that he could give himself a few hours in that home which he almost felt was lost to him forever.

At last, wearied, and yet full of a strange peace, Bernard went up stairs to his little room, which held for him the memories of a youth which trouble made him feel had slipped far from him.

In the door the brother and sister stood a moment; Jean's eyes, with the broad sheen of sleeplessness in them, fixed on her brother's face as she said:

"Sleep, Bernard. If watching is needful, I shall watch. No one can come near the house without my knowing it."

"Faithful forever," murmured Bernard, his eyes already drooping from fatigue.

So Jean went first to see if her mother slept. Then she tried to stay in her own chamber; but the night, her thoughts, everything, withheld her from quiet. She stood long underneath the honeysuckle that draped the door, so long that the hour itself seemed to have penetrated her soul with sadness unutterable.

A sultry fragrance breathed through the air of this midnight. The warm dusk was saturated with the idle life of midsummer. The blossoms above her head drooped to her hair, and left there the dampness from their sweet lips. The white blooms of the garden were palpitating with the caresses of a wind as low as the breath of love itself.

Like a chant in the voice of this hour, came the words of Elizabeth Sheppard to the girl's tired heart—

> In gardens where the languid roses keep
> Perpetual gladness for the hearts that smile,
> Perpetual sadness for the hearts that weep—

intoning themselves through and through her thoughts. Jean stepped into the walk, and went dreamily down along the path, stooping often and long to the perfumes that enticed her.

Suddenly, without any perceptible warning, some thrill of fear and anxiety convulsed her heart and paled her already pallid face.

She stood erect, vibrating, her eyes flashing through the gloom, her whole frame listening with an intentness that pierced her with physical agony. But as yet she had heard and seen nothing.

A moment passed; then, through the hum of insects, she heard a step softly approaching the garden gate, and immediately after a man looked over the wall, a man with a dark face and brilliant eyes, whose glance scanned the narrow grounds, and blazed up, when he saw Jean, like the lightning that flamed in the western horizon.

He opened the gate and came in, walking slowly toward Jean, who looked at him with all her surprise visible, though she quelled resolutely the tumultuous pulses that bounded in her veins.

As for the man, his gaze, full of pain, yet devoured her face with such intensity as betrayed the love that appeared at that moment consuming his soul, for he suffered that jealous doubt that made him feel old since the evening—old in suffering such as a phlegmatic nature could never know.

Jean stood motionless, awaiting his words; no betrayal of her emotions, save that of astonishment, hung its banner outward, so complete was her self-control.

"It is fortunate that I find you," he said, in a tone that was melodious in spite of its constrained coldness, "for, by accident, I have discovered that the officers are upon the track of a man whom they have traced to this vicinity." Now he saw the slight contraction of the brow, and he knew her face well enough to know that she suffered—but for whom?

"Go on. Tell me quickly," she said, in a swift undertone.

"I have only to add that your friend will have no more than time enough to escape. You should warn him."

Jean read in the man's manner more than any explanation could have told her.

She knew, with power, that he was fiercely jealous of Bernard, whom he did not know; that he had come here to save a fancied rival for her love.

She thought and knew it all, though she paused only for one instant to yield to the impulse that led her to put her hand upon his and to say:

"Only let me see you after this horrible night is well over; then I will try to thank you."

His lips curled in a painful smile as he replied:

"Rely upon my help. Perhaps I can be able to conduct your friend to safety. If it is necessary, let me have the chance."

Jean did not stop longer. Could he have told in the parting glance she gave him, that she knew all the heroism it required for him to say those words?

She flitted from his sight and entered the house, and in the next moment was by her brother's bedside.

Her penetrating whisper roused him immediately, and, with an exclamation of anger and regret, he sprang from the bed where he had thrown himself, in his clothes, hardly two hours before.

As he drew on his boots, Jean asked:

"Have you any plan, anything definite in your thoughts, as to how you shall escape?"

"No. Nothing can aid me save courage and discretion," was the reply.

"There is a man—Sherwin Houghton—he who informed me of the pursuit just now, who could aid you, I am confident. He almost said that he could. Will you confide in him?"

Her brother was looking at his pistols. He glanced quickly at her, surprised that at such a moment her pale face should be faintly crimsoned.

"Do you advise me to confide in him?" he asked.

"Yes."

"*Then I do.* I am ready. Tell my mother that I could not see her now, but that I will return to her."

He was walking softly along the passage that led to the stairs. Jean, following silently, heard the deep breath that would have been a sob if it had not been so rigorously restrained.

She glided out with him, and left him, without a word, by Houghton's side.

There was no time for words—hardly for glances; but Sherwin Houghton saw the look that was their only farewell; then Jean was alone.

The dark clouds, which had lingered low down in the horizon, were spreading upward over the deep amethyst of the sky. The wind, which had only faintly stirred in the first of the night, rose into loud, intermittent blasts. At intervals heavy dashes of rain splashed downward, slanting with the wind.

Jean stood in her chamber, looking vaguely forward, though she could see nothing in the rainy darkness.

Sorrow, heavy and sore, weighed upon her; but in her eyes was a humid splendor that did not seem the interpreter of sorrow alone.

In entire silence the two men hurried on through the thickening rain, Bernard following the steps of his companion in unquestioning trust.

They had been gone not more than a quarter of an hour before an imperative rap summoned Jean to the door, where a polite official explained the cause of his visit, saying that the escaped prisoner had been traced there, and asking permission to search the house.

Jean accorded it, and then went to her mother's room, leaving the officers to search alone, unconscious of her trembling exultation.

Meanwhile, Bernard was tramping on in a sort of sullen defiance of fate. They went rapidly and boldly along the main road, until a grey, drizzly morning dawned over the level country.

"Are you taking me to a seaport?" at last Bernard asked.

"Yes, I am trying to do that," replied Houghton; "but I am guiding you in a direction that will give you another means of escape if we are intercepted."

In the growing light Bernard looked at his taciturn companion, but he saw only the outline of his dark face, for his cloak was held closely up, his eyes looked steadfastly forward.

Despite the service the man was doing him, Bernard felt that there was a coldness, for which he could not account, between them. He would have spoken, but there was no chance for conversation, and they went on over the sodden fields, for they had left the road, neither uttering a word for an hour, then Bernard suddenly halted, and exclaimed—

"I believe I am followed! Listen, and tell me if you do not hear along the road that runs parallel with this field, the sound of horses' feet. I have heard it, or fancied I did, ever since we were sheltered by this wood."

Houghton threw back his cloak and listened, while Bernard saw clearly for the first time the face of Houghton, so full of latent fire, so haughtily and sensitively cut.

"Yes, I hear," he said at last. "It may not be your pursuers—if they are, there is probably a detachment the other side of us; that is, if they are acting upon any knowledge of the route we took."

They stood quiet. The sound of galloping came nearer, then ceased, and they heard the crackling of the brushwood among the trees.

"We will go," said Bernard, and the two plunged on through the boggy meadow.

As they struggled on, Bernard cast one glance backward, and saw a horseman urging his horse through the wet field which had only needed this rain to make it soft and clinging to the foot.

Houghton saw the raging vindictiveness in Bernard's colorless face. He almost expected him to turn back and shoot his pursuer, and stand to receive a fire that should end such disgraceful days.

"I have led you near the great sewer that drains the Bidston marsh," said Houghton, "so that if it was necessary you might escape through that to the dock."

"But that does not seem possible," Bernard said. "I cannot swim through filth for that distance. How far is it? I might as well be shot as suffocated in such a place."

"You will take your chance," said Houghton, as they panted on, now for a few moments lost to the sight of the man following them, as they made a curve to reach the place to which Houghton was conducting him.

"It is probable," went on Houghton, "that you can easily go through the sewer; in any case, I don't see how you can escape otherwise. Do you choose to fight it out."

Houghton looked keenly at him, and saw the struggle in his heart.

Bernard's pride revolted.

"To burrow, to sneak like a rat!" he exclaimed. "For myself, I would not

do it, but for Jean I could do anything. I should enjoy fighting those fellows, and I never would be taken."

"I will lead you to the entrance," Houghton said, coldly. "We will not hurry. No one can overtake us before you are safely out of sight. Save your breath for your subterranean journey, for you will have to travel more than two miles before you reach the dock."

They slackened their speed until they reached a little knoll in the swampy land. On the farther side of this, Houghton said:

"Go down to the other side of that clump of trees, straight across the field beyond, you will see it is but a few rods—you will find the sewer—I cannot tell you how, but you can get in; but leave no startling traces of your presence.

"The idea is new; they will not suspect. Stay, give me your cap, and take this slouched hat and cloak. I will lead them on up the field. I believe you are safe."

Bernard wrung his hand with the grasp of gratitude. Something prompted him to say—

"I cannot, but Jean will thank you."

The smile that answered him was cold as moonlight upon snow.

Bernard had left him, and was speeding onward as Houghton had directed.

Houghton stood one instant looking at him as he ran on.

"Yes," he said to himself, "it is then, indeed, true that Jean will thank me for this. Well, her happiness is always first. It is for her that I have done this. That man cannot be guilty of crime with such a face. He will return, or if he does not, his memory will be dearer to her than any living lover."

Then, the officer, whose horse had floundered in the meadow, and refused to go farther, came struggling on on foot, just in sight in the distance.

Houghton started on, slanting off from the direction Bernard had taken.

He had gone perhaps a mile, and was thinking with a satirical smile of the futile efforts of his pursuer, when, as he sprang through an opening in a hedge, he came full upon two horsemen, who spurred upon him with the eagerness of a long-baffled attempt.

He yielded instantly, and was taken to the village, where he was immediately recognized for himself, not for the escaped prisoner.

"Bah!" said the officer who had followed him, "do you say that that fellow answers to the description of a man with blue eyes and light beard?"

Bernard, in the reeking atmosphere of that underground passage, struggled onward in the darkness. If he could have lost himself, he would have done so half a dozen times before he had gone half a mile; but he had but to press onward, as there was no branching tunnel.

The damp, cool air, or what was all there was of air, was thickened with the horrible exhalations of the place; and once his foot hit upon the soft, slimy coat of a rat, who boldly wandered, with his thousand companions, through his undisturbed paradise.

Bernard shuddered, and shrank at every step in the ooze of the bottom, but his steps were bold and determined, and he splashed onward with breath half abated.

Half an hour of such walking, slow at best, and he thought he had been in the sewer hours, and began looking eagerly forward to the glimmer of light that should announce the end of his journey.

The only noise he heard was the sound of his own footsteps, the drip of the

water from the walls, and the occasional scamper of a troop of rats, flying along before the invader.

All at once he was aware of a distant rushing sound, as of a flood let loose far away. He paused involuntarily in his walk, listening, some indefinite dread taking possession of him.

Onward the sullen, continual roar came, until he felt that the flood was coming toward him, that a huge volume of water had been let into the sewer, and was rushing on to overwhelm him.

He ran forward in a blind, futile attempt to escape, but he had hardly taken a dozen steps when he felt that it was close at his heels, and the next moment, with a gasp, a sob, a thought of mother and sister, he felt the cold flood embracing him as with the embrace of death. In that instant of time he had thought that all struggle was over; but after the first sweep of water over him, he rose to the surface, and felt himself borne rapidly along by the rushing tide. After that first wild tumult of memory and farewell, thought and reflection returned to him.

With desperate efforts he struggled to catch hold of some projection or some crevice in the walls as he was borne along. But he failed, or only succeeded for the moment—long enough to give him a deceiving hope; then he was washed on in the current.

Exhausted, despairing, he at last yielded helplessly, lying supinely on the water, carried onward, as he felt, through some infernal stream, shuddering through the midnight of Hades' horrors.

He knew that he was going with inconceivable rapidity; yet every moment was an apparently interminable age of torture.

Was that the faint glimmer of light to which he was approaching? or was it the glamour of eyes upon which he could no longer rely?

Such thought had flashed through his mind, when a whirl—a more violent rush than ever—filled his brain with a whirring sound; breath and life fled from him, and thought had ceased.

Three hours afterward, a man rode hurriedly up to a deserted dock that lay at the mouth of the sewer through which Bernard had gone.

Houghton leaped from his horse and went to the edge of the dock, his eyes roaming with impatient eagerness in search of some one.

"He came out in safety. He has escaped," he said to himself.

But even as he said it, his glance caught a motionless figure, a heap of heavy wet clothes, it seemed at first, lying in a shadow by the mouth of the sewer.

A quick-caught breath, a thrill of horror, and Houghton was bending over the insensible body, feeling with trembling hand for the pulse that appeared to have fled.

But life still lingered with Bernard, though only in the pitiful, faintest pulsation.

The restorative, fiery and strong—a veritable *eau de vie*—which Houghton had brought with him, at last tinged with a coming carmine the white lips of Bernard, and gave him power and inclination to open his eyes feebly upon the man who had twice saved him.

"You—still you!" he muttered, after an oft-repeated attempt to gaze steadily at Houghton.

'You've had a hard time, I fancy," said Houghton, giving him more brandy. "The water was let on, was it?"

Bernard made a sign of assent.

"Are you able to try to get on board a vessel directly—within a half hour or so?" asked Houghton.

"Now—this minute!" was the impatient response, as he made an effort to rise, but sank back on the wet stone, his clothes feeling heavy and unmanageable.

"In a moment I will help you," said Houghton. "The police will hardly think of coming here, at least not just yet. There's a Yankee packet captain, with his craft, outside the harbor. I have had a little trading with him, and I believe he would take you as a passenger back to Boston, if you wish to go. Shall I leave you here while I go down to the shore somewhere and get a boat that'll take us out to him? And you must have some clothes."

Houghton spoke rapidly, and in such a way that Bernard could hardly thank him. He only said "Yes" to all he said, and Houghton disappeared in the fog that had settled down over sea and land, taking the place of the driving rain.

Every breath now gave Bernard strength. He rose to his feet and paced to and fro with slow motion until Houghton returned. Then, when he came back, Bernard hurried on the coarse clothes he had brought him—a sailor's everyday suit—and the two men walked down to the shore, where, drawn up on the sands, was the little boat Houghton had secured.

They rowed cautiously out through the fog, peering forward to avoid a collision.

There was silence between them. Bernard's heart was too full for many words, and he felt that his companion did not care to talk.

Alongside the packet, which, even when near them, in that fog appeared a phantom ship, they were hailed in the twanging voice which belongs to the uneducated, exaggerated Yankee.

Houghton and Bernard clambered on board, while the former explained to the captain that a friend of his wanted a cheap passage to Boston; that he was willing to work for it in part, and would pay him what was reasonable.

After a little chaffer and some eyeing of Bernard on the part of the captain, the bargain was concluded, and Houghton came to Bernard to say good-by.

They stood clasping each other's hands, Bernard's eyes filling with manly tears as he looked in the face of his deliverer.

At last he spoke—

"If ever in this world I am tempted to doubt the existence of nobleness, I shall remember one man I have known. It will be one of the objects of my life to find you some day, and to prove to you that it is impossible for me to forget you."

The penetrating tremor of his voice, the flashing of his tear-wet eyes, moved the heart of his listener.

"I am glad to have helped you," said Houghton, conveying in those simple words so much that Bernard felt that he was understood.

He opened his lips to send a message to his mother and sister, when the captain came up, saying,

"Well, Houghton, we are about starting away. You'll have to hurry up your messages."

Without another word, Houghton let himself down into his boat, and Bernard stood leaning over the side, seeing his dimly-defined figure; then the boat and its solitary oarsman cleft the fog, and were lost in the mist; and a few mo-

ments later Bernard was bound for a foreign shore, with sails set, slowly gliding westward to a new home and happiness.

Later in the day, when a westering sun was struggling to throw its yellow rays through the fog, but half failing, and giving only a dull gleam to the thick air, Houghton stood in the parlor of Jean's home.

She had just entered, and stayed her steps near the door, looking with hungering and yet fearful eyes at the man who had volunteered to guide her brother.

Miserably mistaking, as he had done all along, the relation between Bernard and Jean, Houghton felt, as he saw her face, all the pain of an unreturned love.

Steadying his voice as best he could, he said hastily—

"He is safe; he has already started for America."

Not then could she think of details; she only knew and felt the blessed truth.

She turned her eyes, lucent, tender, full of divine light, full upon his, and opened her lips to speak, when Mrs. Ingalls, who had just discovered Houghton's presence, opened the door, and one look at her daughter's face revealed the fact of Bernard's escape to her.

With a flood of tears, a weak, yet triumphant voice, she exclaimed—

"It is true! My son has escaped!" and sank upon the nearest chair, covering with her thin hands her quivering, joyful face.

Even at that time Jean was conscious of the glance of searching, intense love, of suddenly revived hope that flashed into her soul from Houghton's eyes.

His dark face flushed redly, and he turned quickly away, and looked out upon the grey twilight, such vehement emotion controlling him that he was half suffocated with its strength and suddenness.

He stood silent by the window until Mrs. Ingalls, with some vague perception of his mood, left the room, and he was alone with Jean.

He turned and advanced toward her, stopping by her side where her dress fell against him, and thrilled him—where the light of her eyes flooded his soul with the pain and the exquisiteness of happiness.

"I did not know he was your brother," he said.

"It is my brother whom you have just saved to us," she said, dropping her eyes, and thinking through all the excitement she felt, how unselfishly Houghton had acted.

"It is not now that I would tell you, as if I were begging for a guerdon," he said, "only that the reaction is so strong that my soul will speak. Jean do you know what it says?"

He touched her hand, and once more, impelled, she looked up at him, and in the supreme moments of a life, eyes tell all, and more, than mere words ever could.

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

wn by Winslow Homer.

"I CANNOT! IT WOULD BE A SIN! A FEARFUL SIN!"—Page 354.

BEECHDALE.

By Marian Harland.

CHAPTER XI.

THE September nights were cool among the mountains, and as Mr. Kirke and his elder daughter drove home, between eleven and twelve o'clock, from the visit of mercy they had been paying on the other side of the ridge, there were white blankets of mist upon the meadows and in the valleys along which their route lay.

The fire was out in the kitchen, and Patsey had been asleep for two hours and more, having made up her mind that her master would not return until the morrow. There was still a light in Jessie's chamber, and she came down, wide-awake and dressed, to admit the travellers. The servant man slept in a room over the stable, and after calling him once or twice without arousing him, the worthy clergyman took pity upon his weariness after his hard day's work, and groomed his horse himself. He was sadly chilled when he came into the house. Eunice exclaimed at the dampness of his overcoat in helping him remove it, and Jessie, instructed in such appliances to health and comfort by her watery adventure, of which she lisped not a word to the others, prescribed a glass of brandy and water. Mr. Kirke needed nothing excepting a night's rest, he assured them both, and ascended to his apartment to seek it. He owned, at breakfast, that sleep was obdurate to his wooing; that he had had something very like an ague during the night, and that it was a violent headache which deprived him of appetite.

This was the beginning of the spell of fever that, within five days, laid him upon his bed, and two weeks later assumed a typhoid form. His daughters were his nurses by day and night. Offers of watchers poured in from the few gentle and the many simple who were his parishioners and neighbors; but the sisters courteously and gratefully declined all. Their patient was all-deserving of the name, and needed no other care than they could give him. He slept much, and suffered little pain, and their few household duties allowed one or the other to be constantly with him. Thus to the kindly applicants; while to each other and their parent they said that love would not allow them to delegate a duty so dear and pious even to the true friends who sought to divide their labors. No man ever had more tender and gentle custodians. There was no perceptible difference in the assiduity and skill of the two, but visitors were unanimous in the expression of the opinion that their anxious vigils told more visibly upon Jessie than upon her sister. She wasted almost as rapidly as did the sick man, while her eyes were settled in their mournfulness, and she seemed to forget how to smile days before the physician expressed any doubt as to the sequel of her parent's illness.

He had been confined to his room three weeks, when, on the morning of the 29th of September, Jessie met the doctor on the stairs, as she was carrying in a bowl of beef-tea she had just made.

"Ah, doctor! I did not know you were here," she said, more cheerfully than he had heard her speak for several days, unless when within her father's hearing. "Father is more comfortable; don't you think so?"

"He is more quiet, certainly. Can I see you for a moment, my dear, when you have taken that in? I shall wait for you in the parlor."

He spoke very gravely, averting his eyes as he finished; and hope went suddenly and completely out of the daughter's heart.

She bore the basin carefully into the chamber, up to the bedside of the patient, and called his name, clearly:

"Father, dear! will you take a little of this for me?"

She watched him narrowly, as he aroused himself to respond.

"He sleeps all the time, to-day," whispered Eunice.

There was a dull glow in his half-open eyes, and he put his hand to his head, confusedly, staring in his younger daughter's face, as she repeated her request.

"It is Jessie, father! You have been dreaming, and are not yet awake. Here is your beef-tea. May I give you a spoonful or two?"

"I thought you were your mother, child!" he said, smiling faintly, but lovingly, at her. "I was dreaming, as you say."

She fed him as she would a child; but he would take only a little nourishment, turned his face away and instantly fell asleep again.

"The doctor's delicate and unenviable duty was half done for him before she joined him in the lower room.

"You consider my father worse?" was the address with which she opened the interview.

"I grieve to say that I do!"

"Is there no hope?"

He hesitated.

"I am answered!" she said, hastily. "Don't shelter yourself behind that hateful, worthless subterfuge about hope ceasing only with life. Tell me, instead, how long—"

The rest of the sentence was beyond her powers of utterance.

But she did not succumb in aspect after the wordless struggle died away in a quiver of the unmoistened lips. She was very white, but very still. The doctor congratulated himself upon the sagacity that had led him to choose this one of the twain as the recipient of his unwelcome intelligence. Jessie was his favorite, and he had ever contended that hers was the stronger, as well as the more sprightly nature. Since she was so collected, so well-prepared for the sad probability—if not the fell certainty—be could be entirely frank.

"The symptoms indicate general congestion," he said. "If this should advance rapidly, we cannot hope to have him with us more than twenty-four hours at the utmost. I shall return presently, with Dr. Trimble. But his verdict will, I think, coincide with mine. The indications are distinct. Mr. Kirke will probably be partially unconscious most of the time. But no one can doubt his fitness for the great change. And he has instructed you so carefully, Jessie, my dear, that you do not need to be told where to look for consolation, for grace and strength, in this trying hour—"

A motion of prohibition that had in it none of the grace of entreaty, checked his formula.

"You will not be long absent?" asked a voice from between the rigid lips.

The circles under her eyes were blacker and broader each second.

"I shall be in again so soon as I can find Dr. Trimble. You had better take Miss Eunice into your confidence without delay. She might think it strange—might take it hard if anything were to happen, you know—"

"Yes—I know!"

That shut his mouth and rid her of his presence.

The day was warm for the season—so sultry that the cirrus clouds swimming in the blue ether looked soft to April tearfulness. How still it was, as Jessie leaned upon the sill of the open oriel, and let her eyes roam through garden and church-yard—ever returning without volition of hers, to the gap in the long lines of grave-stones next her mother's tomb! Had nature swooned all over the broad earth? Was there nothing real left in creation save the fact of her great woe?

"My father is dying!" she said, aloud and distinctly.

And again—"I suppose this is what people mean when they talk of not realizing a saviour."

As if aught but overwhelming appreciation of the might of a present calamity could crush the heart into deadness!

She was picking the faded leaves from the creepers, and crumbling them into dust when Eunice came in. Jessie's protracted absence after the conference with the doctor had excited her apprehensions, and she stole down while her father slept, to inquire into the cause. Immeasurably relieved at sight of her sister's attitude and occupation, she smiled as she aroused her from her reverie.

"I could not think what had become of you, dear. What does Dr. Winters think of father?"

"Sit down, Eunice, and I will tell you!" said Jessie, vague pity in her eyes, but no change in her hard, hollow voice.

Eunice sank into the nearest chair, laying her hand quickly upon her heart.

"You cannot mean—"

"That he is dying!" interrupted the other; and in the same awful composure, she repeated the doctor's verdict *verbatim*. "Now," she concluded, "I will go back to him. You may come presently—when you have had time to think over the matter."

The beryl eyes were washed with many tears before they again met Jessie's across the sick-bed, but after that, Eunice bore herself bravely. Hour after hour, they sat in the hushed upper chamber, facing their nearing desolation, without a plaint or an audible sigh. Below stairs all was silent as the grave. Patsey, with an indefinable idea that the house should be set in order for the coming of the grim guest, had dusted the furniture, set back the chairs, and closed the blinds in the parlor and dining-room; made her kitchen as neat as either of these; then seated herself upon the upper step of the side-porch, her arms wrapped in her clean apron. Jessie's orders were positive that no one besides the doctors should be admitted, and as the woman's look-out commanded the front gate, she intercepted the many callers who flocked to the parsonage at the swift rumor of the pastor's extreme illness.

"We will keep him all to ourselves while he stays with us!" the younger sister had answered the other's fear lest this proceeding should give offence to

the people. "He has belonged to them for thirty years. At the last, we may surely claim him!"

"But they love him dearly!" remonstrated Eunice. "He is their spiritual father and guide."

"He is our *all!*" was the short reply, and Eunice forbore to argue further.

In the midst of her grief she was slightly afraid of Jessie. The wide eyes, that were caverns of gloom; the false, unnatural accents that never shook or varied, cowed her into quiet and obedience.

There was little to be done. The sick man slept—if it were sleep—except when aroused to take medicine or food. At these periods he recognized his children, and spoke coherently, although briefly. His kind heart and gentle breeding were with him to the end. His utterances were of thankfulness for the services they rendered, and love for those who bent over him, lest a word should be lost of what they felt at each awakening, might be the last sentence they should ever hear from him. So the afternoon went by, and the shortening twilight of autumn came on apace. The shutters of the southern windows were unclosed to admit the air which evening had not made raw. The fleecy clouds were packed into a cumulose mass upon the horizon, and this began to rise as the sun set behind it. Dun, while day lasted, with ragged, brassy edges, it darkened and thickened, as Jessie watched it, into a banner of blackness, absorbing the light from the rest of the heavens and blotting out the earth from her sight. The mill-wheel was still, but the roar of the waterfall was hoarsely distinct.

"I will bring up the night-lamp!" said Eunice, rising.

She was not half way down stairs when Jessie heard the garden-gate shut, and steps upon the gravel-walk leading to the kitchen-door; next, a stifled scream from Patsey, and a low, manly voice in rebuke or reassurance. Listening as for her life, the deadly cold of hands and feet creeping up to her heart, she caught Eunice's faint exclamation, then the stealthy tread of feet in the hall to the parlor door, after which all was quiet again.

For one moment the darkness was Egyptian, and the night more freezing than winter. The watcher struggled to arise, to raise her hands to her madly-throbbing temples, but a dull paralysis was upon her limbs. It was not more than three minutes, but it seemed an hour, before will asserted its sway so far as to call back the blood in a tingling rush to the heart and extremities. Her trial was at hand, and she awaited it dumbly. A weary season of sickness and dread elapsed ere Eunice entered with the lamp. She put it down upon the stand in a distant corner, adjusted the shade, came around to Jessie's side, and leaned over to list to her father's breathing, then spoke.

Her voice was husky and unsteady, and there was the shine of fresh tears upon her cheeks.

"There is some one down stairs who wishes very much to see you, dear!" she said, laying her hand upon her sister's as if to support her in case she should be overcome by the surprise in store for her.

"Is it Roy Fordham?" asked the hard voice.

"It is!"

Eunice saw her preparatory measures had been thrown away.

"Then let him come up. I shall not leave this room."

CHAPTER XII.

EVERY object in the dimly-lighted chamber seemed to Jessie's strained eyes to stand out with painful distinctness as her long-absent lover entered. Most clearly of all, she saw his familiar figure, noted even the full beard and grey travelling suit while he crossed the floor toward her. She arose, mechanically, at his appearance, and went forward a step to meet his fleet, noiseless advance.

"My own one! my poor darling!"

He had her in his arms before she could resist, if she had meant to do so. There were tears in his eyes and voice as he kissed her, and he held her closely, warmly, as a mother would a suffering child.

She undid his embrace with fingers strong and chill as steel.

"My father is very ill!" she faltered, and retreated to his pillow.

Disturbed by the movement, and the sound of his name, Mr. Kirke awoke. The recess in which the bed stood was in partial shadow, but his gaze rested at once upon Roy, and he tried to lift his head.

"Is that the doctor?"

Jessie replied,

"No, father; it is Mr. Fordham."

Instead of welcoming him, the sick man looked heavenward, and his lips moved in prayer. Only the daughter who stood nearest him, caught the burden of his thanksgiving.

"Lord! now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!"

When he moved, it was in an effort to hold out his arms to the returned traveller.

"Roy! dear son!"

Roy took the emaciated hands in his, with one answering word.

"Father!"

"Leave us for a little while, my children," said the dying voice. "We have much to say to one another, and the time is short."

He was obeyed; Eunice going to her chamber to weep and pray in mingled gratitude and sorrow, Jessie flying down the stairs to the hall, thence out into the garden.

The sky was one expanse of cloud by this time. The wind moaned fitfully in the tree-tops, brought down showers of dry leaves into her face and upon her uncovered head. They whispered drearily to her as they hurtled by and crackled under her feet, and each thicket had its sigh of desolation. She heard and felt all—her soul in unison with the wild night and its voices of woe. She had fled from her father's presence, feeling like one accursed, forsaken by God and man. The return for which his praise had gone up to heaven, was the event she had anticipated with shame and terror that made her long to hide herself in the wilderness or the grave, to escape from the sight of him she had deceived. To him the dying saint was now bequeathing her—his dearest earthly treasure. Would Roy let him, indeed, depart in peace, or would his stern sense of truthfulness and honor impel him to a revelation of her perfidy? True, he had taken her in his arms and kissed her, but she had received this as his farewell, not his salutation; seen in it the resistless overflow of the old-time fondness at sight of her and her affliction. Better—a thousand times better—he had not come until the eyes that had lighted into gladness at sight of him were sealed in death,

than to plant thorns in the painless pillow of the death-bed by relating how she had betrayed the trust of her betrothed, and disappointed her father's hopes. If she could have warned him! If she had had the presence of mind to make some sign of caution before she left them together! Would he have mercy? or must her father's latest words to her be reproof and not blessing—regrets, not thanksgiving?

Up and down, up and down, she trod the long alley, looking at the faintly illuminated upper windows; wringing her hands in her dry-eyed agony, and longing, yet fearing to hear the summons that should end her suspense.

It came at length—Roy's step upon the portico, and his call, guarded, lest it should reach the sick-chamber, but distinct to her as would be the trump of doom.

"Jessie, where are you?"

She went toward him without hesitation. Women have gone to the hall of sentence and to the block in the same way. He met her, guided by her rustling tread among the leaves.

"My precious love! this should not be! *You* will be ill next!"

He led her into the house, and to the parlor where were lights. She was not surprised that he did not let her pause until they reached the deep window—where she had not sat for months until that morning after the doctor had left her. She had not expected a violent outbreak of anger or recrimination; had felt that even in becoming her accuser he could not cease to be the gentleman. Orrin had told her, more than once, that his kinsman was just, to calm severity. He would grant her a chance of self-exculpation; would judge her out of her own mouth; make her rehearse to him the story of her falsehood, upon the spot where she had plighted her vow of eternal constancy. And she would meet it all—say it all—if he would but let her go back the sooner to her father—the father who was dying up-stairs.

"Don't think me cruel, dear, or ungenerous," began Roy, when he had seated her and himself at her side.

Had her wretchedness moved him to leniency?

He continued. "But this is no season for useless delays and mock reserves. Our dear father is passing away from us. I met the doctor on my way hither this evening. He thinks that he may leave us very, very soon. One moment, dearest, and you shall go to him;" for she had started up. "He has made a dying request of us—of you and me—the fulfilment of which depends upon you. I say nothing of the joy and happiness with which I have given my consent to his proposal—only of the comfort you can shed upon his last moments by marrying me in his sight within the next hour."

"No! no!" she slid from her seat to her knees and hid her face, crouching to the floor in horror and humiliation. "I cannot! It would be a sin! a fearful sin!"

Roy would have raised her, but she shrank away from him.

"Anything but that! Ask me anything but *that!*" she reiterated.

"It is not I who ask it, dear! Our father has decided what shall be the time and place of our marriage. It is not selfish—much less is it sinful in us to yield to his wish—his last earthly desire. It has been his prayer from the commencement of his illness that he might live to join our hands; give you into my keeping before you should close his eyes. Surely, knowing this, we may not fear to repeat in his hearing the vows we made, long ago, in this, our betrothal-nook."

The simple, sad sincerity of his appeal sounded like pitiless will in the ears of the distracted girl, but she could not gainsay his reasoning. The decision was then thrown upon her. Hers was the power to cast a ray of light upon the even-time of the life which had been to her a constant benefaction, or to shadow it with bitter disappointment.

"It is not selfish in us to yield!"

The words stung like venomed sarcasm. Not selfish to accept the fate against which her nature—physical and spiritual—had lashed itself into revolt for weary months past! Not selfishness to find upon her neck the yoke of the scorned and unloving wife!

The last thought moved her to action. She dragged herself to her feet, still rejecting his aid, and, for the first time since their meeting, looked into his face.

"Did you get my last letter—that in which I asked you to release me from this engagement?"

"Yes!"

He would have drawn nearer, as he said it, but she kept him off—less with her hands than with her eyes—so unlike the sweet wells at which he used to drink his fill of love!

"And knowing all, it is still your wish to marry me! Think well before you answer! This bond is for life, remember! and life is long. O, how long—to the miserable!"

"This is my answer!" Before she could avoid him, he had gathered her in his arms; had pressed the reluctant head to his bosom. "We have been wedded for fifteen months, already, my darling! I am claiming my wife—not my betrothed. Did you imagine that I could be frightened from my hope and my purpose by that morbid little note? Recollect! you left the decision to me! If, instead of this, you had ordered me to stay away forever, I should have come to you, all the same—have taken you to the old resting-place, and kissed away the gloomy fancies that had tempted you to banish me. I know your heart better than you do yourself—and you are *mine*, Jessie! 'The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part you and me!' Now, beloved, what shall I say to our father? The minutes are precious."

"It shall be as you and he desire. I will tell him this myself," replied Jessie, distinctly, and in mournful composure Roy deemed altogether natural in the circumstances.

A few words of explanation followed, as to necessary arrangements, and Roy mounted Mr. Kirke's horse, which he had ordered the servant man to saddle, before he sought Jessie, and rode off at full speed to the village.

The sisters awaited his return where they had sat all day, the one at the right, the other at the left hand of their father. He had lapsed into slumber or stupor, before Jessie resumed her post, and there was no sound within the room save his irregular breathing. Once, Jessie got up with the remark that it was time to renew the mustard-poultices that stimulated the curdling veins in his limbs into flow, and the two did the office deftly and mutely. Eunice saw her sister, as she reseated herself, lay her cheek to the almost pulseless hand that rested upon the coverlet, and close her eyes, while her lips were stirred by an inaudible sentence. The observer was thankful for this token of a more subdued and natural frame of mind than the suffering girl had hitherto exhibited. It was meet that she should seek the blessing of heaven upon the union she was about to form, and that thoughts of prayer should be linked with loving ones of her earthly parent.

And Eunice, too, prayed in her gentle, pious heart for the happiness of the child she had reared as her own, and for that of the true, fond brother, whose arrival, in this, their darkest hour, was like a direct answer from heaven to the petition she had offered, during their long days of watching and anxiety. With Roy to console and care for Jessie, the smitten household would be rich even in temporal comfort.

Was Jessie praying? She had proudly flung the charge of perjury at another, saying, "Of this sin at least, I am innocent!" but what was the act to which she had given her consent—which the next hour would render irrevocable? It was when the question was forced upon her by some taunting demon, that she kissed the clay-cold hand, and whispered the formula she had said aloud that morning at the open window, and repeated inly hundreds of times since.

"My father is dying!"

Since she could not lie down and die in his stead, she would sacrifice the poor hopes of peace that were spared to her from the wreck of her early dreams, to purchase for him what gratification she could still give him. Eunice might well eye her apprehensively all that day. Many with brains steadier and blood, cooler than were hers have been consigned to insane asylums.

The wind was so loud as to drown the tramp of horses' hoofs, when Roy brought back with him the Episcopal clergyman and Dr. Winters.

It was difficult to arouse the sleeper now, and although he opened his eyes, and swallowed the stimulant administered by the physician, it was evident to all that the recent excitement had weakened the hold of his mind upon actual and present events, or that reason was fast slipping away with life.

Still, he knew each one who spoke to him; answered with faint, but perceptible emphasis, "Yes! by all means!" to Roy's question whether the ceremony should proceed; tried to shut his clammy fingers upon those Jessie slipped within them, as she obeyed the injunction of the clergyman to join her right hand with that of her betrothed.

It was a strange, sad rite—stranger and more mournful than burials usually are. The bride's gaze never left the pallid face and closed eyes that rested among the pillows; her assent to the interrogations put to her was so slight as to create a passing doubt in the mind of the catechist whether she had given any. The mountain-storm burst overhead in a roar of thunder, wind and rain, as the bridegroom spoke his reverent and steadfast response, and when the benediction was pronounced, Jessie stooped to kiss her father, apparently forgetful that Roy's was the first right to the token of affection.

"Dear father! It is your little Jessie! I have done as you wished. Will you not bless me?"

It was like Esau's "exceeding great and bitter cry."

But it sounded in the ear deadened by the death-stupor, as a faint and far-off call. Mr. Kirke's eyelids quivered without rising, and the muscles of the mouth worked. Then the grey calm settled down again upon the still face.

"He does not know me!" cried the daughter, throwing up her arms in a passion of despair. "I did it for him, and he will never know it!"

Kneeling beside the bed, she buried her head in the coverings. Roy leaned over her and whispered tenderly something the rest did not hear. He might as well have addressed the dying man with words of consolation. When he touched her to recall her attention, she shuddered visibly, but gave no other token of consciousness of his presence.

"I am glad you are here, Mr Fordham—heartily glad!" said the doctor, as they went down the stairs together. "Your wife needs very delicate and careful treatment just now. Her whole nervous system is disordered. I saw it in her manner and eye this morning. When the unnatural strain is relaxed, she will break down completely, I am afraid."

Mr. Kirke died at sunrise of the next day. He had noticed no one, and said nothing since his feeble rejoinder to Roy's query prior to the marriage, until an hour before his decease, when Jessie made a final effort to arouse him.

"Father!" she called, slipping her arm under his head; "kiss me once more—will you not?"

The stiff lips moved under the pressure of hers, and a smile remained when the kiss had been given.

"You know me—don't you?" said his daughter, breathlessly. "Who is it that speaks to you?"

All present heard the answer:

"*Ginevra!*"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE breaking-down predicted by Dr. Winters took the form, not of hysterical emotion, as he had expected, but of physical languor and spiritual apathy, which were more alarming. Jessie acquiesced in every proposal made by her sister and husband, obeyed every request without demur or inquiry. If left to herself, she asked nothing except to be allowed to sit or lie passive for hours together; her eyes closed or fixed on vacancy, her countenance immobile in the weary sadness that had marked it from the moment her hand left her dead father's forehead—a look that seemed to say she had henceforward nothing to hope for, or to fear.

Few husbands would have had tolerance with this excessive grief for the loss of a parent, however beloved. One might search far and long without finding a man whose sympathy with the demonstration of this would incite him to warmer love and fonder care for her who, for the time, ignored his claim to supreme regard, in her devotion to a memory.

"You could not mourn more bitterly for *me!*" I once heard a man say, in impatient reproach, upon surprising his wife in tears within a week after she had committed a dearly-loved father to the grave. He was a good man and an affectionate husband, but he could not endure a divided allegiance.

Had Roy Fordham's love been of this sensitive and exclusive type, it would have been chafed threadbare during the ten days he passed in Beechdale after the funeral. This furlough was not accepted by him without misgivings. The college session had begun, and his brother professors generously offered to divide his duties among them. Dr. Baxter, whose partiality for him was proverbial, taking a double share upon himself. But, solacing his conscience with the assurance that Eunice needed his help in the cares incident to the settlement of the estate and breaking up the small establishment, he tendered his grateful regards for the favor showed him, and remained, the stay and assistant of one sister, the guardian of the other's helplessness.

In a week all was done except the final disposition of household effects, and

the removal of the mourners to another home. Mr. Kirke's debts were few and small. His little property was divided equally between his children. There was no room for legal quibbles or jealousies. The only question yet unsettled was the one of Eunice's residence. Roy had engaged a house in Hamilton, and was urgent in his desire that she should live with Jessie and himself. The conscientious elder sister hesitated in the knowledge that her income would not support her in equal comfort anywhere else.

"My inclination leads me to follow Jessie," she confessed to her brother-in-law. "My sense of duty to myself and to you makes me doubt the propriety and justice of living in comparative idleness, when, if I had not the shelter of your roof, I must work to maintain myself."

Which quibble Roy declared to be absurd and far-fetched.

"To say nothing of the manifest unkindness to our poor girl here!" he added, as his wife entered the room in which they were sitting. "Come here, darling, and convince this unreasonable and sceptical woman that she is indispensable to our happiness."

Jessie yielded mechanically to the gentle force that drew her to his knee.

"What is it?" she asked, listlessly.

Roy gave an abstract of the situation.

She looked perplexed. It was an effort to try to understand anything now.

"Of course she will live with me—with us, wherever we go!" she rejoined, less wearily than usual. "I thought that was decided upon."

"It is now!" said Roy, confidently, and Eunice did not dispute it. There was a clearer, more constant light in her eye, after the matter was settled for her. The thought of separation from her sister was very painful, and there were other reasons why Hamilton should prove a pleasant home for them all.

Roy was to leave them for a week to attend to his classes and forward the preparations for the reception of his bride.

"Of my family!" he said, in forced gayety, on the morning of his departure, "I assure you, my consequence in my own eyes is mightily augmented by the acquisition of my new honors."

Eunice called up one of her slow, bright smiles in acknowledgment. Jessie appeared to heed the compliment as little as she did the parting that drew tears from her sister and choked Roy's farewell directions as to the care she must take of herself while he was away.

"I shall write to you every day, my sweet wife," he promised. "And it may do you good—it will help while away the time if you can scribble a few lines to me in return now and then."

"If I can, I will—but don't expect to hear every day from me. There is so little to write about, you know;" and Eunice wondered, to reverent admiration, at the love and forbearance with which he thanked her for the ungracious concession.

The sisters were at tea on the evening of the second day of his absence, when a letter was brought to Jessie.

"From Roy!" she said quietly, and laid it down by her plate until the meal was finished, Eunice hurrying through hers in the belief that the wife wished to peruse it alone.

Instead of this, Jessie broke the seal, and read the four closely-written pages by the lamp upon the supper table, while her sister washed the silver and china in the same little cedar-wood pail, with shining brass hoops, her mother had used

for this purpose a quarter of a century before. Eunice was inclined to be scrupulous in the matters of extreme cleanliness and system in housekeeping; in neatness and fitness of apparel, and had other and quaint, but never unpleasant peculiarities that leaned toward what the vulgar and unappreciative style "old maidism." But she was a bonny picture to behold to-night, her black dress setting off her fairness to exquisite advantage; her features chastened into purer outline and a softer serenity by sorrow; her eyes more beautiful for the showers that had steeped them.

She was younger in appearance and in feeling than the languid woman opposite, who conned without change of expression or complexion, the love-words that had streamed, a strong living tide, from the heart of the fortnight-old husband. She read it all, from address to signature, then handed it to her sister, who had just summoned Patsey to remove the hot water and towels.

"There are several messages to you in it," she said, languidly. "You can read them for yourself."

Eunice drew back.

"I don't think he meant it for any eyes but yours, my dear. Tell me what he says to me."

"I should have to go all over it again in order to do that," returned Jessie. "They are scattered sentences—business items, and the like. You may look for them at your leisure. I shall leave the letter upon the table here."

She put it down under her lamp, and turned her chair to the fire. This was their sitting-room, now that the two, with Patsey, composed the household. By tacit consent, they avoided the parlor, as recalling too vividly the gatherings and the happiness of other days. Jessie had leaned back in her cushioned seat, staring in a blank, purposeless way, at the fire, for five minutes or more, when Eunice took her place with her work-box on the other side of the hearth.

"You insist, then, that I shall read your love-letter?" she asked, pleasantly.

Faithful to her promise to Roy to do all in her power for the restoration of Jessie's cheerfulness, she compelled herself to wear a tranquil countenance in her sight; to speak hopefully, and, when she could, brightly, in accosting her.

Jessie neither smiled nor frowned. She looked simply and wearily indifferent.

"If you please!" she said, without withdrawing her eyes from the blazing logs.

Eunice skimmed the first three pages cursorily, on the watch for any mention of her own name, beset, all the while, by the idea that her act in opening the letter at all bordered upon profanation, and affected almost to tears by stray sentences she could not avoid seeing, eloquent of the young husband's tender compassion for his beloved one, his longings to be with her, and fond prognostications of the peace and joy of their future life. At the top of the fourth page, a passage seemed to dart up at her from the sheet, and leaping into view, to be changed into characters of blood-red flame.

"What a discreet little woman you are, never to hint to me your knowledge of Orrin's engagement! The communication took me completely by surprise. He would hardly believe that you had not told me; said he went down to Beechdale on purpose to impart to you the agreeable and important secret. The marriage is to come off in December. I always prophesied that he would be in haste to marry when he had once selected the lady. You know her, he tells me, and refers me to you for a description of her. I own I should be better satisfied

that he is to be made as happy as he deserves to be, if Miss Sanford were not an heiress. While we—you and I, and others who know him well—will never suspect him of selling himself for money, the above fact may give occasion for scandal-mongers to annoy him. The father of the bride elect is in town. I met him on the street to-day with Orrin. Rumor has it that his business here is to purchase the new house opposite Judge Provost's, as a residence for the happy pair. It will be a handsome home, but I hope and believe that we shall be as content with our love-nest of a cottage."

Jessie did not look around as her sister refolded the letter, tucked it into the envelope, and laid it upon the table. But while each believed herself to be separated from the other by a fathomless gulf of memories, every one of which was an anguish, both were pondering the same section of the epistle that lay between them. The announcement of Orrin's approaching marriage was, in itself, nothing to the wife. The thought of it had lost the power to wound, when she parted with her faith in him. The wrong he had done her could never be forgiven. He had misled her purposely, deceived her cruelly, had robbed her life of love and hope, and given her self-contempt and remorse in their stead. But she did not for a second regret him, or linger tenderly upon recollections of their departed intimacy. Hester Sanford was welcome to the suitor her gold had bought.

The phrase that had found a sentient spot in her heart was this: "He refers me to you for a description of her." The apathetic misery which had locked brain and heart with fetters of ice since her father's death, had not rendered her totally unmindful of her husband's long-suffering and gentleness, his unselfish devotion to and tender care of herself. The girlish passion that had made of him a demi-god, was gone forever. Her flesh fainted, and her heart died within her at the caresses to which she had turned herself, in the days of her idolatry, as roses open to the sun. She could never love again, the fires had scathed too deeply for that; but she had begun to believe that she might find comfort in esteeming and respecting her only protector; seek—not vainly—in a calm, true friendship for this good man, forgetfulness of the storms that had wrecked her early dreams. In his frank and noble presence suspicion stood rebuked. It was easier to discredit the evidence of one's own senses and judgment than to doubt his integrity.

But here was a deliberate deception. He—Roy Fordham—had known Hester Sanford before she ever saw her. She was the intimate associate and confidante of his former love—of the woman he had renounced heartlessly and without compunction—and whose name had never passed his lips in the hearing of her who was now his wife. Whence this affectation of ignorance of the person and character of his cousin's betrothed, if not as a further means of keeping the knowledge of this affair from her?

"He is like the rest of them!" she said to herself, in weary disgust. "I would have believed in him if I could!"

The door shut quietly. She did not hear it, or miss her sister from her place. It was no uncommon circumstance for them to sit together without speaking for an hour at a time, Eunice's fingers busied with some article of useful needlework, Jessie's limp and idle. Much less was it in the imagination of the younger sister to follow the elder in her slow progress up the staircase, her face more stony and her eyes more dreary with each step, to the fair, large chamber she had occupied from her childhood.

It was cold and dark, but for the light of the taper she set down upon the

mantel. There were none of the fanciful ornaments—none of the luxurious devices, the patches of bright coloring that reflected the owner's taste and whims in Jessie's apartment. All the draperies—those of the windows, the dressing-table and the antique chairs were pure white, as were also the walls. The carpet was a sober drab, checkered with narrow lines of blue,—the aspect of the whole so chill and sombre on this bleak night, that Eunice shivered with an added sense of desolation, as she drew up a seat to the stand in the middle of the floor, and leaned her head upon the hard wood. Not a tear or a word escaped her for the next hour, but a deft and an invisible engraver was at work upon her features, sharpening outlines and deepening here a stroke and there a furrow, until the father would hardly have known his child.

I said, many pages back, that Orrin Wyllys's victims made no moan. Least of them all was this one likely to publish her case to the world—to shriek out her great and sudden woe in the ear of heaven and of her kind. She had never loved until she met him, and the discovery of this curious fact had stimulated his professional zeal—animated his pride in the honor and success of his vocation. He had found the key of her heart and had used it. Love is no holiday romance when it comes thus late in life to a woman of large capacity for affection, and a will, the strength of which has hitherto made the expression of such seeking instincts and needs as win for weaker girls the reputation of lovingness and dependence, appear even to those who know her best, like tranquil contentment with her allotted share of love and companionship. She had heard herself called a "predestined old maid," ever since her mother left her, a demure infant, apt and serious beyond her years to become her father's co-worker and comforter. Her calm smile at the title looked like conscious superiority to dread of the obloquy—a fear that infects all classes of her sex. Her love was reserved as her longing for affection had been. Orrin's most insidious arts had not sufficed to surprise her into confession. Of marriage he had never spoken, nor she permitted herself to think. Her devotion was artless and uncalculating as a child's. He had persuaded her that the subtle sympathy of their souls had made them one from their earliest meeting; that he had then recognized in her his spirit mate. The seductive cant came trippingly from his tongue with the fluent convincingness of much practice, and she was listening to it for the first and only time in her life. His dual game was adroitly conducted, and the result was a triumphant cap-sheaf to his harvest of hearts. His bride expectant would have torn her flaxen hair in rage had she suspected how tame he found the pursuit of herself, how deficient in the flavor of excitement that had marked his courtship of the beautiful but moneyless country girls.

The hall-clock rang out nine strokes when Eunice shook off her reverie, and unlocked a drawer of her bureau. It was lined with silver paper, and the odor of dried rose-leaves floated into the still, cold air, as she opened it. A bunch of withered flowers; a small herbarium filled by Orrin and herself in their woodland and mountain rambles—all the inscriptions, names of specimens and poetical legends, written in his hand; a thin bundle of letters and notes; five or six books—favorite works with both—composed the contents. She took them out carefully, one by one, and laid them in a heap upon the table. Then she sought in a closet for a walnut box, one of her childhood's treasures, an oblong casket with a sliding top and a strong lock. Without a sigh or a groan, she arranged the relics within it, with the nice regard to neatness and order which was with her intuitive as it had become habitual. The last article was a volume of Spen-

ser's "Fairy Queen," an English edition, elegantly illustrated. Orrin had sent it to her the Christmas Jessie passed with Mrs. Baxter. His pencil-marks were upon several pages, and one of the fly-leaves bore an extract from Tennyson. He had apologized for transcribing it there in the letter accompanying the gift, by saying it was ever in his mind when he watched or talked with her. No eyes save his and hers had ever seen the lines as penned upon that page, and they were the more precious to her that this was so.

Eyes not down-dropt, nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity;
Clear without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit; locks—not wide dispread—
Madonna-wise on each side her head;
Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood.

She unclosed the book and re-read them before consigning it to its place; holding the leaves loosely, let them unfurl slowly under her fingers. They ceased to flutter at one place, where a blue ribbon was inserted. A passage was encircled by pencilled brackets, and in the margin was "E. K."

Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in a shady place.

Eunice shut her eyes in a spasm that ploughed deep pain-lines in her visage. Hell may keep, but earth has not a keener torment than the contemplation of what was sweetest joy, now changed into shameful agony.

The book had fallen to the floor, and lay still open at the page marked by the ribbon. In picking it up her eye rested upon another line.

At last, in close heart shutting up her pain.

The rest of Eunice Kirke's life was a commentary upon that passage. The travail of concealment began when she turned the lock upon the mementos—few and innocent—of her solitary love-dream. The key was a tiny thing at which she looked for an instant in irresolution that ended in her raising the window, and flinging it far into the garden. The rain would soon beat it into the loose mould. It would be rusted into uselessness before the spring ploughshare brought it again to the surface. Upon the lid of the box she fastened a card. "*To be buried with me*," she wrote upon it with fingers that did not tremble.

The grave seems near and welcome in the ague-fit that shakes the soul from the divine delusion of reciprocal affection. There was not a particle of sickly sentimentalism in Eunice's nature; but she did feel that she could have said farewell to existence and the few she loved, with less effort than was required to dress her countenance in its wonted serenity, and go back to her sister; to speak and act as if no thunderbolt had riven the ground at her feet; to consult her rustic and unobservant handmaid about homely details of the morrow's housekeeping; confirmations all of the stubborn fact that the business of life—its tug and sweat and strain—halts not for broken heart-springs.

If the iron be blunt, a man must lay to it more strength. If the spirit refuse to bear its part in the appointed task, the muscles must be educated to perform double duty. This toiling and reeking at the galley-oar may bring power to the sinews and hardness to the flesh, but woe to him by whose offence the burden is bound upon the guiltless.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next Sunday was rarely bland for the middle of October. Roy invited his wife to a stroll in the garden with him at sunset. There were more sere than green leaves in the rose-labyrinth, but one side of the arbor was covered by a thrifty *vincra phylia* that had been known to keep its foliage from autumn to spring, when the winter was not severe, and which had put forth, within a week, a few large milk-white roses, warmed into spicy fragrance by the sunny day.

"Sweets to the sweet!" said Roy, cutting a half-open blossom and a bud, and fastening them in Jessie's brooch. "I wish they did not match your cheeks so nearly, love!"

She smiled faintly.

"I shall be stronger when the cold weather comes. There is one thing you must let me speak of while Eunice is not by," she continued hurriedly. "I may not have appeared grateful for your permission to remain here, until her arrangements about the school are completed and she is ready to take possession of her house, but I am thankful! I feel your goodness—your generosity, deeply. I wish I were more worthy of it!"

Unconsciously, she had laid hold of the lappel of his coat, and was fingering it nervously. The action—her first voluntary caress since his return, thrilled him with ecstacy. Her downcast eyes and trembling lips recalled, in one delicious rush, thoughts of the shy dalliance of the girl he had wooed amid these bowers. He was winning her back to her true self—or rather, nature and affection were reviving from the lethargy induced by the terrible blow she had received.

"My wife must never speak to me of gratitude!" he said, restraining the pæan the heart would have sung through the lips. "Your happiness should be—if I know myself—is my chief consideration. Much as I regret Eunice's refusal to share our home, I should be brutal in my unkindness if I were to add to your disappointment by denying your request, that you might be left together a week or two longer. Nor do I wish to punish her, or in any manner to express my chagrin at her determination. She is actuated by motives which are weighty in her estimation. The sight of her glistening eyes, when I told her this morning that you were not to be separated for the present, went far toward compensating me for my self-denial. By and by, my bird will nestle in my bosom as her home. The knowledge that you are, indeed and in truth, mine, dear one, renders me patient, almost content, even in your absence. If I say, hourly, in the thought of your coming to and dwelling with me, 'God speed the day!' the aspiration does not incline me to force your inclination—to withhold from you a reasonable indulgence. I would be your husband—not your jailor, my pet!"

It was impossible to look into his moved face, to hear the cadence of passion and yearning that trembled along the last sentences, and not believe that whatever might be the record of his past loves and defections, his whole heart was now given to her who bore his name. The listener's paroxysm of humility bound her, in spirit, to his feet. He was heaping burning coals upon her shamed head.

"And God make me fit for that home!" she said solemnly, lifted in the exaltation of high resolve above the mental apathy and physical repulsion, which had, up to this hour, made this enforced union an ever present nightmare. "In-

deed, Roy, I will strive to be a good wife. I have nothing to live for now, except the hope of making you happy. I want to do this—to satisfy you in every respect—so far as I can!"

"So far as you can!" his whole soul in the eyes that beamed into hers, and a wealth of devotion, such as many women would peril their salvation to gain, in the sweet, proud smile irradiating his grave features. "The work is done, dearest! My cup runneth over. It will scarcely bear a rose leaf this evening—only this seal of our renewed covenant, my angel of blessing, my true, good *wife!*" bending to kiss her.

He remembered, afterward, how she clung to his shoulder and hid her face there, as he placed her beside him on the rustic bench, where they sat out the half hour of sunset, as they had done so many others in former summers.

Eunice, seated behind the tea-urn when they obeyed Patsey's second summons to supper, noted the lessened gloom of her sister's mien and Roy's expression of radiant content; saw, when they gathered about the hearth for the evening's talk, that Roy took in his clasp the hand which generally lay listlessly across its fellow in Jessie's lap, and that she suffered him to retain it. Saw, and was thankful for these slight harbingers of the return of the love and brightness which were once her child's life. Tried to comfort herself in her isolation with the belief that the night was passing from her darling's spirit.

"Wounds soon heal in hearts young and healthy as is hers," she mused. "For this, at least, I may return hearty thanks."

Within two days after the receipt of Roy's first letter, Eunice had announced to Jessie the reverse of her plans for the winter. Instead of removing with them to Hamilton, she had decided to hire a cottage in the village, and open a small school. She had partially engaged both house and pupils before she broached the subject to her sister. Thoroughly aroused from her selfish languor by this startling intelligence, Jessie had plied her with arguments and entreaties of her own devising, and, finding these ineffectual, wrote to Roy, begging him to use his influence to avert the threatened evil. He did his best—partly because he loved and respected his sister-in-law, chiefly because the subject was one that bore strongly upon Jessie's comfort and happiness. He accomplished nothing. Eunice was mild but firm in the expression of her unalterable resolve.

Finally, when brought to bay by his close reasoning and searching questions, she confronted him abruptly with—

"I must have work, and plenty of it just now, Roy! I *dare* not be idle. When it shall seem safe and best for me to rest and think I will accept your offer. I beg you to believe that I act from principle—not caprice. And now, please say no more!"

He desisted at that, and, with characteristic magnanimity, undertook to reconcile his wife to the separation, besides lending Eunice whatever assistance she required in the furtherance of her project. On Wednesday morning, he returned to his post of duty. Jessie was to follow him two weeks later, when Eunice and the faithful Patsey should be domiciled in their new abode.

It was the longest fortnight he had ever known, although he kept his loneliness and longing to himself, concealing their existence most carefully from his wife. She would come to "him and home" on Wednesday of the second week, and he passed every hour he could spare from college duties and sleep, in getting the house ready for her reception. On Monday arrived boxes from Beechdale, which he unpacked with his own hands. They contained Jessie's personal

property—pictures, books, and *bijouterie*, and the most delightful occupation of his solitude was the arrangement of these in parlor and sitting-room. He slept at "home," as he proudly called it, after they were brought in. They were too valuable to be left unguarded. On Tuesday night, Orrin Wyllys, who had just returned from a visit of three or four days to his *fiancée*, chanced to pass the house, and, seeing lights on the first floor, rang the bell.

Roy answered it. He was in dressing-gown and slippers—a cigar in one hand, a book in the other.

"A domesticated benedict to the life!" laughed his cousin, as he followed him into the library. "Aha! there is an old and valued acquaintance!"

The portrait of the girl at the wishing-well hung opposite the door, and he observed, in exact range of Roy's vision as he sat in his chair.

"You will find many more, if you will use your eyes. Come with me!"

The dining-room adjoined the library, and the parlors were just across the hall. A bronze statuette of Pallas—four feet high—presented to the popular professor by the students, was the most conspicuous ornament; but scattered here and there were many valuable works of art, gathered by him in foreign lands—always with reference to Jessie's taste and wishes. The piano was Orrin's bridal gift—a surprise held in reserve by the fond husband to brighten the coming home of his household deity. But the sitting-room, back of the state apartments, was the one upon which he had expended most thought and time. A bay-window did duty for the more roomy oriel, and the shelf, which was an extension of the sill, was full of plants.

"Next spring we will set a root of jessamine outside," remarked Roy, when Orrin praised the infant creepers, ivy and passion-flower, on the inside of the casement.

The carpet was mosses, green, grey, and russet, specked with red-topped lichens; the walls were flushed with pink. Jessie's escritoire was in one corner, her work-stand in another. A reading-lamp, with its alabaster shade, was upon the centre-table, and a low lounging-chair beside it. The picture of Jessie's mother hung over the mantel; her pet books strewed the table, and were ranged in rows within a pretty book-case at the back of the room. Choice engravings were hung in good lights here and there, and within the fire-place long, well-seasoned logs ready for lighting.

"Beauty's bower!" said Orrin, gazing about him with unqualified approbation. "I am glad you are married, old fellow!" clapping him on the shoulder, "I could not tell you *how* glad in a month!"

"Don't begin, I beg!" Roy led the way back to the library. "Else, not to be outdone, I must take at least a year to express my gratification at the event."

Orrin eyed him furtively while he affected to be engrossed in the delicate operation of lighting the cigar tendered by the host. Roy's clear, open brow, sunny smile, and the hearty ring of his voice were indubitable signs of the sincerity of his happiness. It was with a lighter heart—I leave conscience out of the question—that his kinsman threw himself back in his comfortable chair, and prepared to enjoy the evening.

"The last of my *quasi* widowerhood!" said Roy, in pressing him to stay. "I wish it were the last of your bachelor days, Orrin!"

"*Ca viendra!*" returned the other, his cigar between his teeth. "Next month is December."

"I hope your wife will take to me kindly as mine does to you!" pursued Roy. "And that I may, some day, have the opportunity to prove by services rendered her my appreciation of the care you have taken of my interest in my absence."

"Don't speak of it, my dear boy!" said Orrin, hastily.

Even he colored slightly at the unintentional sarcasm. He coughed to emit the smoke that had gone down the wrong way, and this gave him time to rally his ideas. No harm had come of his innocent pastime. Roy was none the wiser, and his bride had had the advantage of a new sensation in the development of her latent capacities for loving and suffering. She would be better, stronger, wiser all her days for the emotion that had stirred the depths of her being. It was wholesome, if sharp discipline. Women were a marvellous and an entertaining study. Their powers of craft and concealment were beyond man's ken or imitation. The most impulsive and passionate of them acted sometimes with circumspection that would put a Talleyrand to the blush. Jessie, mad and desperate as she had seemed at their last interview, had, nevertheless, reconsidered her resolution to reveal her inconstancy to her lawful lover, and prudently concluding that what was past was gone beyond recall, had taken up with the old love so soon as the new one was off. She could not have done better for all parties. "Scenes," except when tender and *en tête-à-tête*, were a nuisance to be eschewed by refined people.

Jack shall have Gill,
Nought shall go ill,

he repeated, mentally, thus salving the smart created by Roy's thanks. "Jessie and I will be good neighbors and capital friends. She will like me none the less because she knows that had she been possessed of the fair and fond Hester's wealth, her whole destiny would have been changed. She is too shrewd not to comprehend that, in that case, my sense of what was due to her and myself would not have let me resign her—even to you, my honored cousin. But what is, is best, I suppose."

"You have never met my Dulcinea, I believe?" he said, aloud.

"I have not had that pleasure."

"Then," meditated the cool and candid bridegroom-elect, "my tow-headed divinity lied egregiously in her fanfaronade about that old affair! I must make her retract certain counts in her indictment against Jessie's husband. I owe him that much reparation. Since they are a wedded unit, things should go upon velvet so far as is consistent with the fact of human imperfection. I'll send the lovely Hester to make amends to Mrs. Fordham some day.

"She is not handsome. You would not, I fear, consider her even pretty," he resumed, after a few lulling puffs." But she is a dear, gentle, affectionate little thing, and will make just the wife a *blasé* world-citizen like myself needs. I hope —I think you will like her, but I don't expect you to see in her the peer of your glorious Jessie, however well she may suit me."

Roy, when left again to himself, pondered this speech dissatisfiedly.

"I am not quite content with this match, nor with Orrin's tone. I had not looked for lover-like rhapsodies, but he ought not to acknowledge or feel the need of apologies for his choice. I am afraid his love does not leave him as little to wish for and to fear as mine does me."

He looked up at the portrait with a smile.

"But there is only one Jessie in the world, and she will be here to-morrow night!"

Still standing before the picture, he made an involuntary gesture, as of holding something in his arms.

"My darling! soon to be my angel in the house! I think it would kill me to lose you now!"

His sudden motion had struck a book from the corner of the table, exposing a letter that lay beneath. It was a foreign envelope, and had probably been given to the servant by the postman that afternoon, and placed there by her with the book on the top for safe keeping. An enclosure fell out as he opened the cover—a letter that had arrived in Heidelberg after he set out for home, said a line from a fellow-student in the University. The smile lingered lovingly about mouth and eyes, while he tore off the inner wrapper.

The superscription was Jessie's; the note the short and cold farewell she had indited after her parting with Orrin Wyllys.

"No harm done!" reiterated the affectionate kinsman, walking slowly along to his lodgings, under the pure moon. "I should have been sorry had she carried her threat into execution, spoiled her own prospects, and made Roy wretched. I could find it in my heart to regret the witch, even now. The affair was interesting while it lasted; had more cayenne and wine in it than this very lawful love-making.

MIDSUMMER.

IT was a perfect summer's dawn;
Over the eastern hills of purple hue,
Came radiant Day, on rosy clouds upborne;
And, 'neath the shining lobes of morning dew,
The daisied meadows shone with glory new.

Out of the south there blew a breeze,
Whispering of scented orange bowers;
Before its breath swayed milk-white locust trees,
And in long waves rolled meadow-grass and flowers—
While full-blown roses flew in fragrant showers.

To and fro the flowerets swing;
Lightly spread each dew-washed wing;
Golden dust abroad they fling.

Rank on rank in bright array,
Tiger-lilies, proud and gay,
Children of the hot mid-day.

Nodding heads of silver white
Daisies hover thick in sight,
Thrilling with new-born delight.

For the pale sweetbrier shrine,
Smoky grasses, tall and fine,
Incense swing. With lights divine.

Buttercups and cardinals glow—
Burning vigil hold below,
Swinging, swaying to and fro.

But, hark! a merry clattering din
Startles fair Silence from her brooding dream;
The sunbrown mowers their day's toil begin,
Whetting with skilful hand the scythe's blue gleam,
While early vapors still curl 'long the stream.

The sharpened scythes abreast they swing,
Gathering full, fragrant swaths with steady zeal.
Gay insects flitter by on sunny wing,
Or, drunk with sweets, among the clover reel,
Heedless of all save the bright moment's weal.

Now in noon splendor rolls the sun,
Thro' breathless woodland trees the bright beams creep,
And o'er the fields a cloth of gold is spun.
Hushed birds hide 'neath the leaves, and, half asleep,
Red cattle stand in sweet mint pools, knee deep.

But, see! tall cloud-towers loom;
Fantastic, black, and touched with lurid gleam,
The blue horizon's curve fades in grey gloom;
The anxious farmer urges his slow team,
And through the wide barn-door the great loads stream.

Sultry and still hangs all the air,
The gathering thunder mutters hoarse and low,
And, from the clouds' black breast, fierce lightnings glare;
Before a sudden gust the white leaves show,
Then, in a breath, the blinding raindrops flow.

Now, storm-clouds take their flight,
And, bathed in tender light,
Steals the soft-footed night.

From distant grassy dells,
Now faint, now clearly swells
The tinkling, sweet cow-bells.

Black bats spread sooty wing,
And, circling, circling, swing,
While plaintive night-birds sing.

In purple depths pale starlights thrill,
And, half way o'er the wood-fringed hill,
The white moon hangs serene and still.

MAY MATHER.

CHOLERA AND ITS ORIENTAL SOURCES.

SUMMER is the harvest season of cholera the world over. This year there is not, thus far, a trace of the late visit of the Asiatic scourge to our shores; yet the season itself brings instinctively remembrances of past ravages. In India, hardly a year goes by without the recurrence of this "pestilence that walketh by noon-day." It rages there chiefly from the middle of February to the middle of June—the dry and hot season of India. Yet it is rather the drought than the heat which increases its violence, since statistics show that the four cold and dry months (October, November, December, and January) produce twice as many cases of this malady as the four hot and wet months (June, July, August, and September); while the four hot and dry months (February, March, April, and May) produce double as many cases as the four hot and wet.

Now, it so happens, that the spring is the chief season of the great gatherings of the people of India at their hundreds upon hundreds of consecrated spots—some sacred river, some holy well, some venerated temple.

The Hindoos flock to these huge festivals and fairs, coming from great distances and from all quarters, and remain together for days, and even weeks, performing their religious duties, buying and selling all kinds of produce, and indulging in all forms of debauchery. Seldom does a year pass in which more or less cholera is not brought to, or does not break out at one or the other of these festivals, and frequently at many of them. Dr. Stewart Clarke tells us that it originates at Hurdwar, near the source of the Ganges, almost every year. Dr. Montgomery says the same about the great temple of Conjeiveram, forty miles south of Madras; and of the sacred island of Ramisseram, situated between Ceylon and the south-east, or Coromandel coast of Hindostan. The visitors to the great fair of Bigginuggar, in the central portion of Southern India, are frequently afflicted in the same way; and Dr. McPherson informs us that fresh infection is brought into Bombay almost every year in connection with the religious pilgrimages in the Deccan, especially to and from the great city of Bejapoor. And Dr. Nardoo tells the same tale about Juggernaut.

It is somewhat significant that the first accurate account which we have of Asiatic cholera in Hindostan, in not very remote times, relates to the sufferings of a division of English troops, consisting of about 5,000 men, while marching under the command of Colonel Pearse, near Ganjam, not far from the great temple of Juggernaut, which is situated on the east coast, about midway between Calcutta and Madras. This force was attacked suddenly with the pestilence on March 22, 1781, shortly after the great festival at Juggernaut, and with almost inconceivable fury. Men, previously healthy, dropped down by dozens; and those less severely affected were generally past recovery in less than twenty-four hours. The cramps of the limbs and body are described as being extremely distressing, and severe vomiting was present in almost all cases. Besides those

who died quickly, there were about 500 on the sick list on the first day, and in two days more, over one-half of the corps was ill.

This epidemic forced its way two hundred and fifty miles north-east, to Calcutta, where it occasioned a great mortality among the natives, and then pursued its way still farther to the north; but every attempt to trace its exact course is said to have proved fruitless: doubtless owing to the small number of European residents present in the country at the time.

No less than a dozen great festivals take place at Juggernaut every year, but the principal one is held in remembrance of the completion of the great temple in the year 1198. It is called Rath Jatra, and takes place every year, early in March, when the moon is of a certain age; and increases in sanctity and popularity every third, sixth, and twelfth year. The twelfth year anniversaries are regarded as of much higher importance than those which intervene, and are visited by a far greater number of devotees; although the ordinary concourse of pilgrims is estimated at upward of 200,000. Of these it is assumed that fully 10,000 never again reach their homes; fatigue, want of food, exposure to the inclemencies of the weather, debauchery, camping on foul ground, and drinking impure water, always occasion a frightful havoc among the fanatical and deluded wretches.

The most sacred portion of the soil around the temple extends to a circle of about eight miles; and the whole may often be seen more or less covered with the dead bodies of pilgrims who have sunk under accumulated hardships, forming a frightful banquet for carrion birds and beasts of prey.

The temple is placed at one end of a broad street, which is lined with religious establishments, having low-pillared verandahs in front. It is inclosed in a huge quadrangle, with high stone walls, 650 feet in length in every direction. A broad flight of steps leads up to a terrace 150 yards square, and upon this platform stands the great white pagoda, 30 feet square at the base, and rising to the height of 200 feet. Three frightful idols are inclosed in an equally ridiculous shrine, which sets all rules of architecture at defiance. They are merely three hideous blocks of wood, the principal one being dedicated to Krishna, and painted dark blue; a white one to Shiva; and a yellow one to Kali.

Each idol is provided with a rude chariot, or lofty platform mounted on wheels. That of Krishna is 84 feet square, and mounted on 16 wheels; and and the others are almost as large. At the festival of Rath Jatra, which lasts ten days, all three idols are drawn from their shrines by thousands of men and women, out to their country houses, about one mile and a half distant, and back again. During this triumphal procession Brahmins, stationed on the platform, sing and recite lascivious songs and stories, accompanied by corresponding gestures, amid the shouts and applause of the multitude. This is done because the temple is dedicated to, and the ceremonies represent the adventures of Vishnu, the second person in the Hindoo religious triad, when he descended from heaven in the form of Krishna, took the name of Juggernaut, or Lord of the World, and assumed that everything, male and female, animate and inanimate, belonged to him. The pilgrims are licensed and encouraged to all kinds of excess and debauchery by day and night, not only about the precincts of the temple, but near the celebrated Black Pagoda, which is situated at the other end of the village, on the sea shore. It rises abruptly from the sands to the height of two hundred feet, and its shapeless mass is the first Indian object which the

mariner sailing direct from England to Calcutta espies. It is covered from base to summit with sculptures grossly indecent, even for India.

The climate is severe, for the country around Juggernaut consists of low sand hills, with but few trees; and about a mile from the shore, all vegetation and shade abruptly cease, leaving only a deep loose sand waste along the desolate coast. Drenching rains, damp gales and sudden tempests add to the horrors of the bare sands and surging ocean, and each day the results of the festival become more and more ghastly, as the wan victims of famine, exhaustion, and disease drop more rapidly, making a Golgotha around the unhallowed precincts. Next, malignant cholera appears; universal panic ensues; the great crowd disperses quickly, and each band of pilgrims turns homeward, carrying the disease with it. Almost every town, village, or bazaar, visited by them, receives some of the infection, which may increase so fearfully that the inhabitants, in their turn, desert their filthy habitations and fly to the jungles, leaving many dead and dying behind them. At such times it is not uncommon to find whole towns deserted, and the dead lying unburied in the houses, streets, and ditches. Those who reach the jungles have little but fruits, berries, roots, and leaves to feed upon. They have no shelter from the inclemency of the weather; and are frequently obliged to drink stagnant and corrupted water, so that even in the very depths of the jungles the dead are often found so numerous as to infect the air for a great distance.

These festivals, now called "pilgrim nuisances," may be somewhat regulated, but cannot be entirely prevented, as long as the horrible perversions of the Hindoo religion continue to prevail, to the almost total exclusion of the genuine worship.

The English have introduced sanitary regulations at all the shrines, and the number of holy days, which once amounted to one hundred and sixty-five per year, has been reduced by business men to less than twenty. The great Poojahs, or worships, are now limited to two or three a year; and it is only upon the occasion of the great Durga festival that several days of entire absence from public duties are permitted to those in the employment of the government.

Forty miles below Madras, is Conjeiveram, the Golden City. It has 126 temples, of which no less than 108 are dedicated to Siva, and only 16 to Vishnu; so that in this respect it is somewhat in opposition to Juggernaut.

The pretty cottages of the inhabitants are overtopped by stately trees, and the whole place at a little distance seems to be formed of a crowd of magnificent white temples, mingled with the beautifully-green foliage of the palm trees.

At the time of the annual festival, which takes place in May, and lasts ten days, the houses are freshly painted, and decorated with flowers, while garlands and floral arches span the streets, which are crowded with joyous worshippers, to the number of 100,000. The women wear the white blossoms of the jasmine in their beautiful hair, and the arms, necks, and ankles, of those who can afford them, are loaded with ornaments. The men are in their gayest attire, and all the rich colors of Oriental costume appear in brilliant variety. The roads in all directions are thronged with persons with bundles on their heads, or children in their arms; some of them old and feeble, but all pressing forward to the festival with eagerness.

At dawn of the first day, the doors of the great temple are thrown open, and the breathless multitude behold and bow before their idols; they light the incense in their small censers, and send up those maddening cries with which they

always hail their gods. For ten successive days a small, holy, and ancient image is either borne in triumphal procession, or merely held up to the adoring gaze of his worshippers.

The programme is varied each day and night, but the main feature, as at Juggernaut, is the procession of the idol gods. The immense car is rolled out, decorated with flowers, gorgeously painted, crowded with Brahmins, and drawn by six or seven thousand persons. It is preceded and followed by noisy musicians; by long files of dancing girls; by bands of bare-headed Brahmins, singing hymns; by impudent fakirs beating tom-toms, ringing bells, and blowing horns; by the elephants of the temple, gay with crimson and orange trappings, and with their very trunks elaborately painted. Bullocks and camels are driven along, while horsemen, footmen, men, women, and children, crowd around in unnumbered thousands. As the car approaches each different throng, the spectators shout, and throw themselves down in reverence before it. If it proceed too slowly, the laborers are beaten by numbers of young Brahmins armed with deer-skin thongs, to increase their pace and exertions, especially when the ponderous structure is returning to its resting place. Then the air is rent with frenzied shouts and yells; additional hundreds lend their willing hands; the movement becomes more and more rapid; and the car towers and totters fearfully along, until its enormous wheels are again imbedded in the shrine.

At night the streets are illuminated with lanterns hung on garlands stretched from tree to tree. Booths are lighted up with figures and paintings of gods and goddesses, not of the most delicate description. Cannon are fired at intervals; rockets course and curve through the air; huge pyrotechnic displays blaze off in front of the temples; the little shrines in the middle of the tanks are illuminated; there is a blaze of innumerable torches on the flashing waters, and the glare of white, blue, orange, crimson and green Bengal lights everywhere. All this takes place amid the clash of cymbals, the beating of drums, the frenzied shouts of exulting fanatics, and the loud songs of devotees and merry idlers. This mad revelry goes on by day and night.

Finally they all return toward their homes, many of them sick, all of them more or less impoverished, and obliged to exert the strictest economy for many years to come.

It has already been noticed that these festivals increase in sanctity every twelfth year, when they are also visited by a far greater concourse of worshippers than usual. It is well to inquire here whether these larger festivals exert a correspondingly great influence upon the origin and spread of cholera.

The earliest accounts tell us that it raged at Calicut, in the extreme southwest, in the year 1505. According to the Jesuit father, Papen, it again broke out on the Hooghly River, above and below Calcutta, in 1709, which is seventeen times twelve, or 240 years subsequently. In six times twelve, or seventy-two years more, we have seen that it was very fatal at Ganjam and Juggernaut, viz., in 1781. Three times twelve, or thirty-six years afterward, brings us to the great epidemic of 1817, to be followed, in four times twelve, or forty-eight years more, by the last stupendous outbreak, viz., that of 1865.

Southern India is mainly peopled by the gay and licentious Tamil race, and the whole distance from Madras down to Cape Comorin is the stronghold of the most festive form of Hindooism. The country, says Fergusson, is covered with temples, which, for size, grandeur, complexity of design, variety of detail and amount of labor expended upon them, surpass even the cathedrals of the

middle ages. It is now known that cholera is brought to and from almost all these temples nearly every year.

Thus, on the seashore, forty miles south of Madras, we find the remains of the great temple of Bali. It once had seven pagodas, but five are already submerged, and the sea is fast swallowing up the rest of its wondrous monuments. The crowds which once flocked to it now repair to Conjeiveram, which is only twenty miles inland; and Surgeon-General Macpherson tells us the festival at Conjeiveram is almost regularly the means of introducing cholera into Madras. The outbreak of the disease has often been distinctly traced to pilgrims returning from it.

The great temple of Tanjore, still further south—near Trichinopoly—is supposed to be the finest of all. It has vast pillared halls, supported by over one thousand columns. There are similar colonnades at Tinnevelly, Chillambaram, Seringapatam and Ramisseram, each with six hundred to one thousand columns, no two alike, but all made of hard, close-grained granite, covered with sculpture from base to capital, and wrought with an endless and bewildering variety of detail.

The nautch girls, or "daughters of the idol," often dance and do worse in these colonnades. But by far the most degrading purpose which they serve is when they are used as nuptial halls in which the marriage of Durga, and the mystic union of various divinities are celebrated at a great festival every autumn.

Durga is one form of Kali, the wife of Siva, the destroyer. The festival takes place in October, and Burnes says she is then supposed to be newly married, to the great joy of the licentious Hindoo world. The voluptuous and indecent dances which are performed before her idols, are meant to entice her to increase the number of her superhuman children, whose sole business it is to oppose and overcome the evil spirits which injure mankind. This is the most expensive and repulsive of all the Hindoo festivals. Numerous buffaloes, sheep, goats, and other animals are sacrificed on each of the three days of the festival, when the frenzied multitude daub their bodies with mud and gore, and dance like Bacchanalian furies. All business is suspended throughout the country, and universal festivity, for the most part of a very licentious character, prevails. Montgomery attributes many attacks of cholera to the exhaustion produced by this debauchery; and it is well to notice here that the favorite time for the prevalence of the disease in this part of India is after the festival and rains, viz., in October, November and December. It is most common in Madras just after the festivals, and before the rains in May and June; in Bengal, after the March ceremonies; and in the Punjaub in July and August. There is fresh infection brought to Bombay every June and July, and also in December, in direct connection with the pilgrimages to and from ninety-four shrines in the great Province of Deccan.

The famous temple of Madura cost nearly £1,000,000, and took twenty-two years for its erection. Just south-east of it lies the sacred island of Ramisseram, between the Coromandel coast and the island of Ceylon. Here two seas mingle, and bathing in these supposed sacred waters is thought to wash away all sin and give a sure passport to immortality.

To reach these temples and places, Dr. Montgomery tells us, the Hindoo pilgrims collect at distant stations in bands more or less numerous, often amounting to thousands. The greater part of them walk incredible distances under a burning sun, or are closely packed in stifling carts crammed to suffocation by human beings. Thus they struggle along on indifferent roads or no

roads at all. Their food is poor at the best; they drink pernicious arrack, fermenting toddy, or offensive tank and well-water, which are still more poisonous. They sleep in their foul conveyances, or lie exposed on the bare ground, chilled by dews and cold night winds. Finally, they arrive weary and exhausted at Ramisseram, to the number of 130,000 every ordinary year; many more every twelfth year, and still more every sixtieth year. To this a large addition must be made for those who have failed to reach the goal; for thousands of graves, unseen because unmarked, exist along all the roads pursued by these pilgrims.

A great ablution is performed at the sacred island, accompanied with prayers, joining of the hands, throwing up water toward the sun, and numerous other rites. Every part of the person is thoroughly scrubbed, the hair is scoured with mud and sand, the teeth are cleansed with a piece of soft wood chewed into a rude brush, while mud or sand is used as tooth powder; their clothing is washed and generally put on again without drying. Still, their life on shore is filthy in the extreme, and the ground for miles around is covered with their offal.

But, perilous as is the journey thither, the home-stretch is even more fraught with danger. No longer borne up by excitement, ill fed, wearied and poor (in addition to their expenses, they have also given large fees to the priests), they listlessly occupy the same infected vehicles which brought them, and return to the filthy camping grounds previously defiled by themselves. Forced marches knock up both man and beast; and, foot-sore and down-hearted, they fall an unresisting prey to sickness, for the public roads and thoroughfares are saturated with the foul elements of epidemic disease. From these great festivals cholera almost always accompanies the homeward-bound pilgrims. The villages visited on their route become infected by them, and their gradual dispersion to their homes is the immediate means of distributing the disease.

But the sad fate of so many pilgrims deters none, says Bruce, so great is the glory of those who return in safety. They march stark naked through their native towns, accompanied by flags and music, and followed by crowds of men, women, and children, who offer incense and prayers to them, and worship them as superior beings. They have wasted months in their dangerous and painful pilgrimages, have borrowed money at a high rate of interest, pledged all their property, and become impoverished for life; but they have secured a claim in paradise.

Due west of Madras, and forty miles south of the great city of Bellary, are the ruins of the ancient city of Bigginuggar. This was the last capital of the huge Hindoo Empire, before it was completely overrun by the Mahommedans. Its ruined walls can still be traced in many directions, and to great distances. For miles and miles one treads on steps, pavements, pillows, capitals, and cornices, displaced or fallen, and all mingled in great confusion. A vast population and a wealthy civilization once existed here; but naught now remains save one large pagoda. This is kept in good repair, and a pilgrimage is made to it annually by crowds of devout Hindoos, who also hold a huge fair in this wild scene, which is beautified by thick, wild shrubbery, aglow with flowers of the most brilliant colors, over which many tall palm trees wave their graceful branches.

Unlike the silent and long-forsaken temples of Egypt and Greece, this temple is still visited by multitudes of enthusiastic worshippers. The sounds of bells, gongs, sacred shells, and shrill pipes still indicate the hours of attendance at the shrine. Numerous priests officiate amid a din of discordant music, the smoke of ghee, cocoanut oil, and more fragrant incense. They still utter invo-

cations, practice incantations and receive the votive offerings of deluded worshippers. These are followed by ablutions in the sacred river Tomboodra, which flows past the ruined town, similar to those which prevail at Ramisseram and Hurdwar, and by processions of the idol cars like those of Juggernaut and Conjeiveram; but the cars are of black granite, ornamentally carved and beautifully executed.

English physicians have long since decided that this great fair of Bigginuggar is another prolific source of cholera. We have already pointed out many of the causes of the disease at these festivals; but, we have still to mention that much of the food used by the devotees is prepared and sold by the priests in the temples. Dr. Nardoo says it is always greasy, often acrid, and sometimes almost putrid. The pilgrims eat it with eagerness, taking no notice of its condition, taste, or quality, as they are deeply impressed that any scrutiny is blasphemous. They drink very sour tyre, and they feel themselves refreshed and very much satisfied for the first twenty-four hours. But on the second or third day all the causes of diarrhœa and cholera, viz., bad food, acid drinks, wet clothes, exposure to the night air, exhaustion, dissipation, absence of surface cleanliness and drainage, begin their operation, and soon attain great intensity. The citadel of Bellary is only a few miles away from Bigginuggar, and, in consequence, since 1818 up to the present time, cholera has never, for a single year, been absent from Bellary. It is situated on a granite rock five hundred feet high. On its bare surface only a scanty vegetation grows, and the soil at its base is equally sterile and dried up beneath the fiery rays of the Indian sun. There are no marshes, rivers, or dense and exuberant vegetation, which may afford cholera a congenial soil; but the burial place of each successive English regiment bears sad testimony to its permanent and unrelaxed activity. The disease prevails severely in the barracks on the rock, in the native town and bazaars immediately adjoining it, and breaks out every year just after the festival at Bigginuggar.

We have seen that cholera is brought into the city of Bombay every year, from ninety-four shrines in the Presidency; and from Bombay the disease is frequently distributed up the Persian Gulf to Persia, Syria, and Asia Minor. Also up the Red Sea to Mecca and Medina, and from thence to Suez, Cairo, Alexandria, and to all the countries in Asia, Africa, and Europe, bordering on the Mediterranean Sea.

The river Ganges is lined with sacred places, from its mouth in the Bay of Bengal up to its origin in the Himalaya Mountains. Sougar Island, Gaya, Patna, Benares, and Allahabad, all have vast pilgrimages made to them every year, to and from which cholera is often carried. But the most sacred spot of all, on the Ganges, is Hurdwar, where the river first emerges from the mountains and descends into the plains which it is to fertilize and bless. We condense the following account from Robertson, Jaquemont, Bruce, Perceval, Fergusson, and others. The Ganges is a holy river to the Hindoo, being supposed by him to come down directly from heaven. In the poetical language of the Rama-yana, "its bright waters fall flashing from Paradise upon the peaks of the mountains, while genii and many of the heavenly host, clothed in their gleaming garments stand gazing upon it. The cloudless air about it shines with the light of one hundred suns; the skies are coruscated with vivid colors; the earth gleams on every side with its white foam; Vishnu's stairs are beside it, by which the souls of the elect can alone ascend to heaven. Its waters are not only pure, but also wash away all sin, spot, or stain."

Great is the fame of the Hurdwar waters throughout Hindostan. Rich Hindoos and rajahs drink no other; and the idols in all the large temples are daily bathed in it. To supply this large demand, hundreds and thousands of merchant pilgrims are on the road, to and from it, all the year round. They have wicker-work baskets containing bottles of or for the sacred fluid, slung on bamboo poles across their shoulders, crying as they go, "Glory, oh! Glory to Mother Ganges." They convey this precious fluid to all parts of India, however distant, and have the great advantage of combining spiritual with temporal profit, for the sacred character of the pilgrimage is not lessened by the motive which prompts it; fees to the Brahmins regulate all that. But the water must be guaranteed as genuine. Hence many priests are stationed at the river head, whose sole business it is, for a suitable remuneration, to place seals on the mouths of the bottles, which attest its genuineness.

To die anywhere on the banks of the Ganges is bliss, but to die at Hurdwar is greater happiness and securer salvation, for there are the invisible stairs of Vishnu, which, like Jacob's ladder, are surrounded by angels, and by which alone the spirit can ascend to Paradise. Besides this constant stream of pilgrims, Hurdwar has its annual festival in March, when several hundreds of thousands of devotees assemble there. A still greater festival, called the Coombh Mela, is held every twelfth year, when Jupiter is in the sign of Aquarius, and the waters are troubled by some more sacred influence. It is at this critical period, says an English writer, that the deepest religious feelings of the people are stirred, and the pilgrimage is supposed to be of the highest efficacy, so that from one and a half to three millions of people then set out for Hurdwar. Every village sends forth its little band of devotees, every man and woman of which carries a bamboo stick slung with water bottles to bring back a supply of holy water. Step by step the humble pilgrims patiently plod their five hundred or one thousand miles, for distance is but little regarded by these enthusiasts. The roads are thronged, and the whole people of India seem passing in procession, in a ceaseless stream. They go by on foot, in every kind of vehicle, and on every sort of animal. Some ride in the rattling bhylee, or pony-cart; others in the stately ruth, or sedan chair on wheels; in easy-going palanquins; and in the humble hackeries, or bullock wagons. They go by on horses, camels, elephants, and bullocks. They are mostly dirty and half-clad barbarians, but in the midst of the ragged crowd a rajah, or chief, passes from time to time, preceded by mace bearers, carrying silver maces, and followed by many retainers. He is mounted on a splendidly caparisoned elephant, in a silver howdah. Eight or ten other elephants follow behind with housings of gold, moving with slow and solemn step, amid the clanging of bells, which hang from their sides, and the flashing of peacock's tails, which are waved over the heads of the rajah and his officers. Then come camels with velvet saddle-cloths, bearing the royal drums, succeeded by richly caparisoned led horses. Before, behind, and around are foot soldiers, with spear and matchlock; and horsemen armed with sword, shield, and lance. Finally, comes the rag-tag-and-bob-tail of menials, either trudging through the dirt and dust, or mounted on small ragged ponies, or big, half-starved horses. Large parties of the wild-looking natives of the great Indian desert go by with long strings of camels, and gay zemindars prance along on spirited horses, whose legs are painted of various colors, and manes and tails gaily painted and decorated.

Finally, Hurdwar is reached, and is found to present picturesque features

which can scarcely be surpassed; fine bursts of scenery greeting the eye at every point. The gorge of the river is surrounded by landscapes of almost incomparable beauty, while the splendid piles and peaks of the Himalaya mountains, rising in the background, give wild sublimity to the scene. A splendid esplanade runs along the banks of the river, and a handsome range of buildings extends back of it, while the dense woods of the forest reach up to the town and unite their verdant avenues to the arched gateways and pillared colonnades of the streets. Some portion of the rapturous delight with which the Hindoo devotees hail the first sight of the Ganges must be attributed to the loveliness of these combinations of mountain, forest, and gushing river. Be this as it may, they rend the air with shouts of "Glory, oh! Glory to Mother Ganges! Ram, Ram! Bom, Bom, Mahadeo," as they perceive and reach the source of the sacred waters.

The rich, of course, carry their tents with them; but the poor must be contented with the bare ground and the shelter of a tree. The whole country around is quickly converted into a vast camp, without the slightest sanitary regulation, and in which Arabs, Ceylonese, Persians, Tartars, Afghans, and Sihks mingle with people from all parts of India. Hurdwar is also so famous as a horse-mart that English officers are regularly sent there on remount duty. There they find Arabs who have crossed over from Muscat with strings of two thousand horses; Persians, with their delicate and slender-limbed steeds, with silky manes and tails; and many stalwart brutes from Cabul. Camels, dromedaries, buffaloes, cows and sheep are paraded for sale; also, many beautiful Persian cats and dogs. Various wild animals are on exhibition, such as bears, leopards, and deer of every kind, from the stately nylghau down to the most diminutive species. Elephants of all grades are brought there, from the imposing thorough-bred, which can maintain its speed for one hundred miles without pause, down to the humble and dejected pad-elephant. Tigers are exhibited in cages; wild asses are brought down from Thibet; and rhinoceroses are led about.

The air is filled with the creaking of merry-go-rounds; dancing bears, and performing goats are numerous; so are snake charmers, with cobras hanging from their necks and arms. Wild Tartars go through grotesque evolutions, and nautch girls dance indecently on raised platforms.

There is a great din and clamor in this Babel-like assemblage. Every merchant strives to sell his wares by the most clamorous commendations. The pilgrims, too, are lively and energetic, and the spectator is soon half stupefied by the tremendous exhibitions of the power of the human lungs. The noises are supereminently astounding, and no ordinary account of din and dissonance can convey the faintest idea of the uproar that prevails. Even the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the loud huzzas of the mob are often drowned in the wild and continuous discord which prevails. The bawling and drumming of the fakirs never cease, and are intermixed with sudden blasts from horrid trumpets and conch shells, and by the beating of gongs. The animals neigh, bellow, grunt, squeal, and roar with unusual vehemence, and this tumult continues both night and day, without the slightest interval of quiet; for the instant that the breath of a devotee fails, he applies himself to his bell, ringing with astounding clamor, till his lungs can come in play again. The whole hillside at the back of the town is also pierced with temple chambers, to which the worshippers climb by means of ladders, and there keep up the same kind of noises

Sacred drums are beaten above, below, and around; and there is a great ringing of bells and clashing of cymbals, in addition to the shouts, hum, and motion of the vast multitude.

The principal street leading to the river is filled with a dense crowd, and the moving mass is gay with brilliant coloring. The brightest greens, yellows, blues and reds flash in the sunlight, for even the children are decked out with crimson jackets, green trowsers, red skull caps and yellow shoes, all covered with much gold embroidery. Rich bankers go about in huge sedan chairs, which are superbly ornamented, hung all around with bells, and drawn by magnificent white bullocks. Closely-shut and guarded palanquins convey native ladies of rank down to the river side, or to some of the numerous temples. Many fakirs are also seen, whose sole dress consists of half a cocoanut shell and a piece of string. Rank odors rise up from the steaming crowd.

The English government have widened the steep, narrow and tortuous descent to the river, and laid down a broad and easy flight of stairs. On the lowest step are seated the Brahmin barbers, who shave the heads and faces of the intending bathers, for every hair shorn off secures the devotee a thousand years in paradise, provided he gives the priest a suitable fee. Many wooden floats or platforms extend out some distance into the river, with spaces between them, in which each bather dips himself; but every additional plunge in the water must be followed by an equivalent donation to the Brahmins. When the pilgrim returns from the sacred waters, a priest dabs a mark upon his forehead, with paint kept for that purpose in a small brass dish, for which payment is also demanded. Finally, when the devotee has paid the priests for sealing a few bottles of genuine Ganges water, he is at liberty to worship at the different shrines in the village, and make further offerings of money, rice and flowers.

Cholera has frequently originated at Hurdwar, and notably so during the last year; and has always been carried up to Cabul, Persia, Central Asia and Russia. The "London Lancet" of July, 1867, says: "There never was, perhaps, a more forcible illustration of the doctrine that cholera travels along the line of human intercourse than that supplied by recent occurrences in April, May and June, at Hurdwar and its vicinity. One of those well-known great native gatherings took place; cholera appeared; the vast assemblage, three millions in number, broke up; and the people dispersed toward their homes, spreading the disease along the whole line of their routes. From Hurdwar, as from a centre, did the disorder radiate outward in the diverging lines taken by these pilgrims." The Indian correspondent of the "British Medical Journal" of June 8, 1867, also writes: "The returning Hurdwar pilgrims seem to be carrying the cholera poison with them in all directions, and despite of every precaution to keep them out of the English military stations, by means both of a cordon of police and the troopers of the Bengal cavalry, some of them managed to get into the bazaar of the Ninety-fourth regiment of white troops, at Umballa, only twenty miles north-west of Hurdwar. About thirty cases of cholera soon occurred, including three medical officers, one lieutenant, a few white troops, and many camp followers. Up to April 19, 1867, it was known that 269 cases of cholera had occurred in one column of pilgrims coming toward Umballa, and many more deaths are recorded in all the numerous bands which pursued this and other directions."

The great towns of Lodianna and Lahore, which, like Umballa, lie to the north-west of Hurdwar, were reached next in order. From Lahore the cholera spread in a direct line to the north-west, along the grand trunk road which leads

to Attock and Peshawur. The "London Medical Times and Gazette" says: "During the present epidemic (1867), Peshawur, the border town, or extreme advanced post of all North-western India, has suffered most severely. Ten per cent. of the troops have already been attacked, and fifty-eight per cent. of these have died."

From Peshawur, in 1867, the disease again followed its accustomed line of travel through the Khyber pass, and along the Cabul River, to the city of Cabul. From thence it continued on the beaten road by way of Herat to the holy city of Mesched, to Teheran in Persia, and to Southern Russia. It also diverged to the north-east from Cabul along the other great line of caravan trade which leads through the large cities of Balkh, the sacred city of Bokhara, to Khiva and Eastern Russia.

These facts are especially interesting, as the general belief has been that cholera is always blown over the tops of the Himalaya Mountains into Central Asia, and from thence is conveyed by the same agency to Russia and the rest of Europe. But it is well proven that it invariably steals along the mountain passes from India, in company with numerous caravans of traders and pilgrims.

Of all these passes, that at Attock, where the Cabul River makes its junction with the Indus, is the most important; for it is the first break which occurs in the Himalaya Mountains for the space of over 1,000 miles, and forms the sole line of travel and commerce between Hindostan and Central Asia for all that great distance. As there is no other convenient inlet or outlet on the northern boundary of India, all the invasions and conquests of Hindostan have necessarily taken place along this same route, from the times of the Assyrians under Queen Semiramis, B. C. 2000, down to very modern times. Alexander the Great crossed the river Indus at Attock, B. C. 350. The Tartar and Mogul Tartars, under Tamerlane and Timour, did the same. Mahmoud made twelve different invasions of India along the line of the Cabul River, and through the Khyber pass down to Attock. The Persians also came down this way under Nadir Shah; and the Afghans have advanced and retreated on the same road scores and scores of times. The disastrous campaign of the English up to Cabul in 1841, led over the same track. Hence, we are not surprised to find that the sides of the road between Attock and Cabul are covered for many miles with the graves and tombs of these invaders and marauders. The line of caravan travel is sometimes so thickly strewn with cholera corpses that the camels have to tread upon or stumble over them, for as many as 300 persons out of 1,000 have been known to perish of cholera on one trip. Although the remains of the poor are simply dropped on the line of march, the bodies of the rich are carried on camels for days, weeks, and even months, until their home or some sacred spot is reached. As many as a hundred camels are sometimes employed in carrying the dead of one caravan.

The next great town beyond Attock is Peshawur. This is the extreme north-western border town of India. It is the greatest frontier station and the most important town in that portion of Asia; for it is the great outlet and channel of the land commerce, and of the import and export trade between India, Central Asia, and the West. Of course, cholera is frequently brought to it, and considerable ingenuity has been exerted by the military authorities to make it a favorite haunt of the disease. The town is situated in an extensive valley, and the military cantonments have been cleverly placed near a large

marsh. Artificial irrigation and sewerage are deftly carried on by means of open sluices and drains; while the hospitals and barracks are not only conveniently placed near the largest and filthiest of these ditches, but also on very low ground, considerably beneath the bed of the sewers, so that there is a constant leakage and soakage of filthy fluids into the lower stories of these buildings.

This is the only route by which cholera escapes into Central Asia, ravages Persia and Independent Tartary, and reaches Russia.

Cabul is the first great town in Central Asia, over the border, and to the north-west of Hindostan. It is the grand centre of the trade between Persia, Central Asia, and Russia on the one side, and India on the other.

Although Cabul is called the "City of One Hundred Thousand Gardens," parts of it are exceedingly filthy; and cholera gathers fresh strength there, especially when brought by the Lohanee Afghans, who employ no less than 8,000 men, 10,000 oxen of transport, and 30,000 camels in the trade between Cabul and India. All of these reach Cabul early in June, in time to dispatch their investments to Balkh and Bokhara, in Central Asia, on the one hand, and to Herat and Persia on the other. Cholera is often brought up to Cabul from Hurdwar and other parts of India, by these great caravans; and from thence carried on to Persia, Central Asia, Independent Tartary, and to Russia. Thus the cholera of 1817, which commenced low down the Ganges, near Calcutta, in August, died out in Northern India in the fall. It recommenced there in the spring of 1818, and arrived in Afghanistan in the autumn, where it soon ceased, but broke out again in the spring of 1819, and reached Cabul. It traversed the northern part of Persia in 1820, and arrived at its capital, Teheran, about seventy miles below the foot of the Caspian Sea, in 1821. From Teheran it was forwarded up to Astrakhan in Russia, situated near the mouth of the Volga, where it debouches into the northern end of the Caspian, in 1823.

The epidemic of 1827 reached Cabul in the spring of 1828, and was carried on to Teheran in the fall of the same year. Its further western progress was arrested at Teheran by the approach of winter; but it reappeared there in the middle of June, 1829, and was again carried up to Astrakhan, both in July, 1829, and August, 1830.

A branch of the same epidemic also passed from Cabul to Balkh in the spring of 1828, and arrived at Bokhara in the fall of the same year. It broke out in Khiva in the spring of 1829, and was carried from thence to Orenburg, on the Ural River, in Russia, in August, 1829.

The great pandemic of 1844 reached Afghanistan from the north-western provinces of India, coming up from Hurdwar and Lahore, and again reached Cabul early in June. One column of the disease was carried to Herat in July, and to Mesched in September, where it died out in the fall and winter. It reappeared at Teheran and Asterabad almost simultaneously in May, 1845, from whence it was again carried up to Astrakhan in Russia. The other column was forwarded from Cabul to Balkh in August, 1844; reached Bokhara in September, and reappeared at Khiva in the spring of 1845, from whence it was again carried to Orenburg. The epidemic of 1851 reached Bokhara and Khiva in 1853. That of 1867 arrived at both places in the fall of the same year.

JOHN C. PETERS, M. D.

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

GET, GOTTEN. IRREGULAR VERBS. SUNSET. MISUSED WORDS.

IF Horace's dictum were unconditional, and common usage were the absolute and rightful arbiter in all questions of language, there would be no hope of improvement in the speech of an ignorant and degraded society, no rightful protest against its mean and monstrous colloquial phrases, which, indeed, would then be neither mean nor monstrous; the fact that they were in use being their full justification. The truth is, however, that the authority of general usage, or even of the usage of great writers, is not absolute in language, but is subject, in a certain degree, to etymological and logical tests; that is, to trial by the standards of history and of reason. There is a misuse of language which no authority, however great, and which no usage, however general, can justify.

GET.—There is hardly another word to the use of which the foregoing remarks will so well apply as they do to the verb *get*, which, one of the most willing and serviceable of our vocal servants, is one of the most ill-used and imposed upon—which is indeed made a servant of all work, even by those who have the greatest retinue of words at their command. Leaving out of view the ignorant, the coarse, and the careless, men who ought to speak the best English, and who generally do so, use the word get—the radical, essential, and inexpugnable meaning of which is the attainment of possession by voluntary exertion—to express the ideas of possessing, of receiving, of suffering, and even of doing. In all these cases the word is misused. A man gets riches, gets a wife, gets children, gets well (after falling sick), and, figuratively, gets him to bed, gets up, gets to his journey's end—in brief, gets anything that he wants and successfully strives for. But we constantly hear educated people speak of getting crazy, of getting a fever, and even of getting a flea on one. A man hastening to the train will say that he is afraid of getting left, and tell you afterward that he did or did not get left—meaning that he is afraid of being left, and that he was or was not left.

The most common misuse of this word, however, is to express simple possession. It is said of a man that he has got this, that, or the other thing, or that he has not got it; what is meant being simply that he has it, or has it not—the use of the word *got*, being not only wrong, but needless. If we mean to say that a man is substantially wealthy, our meaning is completely expressed by saying he has a large estate, or he has a handsome property. We do not express that fact a whit better by saying he has got a large estate; we only pervert a word which, in that case, is at least entirely needless, and is probably somewhat more than needless. For it is quite correct to say, in the very same words, that by such and such a business or manœuvre the man has got a large estate. Possession is completely expressed by *have; get* expresses attainment by exertion. Therefore there is no better English than, Come, let us get home, but to say of a vagrant that he has got no home is bad. So we read,

"Foxes have holes; birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head"—not have got holes, have got nests, hath not got where to lay his head. The phrase, He got the property through his mother or by his wife, is common, but is incorrect. An estate inherited is not gotten. The correct expression is, That property came to him through his mother, or by his wife. This word has a very wide range, but the boundaries which it cannot rightfully pass are very clearly defined.

There is among some persons not uneducated or without intelligence a doubt about the past participle of *got—gotten*, which produces a disinclination to its use. I am asked, for instance, whether *gotten*, like *proven*, belongs to the list of "words that are not words." Certainly not. *Prove* is what the grammars call a regular verb; that is, it forms its tenses upon the prevailing system of English verbal conjugation, which makes the perfect tense in *ed*. It is in this respect like *love*, the example of regular verbal conjugation given in most grammars; and one might as well say that Mary *loven* John as that John's love for Mary was not *proven*. But *get* is, in the words of the grammars, an irregular verb; that is, it forms its preterite and its past participle by a real inflection of the present indicative; thus—*get, gat, gotten*. The number of these irregular verbs, having what is well called a strong preterite, is large in our language, of which they are a very fine and characteristic feature, and one that we should solicitously preserve with all their original, native traits unchanged. They are all pure English, and, if I remember rightly, all monosyllables. Such are *do, did, done; begin, began, begun; write, wrote, written; eat, ate, eaten; drink, drank, drunken; shake, shook, shaken; break, brake, broken; fall, fell, fallen; speak, spake, spoken; bid, bade, bidden; sit, sat, sitten; get, gat, gotten*. Upon no point of language does the carelessness of intelligent and educated people lead them more frequently into error than upon that of the use of the perfect tense and the past participle of these common English verbs. A dozen pages of this magazine might easily be filled with examples of this confusion, taken from the works of authors of well-deserved eminence. The verb *write* suffered very frequently in this respect at the hands of British writers of the last century, and of the early part of the present. Thus Sterne says, "At the close of such a folio as this *wrote* for their sake." We can forgive Yorick such errors as this, because of the many charming pages that he has *written* for our sake; but it was committed by hundreds of others who have not his claims upon our forbearance. This mistake, by-the-by, is rarely made by writers on this side the water. Pope opens his "Messiah" with an error of this kind into which he frequently falls.

> Rapt into future times the band *begun*,
> A virgin shall conceive and bear a son.

He should, of course, have written *began;* and if the need of a rhyme were pleaded and admitted as his excuse in this instance, it would not avail in the following passage in his "Essay on Criticism," where, of all places! he makes the blunder at the beginning of a line, in the body of which he weakens a preterite and an expression together:

> In the fat age of pleasure, wealth and ease,
> *Sprung* [sprang] the rank weed, and *thriv'd* [throve] with large increase.

Again, in the same poem, he has the following couplet, without the excuse of rhyme, making, indeed, the blunder in two words which would have rhymed as well if properly used:

A second deluge learning thus o'er-*run* [o'er-ran],
And the monks finished what the Goths *begun* [began].

So Savage, in his "Wanderer," is guilty of the same fault, in mere wantonness, it would seem, or ignorance:

From Liberty each nobler science *sprung* [sprang],
A Bacon brighten'd and a Spenser *sung* [sang].

And Swift writes, "the sun has *rose*," "will have *stole* it," and "have *mistook*." For the sake of illustration, I cite the following instance of the right use of the strong preterite and past participle in the same sentence:

A certain man made a great supper, and *bade* many; and sent his servant at supper-time to say to them that were *bidden*, Come: for all things are now ready.—Luke xiv., 17.

The confusion of the preterite and the past participle of *do*, which is so frequent among entirely illiterate people—He *done* it, for He did it, and He has *did* it, for He has done it—provokes a smile from those who themselves are guilty of exactly corresponding errors. For instance, He *begun* well, for He began well, His father had *bade* him to go home, for His father had bidden him to go home, and The jury has *sat* a long while, for The jury has sitten a long while. Thus, *got* having by custom been poorly substituted for *gat*, so that we say He *got* away, instead of He gat away, many persons abbreviate *gotten* into *got*, saying He had *got*, for He had gotten; and hence the doubt whether *gotten* is not really like *proven*, a word which is no word. But *got* being the preterite of *get*, as *did* is of *do*, He had *got* is an error of the same class as He had *did;* and if, on the other hand, *got* is the past participle of *get*, as *done* is of *do*, He got is really no worse than He done—only more common among people of some education. Among such people we too often hear He had *rode*, for He had ridden, and, perhaps, most frequently of all of this class of errors, I had *drank*, for I had drunk, or (better) I had drunken, and I *drunk*, for I drank.

Sit, one of the verbs a confusion in the use of parts of which has just been remarked upon, is confounded with another word, *set*, as most of my readers well know. The commoner mistakes upon this point I pass by; but some prevail among people who fancy that they are very exquisite in their speaking. Most of us have heard and laughed at the story of the judge who, when counsel spoke of the setting of the court, took him up with, "No, brother, the court sits; hens set." But I fear that some of us have laughed in the wrong place; for in this case the court did not understand herself, although she thunk she did. Hens do not *set;* they sit, as the court does, and frequently to better purpose. No phrase is commoner than "a setting hen," and none more incorrect. A hen sits to hatch her eggs, and, therefore, is a sitting hen. *Sit* is an active, but an intransitive verb—a very intransitive verb—for it means to put one's self in a position of rest. *Set* is an active, transitive verb—very active and very transitive—for it means to cause another person or thing to sit, willy-nilly. A school-ma'am will illustrate the intransitive verb by sitting down quietly, and then the transitive by giving a pupil a setting-down which is anything but quiet. This setting-down is metaphorical, and is borrowed from the real physical setting-down which children sometimes have, much to their astonishment. The principal parts of one of these verbs are *sit*, *sat*, *sitten;* but of the other, the present, preterite, and the past participle, are in form the same, *set*. Many persons forget this, and use *sat* as the preterite of *set*, thus: She *sat* her pitcher down upon the ground. But as we read in our translation of Matthew's Gospel (chap. xxi.), it was prophesied that Christ should come "sitting upon an ass," and, therefore,

his disciples took a colt and "they *set* him thereon." On the other hand, some persons use the preterite of *set* for that of *sit*, *e. g.*, I went in and *set* down; while others have invented one labor-saving monosyllable for both these hard-worked verbs. For instance, "I went to meet him at his office sharp on time, and *sot* [sat] down and waited for him, and sot, and sot, and sot; and when he came in he sot [set] me down that his time was right, because he'd sot [set] his watch that morning by the City Hall clock." I have heard the word thus used by an estimable and not unintelligent merchant. As far as the poultry yard is concerned, the hen-wife *sets* the hen, but the hen *sits*. The use of the former word for the latter in this case is so common, and I have heard it defended so stoutly by intelligent people, that I shall not only refer to the dictionaries those of my readers who care to consult them, but cite the following examples in point:

> As the partridge *sitteth* on eggs and hatcheth them not, etc.
>
> Jeremiah, xvii., 11. Tr. 1611.
>
> And birds *sit* brooding in the snow.
>
> Love's Labors Lost, iv., 3.
>
> Thou from the first
> Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
> Dove-like *sat'st* brooding on the vast abyss,
> And mad'st it pregnant.
>
> Paradise Lost, I., 21.

When the nominative in a sentence requiring *sit* or *set* is not the subject of the action, the word is *set*; when the nominative is the subject, the word is *sit*; a rule which, like most of its kind, is superfluous to those who can understand it, and useless to those who cannot.

Sit and *set*, unlike *lie* and *lay*, which have the same relations with each other as the former have, and are subject to a like confusion, have no tenses or participles which are the same in form.

There is one peculiarity in the use of the two former which is worthy of attention. We say that a man rises and sits; but that the sun rises and sets. For this use of *set*, which has prevailed since English was a language, and from which it would require an unprecedented boldness to deviate, there is no good reason. It is quite indefensible. *Sets* is no part of the verb *sit*; and as to setting, the sun sets nothing. For we do not mean to say that he sets himself down, an expression which would not at all convey our apprehension of the gradual descent and disappearance of the great light of the world. If either of these words be used, we should, according to reason and their meaning, say the sun sits, the sun is sitting.

I had supposed that this application of the verb *set* to the sinking of the sun was inexplicable as well as unjustifiable, when it occurred to me that in the phrase in question *set* might be a corruption of *settle*. On looking into the matter, I found that my conjecture had hit the mark. In tracing this corruption, it should be first observed that the Anglo-Saxon has both the verb *sittan* (sit) and *settan* (set). In coming to us, these words have not changed their signification in the least; they have only lost a termination. Indeed, it is only the absence or the presence of this termination that makes them in the one case English, and in the other Anglo-Saxon. They have been used straight on, with the same signification by the same race for at least fifteen hundred years. But when that race spoke Anglo-Saxon they said neither the sun sets nor the sun sits; but The sun settles, and sometimes The sun sinks; and his descent they called not sunset or the sun setting, but the sun settling. Thus the passage in Mark's "Gospel," c. i., v. 32, which is given thus in our Bible—"And at even, when the

sun did *set*, they brought him all that were diseased," etc., appears thus in the Anglo-Saxon version, "Soþlice ðа hit was œfen geworden da sunne to *setle* eode." That is, Verily when it was evening made when the sun to settle went. In Luke's account of the same matter our version has, "Now when the sun was *setting*;" but the Anglo-Saxon "Soþlice da sunne *asah*"—Verily when the sun *sank down*. In Genesis, c. xv., 17—"And it came to pass when the sun went down," we have again in the Anglo-Saxon version "þa þa da sunne eode to *setle*"—when the sun went to settle; and in Deuteronomy xi., 30, "by the way where the sun goeth down," is in the Anglo-Saxon Bible "be þam wege þe lið to sunnen *setlegange*"—by the way that lieth to the sun settle-going, or settling. And in Psalm cxiii., v. 3, "From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same" in Anglo-Saxon "From sunnan uprine oð to *setlgang*"—From sun's uprising even to setle-going. The word *setle* in all these passages is not a verb but a noun; and the exact meaning in each case is that the sun was going seat-ward—toward his seat. All the stronger, therefore, is the conclusion that it is right to say that the sun sits or takes his seat, and wrong to say that he sets: the clear distinction between the two Anglo-Saxon verbs *sittan*—to sit, to go down, and *settan*—to place in a seat, to fix, being remembered.

This conclusion derives yet other support from the fact that in the passages of the Bible above cited, and in all others that I have examined in which the same fact is mentioned, the earlier English versions do not use *set*. Wycliffe's version, made about A.D. 1385, Tyndale's, A.D. 1536, Coverdale's, A.D. 1535, and the Geneva version, A.D. 1557, have either "when the the sun went down," or "when the sun was down." It is not until we reach the Rheims version, A.D. 1582, that we find "in the evening after sunset." It would seem that the corruption of *settle* into *set*, although prevailing in common speech, by which it had been handed down from the time when our language passed from its Anglo-Saxon into its early English period, and among vulgar writers, was not recognized by scholars until near the end of the sixteenth century.

I offer, not dogmatically, but yet with a great degree of confidence, this explanation of our singular use of the verb *set* to express the descent of the sun to the horizon; warning my readers at the same time that the definition of *set* in dictionaries, as meaning to go down, to decline, to finish a course, are all based upon the presence, or rather the supposed presence of this word in the old and common phrase *sunset*, which is really an abbreviation of *sun-settling*, the modern form of *sunnan-setlgang*.

Chastity.—Priestcraft has caused a confusion of this word with *continence*—a confusion which has lasted for centuries, and may yet last for generations. Even such a priest-hater as Froude says of Queen Catherine that she was invited to take the vows, and enter what was called the *religio laxa*—a state, he adds, "in which she might live unincnmbered by obligation, except the easy one of chastity." Does Mr. Froude mean that Catherine would have been chaster as a secular nun than she was as Henry's wife? that a man is to look upon his mother or his wife as less chaste than his maiden aunt? He, of course, meant no such absurdity, but merely fell in with a bad usage. He should have said, except the easy obligation of continence. Chastity is a virtue. Continence, under some circumstances, is a duty; but is never a virtue, it being without any moral quality whatever.

Utter.—This word is merely *outer* in another form. The outer, or utter, darkness of the New Testament is the darkness of a place completely outside

the realm of light. To utter is merely to put out, to put forth, or outside of the person uttering. Utter nonsense is that which is entirely outside the pale of reason. This outwardness is the essence of the word in all its legitimate uses, and in all its modifications. But some people seem to think that because, for instance, utter darkness is perfect darkness, and utter nonsense absolute nonsense, therefore, utter means perfect, absolute, complete. Thus, in a criticism in a literary paper upon a great picture, it is said of the color that "the effect is that of utter harmony;" and in one of Mrs. Edwards's novels, she says of a girl and a man: "Nelly's nature fitted into his nature utterly." This is sheer nonsense, unless we agree to deprive *utterly* of its proper meaning, and make it do superfluous duty as a mere strong synonyme of complete and perfect, which would be by just so much to impoverish and confuse our language.

RECOLLECT is used by many persons wrongly for *remember*. When we do not remember what we wish to speak of we try to re-collect it. *Misrecollect* appeared in a leading article in the "Tribune" not long ago—a word hardly on a par with Biddy's *disremember*. We either can or cannot recollect what we do not at once remember. We cannot recollect amiss, unless it be that we recollect the facts, but not in their proper order.

EDITORIAL.—An unpleasant Americanism for *leader* or *leading article*, which name is given to the articles in newspapers upon the leading topics of the day. These articles are not generally written by the editor of the paper, although he is responsible for them; but so is he for the other articles, and for the correspondence. And even were the case otherwise, *leader* or *leading article* would, none the less, be a good descriptive name for them, and *editorial* would be poor, both for its meagre significance, and for its conversion of an adjective into a noun.

CONSIDER is sadly perverted from its true meaning by most of those who use it. Men will say that they do not consider Chief-Justice Chase's course right in regard to the Democratic nomination—that they do not consider Mr. So-and-So a gentleman—and even that they do not consider gooseberry tart equal to strawberry short-cake. Now, *consider* means to take counsel with the stars (*con*-with, *sidera*, the stars), to peer into the future by watching the heavens, and so to ponder, to contemplate. A court reserves its opinion that it may consider a question which it sometimes has for weeks under consideration. A business man asks until to-morrow to consider your proposition, and meantime he ponders it, *i. e.* weighs it carefully, ruminates upon it. A man, whose ability, character, or position gives weight to his opinion is a man of consideration, because what he says is worthy to be considered; and whatever is large enough or strong enough to deserve serious attention is considerable. All this fine and useful sense of the word is lost by making it a mere synonyme of *think*, *suppose*, or *regard*.

Mother Goose, not so remarkable for continuity of thought as for striking ideas, nevertheless, rarely, if ever, uses a word out of its proper meaning She is good authority upon the English language, and she affords this fine example of the proper use of the word under consideration:

> There was a piper, he'd a cow,
> And he'd no hay to give her:
> He took his pipe and play'd a tune—
> Consider, cow, consider.
>
> The cow considered very well,
> For she gave the piper a penny

That he might play the tune again
Of corn-rigs are bonny.

QUITE means completely, entirely, in a finished manner. It is from the French *quitté*—discharged, and is akin to *quits*, the word used by players of games to mean that they are *even* with each other. Therefore, the common Americanism, *quite a number*, is unjustifiable. A cup or a theatre may be quite full; and there may be quite a pint in the cup, or quite a thousand people in the theatre, and neither may be quite full. But *number* is an indefinite word which *quite* cannot qualify.

LOCATE is another Americanism which is insufferable to ears at all sensitive. If a gentleman chooses to say "I guess I shall locate in Muzzouruh," meaning that he thinks he shall settle in Missouri, he has, doubtless, the right as a free and independent citizen of the United States to say so. Certainly *locate* and *Muzzouruh* should be left together; they are very fit company for each other. *Locate* is simply a big word for *place* or *settle;* and a man for whom those words are not ample enough, may correctly speak of locating himself, his family or his business here or elsewhere. But *locate* without an object is suited to the use of those only who are too ignorant and too restless to settle anywhere.

CALCULATE.—A very common misuse of this word should be corrected. I do not mean that of which the gentleman from the rural districts is guilty when he cahlc'lates he kin do a pooty good stroke of work for himself when he gets into the Legislatur, but that which prevails much more widely, and among people who think no small beer of their English, and who would say, for instance, that the nomination of Mr. Seymour to the Presidency is calculated to deprive his party of the votes of the Free Soil Democrats. It is calculated to do no such thing. Who needs to be told that no such object entered into the calculations of the leading Democrats? But this use of the word has even the very high authority of Goldsmith to support it:

The only danger that attends the multiplicity of publications, is that some of them may be *calculated* to injure rather than benefit society.—*Citizen of the World*, Letter xxiv.

Now, calculate means to compute, to reckon, to work out by figures, and, hence, to project for any certain end, the essential thought expressed by it in any connection, being the careful adjustment of means to an end. But Goldsmith did not mean that the authors of the books he had in mind intended to injure society, and wrote with that end in view. He did mean that these books might contain something that would do society an injury. *Calculate* used in this sense is only a big, wrongful pretender to the place of two much better words—*likely* and *apt*. Goldsmith meant to express a fear that the books in question were likely to injure society; and whether Governor Seymour's nomination is likely to cost his party the Free-Soil-Democratic vote, is matter of opinion; but whether it was calculated to do so, is not.

RESTIVE means standing stubbornly still, not frisky, as some people seem to think. A restive horse is a horse that balks; but horses that are restless are frequently called restive. Restiveness, however, is one sign of rebellion in horses. Thus, Dryden (quoted by Johnson):

The pampered colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and *restiff* to the rein.

Hence a misapprehension, by which those who did not understand the word were led to a complete reversion of meaning.

ESQUIRE.—To attempt to deprive any citizen of this democratic republic of his right to be called an esquire by whomsoever thinks fit so to call him, would be an outrage upon our free institutions, and I do not know but treason to the natural rights of man, whatever they may be. Upon this subject I confess myself fit only to be a learner, and shall be very glad if any of my readers will tell me what he means when he addresses a note to John Dash, Esq., except that Mr. Dash shall think he means to be polite.

ALLUDE is in danger of losing its peculiar signification, which is delicate and useful, by being used as a fine-sounding synonyme of *say* or *mention*. The Honorable gentleman from the State of Kokeeko (who is not an Apache Indian, as might reasonably be supposed from the name of the commonwealth which he represents, but a man of as pure English blood as the Earl of Derby, or John Bright, or Charles Francis Adams) speaking of the Honorable gentleman from the same State (who is likewise not an Indian), denounces him as a drunken vagabond and a traitor to his party. The latter rises and says that his colleague has alluded to him in terms just fit for such a scoundrelly son of a poor-house drab to use, but that he hurls back the Honorable gentleman's allusions, and so forth, and so forth—any one of us can supply the rest, with the terms of the apology to the House the next day, coupled with the assurance that the words were used in their Kokeekokian sense. The spectacle is a sad one to gods and men, and also to all who have respect for the English language. For whatever may have been the case with the other words, *allude* and allusion were used in their Kokeekokian sense, certainly not in their English. *Allude* (from *ludo*, *ludere*—to play) means to indicate jocosely, to hint at playfully, and so to hint at in a slight, passing manner. If you write to your friend and ask him to send back that umbrella that he took from your office the other day, and he replies that he does not know what you allude to, you may set down his respect for English and the eighth commandment as about equal. Allusion is the by-play of language. A certain paper having said, some months ago, that a certain article in THE GALAXY was "respectably dull," the writer thereof amused himself by turning off for the next number the following epigram, which has since lain aside unprinted:

> Some knight of King Arthur's, Sir Void or Sir Null,
> Swears a trifle I wrote is respectably dull.
> He is honest for once, through his weakness of wit,
> And he censures a fault that he does not commit;
> For he shows by example—proof quite unrejectable—
> That a man may be dull *without* being respectable.

Here the paper in question is not mentioned, but it is alluded to in such a manner that any person acquainted with the principal papers in New York could not mistake the one intended—which, by the way, is one that has done much during the last two years, by its ability, its independence, and its success, to render obsolete the question, Why have we no "Saturday Reviews?" which used to be so frequently asked that the answer was once essayed in THE GALAXY.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

MISS FAITH.

"OUR ideals, partially realized, are powers for good in our lives."

Miss Faith Langley, being my ideal woman, was a power in mine. I used to see her, Sundays, when I first became a teacher in the academy at Winton—a lady with delicate features, bright eyes, and sunny-brown hair. I remember I thought the face a grave one, sometimes, when it was lifted in earnest attention; but if, after the service, she turned to speak to those about her, it seemed the very brightest and sweetest face in the world.

Sometimes, in my solitary evening walks, I caught a glimpse of her black-robed figure on the street; or, passing at dusk by the great, old-fashioned white house where she lived, saw the red glow of the fire lighting the walls within.

It was a house that seemed to live a cheerful life of its own. It had great windows, made up of a multitude of little panes; a lawless woodbine ran over and around four of them, and the rose-vines on either side the door had climbed over, and were peering into them audaciously; two irregular gables jutted out in the shadow of the elms; a spacious "yard" was on one side, with a garden and stables back, and, on the other a dwarf hedge ran along the fence, leaving a narrow place for a straggling colony of irises and English violets that grew under the windows.

When I first used to see the house, in the warm spring weather, the great door was usually open, letting one look in on a wide, sunny hall that ran through to the yard behind; the old trees around it were getting their leaves, and the grass was rich with dandelions.

Everybody in Winton knew Miss Langley, and loved her; so I made her acquaintance, through others, before I ever heard her speak.

But one morning she came down to the school, bringing two poor children. She was standing in the corridor when I came down, at nine o'clock, and they were clinging to her skirts and crying.

"Are you Miss Fletcher?" she asked, looking up at me with a little smile.

"Yes," I said.

"I have brought you two new scholars, and I expect they're going to be the greatest scholars in the school. They have always been my picaninnies," she continued, addressing the children more than me; "and they're going to show how much picaninnies know." Aren't you, Jule?"

"Yes'm," sobbed the poor little mite at her side, casting a fearful glance at me.

"Won't you go in, then, with the lady and me?" Miss Faith asked, bending down to wipe the tears from the round cheeks. "See, Lizzie is ready."

After some demur, Jule suffered Miss Faith to lead her into the schoolroom, where she and Lizzie gazed about them with affrighted eyes.

"May they sit together?" asked Miss Langley, "and not have lessons till they get wonted?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I know how it is with children; they want a day to look about."

I put them at an empty desk, where they sat, a miserable pair enough, with their odd, Irish faces drawn down dismally.

"I pity them so much," said Miss Langley, when I came back, glancing at me for sympathy, "the poor, little, deserted things! They never have been used to restraint, Miss Fletcher; you won't mind if they are restless, will you?"

"No, certainly," I said, following her to the door. "Restlessness is a disease prevailing among my children."

"I suppose so," she said, laughing. "Shall you be at liberty this evening, Miss Fletcher? I should like to have you take tea with me, and hear about Jule and Lizzie; I think they will interest you, as they do me."

I was only too happy to stop that night at the house that had so often attracted me, instead of going on a lonely pilgrimage over the road beyond to watch the sunset from Brixton Hill. It was a beautiful April evening of warm air and softened sunshine. The lilac hedges in the gardens were budded, and the cherry trees were white with bloom.

As I turned in at the gate, I saw Miss Faith pacing back and forth in the hall beside a tiny old lady dressed in stiff, lustrous, black silk. Everything about this lady was dainty, from the ruffle at her throat to the silk gaiters; her white hair was smoothed away under a plain muslin cap, and her slight hands clasped before her. As she came down the length of the hall, she looked like an ancient countess or court-lady, exiled and worn with years; and Miss Langley, walking beside her in her light dress of grey, was like a sister of charity robbed of gloom. The latter hastened forward to meet me with a welcoming smile.

"Thank you for coming, Miss Fletcher," she said. "Walk in. This is Mrs. Wall. We were having our evening promenade."

Mrs. Wall lifted a pair of intensely black eyes a moment, and bent her head haughtily. Miss Faith led me into the parlor.

"Sit down," she said. "Now I am afraid this fire will make you uncomfortable. It's one of my selfish peculiarities. I never can get along without a fire. Shall I raise the window?"

"Not on my account; I like a fire."

Miss Faith laughed.

"Then I am sure we are kindred spirits, and I congratulate my fire on making your acquaintance. It sounds very heathenish to call one's self a fire-worshipper, Miss Fletcher, but I believe I'm a little of one."

While she was gone with my hat and sacque, I looked about me. It was such a comfortable parlor! Large and lofty, with book-shelves covering one side of it, with a great red-tufted rug before the open fire, and a round table drawn close. There was a deep, windowed recess on either side the mantel, and ivy-framed, a quaint picture of the Madonna hanging in one of them.

The room was peopled with pictures, some of them treasures of art; a piano was in an alcove at the back, and between the front windows stood a lady's desk and chair. One of the recesses seemed to be Miss Faith's peculiar province, for a light table and chair were placed within it, and the window-ledge was strewn with books and work. She came back presently.

"I told you Jule and Lizzie were some of my picaninnies," she said. "That's a queer expression; but see if they're not like picaninnies!" And sweeping

back a curtain, she let me look out on a plot of green where a crowd of poor children were tumbling and running, shouting and swinging from the branches of a ragged apple tree.

"I don't know if you like children as I do," continued Miss Langley, watching them with her peculiar bright smile; "they are very interesting to me. I make a yearly bargain with my especial horde, that they shall let me do what I can for them. They dine with me by threes, in turn, and after dinner we have lessons. Jule and Lizzie were so especially bright that I got a notion of educating them for teachers, and I thought the academy would be an improvement on the common schools; but it was a sore trial for them. How have they got through the day?"

"Nicely," I answered. "The scholars have quite patronized them."

"Oh I am very glad!" said Miss Faith. "I was afraid they might be insolent to them. How do you like Winton, Miss Fletcher?"

Mrs. Wall, who had been continually pacing up and down, paused at the door.

"Hear the birds sing, Faith!" she said; "they sing just as they used—as they used so many years ago. I wonder what's the reason?"

"Perhaps they don't learn new songs, dear," said Miss Faith, softly, "their old ones are so pretty!"

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Wall, letting her bright glance wander out of the door, "perhaps it's that! but it frets me—it makes me want to remember, and I never can—I never can!"

Miss Faith went and took her hand gently.

"We shall both remember sometime," she said, in a low voice, "and know what it all meant."

"Perhaps he'll tell me sometime, Faith—the time's so long coming!"

"Oh, not very long," Miss Faith answered. "Won't you rest awhile, now?"

"It's a great pity Bridget is ringing the supper bell," she continued, coming back to me; "there's a glorious sunset; but, as practical folks say, 'supper's necessary and sunsets ain't;' so we'll favor the first. Come, Mrs. Tina!"

A gentleman was standing at one of the windows as we came into the dining-room—somewhat undersized, but ruddy and stoutly made, with strongly marked features, keen blue eyes, and a mass of iron-grey hair swept off his brow. The severe gravity of the face rendered it unattractive to an ordinary observer.

Miss Faith introduced him simply as Mr. Canby.

When we were seated, he said grace, the shortest and most effective I ever heard uttered.

"Oh God, give us kind hearts; give us thankful and faithful hearts, and bless us."

"Mr. Canby," said Miss Faith, when the meal had commenced, "how has Matthew managed with the tulips?"

"Passably well. He wants experience. I looked to them."

"But I can't have you burdened with the care of my garden. Matthew must learn."

"The burden of a garden!" said Mrs. Wall, suddenly. "What a light burden that must be!"

"The bees carry the most of it," remarked Mr. Canby.

"You remember that little poem you read me?" said Miss Faith. "How, coming from the enchanted garden,

> The laden bees dropped sweetness from their wings,
> Upon the scentless flowers.

That is such a pretty fancy! Are you fond of flowers and poetry, Miss Fletcher? I mean are you sentimental?"

"I'm somewhat inclined that way," I admitted.

"Sense and sensibility approach nearly there," observed Mr. Canby.

"Don't they meet?" Miss Faith suggested.

"They never meet. One side or the other, always—and sense pays better."

"Now, that is unjust," said Miss Faith. "I have a mania for beauty myself, but if picaninny Martha was here, she would tell you how extremely practical I can be in case of need."

"You are the exception to all my rules," said Mr. Canby, looking at her with something like reverence; "yet exceptions prove rules."

"And, speaking of picaninnies," continued Miss Langley, "I believe they have all gone home. I told Bridget to give them supper, but her life is a catalogue of omissions."

When tea was over, and Miss Faith and I were in the parlor alone, I could not help remarking on the blessedness of silence after the everlasting clatter of school.

"Still one wants the privilege of choosing," Miss Langley said.

"Are you ever lonely?" I asked, in surprise.

"Why I'm not exactly a 'lone lorn creetur,'" she laughed; "but I have my blue times, too; now I'm going to tell you about Jule and Lizzie."

It was a simple story—a common one made uncommon by the eloquent telling; a story of drunken parents, a desolate home, and two lives starting all in the dark; then the lives taken and set in the sunlight to learn how to grow.

We sat there in the twilight, and talked a long time; it was nearly eight when I rose hastily, hearing merry voices at the gate.

"Don't hurry," said Miss Faith, "or, if you must go, come to-morrow morning, and let me show you the garden. It's Saturday, isn't it?"

So I went back that night with the prospect of another time of pleasure.

"Did you ever hear of the old lady who was afraid of a broom?" Miss Faith asked, as we came up from the garden the next morning, and paused at the gate. "There's a resurrection of dust going on in the parlor, and I have been driven out as usual. Bridget glorifies dust; she routs it out of corners and leaves it floating about in the air, where it looks so pretty I half forgive her; but I have an utter horror of Saturdays and brooms."

"If you are exiled," I said, laughing, "it is to the land of lilies and clouds."

"Oh, they are great vagabonds, those clouds; they can't go along their streets like decent citizens, but they must straggle about like vagrants. Do you love violets, Miss Fletcher; here are some that camped in the wilderness, away from my flower settlement."

"They are all the sweeter for it," I said, putting them in my belt lovingly. "I shall make them tell me stories all day."

"Don't have them prosy ones," said Miss Faith. "Take some lilies to vary the tales a little. I see Bridget has relented and stopped sweeping."

I went away down the sunny street, and she paced back slowly to the house.

My visits at Miss Langley's were frequent after this. Perhaps she saw that I loved to come, and opened the way; perhaps she had some little liking for me herself. She was always cordial and cheerful, always ready to sympathize, always working for others; so that I sometimes wondered if so unselfish and beautiful a life as hers had ever been lived; but as I knew her better, I found there were two Miss Faiths—one with a sturdy cheer about her, bright and vigorous, the other solitary and gentle, living in a wilderness of fancies.

I went there one summer afternoon when I was tired with school duties. Miss Faith was not in the parlor, and I sat down to wait for her. Presently Fanny came in, bringing a dish of flowers.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Fletcher!" she said. "Miss Langley told me to ask you to stay the night if you came. Mrs. Wall 's sick."

"Sick?" said I. "What is it?"

"*I* don't know!" replied Fanny. "Like she always is. She's been pretty bad for a week."

So I took a solitary supper, then went back to the parlor and sat down alone to watch the twilight, thinking, with a strange sense of wonder, how the dark was growing, and a life was growing, the one into night, the other into light.

I passed a lonely evening. The clock was striking ten, and I was getting tired of moonlight and reverie, when I heard steps on the stairs, and Miss Faith came in. The light of the candle she held, showed her face paler than usual, and a slight pained contraction of the brows.

"Marian," she said, speaking rapidly, and without any greeting, "I think Mrs. Wall is dying. Are you afraid of death? Can you stay with her ten minutes alone?"

I shivered with the chill the thought of death brings.

"Where are you going?" I faltered.

"To do a little last request of hers."

I followed her without more hesitation.

"Don't wonder at anything," she said, hastily. "Only be passive, and humor her."

Mrs. Wall was sitting in the bed, propped by pillows, looking elf-like with her streaming grey hair and wild eyes. Water and wine were on a table beside her, and a pale candle flickered from the bureau beyond.

My eye went over these details as I entered, then was immediately fascinated by a portrait hanging on the opposite wall—the face of a man of twenty-five, full of a singular and haughty beauty, like Mrs. Wall, yet strangely unlike her; wonderful eyes that seemed as if they would haunt one forever; an expression that attracted and repelled—half uncanny, half beautiful.

Mrs. Wall's restless glance followed mine to the picture.

"Ah, Miss Fletcher," she said, "Faith sent you, didn't she? My son James, Miss Fletcher—you've never met him, have you? I suppose Faith wanted you for a witness. She's gone to get ready for the wedding; she went once before, I remember, but something happened; what was it, Miss Fletcher?"

"Something?" I said, bewilderedly. "Ask Miss Faith when she comes."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wall. "Faith 'll know, Faith 'll know. It made me ill then; I shall be well again when they're married. I'm tired now—so tired!"

She fell back on the pillows, and I held the wine to her lips and fanned her. Fifteen minutes she lay thus, scarcely seeming to breathe, while I sat beside her in a sort of terror, afraid to look at the portrait opposite me, afraid of the whis-

per and stir of the night wind; then the door opened again and Miss Faith entered.

She was dressed in a heavy white silk, that shimmered in the lamp-light and hung in rich folds about her; a white lace veil was flung over her head and confined by a string of pearls; the lines of her face were sternly rigid, and her cheeks were whiter than the dress.

"Ah, you have come back!" said Mrs. Wall, with a little spark of returning animation. "How beautiful you are, Faith! but so pale and cold! Your cheeks were like roses before, and your eyes so bright—but then it's years and years—"

She sank down again, and her breath came heavily.

"Kiss me, Faith," she said, faintly, after a pause, "and then go. You will be my own daughter now—my darling; and we shall be happy after all."

"Her last strength seemed to depart with this, and she lay motionless and pallid. Miss Faith sat down beside her and chafed the cold hands, while I crept softly away to the window. The breeze stole in, stirring Miss Faith's filmy veil as she leaned forward with the same fixed face, and fanning my flushed cheek as I leaned on the sill.

We sat there for a time that seemed an age. The figure on the bed never moved. I heard the clocks strike twelve.

"Don't stay," Miss Faith said, softly. "I am not afraid to be alone."

But I kept my place, and she said nothing more. The night hours went on. A faint grey was in the east when the feeble voice murmured again, "so happy!" and the lips put on a smile and closed forever.

Then the watcher laid the hand back reverently, and, hiding her face, burst into tears.

"Dear Miss Faith," I cried, kneeling at her side, "don't weep for her! I'm sure it is better so!"

"Yes," said Miss Faith, simply and sadly, lifting her face again; "a great deal better. The tears were for this side of death."

They were falling thickly, while she spoke, over the little withered hand she had taken again in her's.

"Oh, my poor dear!" she said, "if ever she wronged me, surely I can forgive her now! So death is kind to me."

She closed the eyes tenderly, smoothed the hair, and turned to me, saying,

"We will go now."

It was late the next morning, when I stole upstairs to Mrs. Wall's chamber, carrying some flowers in my hands. Miss Faith was there. I laid down the blossoms, and was retreating hastily; but she called me back.

"Marian," she said, "I owe you an explanation of what you saw last night; and I want to thank you."

"I am glad to do anything for you, Miss Faith."

She had seated herself at the table, and leaned her head a moment on her hand.

"The story of my life," she said, slowly, "is a sad story—not a fit story for a young girl to hear."

Her eyes had wandered to the portrait, hanging above her, with the morning light upon it.

"Don't tell me," I said. "I know; he was your lover, and he is dead."

"No," she answered, "not dead."

"False, then," I thought; but, as if she guessed this, she concluded,

"Nor unworthy."

"He bears the burden of his father's sins," she went on, speaking in a strange, calm way. "It is the hand of fate. I looked at that face—as it is now—not three months ago. He is a maniac, as she has been half her life."

I could not suppress a cry of horror.

"I don't wonder it shocks you," she said, gently. "I have lived with the thought till it has grown familiar. It is a form of death. He has been in heaven for years. I think of him there, and I am glad, knowing his mother has joined him. What is on earth is only a body—to be regarded because it once belonged to him—that is all."

"I cannot tell you all the story, Marian. I do not think of it in detail; I just know I had great light, then great darkness that I thought would never end. But God showed me another world to live for; and a dear friend, whom you have known, showed me how to live for it. So the sun came out broad again, and it has shone ever since."

I wondered at her, sitting with such a serene face and telling that dreary life-story.

"And I thought you had always been so happy!" I said.

"I am happy," she answered. "I think I am happier every day I live. Why should any one be unhappy in this world? I want you to think of me always as being glad, Marian. Forget all about this other person, who might be gloomy, and let me be the old Miss Faith again."

We had come out of the chamber while she spoke, and I said "Yes," with all my heart.

"An ancient, maiden lady," she said, pausing on the staircase to smile back at me, "just as merry as the birds and flowers—just as contented as everything God has made ought to be."

H. R. Hudson.

GREAT AWAKENINGS.

IN these latter days, when all things tend so strongly to a positive and unbounded materialism; when we believe what we see, and touch, and taste; when we note that gold represents, as it never did so fully before, the sum total of earthly bliss, it may not be unwise to recall the fact that there is an *unseen*, a strange, a mysterious, a potent influence, which from time to time sweeps across the field of earthly experience, producing profound and inexplicable results; it may be well to know that at such times men have been moved by terrible throes, mastered, apparently, and controlled by influences stronger than their own powerful natures, and that then aspiration soars, while the soul glows as if touched by fire.

We can hardly hope to solve, to explain this mysterious riddle; but by briefly recounting some of these surprising manifestations, something may be done toward provoking other minds more able to cope with it, to make all plain to our darkened eyes.

The year 1857 was a year of financial distress and wide-spread ruin to the mercantile world. In August of that year the Ohio Life and Trust Company collapsed, and many men found they had built up heaps of sand which were suddenly swept away from under their feet, leaving them prostrate. The distress arising from the ruin of prosperity is probably more poignant than actual hunger, when it does not reach starvation; who, except those who have felt it, can describe it?

It was in October of this year that Mr. Lamphier, a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church, thought, in his own heart, that an hour of daily prayer would bring consolation to afflicted business men. He proceeded, in his small way, to make his thought a fact. He invited a few to meet in the consistory of the church in William street; three persons came, and they prayed. The next meeting was of six, the next of twenty. But a few weeks saw a crowd of anxious and earnest *men*, assembled on every Wednesday at the hour of noon, in the upper room of this old church. Bear it in mind that these were men, hard business men, not sentimentalists, or women of leisure looking for excitement; men who all their lives had been dealing with cotton and molasses and iron and stocks; men who had believed in the gospel of gold. Yet here they were on their knees, and among them were those whose lips were unsealed, out of whose mouths came strange, unaccustomed words of longing and prayer.

This influence spread, and in a few days the passages were crowded, so that they could not get in. Then the Methodist church in John street, and the Reformed Dutch church in Fulton street were opened daily. The hour of noon struck, and crowds were seen thronging the lately-neglected aisles; crowds marked by what? Not those who came to see a fine spectacle, to hear entrancing music, to listen to eloquent sermons: not at all; but simply to hear

some earnest soul pour forth the burning longings of his heart; longings for communion, for acceptance, for blessedness, for salvation. Too often these are formal, canting words, which mean almost nothing; and they fall upon stony ground, ears filled with other sounds. Now it was not so; a strange influence went forth with them; men heard, they heeded; poor as the *words* too often were, they seemed radiant with a kind of holy light which made them to glow and burn and warm; so that men heard them, and pondered them, and, indeed, made them tapers to light up within their own souls the fires which had so long lain dark and smouldering.

The fires spread, and, indeed, started up spontaneously.

The merchants of Chambers street went to Mr. Burton (March, 1858), and proposed to hire his theatre.

"What for?"

"For a prayer-meeting."

"A w-h-a-t?"

"For a prayer-meeting."

Burton was a rough man, not used to the praying mood; but he not only leased them his theatre, he asked them to pray for *him*.

For an hour before noon the crowd began to assemble, so that by twelve o'clock the house was packed from pit to gallery, with such a crowd as never was seen in that theatre before; carriages lined the street, and often as many as fifty clergymen were present to join in the exercises.

Noonday prayer-meetings were now held all through the winter at various points, at Centre street near the Tombs, at Duane street, at Greenwich street; in many other places near the business centre of the city. Not only came merchants to spend their hour of noon here, but mechanics stole half of their dinner time to come; and all over the city this thing went on. Various agencies set themselves to work; energetic business men, energetic aldermen even, organized themselves into a "flying artillery," and went from place to place, from church to church, all over the town, to move forward or to initiate this surprising work. The firemen held prayer-meetings, so did the policemen. But not only were there these set places for public prayer, in printing offices and other places where were large numbers of workmen, impromptu prayer-meetings were organized, and it is doubtful whether under heaven ever was seen such a sight as went on in the city of New York in the winter and spring of the year 1857–'58.

Brooklyn followed, and soon, indeed, led; so that a weekly bulletin of the places for midday prayer was posted at the ferry landings, at the railroad offices, and at other public places.

We come now to another fact in this curious history. It is this: that from New York as the centre, the mysterious influence spread abroad till it penetrated all New England in the East, southward as far as Virginia and even beyond, westward to Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis; and in every great town and small town the thing went on, in open day and now at various hours of the day. Those who could not come at noon came in the morning, and they who could not come at morning came at evening.

In Philadelphia, over three thousand met daily in Jayne's Hall, at the hour of noon. In Cleveland, two thousand met daily, in the mornings, on the way to their business. In Chicago, assemblages of more than two thousand met daily at midday; and so it went on, until it became literally true that there was a line of prayer-meetings all the way from Omaha to Washington City. Even the

Unitarians of Boston, fastidious and conservative as they are reputed to be, held meetings like the rest.

It would be impossible here to begin to tell of all that was done; and, indeed, we must hasten forward to touch upon some other interesting points of this interesting subject. But many may say,

"But all this subsided, and men went on as before; and was nothing accomplished?"

Who can tell what was accomplished? It is possible only to give a few of the statements made at the time, which seem worthy of credit.

In the Newark "Advertiser" was a statement, based upon answers to inquiries made to various ministers of churches, which said that in that town were some "twenty-eight hundred hopeful conversions." In Cleveland, "eight hundred persons have recently been received into the evangelical churches." "In the Congress street Methodist Church (Detroit) over one hundred and forty conversions have taken place." "A man in Bath converted his bar-room into a place of prayer."

Now this went on all over the land, and thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, were converted to what is termed a religious life. Members of churches were multiplied, and, for a time at least, men and women forgot their earthly and sordid desires, and were moved by heavenly hopes. What number fell away and went back to earthly and sordid pursuits it would be impossible to say; doubtless it was large. But surely a large number also remained, and lived a certain new life.

The peculiarity of this "Revival"—and it is a striking one—is that it was a *spontaneous* movement; there was no machinery, no preaching, no shouting, no sensuous appliances, no appeal to fears. It may be said, if it can ever be said, that there was a peculiar influx of divine spirit, and that *the Wind of God swept over the earth.*

Sceptical persons may here say—"Why should God's spirit be poured out at one time and upon one people more than another," and may deny that it is so. That question will be touched upon hereafter; it will hardly be answered. This strange movement of the soul subsided, and has not been since repeated.

Let us now touch upon another phase of this matter.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, as all know, appeared in England and America two remarkable and most irregular preachers, John Wesley* and George Whitefield.† Both were in and of the English Church, but both worked outside the church. Both went out into highways and hedges to preach salvation, and repentance, and faith, and hope. Both produced wonderful results. Wesley originated and established the great sect of Arminian Methodists, and Whitefield originated and established another form—that of Calvanistic Methodism. At the outset of their work they coöperated; afterward Whitefield went through the then settled portions of America, drawing vast crowds to his open-air preaching, while Wesley drew equally great crowds to hear him in the fields and lanes of Old England. Whitefield was unquestionably the greater sensational preacher of the two, perhaps as great as any who ever lived, but his preaching was not attended by such surprising phenomena as marked the calmer and more logical preaching of Wesley.

These were some of the surprising phenomena: On the common at Bristol he preached from the text, "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave

* Born 1703. † Born 1714.

them both." Some six persons sank down in great agony, and uttered piercing cries for mercy. On the same day, at Gloucester lane, some nine others were thus affected, one of whom was a young woman of the better class, whose mother was much scandalized by her daughter's weakness; but in a few moments this mother herself dropped down and lost her senses suddenly, and at last went home with her daughter singing praises of joy. Not only were women so affected, but strong, bold, bad men were felled as by a blow, and as many as twenty at a time might be seen lying on the ground as if dead. There are many such instances as these. A weaver, who had a great dislike to dissenters, used his efforts to discourage them; one of the converts lent him one of Wesley's sermons; while reading it, he turned pale, fell to the floor, and cried out, "Mercy, mercy." When he recovered his self-possession he praised God.

Another case was that of a woman who remonstrated with some of her sex for giving way to such foolish excitement. She escaped from the meeting in some disgust, when she, too, fell to the ground in as violent agony as any.

Why multiply examples? Whitefield was astonished at these stories, and expressed his scepticism; he had seen no such results from his own preaching. But it came Whitefield's day for preaching. No sooner had he begun to invite all sinners to believe in Christ than four persons sank down close to him almost in the same moment. One of them lay without either sense or motion. The third had strong convulsions all over his body, but made no noise unless by groans. The fourth, equally convulsed, called upon God with strong cries and tears.

"From this time," continues Wesley, "I trust we shall all suffer God to carry on his own work in the way that pleaseth him."

Here, then, we have a class of phenomena differing from those of the great revival of 1857; in that they were clearly *produced* by the preaching of powerfully excited men. They were produced by words, gestures, voice, eye—by the personal magnetism of such men as Whitefield and Wesley. If not produced, they were developed, in some such way as the flame of a candle lights the fire-damp in the mine, causing explosion. They were produced, and, what is still more remarkable, they were unintentional results, *unexpected*, not sought for on the part of the preachers themselves. They were as unaccountable to them as to the subjects themselves. But one and all were ready to believe them caused by an especial and peculiar outpouring of the Spirit of God, and in some inexplicable way, a manifestation of God in response to the prayers and preachings of men. They were ready to believe that except for these prayers and this preaching God would not have so shown himself, and, therefore, that such a number of conversions would not have been made, or such a number of souls been saved. They were thus encouraged and upheld in their work of evangelizing mankind, and went on with renewed zeal and power in their peculiar undertaking.

We come now to another class of phenomena—to Revivals or Awakenings to produce conversions, and to insure salvation, which were the result of *predetermination;* to Revivals which may be said to have been "got up in cold blood!"

There have sprung up from time to time in America, more than elsewhere, a class of men who are known as "Revival Preachers." They are well represented by Cartwright, Finney and Elder Knapp. What moved them to enter upon the task of an Evangelist we need not here inquire. But the fact remains that entering upon it, following it, and persisting in it, they produced startling results.

They were wont to go to-day to the most benighted or the most incredulous region, there to begin to preach and to pray, to shout, to sing, to indulge in violent gestures, to excite the ears and assault the brain not only with argument and appeal, but with noise and clamor also. They induced people to come to hear in every possible way; they furnished novelty, excitement, and at times almost descended to burlesque, to attract those who could be drawn by no higher motive. They succeeded. People came, and often in crowds, as the Athenians did to hear what strange thing that "babbler" Paul would say.

These preachers had few or none of the graces and arts of oratory; they were not always select in their words; they might sometimes make the judicious grieve, but they were strong, earnest, impetuous, moving, pathetic, fierce, tender, terrific—any or all of these at times to suit the occasion or to impress the audience. In their own way they preached "Christ crucified;" in their own way they bore down upon the hearts and consciences of men, and they bore hard to move them to abandon the lusts of the flesh, and the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life, and to put on them the white robes of godliness. In their own way they set forth the wretchedness of the selfish and worldly-minded, and pictured the blessedness, and peace and glory of the converted soul; and in all ways they were masters of, they moved men to turn their backs upon the low and beastly, and to move upward into the region of light and spirit.

To show how these men worked, let us read a few passages from the "Autobiography of Elder Jacob Knapp,"* just published:

About this time (1832–'34) I attended a meeting at Rutland Hill, Jefferson County preaching in the Congregational church. I labored ten days, and was blessed with only five converts. The place was overrun with infidelity and Universalism. In the evenings all turned out and filled the house. Many were somewhat affected, but they did not break down. In those days, ten days were thought to be a long time in which to protract religious services. Three days' meetings were considered all that could be profitably sustained.

During these ten days we had all worked very hard, and were greatly worn down. We had not husbanded our strength. I had preached three times every day; and the brethren had prayed as long and as loud as they could, and some half dozen of them had kept it up day and night. We were all either hoarse, or suffering from sore throats.

We took counsel of ourselves and of God as to what course to pursue. We remembered the promise, "In due time we shall reap if we faint not." So we concluded to take God at his word, and "go forward." I went to the pulpit, and the helpers went to the anxious-room. About twenty inquirers were present. They induced them all to kneel down; one of the inquirers summoned courage to open his mouth in prayer. He was at once set at liberty, and broke forth into earnest prayer for the salvation of others; these in turn went to praying for themselves, and as "God turned their captivity" they, too, prayed for their friends, until the whole twenty were brought to rejoice in the Saviour.

After I had concluded the preaching service, many of the unconverted, attracted by the voice of prayer, went into the anxious-room. Several of them fell on their knees and cried aloud for mercy. The converts began to plead with the anxious until all in the room were led to surrender their hearts to Christ. The brethren could only "stand still and see the salvation of God." The good work went on with increasing power, much as on the day of Pentecost. Infidelity turned pale, and Universalism gave up the ghost. It was a time of deep heart-searching among Christians.

One lady, a member in good standing in the Congregational church, came to me and said she thought she was not a Christian, and wanted to know what she should "do to be

* Sheldon & Co., 1868.

saved." I told her to go to God and cry for help. She went to her chamber, in the same house in which I was boarding, and, falling on her knees, continued in prayer for the space of two hours, when a sister came to me, and expressed her fears that the lady was dying, and asked me to go to her room and see what could be done. I found her still in a pleading posture, agony depicted on her face and her eyes turned toward heaven. She could scarcely speak above a whisper. At first, I was alarmed, fearing she might die, and that her death would be attributed to me. I was on the point of requesting her to cease her supplications; but this text broke upon my ears in peals of thunder, "The bruised reed he will not break, and the smoking flax he will not quench till he send forth judgment unto victory."

I then said, "God will not break the bruised reed, and God forbid that I should quench the smoking flax; let judgment come forth unto victory." In a few moments, her countenance changed, a heavenly smile came over her whole face, and she began to whisper, "Blessed Saviour! sweet Jesus! all is well—all is well!" From that day to the last of my knowledge of her, she testified her conviction that never till then had she seen the preciousness of Christ as her atoning Saviour.

To some this story will seem the work of a canting, or of an overheated enthusiast, and they will pronounce it intolerable. They will say that all such things ought to be put a stop to; that they are the work of the devil rather than of God. I have given so much of the Elder's account because it shows—

First, the machinery and sensuous methods which he employed;

Second, that *persistence* in all this produced results; and

Third, that these things did produce a conviction of sin and a conversion to holiness, or something very like it.

For myself, while I could do nothing of the sort, I am not prepared to say that Elder Knapp ought not to have done it. I am not prepared to say that it was all excitement, and produced no permanent good; but, on the contrary, I cannot doubt that many did from this time date "a change of heart," and did live a better life.

I am convinced, also, that so long as men have *bodies* as well as minds and souls, so long their sensuous natures will be a part of them, and so long their minds and hearts will be reached, *in a degree*, by arousing their sensuous natures. For this reason, I cannot but believe in a harmony of colors, in a harmony of sounds, and in the persuasive influences of pleasant surroundings. It is unquestionably true that men are much more likely to receive your truth favorably with well-filled stomachs than with empty ones; the benign influence of dinners is well known; soup may be a vehicle of Christian truth to the hungry body; strawberries do make children good, kind, obedient; sugar soothes the sorrows of the heart. He is a dull soul, then, who neglects these things, who says only pooh-pooh when he hears strange stories.

Why may not Elder Knapp and his friends shout themselves hoarse? Why may he not do it for ten days without stopping if he believes he can thus penetrate the ears of the ungodly? Why may not the fervent Methodists call in the aid of delicious groves to help them in getting their people together? As at Delphi, may not the oracles speak from amid the groves? Why may not the devout Catholic fill his temple with glorious pictures, which, through the eye, may carry sense to the brain? Why may we not, any of us who can, shout and sing, with such voices as we have—Glory Hallelujah!

All these things may be foolishness to God, and may seem foolishness to the highly intellectual saint; but does not the Bible speak of *preaching*, too, as fool-

ishness? These things, if they do not help God, may help us; and if they do, who is to gainsay it?

The mystery of this complex creature called man no one has yet been able to fathom, nor is it likely that any one ever will. What is soul and what is body no man can define. It is one of the old mysteries, and it is even a present mystery, why mind and soul grow out of weakness into strength just as fast and in the same measure as the body grows out of weakness into strength, and no faster; and how mind and soul decay and even seem to go to nothing, just as the body decays and sinks into weakness and age. Whence comes the soul? Why is it so intermingled with this earthly body? What becomes of the soul in so many cases, when it seems to have vanished while the body still lives on? These are questions which have never been answered. But are we materialists therefore? And do we say that there is no soul—that it is all body, all material, all earthly? We do not; we know, if we know anything, through our profoundest consciousness, that it is not so. We do not argue it, we do not attempt to prove what, perhaps, cannot be proven, because the soul is intangible, immortal. But we rest assured that there is in each and all of us soul or spirit—that it interpenetrates and coexists with body, and that in some way it continues when the body ceases to live.

No man fully comprehends his own nature, much less that of another, No man can fully detect his selfish from his generous motives; no man can be thoroughly unselfish, no man thoroughly spiritual. It is simply impossible while the earthly nature, with all its earthly wants, envelops us as a cloud. We eat, we breathe, we taste, we smell the beautiful earth; we desire it, we use it, we cannot live without it; we should not be men if we were not earthly as well as heavenly.

To speak roughly, man seems to be a combination of God and devil. There are in every man the two natures, the carnal and the spiritual. He is capable of being more beastly than the beast, or as holy, almost, as an angel of light. There seems to be going on in each man a contest between the high and the low, between the spiritual and the sensual, the noble and the base, the generous and the mean, the light and the dark; and this has been going on through all time. It has expressed itself in mythologies and religions; in India as Brahma and Siva; in Persia as Ormuzd and Ahriman; in Egypt as Osiris and Typho; in Scandinavia as Odin and Loke; with us as God and Satan. It has even come to pass that men have believed the evil deity the stronger, as among the Manicheans, and have offered their children to it, as to Moloch.

Now, as all men seek their own good and love their own blessedness, it is safe to say that men would choose good rather than evil, if they were only wise enough to know what was good, what evil. The selfishness of man's nature is after a sort of divine instinct, which, if enlightened by the heavenly spirit, would make us seek the good rather than the bad, would make virtue sweet and vice bitter, would make the hurt of another a wound to ourselves. But there has been no way yet discovered to make men wise; no contrivance has yet been hit upon which will convince a Chinese that it is not good for him to make opium, none to persuade an American not to barter soul and body for wealth, none to induce an Irishman not to drink whiskey, none to satisfy a woman that it is better to be browned by the sun than to be bleached like a ghost, none to stop a child from gorging itself with candy. Why God, who made us, should have left us so foolish, is one of the mysteries

which has never been solved; one which I shall not attempt to solve. It is only so. When we are young we have ideas, more or less vague, that the perfection of humanity on this earth is to be in the progress of the ages; as we grow old we abandon the idea, for we see that each child born begins, as his father began, in weakness and ignorance, and stumbles and blunders through life. It knows nothing, and it has what? Appetites. It has no instinct to teach it as the ox has, what is good to eat, what bad; and it does not believe its father and mother, even if its father and mother knew, as so few do. Half of all children then die before they are five years old, the other half grow up with weakened or ruined digestions, with nerves on edge, with minds clouded, with souls jangled. Out of these darkened and disordered bodies and souls, come all sorts of foul beliefs, and inordinate desires, and wretched fears, and perhaps—fearful crimes.

So I conclude that he who at the age of twenty starts with a good digestion, with a harmonious body, is blessed; and that to him all things are possible—even a great measure of enjoyable work, even high and gratified aspirations. I would never despair of such a man or woman, and they will never despair of themselves. If I were king of a country I would encourage that breed; and if I were a despot no others should marry in my dominions.

What an inconsistent thing! Man will travel miles, will spend years, will lavish thousands, to get, to produce, to improve a good breed of sheep, or a fine stock of cows; no labor is too great, no cost too heavy. It is not unlikely that this very man will marry a poor, nervous, feeble woman, and raise up around his altar a poor, feeble, nervous race of boys and girls. And yet one noble, brave man, one beautiful, generous woman, is worth all the oxen and ewes that ever browsed on any man's hill-sides. Such creatures we are! Assuming, then, that there is and has ever been this struggle going on in every man and in every woman, such as I have endeavored to make plain, we come to the subject of conversion, as hidden a mystery as any, yet a fact.

Every kind of definition and explanation have been made for conversion. It has been described as "spiritual motion;" while the next step, regeneration, has been called "spiritual change"—that is, regeneration is the *completion* of the change which conversion *begins*.

"Man is not the author of it," has been generally held; in other words, man cannot convert and regenerate himself. So then his conversion and regeneration would seem to be the act of God, not of man. This is an awkward dilemma for man, and a singular one for God, whom we hold to be a beneficent and heavenly being.

It is an awkward dilemma for man, because either he is, or he is not responsible for his own salvation; which means the knowing—imperfectly, it may be—and obeying God's laws on earth. If he is not responsible, then let us become fatalists and give up the insane struggle. For myself, I prefer to believe that man can know and ought to study to know, what God's laws are; and then, not being a fool, he will obey, and thus secure some measure of blessedness on earth. No other theory of existence, it strikes me, can be made to consist with the idea of a just and good God.

Whenever, therefore, in the struggle which goes on in man between the beastly and the heavenly, and, however he is inspired, man decides to know God's laws and to obey them, that moment is the point of conversion. Up to this time he has known and obeyed the earthly, sensual, and devilish; and he has *cared* to know and obey no other. From this time he tries to be wise, and

in being wise to be good, and in being good to be happy. A man of this sort once said to me,

"I try to discover the truth; I endeavor to follow it; I try to show *all* whom I can reach the same truth; then, having done my best, I remain content. I regret only that the rest of mankind do not or will not see it as I do; I regret that the world will remain ignorant, foolish, or wicked; but I am not wretched or morbid about it. I conclude that if God is willing the world should go along in this way, I had better be; and so I enjoy my frugal meal and sleep my quiet sleep. I enjoy the sunshine, and the birds, and the grass, and the cows—and praise God."

This man was neither Wendell Phillips, nor Cornelius Vanderbilt, nor Thomas Carlyle, nor Thad. Stevens. Nor was he one of their kind. He was neither poor nor rich, but he had found *work*, which he knew was good and useful; and he did it faithfully, easily, with satisfaction.

He was a converted, a regenerate man. He was not a fanatic, or a grasper, or a dogmatist, or a ravager; not a very great man, but a simple, wise one. But how he was converted—whether by the "wind of God" sweeping across his soul; whether by his own will and determination; whether by the preaching and praying of men, I do not know, and I doubt if he does.

Believing, as I do, that God is willing that man shall be in harmony with Him, it would seem that man by his own act, might come into such harmony. Accepting the statement of Jesus of Nazareth, that God is a father, I do not see why a child might not know his father's will or law, and obey it; and it would seem to be possible, too, without the awful throes which men have so often suffered in arriving at a change of heart. There are books full of the dreadful sufferings of converted souls, experiences which we cannot doubt are in a great measure, true, though sometimes exaggerated. We read of Bunyan, and Wesley, and Fox, and a thousand more, who suffered tortures before they could come to accept God's will and believe themselves accepted by God; we read, and cannot doubt, of men and women who fought against it, would not be good, would not be friends with God, would not consent to go along the good ways, would do desperate things to resist and defy and drive away the "spirit of grace," as the preacher calls it, which was working within them. We read of a woman, illustrative of this, who came home from a religious meeting, and finding her servant reading a Bible, snatched it from her, and threw it across the room, with violence of action and voice; and yet at this very moment something was at work with her, which brought her the next day to the anxious-seat full of tears and groans, and convulsed with despair. Most have read of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, which they consider a kind of miracle; why more than the thousands of other like things it would be hard to say. It is certain, of the many thousands of violent conversions, that most of them were not simulated; it is certain that the cataleptic state was superinduced. It is certain, too, that many of these "machine conversions," as some call them, did result in a change of life, in real conversion. It was not all excitement and nonsense, or worse.

It is unquestionably true that thousands who experience a conversion do not remain true to their convictions; they fall away, and, as some say, are worse than before, though this last I doubt. The Methodist Church suffered a loss of over fifty thousand members between the years 1844 and 1847; and this, no doubt, was mainly from among the vast army of converts of the years 1843 and

1844, amounting to 257,465.* These were years of great awakening, when Miller startled the world with his positive assertions that "Christ was at hand," about to descend again upon earth to judge men. But while so many fell off when their fears abated, what an army remained!

Without being charged with credulity, we can understand that conversion may be caused by an outpouring of the Holy Spirit; that it may be brought about, involuntarily or premeditatedly, by the preaching of men. But there remains still another mystery, which is illustrated by the case of Col. Gardiner. He was an English officer who had lived a gay, reckless, immoral life until July, 1719, when he had come to be 51 years of age. His whole thought and life seems to have been in eating and drinking, in love and gallantry, so that his companions had called him "the happy rake." This man, at this age, would not seem to have been a good subject for conversion. He was sitting in his room one night waiting the hour for one of his dark appointments, when, to pass the time, he took up a book which his mother had given him. While he was reading, he saw, or thought he saw, a great blaze of light upon his book. He looked up and found his room filled, and before him, suspended in the air, the appearance of a Christ upon the cross. He heard, or thought he did, a voice saying, "O, sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?" He fell into unconsciousness, and lay so for some time. When he came to himself, the impression remained burned in upon his soul. His companions attempted to rally him, to laugh it off; but not so. He spent the next month in an agony of soul, not so much, he said, from a fear of hell, "as from a sense of that horrible ingratitude he had shown to the God of his life, and to that blessed Redeemer who had been in so affecting a manner set forth as crucified before him."

From this day this man remained "virtuous, pure and godly as he had of old been licentious and profane;" and after twenty-six years he died fighting at the battle of Preston Pans, strong in his new faith.

This man then was converted, changed from bad to good, by no perceptible agency. He had not been to a camp-meeting or a church, he had not been preached to, he had not been claimed in any way, he had not lived in a spiritual atmosphere; and yet by some appearance or some dream, the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw that he was vile. He turned his back upon the beastly life and marched out upon the heavenly way.

Now did Jesus Christ appear to him, or was it a dream? If he did, why not to other men who desire salvation, as well as to this poor corrupt Gardiner? If Jesus is everywhere about us, why should not our eyes be opened to see him, as well as Col. Gardiner's? We cannot answer such questions. It is not likely, however, that there was any apparition, but rather that the man was overcome by a dream in which he saw visions. Still they awakened his soul.

Emanuel Swedenborg says: "The Lord's appearance and the opening to me of the spiritual world is more excellent than all miracles. An experience like mine no one from creation has had. The men of the golden age indeed conversed with angels, but only in natural light; but to me it has been granted to be in spiritual and natural light at the same time. By this experience I have been enabled to see the wonderful things of Heaven, and to be among angels as one of themselves, and to learn truth in light itself, and thus to see and teach them, and to be led of the Lord."

* Porter's "Compendium," p. 174.

"I have," he says, "conversed with spirits as a spirit, and in doing so they knew no other than that I was one of themselves."

He declares that at these times his respiration was suspended, or rather that he lived by a sort of internal respiration; and that for the space of an hour he scarcely breathed at all. Also that this strange or cataleptic condition was essential to intense thought or speculation.

These things complicate the history of conversions and awakenings, and deepen the mystery. In the world of matter little is left to be known; in the region of spirit much. We see darkly: we shall see more; we shall know what a ghost is one day—and why? But shall we know it here on earth? That we may even doubt.

Few have fallen into the wondrous trances which marked the career of Swedenborg; many have had experiences like his. Hundreds and thousands have fallen down in a cataleptic state, insensible to all external influences, and have had startling visions; some have been converted by them, some have not. But this does not seem the great common way marked out for man. It is exceptional, and not to be desired; and other means of conversion must be sought. It is a condition analogous to hysteria, of which medical books contain a world of matter. This cataleptic state, like other hysteria, may be so cultivated that it becomes easy for a person to go into it, and, indeed, it may become imperative, so that the patient cannot resist it. One of the most remarkable facts in this matter is, that it is, or may be contagious—so with hysteria. One hysterical patient may infect a whole hospital; one case of religious catalepsy may cause others. We have seen that Whitefield produced no such conversions until he came on to Wesley's ground, where such experiences already existed; and then the results were surprising. Here I must leave the subjects with the reader, who will be able to decide from the facts given, to his own satisfaction.

Conversions and awakenings are mysterious, vital, and important subjects. Once in one's lifetime there may come from without or may proceed from within a divine influx or a holy influence; there may be agony followed by ecstasy, or there may be ecstasy alone. As man comes to know more of the laws of spirit and more of the laws of body, there will be less agony—perhaps less ecstasy. But this transcendental experience does come. Jonathan Edwards describes it as coming to him after reading these words: "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever. Amen."

As I read the words there came into my soul, and was, as it were, diffused through it, a sense of the glory of the Divine Being—a new sense quite different from anything I ever experienced before.

This is but a foretaste of heaven; it is of the nature of ecstasy, and cannot be expected to be permanent on earth.

† † †

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

A COLLISION AT SEA.

IT was August, 1858, the month during which the Atlantic telegraph cable was first successfully laid and the great rejoicings took place in New York. I was returning on my tenth voyage from England to America. The Cunard steamer Arabia, a safe vessel, as she has since shown, but too crank in her build to call for great confidence from sailors, and the wettest of craft in rough weather, the sea making a clean breach over her decks whenever she stood head on to a full breeze, had taken us merrily onward at an average of twelve knots an hour for seven days. The time had passed pleasantly, for, besides the usual complement of clever people whose opinions had been liberalized by travel, there were on board a troupe of Italian opera singers, very beautiful and very attractive, the toast of all the gentlemen, and nearly a dozen scientific men, professors and fellows of the English and Scotch universities, bound on an expedition to the Sierra Nevadas. We had had concerts and *conversaziones*, discussions and lectures, experiments upon sea-weed and analyses of salt water, measurements of waves, observations of declinations of the compass, and an anatomical dissection of a Mother Cary's chicken, which some ill wind had blown upon our deck. Besides all this we had been attended for days together by porpoises constantly gambolling and tumbling in shoals, without once encountering the storm they are are supposed to predict—had seen in the distance two black whales, from the larger of which we had counted five "blows," before, lashing the water into foam, he had descended into the depths—and had lowered our flag in salute of two outward bound steamers from New York. It had been, in fact, so far, a voyage of a hundred—weather mild, wind gentle and favorable, swell of the ocean long and easy, speed satisfactory, and appointments aloft and alow all the most fastidious could ask.

It was Saturday evening, our eighth day out. We were nearing Cape Race For the two previous days we had run by dead reckoning, the fog clinging to us like a blanket, and rendering all observations, solar or stellar, impossible. Every thirty seconds, for eight-and-forty hours, the hoarse steam-whistle, like an ill-omened bird, had screamed its warning over the waters. Two sailors posted on the bows and two in the rigging, besides two officers instead of one, on deck, were on the lookout for danger. During the morning, somewhere about ten o'clock, the fog had lifted enough for us to discover two large icebergs floating at the distance of a mile or two to the leeward, but it had closed around us again almost immediately. The knowledge gained by this interval of clear sky was not assuring. In a calm sea, hugged so closely by the fog that a biscuit could be pitched out of sight before reaching the water, the contiguity of ice to a steamship running at the rate of twelve knots an hour, is not, as Jemmy Rogers

used to say, "comfortable to the mind." The fate of the ill-starred Pacific, which undoubtedly ran into an iceberg and sank instantly, was too recent for us not to recall it, and frequent allusions in conversation at lunch and dinner, to ships which had never been heard of after clearing port, showed the direction our thoughts were taking. Still there was no alarm, or hardly anxiety. When there is no storm at sea, no matter what may be the dangers ahead, it is impossible to get up a panic on shipboard. A few years ago, a vessel, on board of which were two hundred and ten souls, was drawn by the undertow, in spite of sails, helm, and cables, right toward the breakers of St. Christopher, with the certainty, if relief did not come, of destruction; and yet hardly a fear was aroused, the captain having been obliged to force the passengers to the boats; and Captain Luce used to tell, with a shudder of horror at the recollection, how, while hastening to complete that raft on the Arctic which saved not a single soul, the passengers were calm, and even chatty and jocose, up to the very sinking of the ship, in whose whirl they went to the bottom. There was, certainly, no fear on board the Arabia. Lunch, dinner, and tea passed; cards, chess, and backgammon engaged those who remained below; our Italian ladies coquetted with their beaus; the *savans* measured the temperature of water and atmosphere, and pronounced the ice to have left our neighborhood; and groups of smokers chatted and laughed as usual in their rendezvous near the forecastle.

It was half-past eleven as I was about quitting the deck to turn in. The cabin passengers had been long abed, and state-room lights were all out. Save the sailors on the watch, the men at the wheel, and a senior and junior officer on duty, there was no one astir. Passing the compass on my way to the companion-ladder, I observed that the ship's direction was nearly west-south-west.

"So you have changed her course since eight bells, I see, Mr. Jones?"

"Only half a point, sir, and hardly that."

"And why a half point, pray? Or why change her course at all?"

"To give the Cape a wide berth, sir. You see this dead reckoning, in the long run, isn't very reliable, especially with such currents as we have hereabouts."

"Where away does Cape Race lie, Mr. Jones?"

"Just over the bows in the direction of the red light swinging from the halyard yonder."

My hand was on the guide of the ladder (which alone saved me a minute afterward from being hurled overboard) as I turned to go down, saying,

"Good-night, sir. No more news of the ice, eh?"

The words were scarcely uttered, when a call that sounded like the peal of doom came from the lookout forward.

"Sail on the weather bow, sir!"

"Where away?" instantly shouted the officer in command.

But no sooner were the words uttered (and before an answer could be returned) than they were followed by orders so sharp and imperative as to be heard through the ship.

"Hard a-port! Hard a-port! Jam her down, sir, jam her down!"

In an instant the ship, answering her helm, began to swing from her bearings, when, directly in the line of our bowsprit, emerging from the mist, appeared the black lines of an ocean steamer, under full headway, and of such monstrous size that it seemed inevitable she must send us to the bottom. It was the

Europa, bound from Boston to Liverpool, which here, in mid ocean, under full steam, had met her consort, on this one parallel of latitude of all others, as if to falsify the prediction forever, that the Cunard line was bound to be lucky. Bows on, head to head, the two ships rushed together. The shock was fearful. Our rate of speed was nearly thirteen knots. Hers was as great, so that at a momentum of more than five-and-twenty knots an hour, two steamers, each of nearly three thousand tons burthen, were hurled into collision. Following the crash, that crumbled oak timbers ten inches square as if they had been chalk, was the stagger of the ship, like an ox stunned by the blow of an axe, the lift of the huge leviathan almost bodily out of the water, and the dash of billows as she fell back into the trough of the sea and careened heavily on her side.

Of course there was not a soul on board who was not aroused to apparent instant death. Passengers, sailors, engineers, firemen, waiters, and officers were for the first moment mixed together in almost hopeless confusion, and as one after another of various classes appeared on deck a continued series of cross purposes ruled the hour. Order, however, is not only Heaven's first law, but the first law of human beings in time of danger. In less time than it takes to narrate it, the captain was on the wheelhouse giving orders through his speaking trumpet to the crew, and conversing with the captain of the Europa across the space the steamers had drifted apart; everything resolved itself into rule at once. There could not be discipline more perfect. Every man was at his post. Not a word was spoken beyond the orders given and repeated, and the "aye, aye, sir," in response. Slowly, steadily, and calmly sails were furled, rigging made taut, fires extinguished, boats lowered and manned, lead thrown, blue lights burned, and examination made by the carpenter and his men of the damage sustained and the danger awaiting us.

Meanwhile the passengers, male and female, steerage and cabin, whose slumbers had been rudely enough disturbed by a concussion that had thrown the sleepers from their berths at the risk of limb if not of life, were crowding, half clad, upon deck. The frantic cries of our *prima donna* and her Italian maids, imploring the aid of the Virgin, pierced through the ship. Anxious questions were asked of each other as the group thickened about the stack-pipes, which none could answer. No one was bold enough to make an inquiry of an officer, and every sailor was heedless of all save the authority which kept him up to the duties of the moment. Just over our bows, at a distance of two hundred feet, more or less, the huge bulk of the Europa kept appearing and disappearing in and out of the fog, her paddle-wheels moving back and forth to free her pumps—for she was leaking badly—her boats unshipped from their davits in readiness to lower to the water, and blue lights flashing up and dying away from her midships. Outside of the frightened, semi-nude crowd on our own deck, were the measured march of the sailors manning ropes and hawser, the shouts of the under officers to men in the rigging, and the quick cheery reply, the hoarse conversation carried on between the two commanders from the paddle-wheel boxes, the noisy rush of steam blowing off through the pipes, and the unlashing and swinging of the boats over the side, the pulleys and tackle made sure to run free from knots and kinks.

For more than an hour and three-quarters we stood upon the deck without being able to learn one word of the real nature of our danger. To those of us who knew anything of seamanship, there were orders continually given by the captain which indicated that the good ship must be in a sinking condition, and

yet we hoped they were provisions, as they proved to be, rather against a contingency than a certainty. As a rule, the passengers behaved well. True, some were boisterous about the misfortune, some miserably selfish in the preparations they were making to save themselves from drowning, and some ludicrous by the turn their fears took. M. de G., husband of Madame, our *prima donna*, whose excessive fears kept her prostrate on the gangway imploring the aid of all saints, enlightened such as would listen to his peculiar sorrows. "Madame had an engagement vort tree hunder pounds a veek at Covent Garden, but she would persist to come to dis damn de Etats-Unis all to be cast away in dis miserable ship, and drown-ed in dis foggy ocean, by gar!" He never once made allusion to himself, but laid the emphasis of his sorrow upon the loss of the Covent Garden engagement and the untoward fate of his poor wife, "by gar." Of the four-and-forty American, English and Scotch ladies on board—some with children, some returning home, some making their first voyage to the New World—there was not one who did not behave with heroism. Speaking of the contrast between our Anglo-Saxon women and their sisters of Italian blood in time of danger, Dr. McClintock remarked the next day "that serious matters as heaven and hell were when one stood on the brink of eternity, he, nevertheless, could not help entertaining respect for the man or woman who met the inevitable with pluck, let the result be what it might." To which, with a vivid memory of the shrill shrieks of our Italian friends in fear of death, there was a general response of "amen."

During the early part of the time we were on deck, when it became nearly certain that the Arabia held her own upon the water, but that, nevertheless, all the boats had been put in readiness to be launched; most of the passengers had gone below to secure such valuables as they could take upon their persons, and to put on additional clothing. We had made ourselves ready, in fact, to take to the boats, and there is no doubt, had the emergency arrived, that the perfect handling the commander of the Arabia had of his ship would have launched every boat, put passengers and crew safely on board, and headed each craft straight for the nearest land.

The passengers, men, women and children, had now remained on deck, without possibility of sitting or reclining, and in a state if not of constantly increasing, certainly not of diminishing uncertainty, for nearly two hours. Not the slightest notice had been taken of us by officers or crew. For any apparent importance in reference to the safety of the ship, we might have been so many blocks of wood. The Europa had made the circuit of our ship at least a dozen times. All sorts of lights had been burned from the bows of both steamers, and all sorts of rockets sent up, with no one to explain their meaning. There was never a state of deeper mystery. Thank God! there was no suffering from the weather. The sea was calm as a lake. Not a breath of wind stirred. The long swell hardly rocked the ship on her cradle of waters. But over us, around us, beneath us, as we gazed over the taffrail—tasted, heard, seen, snuffed up by our nostrils, felt in every pore of our bodies, and wrapped all around us, like the swaddling clothes of an Egyptian mummy—was the fog—the thick, heavy, viscid fog, blinding the eyes, tickling the throat, penetrating the garments—the unstirring, lifeless fog, out of which came no comfort, and from which there was no escape.

Just as impatient remarks about the unnecessary delay in giving us information as to the state of the ship began to be overheard, the captain descended

from the wheelhouse and came toward us. All eyes were bent upon him. He was a man of cold temperament and few words; but what he said was usually to the purpose. It was unmistakably so now.

"Passengers, the Arabia has collided with the Europa. This ship is not injured. The Europa leaks, and will put into St. John's. We shall follow her. You can go to bed."

"Can our lamps be lighted?" asked a passenger—for, by a ship's rule, the lights, once out, may not be relighted.

"Yes! Steward, light up for fifteen minutes."

"Can we have the saloon for a prayer-meeting!" asked an active Connecticut parson, who, having been busy distributing tracts with very hopeless results during the voyage, looked upon the opportunity now presented as providential.

"Prayer-meeting!" exclaimed the captain, using an interjection that showed he, at least, needed to be prayed for; "prayer-meeting! why, bless your soul, it's past two in the morning. Better go to bed, and hold your prayer-meeting by daylight."

The Europa put in to St. John's. The Arabia did not; but made her way in a disabled condition for New York, it having been ascertained, after the steam was got up, that her machinery was damaged by the concussion, and would need the help of the Novelty Works to fit her again for sea.

This is not the place to discuss nautical rules. Nothing can be more abstruse. No two navigators ever agree upon their application. They are not unlike metaphysics, as defined by the Scotch dominie: "He that's listening does na' ken what he that's talking means, and he that's talking does na' ken what he means himself."

"You should have put your helm a-starboard, and not a-port, Mr. Jones, and then this cursed misadventure would never have happened," said the captain of the Europa, when our boat boarded her.

"If I had," replied the officer, "your bows would have struck the Arabia amidships, and every soul of us gone to the bottom."

The Cunard Company was too wise to have the question argued in the courts. By the Admiralty rules each ship should have put her helm hard a-starboard. By the higher rule of self-preservation, the order "Hard a-port" on the Arabia could not have been wrong, since the ships and those on board were saved. The Cunard Company pocketed the loss and promoted the officer.

N. S. Dodge.

A LITERAL TURN OF MIND.

THE Irish bull is the result of a fog in the mind—there is another humorous method of expression, which is the result of too much literalness and acuteness of mind.

Human thought and language have come, of course, from much use to run in certain grooves or ruts, but there are occasionally people who persistently refuse to be influenced by anything that has been done before them, and who are consequently all the time saying grotesque and unexpected things.

Of such a character was a particularly practical student, who, at the examination of the college of surgeons, was asked by Abernethy, "What would you do if a man was blown up with gunpowder?" He replied, "I would wait till he came down." "True," replied Abernethy; "and suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent answer, what muscles would I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my arm,,' replied the student, "for I should immediately knock you down."

"My son," said an anxious father once, "what makes you use that nasty tobacco?" Now the son was a very literal sort of person, and, declining to consider the question in the spirit in which it was asked, replied, "To get the juice, old codger."

A lady was once conversing with a sailor who had suffered shipwreck; and, as she took great pleasure in the analyzation of feelings and emotions, asked him compassionately, "How did you feel, my dear man, when the cold waves broke over you?" But the seaman knew nothing of metaphysics, and answered simply, "Wet, ma'am; very wet."

A small child being asked by a Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

Queer answers are very often received by grown people who talk to children, for the reason that the latter have not yet become accustomed to the subtleties and figurative meanings and round-about ways of words, and, therefore, look at things very practically. "Sam," said a young mother to her darling boy, "do you know what the difference is between the body and the soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body (touching the boy's shoulders and arms), but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh, I know," said he, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that is my flannel shirt." So an indulgent father urged an indolent son to rise. "Remember," said he, "that the early bird catches the worm." "What do I care for worms?" growled the youth, "mother won't let me go fishin'."

"A passive verb," said a teacher, "is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as, 'Peter is beaten.' Now what did Peter do?" "Well, I don't know," said the scholar, deliberating, "unless he hollered."

Another instructor of a young idea was illustrating the points of the compass to two pupils. "Now, John, what is before you?" "The north, sir," said John, who was an intelligent lad. "Now, Tommy," said he to the other, who had just donned a long coat, "what is behind you?" "My coat tails, sir," said Tommy.

A youth, who was being reprimanded for playing marbles on Sunday, was asked, "Do you know where those little boys go who play marbles on Sunday?" He had not been sufficiently taught in regard to a future state, and replied, quite innocently, "Oh, yes. Some on 'em goes to the Common, and some on 'em goes down to the river."

An unexpected bit of information is sometimes elicited by this literal understanding of questions, as when a Sabbath-school teacher was attempting to teach a very small boy the meaning of wages in the passage, "The wages of sin is death," and asked him, "What does your father get on Saturday night?" "Drunk, ma'am," answered the boy, without any hesitation.

So a lecturer, in Portland, Maine, or somewhere else, was explaining to a little girl how a lobster cast his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he, "What

do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

Again, a teacher was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word cuticle. "What is that all over my face and hands?" said he. "It's freckles, sir," answered the little cherub."

An answer of a similar character is often the result of a hard word. "William," said a mother to her son, who had already eaten a very considerable amount of dinner, "I don't know whether you can eat this pudding with impunity." "Well, maybe not," said William, "I think I would ruther have a spoon." A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt, "Now that is true benevolence." "No it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignantly, "it's salt." So when a lady asked her servant girl if the hired man had cleared off the snow from the steps with alacrity, she replied, "No ma'am, he used a shovel."

This same literal turn of mind which I have been illustrating is sometimes used intentionally and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus becomes the property of wits instead of blunderers. Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street, "Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?" "Certainly, sir," said the boy, very respectfully. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "Where is it?" "I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the urchin. There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic middle-aged lady with, "Boy, I want to go to Dover street." "Well ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go there then?" One day on Lake George a party of gentlemen trolling among the beautiful islands of the lake with rather bad luck, espied a little fellow with a red shirt and old straw hat, dangling a line over the side of a boat. "Hello boy!" said one of them, "What are you doing?" "Fishin'," came the answer. "Well, of course," said the gentleman, "but what do you catch?" Here the boy became indignant at so much questioning and replied, "Fish, you fool, what do you 'spose?" "Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class. "I have," shouted a six year old from the foot of the class. "Where?" asked the teacher. "On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.

Sometimes this sort of wit degenerates or rises, as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying, "I wonder where those clouds are going;" and her brother replied, "I think they are going to thunder." Also as in the following dialogue: "Hello there! how do you sell wood?" "By the cord." "How long has it been cut?" "Four feet." "I mean how long has it been since you cut it?" "No longer than it is now." And also as when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and bosom sadly begrimed and was indignantly asked by his officer, "Patrick O'Flynn, how long do you wear a shirt?" and replied promptly, "Twenty-eight inches, sir."

This reminds me of an incident which is said to have occurred recently in Chatham street, New York, where a countryman was clamorously besieged by a shopkeeper. "Have you any fine shirts?" said the countryman. "A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the market, sir." "Are they clean?" "To be sure. Step in, sir." "Then," said the countryman, with great gravity, "you had better put one on, for you need it." Wit is said to excite an agreeable surprise. I fear the surprise here was not agreeable to one of the parties, but it was wit nevertheless. And the

fun, in all the examples which I have given, rests on the fact that they lead the mind down from a tolerably important or pertinent subject to an insignificant and totally different one. I trust that the reader will pardon the number of old anecdotes which, in lieu of any exhausting mental effort on the part of the author, it has been necessary to use, both to illustrate one principle in the art of wit and humor, and to give the present article a proper and respectable length.

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

THE MUD BATHS OF FRANZENSBAD.

THE mud baths of Franzensbad are no figure of speech. It is mud, black, unmitigated mud into which you enter—mud fresh from the marsh, and by careful decoction in heated boilers, reduced to a mass of pasty earth, thick with the remains of extinct animalculæ and the deposits of antediluvian forests. "Marsh bath" is the precise English equivalent for *moorbad*, but the freer rendering of moor bath conveys an impression equally correct. In it the fair Desdemona would be quickly transformed into a bride fit for the swarthy Othello, nor could she, like the bride of Solomon, exclaim,

I am black, yet comely.

Black, but not comely, one is in a condition after the *moorbad* to take an immortal disgust with one's self. The eloquence of Phryne's charms would have been lost upon the tribunal had she been disguised like this. They sell here two photographs of bathers, one of each sex, as they appear emerging from a *moorbad*. We can readily believe the assertion of the photographer that not less than twenty-five guilders ($10, gold) could tempt the modest bath maid to make such an exhibition of herself. Nothing but the outline of the figure is visible through the coating of thick mud, which gives it the appearance of a fungus growth, or the likeness of one of those gnarled forest limbs that bear a quaint resemblance to the human form.

Imagine the reluctance with which one enters his first *moorbad!* Here it is indeed true that *c'est le premier pas qui coûte.* Into your bath-room is wheeled the rough, black tub, half full of a steaming mass suggestive of the black broth of witches' deadly brewing. In its semi-liquid mass slimy monsters may have indeed disported themselves in the days when Bohemia was the bed of an inland sea, and Franzensbad the marsh upon its borders; and no powerful effort of imagination is required to fancy them still present. As a Swedish lady quaintly expressed it, "I did just wait for it to be alive and to sting me."

Into the depths of the mud the badmeister plunges a naked arm and stirs the mass, filling the room with the pungent odor of the minerals and gasses to which it owes its healing virtues. Your bath ready, an effort of will conquers the repugnance which struggles with the curiosity of a new experience. Once in, with the warm mass gently enfolding you, the sensation is sufficiently agreeable to prompt a repetition of the experiment. Strict orders forbid immersion above the arm-pits, and the sight of an agreeable stretch of white skin gives, by contrast, a darker coloring to the depth in which most of the person is hidden. Profound speculations as to the possibility of ever being clean again occupy the fifteen or twenty minutes of immersion. A second bath in a tub of mineral

water standing by, gives only an unsatisfactory answer to this question; for you must go through your course of mud baths haunted by the sense of deadly peril to salvation if cleanliness is indeed akin to godliness. In spite of faithful cleansing, it will continue to blacken the nails and linger about the person; a faint mineral odor which, though suggestive of neither *eau de Cologne* nor *mille fleurs*, is not positively disagreeable. After all, it is only in the idea; the mud that covers you is cleaner than it looks, and were it not for the shock that comes through the sense of sight, the experience would be in every way agreeable.

Analysis shows that the Franzensbad "moor," taken from the surface, has in 1,000 parts, 486 parts of vegetable substances, most of which are not decomposed, so that their organic tissues can still be recognized; fifty parts of coarse sand, and forty-three parts of silicious earth with a trace of carbon in it. The remaining 421 parts consist of various mineral substances, in which iron in its different chemical combinations holds the chief place. Of the protoxide of iron there are eighty-nine parts, and of the sulphate of protoxide of iron, twenty-five parts; of the sulphate of soda, thirty-eight parts, and the chloride of sodium, ten parts; aluminum, thirty parts; magnesia, fourteen parts; sulphate of chalk, eleven parts; humic acid, one hundred and forty-four parts, and humus, thirty-eight parts. The remaining twenty-two parts are divided among a dozen different substances which are present in quantities varying from five parts to a mere fraction of a part. Taken from a depth of seven feet, the proportions vary somewhat from this, the vegetable substances and sand being in somewhat increased proportions, the iron in all forms reduced to twenty-five parts, and humic acid increased to two hundred and seven parts.

The moor, when taken from its bed, has the consistency of peat, which it closely resembles. Crumbled in the hand, it leaves a residue of vegetable fibres mixed with a very black earth. It is cut from the marsh in irregular blocks, generally in the month of September, and is spread out and left exposed to the air during the autumn and winter. It loses one half of its weight by drying, and becomes a fine friable powder. In the spring it is turned over, cleared of the large roots or branches it may contain, and ground in hand mills. When needed for use, it is placed in an immense vat, in which it is heated to eighty degrees Reaumur, by passing through it steam made from the water of one of the mineral springs of Franzensbad. The bath tubs, containing a little cold moor, are rolled under the great vat, and a quantity of the hot moor is added; next they are rolled into the room where the bather stands waiting, and the prescribed degree of heat is regulated by the addition of hot mineral water.

The course of treatment followed at Franzensbad, independent of the mud baths, is that usually pursued at the principal European watering places. Besides the Moor bath we have baths of the water of the Luisenquelle mineral spring, heated by boiling and by steam. This water is full of carbonic acid gas, and, heated by steam, has a delightful effervescence, when disturbed by the motions of the bather, which gives the sensation of a champagne bath. The water drunk by the patients at Franzensbad is supplied by two principal springs, the Salzquelle and the Franzensquelle. From two to five glasses in the morning before breakfast, is the prescription, and usually a glass or two in the afternoon. As fifteen minutes is required between each glass, and an hour between the last glass and breakfast, early rising is indispensable; unless you would postpone breakfasting until afternoon. By six o'clock the whole population is astir, and from all directions the patients hasten to the spring, each having a glass marked

off, like an apothecary's measure, into ounces and fractions of an ounce. The waters of the milder spring of the Salzquelle are first drunk, until the stomach becomes habituated to the new stimulant. At this spring are seen the faces of the new comers, who are making their first essay of the cure. At six o'clock the band commences to play at the Salzquelle, and an hour later changes to the Franzensquelle, where it discourses opera airs for another hour. Gentle exercise during the drinking is prescribed, and the patients promenade in the shady walks surrounding the springs, in the intervals between their glasses and during the hour they must complete before breakfasting. Here all nationalities mingle in friendly intercourse, and there is a curious blending of races as one exchanges greetings with his chance acquaintances. Thus, the circle in which I moved, included representatives of the Norwegians, Swedes, English, Americans, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Tschecs, Jews, and the residents of the Cape of Good Hope.

From the springs the patients scatter to their favorite bakeries, which are crowded each morning with purchasers of rolls of various sorts, for the manufacture of which the bakers here have a special aptitude. It is fortunate that the bread is good, for the prescribed diet is Spartan in its simplicity—a cup of coffee and rolls for breakfast, no butter, no fruit—the appetite for the mid-day dinner would be spoiled by an indulgence in meat or other hearty food. At dinner a single glass of wine and plainly cooked meats are the *régime*. The hotels and eating-houses accommodate themselves to the regulations of the physicians. The few dishes on the bills of fare which depart from the prescribed diet, are marked *nicht kurgemäsz* (not proper with the treatment). As a still further precaution, the attentive waiter will check the rash demand for forbidden fruit by the suggestion, *das ist nicht kurgemäsz.*

I confess to a suspicion that this regularity of living and simplicity of diet have a large share in the improvement of health which is ascribed to a course at Franzensbad. Yet these waters have unquestionably a marked effect upon the human system, either for good or for evil. Though not a patient myself, I commenced to drink the waters on the general theory that a little more iron in the blood could do no harm, and continued until my digestion was deranged and my sleep disturbed by hideous dreams. Having thus in the night watches narrowly escaped hanging myself, and twice attended as chief mourner at the funeral of my dearest friend, I consulted my physician, and received strict orders to let the Franzensbad waters entirely alone. Thus, by lively experience, I realized the value of the advice given in a French work on mineral waters, with which I subsequently became acquainted. "Arrived at your destination," says this author, "consult a physician, and follow his advice rigorously. Drink no water except by his authorization. Don't imagine, like many of the silly people around you, that if the waters are curative, the more you drink the better, or because such a person drinks six glasses your doctor must be wrong if he allows you but three. Sancho Panza said, 'too much water drowns the miller, and the same saddle doesn't fit every horse.'"

I had, indeed, the discretion upon my arrival to pursue the usual course, and place the friend, for whose health I visited the springs, at once under the direction of a *Badearzt*, whose attentive care gave abundant proof of the wisdom of such a course. Each of these *Badearzte* has his little circle of patients who gather about him in the morning as he visits the springs to watch over their attention to his prescriptions. Most of these physicians

are of the old school of practice. But one, at least, Dr. Frederic Straschnow, is an intelligent follower of the principles of Hahnemann. These physicians observe the practice usual among their profession in Germany, and which is decidedly embarrassing to a stranger. No charge is made for the service rendered, and an application for a bill would be met with the answer that there was no charge to be made; or the response an American friend of mine received at Carlsbad, where he was told, when he applied for his doctor's bill: "Tailors and shoemakers send bills." Not that the "enthusiasm for humanity" is all that moves these high-souled men of science. Am I unjust in hinting a suspicion that the limit the law sets to their charges has something to do with this custom? At all events, he would be considered a most shabby fellow who did not delicately convey a respectable fee into the hand of his physician when bidding him good-by. The amount of this fee is not absolutely fixed by custom. A German bachelor friend of mine left with his physician fifteen guilders ($6 50 gold), and told me that I should be considered "quite a gentleman" if I gave twenty-five guilders for attendance upon a lady, who required more care. I fear this German practice does not bear transplanting, to judge from the experience of a friend at home, who was always forced to pay the fee of the German physician he called to attend his family before he left the house of his patient.

The Franzensbad moor is sent abroad to some extent, and mud baths can accordingly be had at the other watering places of Germany. Bad Elster, some twenty miles north of Franzensbad, rejoices, indeed, in a moor of its own; but that of Franzensbad enjoys preëminence, on account of its peculiar chemical constituents and the remarkable cures ascribed to it. The marsh from which it is taken extends around Franzensbad for a space of some three miles one way and one-third of a mile the other way, and has a depth in many places of from eleven to thirteen feet. It is covered by a thick growth of grass and weeds and a tenacious sod, and is easily traversed in all directions. It is pleasant to walk upon, as it has an elastic feeling and yields to the tread like a spring-board.

Two theories of the origin of this marsh are in dispute among the scientific men, who divide themselves into the "Plutonists" and the "Neptunists." The Neptunists assert that Bohemia and the whole north of Germany was covered at the tertiary period by the waves of the sea, which deposited mineral substances with the alluvium it left. When the sea retired, forests sprang up, and were subsequently overturned and destroyed by violent inundations, which left behind them stagnant water, and formed here a marsh. This marsh, situate in the basin of a valley and full of salts and mineral substances, received the pluvial waters of the neighboring hills, mineralized them, and thus produced the springs which have made Franzensbad famous. The Plutonists assert, on the contrary, that volcanic action is the cause of these springs, and point to the neighboring hill of Kammerbühl as an extinct volcano. It is, indeed, hard for an unscientific observer to look at Kammerbühl and not agree that it must have been once the outlet for volcanic forces. With its conical shape, its summit hollowed in true crater form, and rocks covering its sides, which are so like lava as to defy distinction, it seems to declare itself an undoubted kinsman of Vesuvius and Stromboli. Göthe is quoted in support of the opinion of the Plutonists, to which he inclined. To settle the dispute, a certain Count Sternberg pierced the hill with subterranean galleries, which exhibit its geological formation, proving that it is a stratified basaltic mass which emerges from a split in the primitive rock. The Plutonic theory has, perhaps, gained additional proof,

in the earthquake which, on the 25th of June, 1868, visited Bohemia, and shook the plastering from the ceiling of the churches of Prague upon the heads of the terrified worshippers. This theory of volcanic action in Bohemia would seem also to explain the origin of the hot springs at Carlsbad, thirty miles from Franzensbad. The general phenomena of mineral springs are in keeping, too, with this theory. At the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon, most of the warm springs of Europe suddenly augmented in volume, increased in heat, or ceased for a time to flow; changed their color, and then resumed their flow with violence, and in some cases through new openings. One spring, that of "La Reine," at Bagnères-de-Luchon, increased in temperature forty-one degrees and six minutes during the continuance of the earthquake.

Bohemia is famous for its mineral springs. Within a circle having a radius of less than forty miles, are included seven mineral sources, or eight, if we add Bad Elster in Prussia, just across the Bohemian frontier.

Most of these springs are of wide reputation, and the name of one of them, Sedlitz, is as familiar in every American household as that of salts or senna. Sedlitz is a miserable village, without accommodations for visitors; and its waters have never been drunk at their source, but are bottled up and transported for use abroad. They are now almost or entirely displaced by the artificial Sedlitz powders, which possess the same medical qualities and are far more agreeable to take. The original Sedlitz waters have a sulphurous taste, a yellow color, and a cloudy aspect, which are anything but appetizing.

The most popular of the Bohemian springs are those of Carlsbad, where over nine thousand visitors were received last year, and where twelve thousand or more are expected the present season.

Teplitz follows next in the order of popularity, but has an even more aristocratic reputation than Carlsbad. It is the boast of the inhabitants of Teplitz that in a single season, 1831, their city had the honor of entertaining two emperors, two empresses, two kings, eight imperial highnesses, seventeen royal highnesses, and a countless number of lesser dignitaries. The springs at Teplitz are the property of the wealthy Count Clary, who receives almost feudal homage from the citizens.

Franzensbad and Marienbad rank next, while the other springs of Bohemia are little known, the waters of two of them, besides Sedlitz, being used only for transportation abroad.

The number of visitors to the Bohemian springs is yearly increasing, and there must be a still more rapid increase when Austria shall have perfected its railroad communications and connected Carlsbad and Marienbad with the great European railroad system. Now, Carlsbad is thirty miles from the nearest railroad and Marienbad nearly as far. Teplitz is on the line of railroad connecting Berlin, Dresden, Leipsic and the North of Europe with Vienna and the South. Bad Elster and Franzensbad are on the line of railroad which runs through Central Germany, connecting Leipsic with Munich. Franzensbad is in the midst of the Egerland, as the Germans call it. It is, indeed, a suburb of its chief city, the quaint old town of Eger, with which the memory of Wallenstein is associated. It is less than three miles away, or the distance of Madison square from the Battery, and on pleasant evenings and on Sundays and holidays its parks are filled with excursionists from Eger; Austrian soldiers paying court to the village maidens and sturdy peasant women in their quaint Bohemian costume of a tight-fitting, short-waisted bodice, heavy stuff petticoat and gay colored

head dress. These peasants seem to be stout and healthy, notwithstanding their daily drinking of the mineral waters in contempt of the regulations of the Cure physicians. For nearly three quarters of a century the Franzensbad springs have been growing in reputation, until the number of yearly visitors has increased from two or three hundred to four or five thousand. They are chiefly frequented by women and children, who, thus far, this year, outnumber the men four or five to one. No excitements are permitted, and the quiet life one leads here during four or five weeks gives abundant opportunity for resting mind and body. There is one billiard table in town, and a pretty little theatre was opened for the first time this season. These, and the weekly hop at the "Kursaal," are the amusements which vary the monotony of drinking, eating, sleeping and languid promenading. But those who are in search of health can find abundant attraction in Franzensbad, and after an experience of the healing virtue of its waters, will heartily respond to the benediction upon them which is thus poetically expressed in the inscription upon a monument which stands near the principal source of their emergence:

Herrlicher Quell,
Göttliche Gabe,
Bleibe kräftig und hell
Stärke, labe
Durch verminderten körperschmerz,
Auch das ermatte te kranke Herz,
Bis die letzten Frommen
Zum Urquellemger Genesung kommen.

which, freely translated, is—

Wonderful spring,
Thou gift divine,
Flow on, and bring
Pure, strong, and fine,
Thy waters, potent to refresh;
And strengthen, through the strengthened flesh,
The sad and weary heart—until, life past,
To the eternal well-spring comes the last.

W. C. C.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

I HAVE lately been running over an odd volume of an old newspaper which I found up in the country this summer, entitled the "Gazette of the United States," published in Philadelphia in the year 1791, seventy-seven years ago. The size is a book-folio of four pages, or twelve columns to each number. It was published Wednesdays and Saturdays by John Fenno, No. 69 High Street, between Second and Third Streets.

I dare say our brethren of the Quaker City may be familiar with this old chronicle, quaint and yellow with age as it now appears. It may have been as good as, or better than other papers of the day. I know nothing of the rank it occupied. But whatever its merits, I must confess that the venerable septuagenarian sheets had a greater interest for me than many a modern novel could have. Not that there is much of very great interest as history to be gathered from these faded pages, with their old-fashioned type. We smile now at the meagreness of such a publication when contrasted with the ponderous voluminousness of

the newspapers of 1868. Open the daily "Times," or "Tribune," or "The Nation," and spread them beside this little antiquated great-grandfather of the American press. We smile, yet we reverentially give the old gentleman an honorable seat, and listen to a good deal he may have to say to us.

The *size* reminds you of some of the dreary little papers published in the Papal States. But there is a spirit of freedom and intelligence in the American journal which contrasts pleasantly with the attenuation and shrinking priest-bound timidity of the Roman.

A newspaper of the last century seizes on the imagination more closely than a book of the same period. The newspaper is the mirror of the hour and the day. No after-thought, no reminiscence, no compilation can equal the impression of the present. The artist's sketch from nature, however slight, will always shame his reproduction on canvas. Turn over Whittridge's small sketches from the Rocky Mountains, and they will satisfy you, as Bierstadt's huge compositions in his studio can never do. Some of the advertisements of the past century tell more than whole commentaries of modern moralists. The verses by the poetasters and poetasteresses of 1791 show with what a leap the present age has carried forward the standard of metrical style, composition and thought.

It may be interesting, then, to turn the yellow pages and note some of the events that passed that year. The volume commences April 30, 1791, and ends May 29, 1792.

On the 21st of April, in the town of Alexandria, was celebrated, with dinner, toasts and speeches, "the fixing of the first corner-stone of the Federal District." Among the toasts was the following: "May jealousy, that green-eyed monster, be buried deep under the work we have this day completed, never to rise again within the Federal District."

On the 8th page, May 7th, and continued in a subsequent number, is a curious account of the wonders of animal magnetism in effecting cures, with some theorizing about the same. But it is singular that no mention is made of the modern phenomenon of magnetic sleep. This article is interesting as anticipatory of well-known facts of to-day, though, doubtless, it was treated then as the dream of an enthusiast or pretender.

On page 10 is some account of affairs in or near Pittsburg, Pa. (these accounts are continued from time to time), showing the dangers, hardships and sufferings of the settlers from the savages in that remote frontier.

One of these accounts states that "a party of Indians penetrated the country near to Clarksburg. Three of them made their appearance at a farm-house, and fired on the man at his door, who fell. They ran toward him, and on one of them stooping to scalp him, he was saluted by the man's wife with a stroke from a large hatchet, in his back, which went so completely into his body that at three different efforts she could not disengage it, and the Indian made off with it sticking in him. A second Indian also made an attempt, when she, by a well-directed stroke with a stick she had got, laid him on the ground. The third then *run*, and the other, as soon as he had recovered his feet, followed his example, on which the woman took her husband in her arms and carried him into the house." It is stated that the man was in a fair way to recover.

A brave woman this, and an Amazon for muscular strength! But she has no name, and passes without further mention.

Page 15 states that the mail for Pittsburg will leave the post-office every Friday morning, and will arrive every Thursday at 10 A. M.

On April 23d (reported May 14th) General Washington, then President of the United States, visits Newbern, North Carolina, where he is welcomed by the Freemasons, "with the mystic numbers"—attends a ball in the evening, and leaves for Wilmington "under a discharge of cannon, and escorted by the inhabitants of the town and the Light Horse."

Mention is made, about this time, of the death of Judge Francis Hopkinson, a distinguished man, and a great protector of the city trees of Philadelphia against a destructive act of the legislature.

A report on the whale fisheries, by Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, is given in several consecutive numbers.

There are frequent accounts of the state of things in France, where the tremendous earthquake of revolution was upheaving everything. Louis XVI. had had a bad cold, and the Paris wags said it was in consequence of his having thrown off his royal robes so suddenly.

An abstract is given of the new constitution of France, accepted by the King and ratified by the people July 14, 1790. The news comes not exactly by ocean telegraph, and is published nearly a year after this date.

On May 10th, a sumptuous entertainment is given to President Washington in Charleston, South Carolina.

On the 2d April, Mirabeau dies, and Dr. Price; and there is a sonnet by Ella to Trumbull the painter. And the list of vessels which arrived at the port of Philadelphia, from January 1st to June 1, 1791, is as follows: 27 ships, 76 brigs, 4 scows, 27 schooners, 44 sloops, 309 coasters, from foreign ports.

There is much talk about Tom Paine, and theories of government; and controversies between Publicola and Agricola, and Friends of Truth, and Friends of Justice. And from Europe comes the speech of Louis XVI. in the Assembly, and the president's reply—April 20th. And on June 21st (reported August 27th) occurred the flight of the King, Queen, and royal family; and a few days after comes the news of their capture. (By the way, see Thomas Carlyle, for a wonderfully graphic and dramatic, yet minutely true, account of the affair.)

On July 15th (reported September 17th) occurred the great riot in Birmingham, England, in which Dr. Joseph Priestley's valuable library, laboratory, and house were destroyed by a mob, who got it into their heads that he sympathized with the extreme French revolutionists. The doctor's letter from London to the people of Birmingham is a model of moderation and Christian forbearance.

Among other foreign news of this year we have a notice of Warren Hastings's trial; of Mr. Burke's being made an LL. D. by the Dublin University; and of a Handel musical celebration at Westminster Abbey, where the King (old King George) "was dressed in scarlet and gold, the Queen in green and silk tissue. The princesses were all in striped silks; their head dresses, as usual, very plain, with a small bunch of flowers in their caps. The King looked extremely well, and in high spirits. The grand coronation anthem was performed in a most exact and capital manner. Signor David displayed his astonishing powers to great advantage in 'Fell rage and black despair.' Their majesties, before whom this was David's first appearance, expressed astonishment, mixed with the most lively pleasure. The chorus of 'Hailstones' had such an effect as to draw tears from the queen. The duet, 'The Lord is my strength,' was never better sung than by Signora Storace and Mrs. Crouch. The performance was ended about a quarter before four o'clock."

It seems a long time ago, when we think of these old paragraphs being *news*,

eagerly read and discussed over coffee and muffins at breakfast; that as yet the mighty Napoleon was an unrisen star, or rather a comet,

That fired the length of Ophineus huge,

who among those plain practical Philadelphians ever dreamed of this wonderful phenomenon—of the First Consul, of the Emperor, of Austerlitz and Jena, and Waterloo. Add the mighty events and changes since—from our war of 1812 to the ending of our late war against slavery—and these old newspapers seem older still.

In this year, 1791, there is a treaty between the United States and the Cherokees. . . . Settlers in Louisiana (single men) are offered two hundred and forty acres of land without rent or taxes, and married men in additional proportion to the number of their families. . . . A premium is offered for a plan of a President's House and a Capitol. (The city of Washington is in the rudest embryo condition, though much talk is had about the magnificent plan of it.) . . . A statue of Franklin is sent from Italy to Philadelphia. . . . General Braddock's old horse dies, aged 41—a case of remarkable longevity. . . . Isaiah Thomas's large Bible comes out at Worcester, Massachusetts. . . . The colored people of Philadelphia petition for a church of their own. . . . There is occasionally an advertisement for a runaway negro slave. . . . An estimate is given of the value of the slaves in the British islands of the West Indies; total value, £18,491,355. . . . The census of the United States is reckoned at something over 4,000,000. The population of the States is as follows:

Vermont (conjectured)	85,000
New Hampshire	141,000
Maine	96,540
Massachusetts	378,787
Rhode Island	268,825
Connecticut	237,946
New York	340,120
New Jersey	184,139
Pennsylvania	434,373
Delaware	59,094
Maryland	319,728
Virginia	747,610
Kentucky	73,677
North Carolina	393,751
South Carolina (conjectured)	240,000
Georgia	82,548
South-west Territory (conjectured)	30,000
North-west Territory (conjectured)	5,000
Total	4,118,138

Of these there are 787,200 slaves.

Congress was at this time sitting in Philadelphia, and there are tolerably full reports of its proceedings and debates. John Adams was Vice-President, and President of the Senate. Of him there was much abuse about this time in the papers, which he seems to have borne with equanimity.

Of advertisements there are very few; yet advertising in those days was cheap. The following is inserted for a month or two:

FORTY DOLLARS REWARD.—LAST NIGHT WAS BROKE OPEN THE store of the subscriber at Bordentown, and stolen from the same the following articles, viz.: One hair trunk, containing women's wearing apparel; one small box, containing four clocks and one dozen testaments; one ditto, containing one bottle-green cloth coat, one striped vest and breeches, two shirts, and a small bag with thirty-six dollars and twenty to thirty shillings Jersey coppers; one keg, containing a large Bible, with other small books; one box, containing four hundred and forty-seven real ostrich feathers, some of them large and elegant, and of different colors; two barrels rye meal, branded Stout & Imlay; one barrel pork; one ream paper, and one dozen pasteboards. Stolen at the same time, a large batteau with black sides. . . . .

And here is one inserted for the space of three months; so that one would think there could have been no chance for the poor fugitive referred to:

THIRTY DOLLARS REWARD.—RUN AWAY, SOME TIME IN AUGUST, 1789, a yellow negro man named Abraham, late the property of Nathaniel Wickliff, deceased; about forty-five years of age, about five feet eight or nine inches high, pretty well set, with a large woolly head and large beard; walks with his knees bent, often complains of pain in his feet and ankles, by trade a bricklayer, stone mason and plasterer. He is a very handy fellow as a house waiter, and is fond of such business. He is a great dissembler, and no doubt pretends he is a freeman. He has been eloped so long that no description of his present clothing can be given. It is supposed that he went to the Northern States, as he often mentioned having friends there. Twenty dollars reward will be given to any person that will secure said negro in any jail, so that the subscriber may get him again, and reasonable charges will be paid; or thirty dollars will be given if he is brought to Prince William County, Virginia, to Mr. John Kinchelor, or by

CHARLES WICKLIFF, Administrator.

October 12, 1791.

I might go on gleaning from this old field, but will now conclude with a few lines from the poet's corner, to show the style of verse which seems to have been popular in America seventy years ago:

ODE TO HENRY.

What bliss the voice of music gives
While transport in the bosom lives;
While virtue, borne on every sound,
Spreads love and happiness around!
The soul, in purer vision, sees
The ills of human life retire:
And adoration loads the breeze
With praises that to Heaven aspire.

How few the happy power possess
The sympathizing heart to bless
With pictures of ideal joy,
Which strengthen virtue, not destroy.
They are the Muse's favorite care:
Perfection through their souls she breathes,
And crowns them fairest of the fair
With glory's never-fading wreaths.

The writer goes on in this strain for two more stanzas, and signs himself or herself "Ella."

Then there is the melancholy Byronic lover-poet, who signs himself "Carryl," and commences his "Elegy No. 1" thus:

Dark on the morn still hangs the veil of night,
And scarce a whisper trembles on the breeze.
Now let me roam, a stranger to delight,
Wildly regardless, 'neath the dropping trees.

To me the bosom of the night is dear.
I hate the broad and laughing face of day.
I court the cavern and the forest drear,
Where scarce one straggling sunbeam loves to stray—

and continues it in twenty-two mournful stanzas.

Then there are schoolboy verses by "Henry," and schoolgirl verses by "Birtha," and the humorous poems by "John," and the martial poems by "Ullin," etc. But I think the reader has had enough of these youthful essays in rhyme to impress him with the character of the metrical effusions that tickled the ears of our grandparents.

C. P. CRANCH.

SLOW AND SECRET POISONING.

THIS is one of the lost arts.

In earlier times, when nature and her ways of working were seldom systematically investigated, it was easy for any one, who had by accident become acquainted with the poisonous properties of certain substances, to make use of this knowledge for the attainment of selfish ends. Fortune-telling was then more nearly related to the exact sciences than at the present day. Ladies of rank or wealth, of course not thinking of foul play, not unfrequently had their curiosity gratified as to the time when the lease of life of a husband, a lover, the king or his mistress, would run out. To those who wished to have it in their own power, at will, to induce the fates to remove from their presence certain objectionable individuals, the priestess of this art gave, generally for a consideration, various carefully prepared liquids or powders, known often under the euphonious names of *aqua Tofania*, *aqua del petesino*, *aquetta di Napoli*, *eau de Brinvillier*, *poudre de succession*, or manna of St. Nicholas of Bari. No perfumer of the present day has succeeded in presenting a more attractive array of names for the sale of his articles; and it is said that at one time no lady of Naples was without some one of these magic drops or powders on her toilet table. She trusted the secret not even to her waiting maid; and cruel and tyrannical husbands had certainly great reason to speedily mend their ways.

The most distinguished fortune-tellers of this kind known in history, are Locusta (who was employed by the second Agrippina to poison her husband, the Emperor Claudius, and also by Nero to poison Britannicus the son of Claudius and Massalina), Tofania of Palermo, Spara of Rome, and the Marchioness de Brinvillier.

Tofania, who reached an advanced age, we may say *flourished* at Naples during the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the last century. She distributed her magic drops, often by way of charity, to such wives as wished to have other husbands. The vial containing them bore the inscription, "Manna of St. Nicholas of Bari" on one side, and on the other, the image of this saint, in order to avoid the too close scrutiny of the police. This name appears long to have been given to an oil which dropped from the tomb of St. Nicholas, and had the reputation of curing many diseases. The aqua Tofania was a clear and limpid fluid, and as tasteless as water. But four or five drops,

poured into tea, chocolate, or soup, were sufficient to produce the desired result; and the dose could be so proportioned, we are told, as to act at a certain time.

As we have intimated, Tofania succeeded for many years in these secret acts of charity, and in escaping detection by the government; but she was at last discovered, and dragged from a convent in which she had taken refuge; and on the rack confessed to having caused the death of not less than six hundred persons.

During the time of Pope Alexander VII. it was observed that there was an unusual number of young widows at Rome, and that husbands, who had incurred the displeasure of their wives, were very apt to suddenly fail in health and die.

This epidemic was so decided as to attract the attention of the government, and, by the aid of the priests, and a crafty female, a society of young married women was discovered, who were bound together for purposes of mutual protection, and were presided over by an old woman named Hieronyma Spara, who possessed the remarkable faculty of predicting the time of the death of any individual whose name might come up for serious consideration. The whole society were arrested; some, including Spara, who learned, it is said, her art from Tofania, were publicly hanged, some were whipped, and others banished from the country.

About the same time the Marchioness de Brinvillier, at Paris, attracted great attention to the art of secret poisoning, by her own successes. A young officer and needy adventurer became a constant visitor to the marquis, and soon paid his addresses to the marchioness. Not long afterward the husband died, and these two were then enabled to enjoy their amours with greater freedom; but the father of the marchioness, outraged by their indecent conduct, had Saint Croix (this was the name of the gallant) arrested and thrown into the Bastile. He there had his thoughts bent on revenge, and induced an Italian prisoner to disclose to him the art of preparing poisons. At the end of a year, when he was liberated, he instructed the marchioness in the mystery, who, assuming the garb of a nun, nursed the sick in the Hôtel Dieu, and tried the strength of her fiendish preparations on these helpless wretches. It was said of her, by way of satire, that no physician on entering practice had so speedily filled a churchyard!

A servant, La Chaussée, assisted her in dispatching her father and brother, but her sister appears to have been suspicious of their designs, and could not be brought under the influence of their art.

An accident, which happened to Saint Croix while preparing poisons, disclosed the whole scheme of villany, for nothing of a criminal nature was discovered by the *post-mortem* examinations which were made. A glass mask, which he was accustomed to wear when at work, chanced to fall off, and he was found suffocated in his laboratory.

Among his effects the government officers discovered a small box, on which was written a request, that after his death it might be delivered to the Marchioness de Brinvillier, or in case of her death, that it might be burned. This excited, very naturally, great curiosity: the request was not regarded, and there was found in the box many poisons, with labels stating their effect, derived from experiments on animals. The Marchioness on hearing of the death of her lover, and failing by bribery to secure the casket, fled the kingdom; but La Chaussée, who had the rashness to lay claim to the property of Saint Croix,

was seized and imprisoned; and confessing many acts of villany, was broken alive on the wheel.

The Marchioness took refuge in a convent at Liège. An officer of justice, named Desgrais, assuming the dress of an abbé, and acting the part of a lover, induced her to go out on an excursion of pleasure, and then arrested her.

At the convent there was found, in her own handwriting, a complete catalogue of her crimes. She was taken to Paris, and in prison played picquet to pass away the time. On conviction she became a convert, confessing to have set fire to houses and to have occasioned more deaths than any one ever suspected. She was beheaded and afterwards burned.

An old writer, Pitaval, says, "In order to satisfy the curiosity of those who may be desirous of knowing if such a celebrated criminal partook of the beauties of her sex, I shall observe that nature had not been sparing of them to the marchioness; her features were exceedingly regular, and the form of her face, which was round, was very graceful. This beautiful outside concealed a heart extremely black. Nothing proves more that metoposcopy or the science of physiognomy is false, for this lady had that serene and tranquil air which announces virtue."

The practice of poisoning did not stop in France with the public execution of the Marchioness de Brinvillier, for so many died under suspicious circumstances that, in 1679, it was found necessary to create a court under the title of "Chambre de Poison," which made use of spies, instituted private trials, and condemned many to be burned alive, hanged, or confined in the Bastile. In 1680 this court, which began to partake much of the nature of the holy inquisition and to be used as a political machine, was done away with.

Sir Walter Scott, in his novel "Kenilworth," makes good use of the pretenders to the mystic sciences, for the interest of the plot, and shows that during the time of Queen Elizabeth, the secret poisoner, the alchemist and the astrologer were frequently combined in the same person.

The old astrologer Alasco, who had caused poison to be given to the Earl of Sussex, talks thus to the Earl of Leicester, who is not free from the superstitions of the age on this subject: "My son, let me remind you, I warranted not his death—nor is there any prognostication that can be derived from the heavenly bodies, their aspects and their conjunctions, which is not liable to be controlled by the will of heaven. Thus, in reviewing the horoscope which your lordship subjected to my skill, you will observe that Saturn, being in the sixth house in opposition to Mars, retrograde in the house of life, cannot but denote long and dangerous sickness, the issue whereof is in the will of heaven, though death may probably be inferred. The hours of darkness I have spent in gazing on the heavenly bodies with these dim eyes, and during those of light I have toiled this aged brain to complete the calculation arising from their combinations." The Earl of Sussex has been saved from a fatal operation of the poison administered by Alasco by the timely aid of Wayland (a pupil of this alchemist), who attributed his gradual loss of strength, nocturnal perspirations, loss of appetite, faintness, gnawing pain in the stomach, and low fever to his having eaten of the "manna of Saint Nicholas." The author here evidently takes some liberty with dates, for this poison received its name from Tofania, who first practised her art at a time long after the death of Queen Elizabeth.

The antidote which Wayland compounded of many drugs purchased of different chemists, was the famous "orvietan or Venice treacle," which was

generally believed to be a sovereign remedy against poison, and was of as mysterious a nature as any of the preparations of the alchemist.

Alasco, who is about to use the manna again to exercise a certain control over the Countess of Leicester, tells that intriguing villain, Varney, "that a moderate portion of the drug hath mild effects, no ways ultimately dangerous to the human frame, but which produces depression of spirits, nausea, headache, an unwillingness to change of place—even such a state of temper as would keep a bird from flying out of a cage were the door left open."

It is well known that in times long gone by, successions to the throne, in various countries of Europe, were often influenced by secret poisoning; but at the present day the practice of this art, for such or other purposes, is not easy; for we are so well acquainted with the nature of poisons and their effects that suspicions of foul play are very early aroused. There are but few poisons which when taken would not soon cause symptoms, such as vomiting, griping, purging, convulsions, or unnatural drowsiness, which would attract attention. Opium, corrosive sublimate, and strychnine are attended, when taken in poisonous doses, with some one or several of these symptoms; but arsenic, having neither taste, color, nor smell, and being soluble in water, may be taken in oft-repeated small doses without exciting suspicion, as it is not early attended with any of the above effects. It is, in fact, the only drug which could be used at the present day for slow and secret poisoning, with any chance of success; and yet it must be given in doses considerably larger than those usually prescribed by the physician, to be sure of fatally undermining the constitution; for the medicinal dose may be often continued for months, or even years, without detriment to the health.

Large doses of arsenic almost always prove fatal in a short time, and produce extreme depression and collapse, cold, clammy perspiration, nausea, vomiting, and other quite noticeable symptoms; and small doses, which would eventually prove fatal, are sure to give rise to disturbances resembling the above, sufficiently early to excite suspicion, and to render a serious termination of the case, after proper precautionary measures, not very probable; for, where this poison has been given in repeated small doses, on discontinuing it, it is entirely eliminated from the system in a few weeks' time, no accumulation whatever taking place, as has been supposed by some.

With our present knowledge, then, it is not possible so to mix poison with food or drink that it shall make sure of a fatal termination, by a gradual weakening of the vital force, before alarming symptoms appear.

We know of no substance which will produce death at a determinate period, as did the ancients. Plutarch, Quintilian and Theophrastus speak of one prepared from aconite, which could be so moderated as to have its effect at any desired time—say a day, a month or a year; and it is supposed that Locusta, during the reign of Nero, used this and other similar poisons. Besides those derived from aconite, hemlock, and poppy, the ancients were acquainted with a remarkable poison obtained from the sea-hare (*lepus marinus*, or *aplysia depilans*), with which Titus is said to have been dispatched by Domitian. We are ignorant of the nature of this poison, but some German and Italian chemists have lately discovered that several species of shell-fish, not unlike the sea-hare, found on the coast of Italy, have the power of secreting, in what are called their salivary glands, considerable quantities of oil of vitriol. The ancients could

hardly have used this for slow and secret poisoning, and with the mineral poisons they seem to have been unacquainted.

There has been much diversity of opinion in regard to the nature of the *aqua Tofania* used by Tofania and Spara, which destroyed more people, it is said, than the plague which prevailed in Italy not long before it came into use. For a time, the sale of aqua-fortis was forbidden by the Roman government; but this seems to have been done simply to blind the people as to the real nature of this poison; for Garelli, physician to Charles VI., king of the Two Sicilies, when Tofania was arrested, says that this infamous compound was a solution of crystallized arsenic in water, with the addition, for what purpose we know not, of the herb cymbalaria.

Scott, in the novel from which we have made the above extracts, seems to accept the assertion of Garelli, for he represents the infamous Varney as soliloquizing thus: "It is strange—I am as little the slave of fancy as any one; yet I never speak for a few minutes with this fellow Alasco but my mouth and lungs feel as if soiled with the fumes of calcined arsenic—pah!"

Some believe that Tofania's little vials contained a solution of opium and cantharides; but any such preparation of these substances which would be at all injurious in its effects, would have taste, and would cause results quite unlike those which the *aqua Tofania* was said to produce.

In the casket of Saint Croix were found corrosive sublimate, opium, regulus of antimony, vitriol, and a large quantity of prepared poison, which the physicians, who, it is evident, were ignorant of the methods of detecting the presence of arsenic, were unable to make out, and which it is supposed was the veritable *eau de Brinvillier*.

We are told by some that the famous *poudre de succession* was composed in great part of sugar of lead; and by others, that it consisted of far more noble material, namely, diamond dust.

There is no conclusive evidence that any one has ever possessed a poison which was capable of producing death at a desired and distant time; and it is quite probable that, in all cases of slow and secret poisoning, oft-repeated doses of poison were administered. As the poisons themselves were not generally known, their effects were easily confounded with those which many diseases produce. We ourselves are ignorant of this art, not because we know so little, but because we know so much, and our knowledge of nature is so classified that it is always readily available.

T. EDWARDS CLARK, M. D.

and vagaries, the bold theories and new schools of polity and of practical living, famous in our New England of to-day. From ideas, the spirit of independence and investigation easily spread to material things. Ask a German why he makes a shoe thus and thus, and he replies that he was so taught; or, that his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather so made it; or, that all the people in his village worked in that way. But no way is the Yankee's way until he has found the *why* of it, and so really made it his own.

Such, perhaps, was the moral source or stimulus to the Yankee's originality and invention. Its material spur was hard necessity. The Pilgrim had to do and to make everything himself, including the means or the tools; he had to contrive new ways to meet a novel experience. So is it with all pioneers. Need makes them full of shifts, and new and better devices. So, perhaps, it would be with the descendants of the Western frontiersman, if only their mode of life could last through several generations, and if society marched as slowly and painfully as of old on the Atlantic coast. The Yankee had to build up a New England with his own hands in the wilderness; and while this task went on, through several generations, the character of the men and women who came over the sea accomplished its divergence from that of their neighbors who stayed behind.

In Germany we see father, and son, and grandson, are successively farmers, or mechanics, or servants, as the case may be. One result, however, of this lack of the climbing impulse is to make men *thorough* in their callings. Once at their supposed level, they at least are apt to keep it. A German who undertakes to do a thing, is very apt to know how to do it, and to do it *well*. A Yankee will do it *quickly*—but beyond that, the result is doubtful. The Yankee's inherited instinct—derived from moral and material causes, as we call to mind again—is to do a thing as an expedient for an emergency. He "fixes it so that it will hold awhile." The Yankee, again, from learning how to do a little of everything, by necessity, unconsciously comes to look on each occupation as a stepping-stone to a better. The Yankee then becomes restless and roving, having no continuing city. He is a kind of Pilgrim Father even to-day. The German is by nature contented and settled.

The Yankee element, carried to its extreme, is always aspiring; the German, carried to its extreme, is always enjoying. No true Yankee has any real, solid comfort, till he is uncomfortable. That domestic, social creature, the German, is, on the other hand, always aiming to make himself and his neighbors as happy and as easy as circumstances allow. Paley does, indeed, lay down the proposition that happiness is the just and necessary aim of all humanity—but then there are such diverse sorts of happiness! and only Yankees hankering after the Yankee sort. We have spoken of the German, but use this word oftenest in a representative way, as signifying "European." The Frenchman, for example, is the man who, above all his fellow mortals, knows how to make the most out of the material part of life. Were there nothing beyond the earth, he would have discovered the key of existence. He knows as well how to eat, drink, and be merry, as the Yankee is ignorant of all these. The Frenchman knows how to burn the candle of life, to burn it slowly and yet brilliantly down to its socket—with not a grease-spot left wasted behind. He has done a great work for American life, and has more to do.

The Yankee of past times, at least, lacked sociability; he lacked esthetic culture; he lacked love of the beautiful in nature and art. All these the European brings and extends here. The German, content with his allotted sphere, seeks no other, and hence deliberately looks about to see what there is enjoyable during the journey of existence. The Yankee, uneasy, restless, with a brain brimming over with plots, has no time to enjoy—except in the way of climbing.

What is it in Longfellow's "Excelsior" that so attracts his readers? Taken as a ballad, or metrical narrative, it is not only puzzling, but destructive of all right-minded sympathy for the hero. What is that youth doing on St. Bernard, "amid snow and ice?" What is he after? And how does his banner help him to get it? Why does

he choose night to "try the pass?" When we come to think of it, the whole thing is *bosh*, and the young fellow was crazy. The maiden's advice to "stay and rest" was sensible, and should have been accepted. A coroner's jury in America sitting on that "lifeless form" would have returned this verdict—"Served him right." Why, then, does the great popular jury make up a different verdict for the poet? Simply because there is a suggested sentiment of aspiration in the verse which chimes with the great popular Yankee feeling. That half-barbarous Latin refrain, "Excelsior," ringing in at the finish of each stanza, dimly accords with our restless Yankee feeling to get up higher. One word immortalizes the poem.

But the Yankee himself is modified in character as he drifts westward. West, the people are more friendly and sociable; East, more reserved and suspicious. West, they are more prodigal; East, they are more thrifty. West, they are mightier in spurts of work; East, they are more constant. West, they enjoy laziness; East, they enjoy labor. West, they never improve spare hours; East, no hours are willingly left empty. West, they like to "bore with a big augur;" East, they are content to bore with a gimlet and to keep boring.

Some old-fashioned New Englanders are (or used to be) much afraid of being without food. Where are the meals to come from?—that is the question of life. The house is nothing, health is nothing, comfort nothing, but the food problem troubles the Yankee though he is the least *gourmand* of mortals. What else is this but an inherited instinct or experience from that time when a fire could ruin the crops, when the Indians might come, when the French might come, when stress of ill weather might come to destroy the harvest, and make the Thanksgiving prayers go up from a wry mouth? This special anxiety for the security of the daily bread disappears, of course, with our more modern society. On the other hand, at the West, prodigality has always been the rule, since even the pioneers there had no vast ocean rolling in between them and reinforcement, but a great tier of settled States to back up against. To this day, a Yankee will be stingy with material when he is lavish with the money which represents material. Or else, in matters of food, clothing, candles, he may be as saving as his ancestors; but he will spend money upon his house, his lands, his city, his charities.

In these midsummer days, we have only to look about us to see how the German influences American life in the way of popular amusements. He is spreading everywhere here the festivals of Fatherland. He has established his favorite *schützenfest;* he has planted and ramified his *sængerbund;* he has filled the land with sociable "gartens;" he has popularized music by his choral societies, and he crowds the summer thick with picnics and social excursions. In winter we shall find him establishing and supporting nearly all the masked balls and masquerades, and a hundred pleasant devices for recreation. In these ways he is teaching the Yankee how to amuse himself; and the example is exceedingly contagious. He teaches Americans, too, how to make all sports domestic, not driving out wife and children from their enjoyment, but making their presence enhance the pleasure. The American of the future will borrow from all the nations which find a new home here, such customs and institutions as can be transplanted or grafted and still flourish.

Climate and soil do much to assimilate population; and governments, laws, and customs perhaps do more; but race leaves a deeper stamp than topography. The German does, indeed, become, in several generations, a pretty good Yankee. But the other question then comes up—outnumbered and pressed with foreign moulding influences year by year and through many generations, will not the Yankee become, in his turn, a very good European? Not, at all events, until in the alembic of the Republic some powerfully assimilative product which we may call our national character, is wrought out, will incoming substances be swallowed up and subdued in what they find there. When our population has been trebled to a hundred millions, mainly by Europeans and the children of Europeans, we may be able to depict the ultimate American.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

DRIFT-WOOD.

POLITICAL CANDOR.

MOST grown people in America do not need to be treated, in political arguments, like children. Yet what but nursery discipline do they get at this moment, when the editors and orators of each party portray their own leader as a demi-god, and his rival as a brute and monster? The vice of American public speaking and writing, in hot political campaigns, is a want of faith in the candor of the people, and even an unwillingness to credit them with common-sense. The cynic will reply that this is right, as most people take their opinions from the stump and the press, and, with them, chameleon-like, change their hue.

But the cynic's is an unjust judgment. There is no grosser mistake than that which regards the electoral people of our thinking Republic as Coriolanus did the "mudsills" of Rome. The fatal error, apparently, of one noted public man of our day, has been his inability to credit the people with judgment or intelligence, and his avowed contempt for those whom he calls by that vile phrase "the masses." When he makes a popular speech it is laboriously silly. He imagines it to be finely condescending; but his hearers usually fear he is a little crazy. His public acts have been of the same sort, and are otherwise unaccountable. Not much wiser, however, are the "slang-whanging" editors and orators who believe the people to like nothing that is not "hot and strong"—violent, vindictive, unjust, and preposterous.

The great fear of most speakers and writers is that they may concede too much to "the enemy." They hesitate to trust their readers with the plain truth. Most of them believe their cause is good, in a fair view of the facts—but then it would be so dangerous to admit anything! They commonly do not dare to put the truth as they believe it; and, instead, avoid all concessions. It was so during the war. Every skirmish, if favorable, was declared a battle; every unfavorable battle, a "reconnoisance." After every foiled cavalry raid it was said, "the object of the expedition is accomplished." Every defeat was styled a "blessing in disguise." Every morning the backbone of the rebellion was discovered to be broken. It was seldom the case that an editor was found candid enough, and, above all, trustful enough, to say "beaten," when beaten it was. Indeed, if some adventurous critic who believed with his whole soul in the sure, ultimate triumph in the Union cause, should say so, and yet commit the crime of adding that it had been set back by this or the other failure, his brethren of the press fell upon and beat him.

The partisan slavery of the "free press" of America is sometimes rather grievous; and that terrible stigma fastened upon the sin of kicking over the party traces—namely, "You never know where to find that man"—is equally hard to bear. Nevertheless, it is fairly supposable that an editor or an orator might rely upon the candid judgment of the people, and still be accounted faithful to his party. Readers are not all the simpletons which self-conscious editors, noting that even their writings are acceptable, suppose they must be. They do not insist upon coarse personalities and vulgar epithets; still less are they afraid to trust their reason with a fair statement of the political issues in controversy. They can admit a great deal of good to the other side, and prefer their own. They can admit the personal worth of opposite candidates, and yet vote for the representative of their own political principles. That is a frame of

mind, however, which most leaders can believe of themselves, but cannot believe of the people. Hence the gross calumnies and dishonest utterances of the campaign.

GERMAN AND YANKEE.

THE German bids fair to supplement the Yankee in the round of our national character. We may even begin to guess at what that character will turn out to be—though this is little better than guess-work, thus far. America seems to have reached the front rank of nations without a defined or easily definable national character, and with but few well-defined national traits.

What is it to be an American? The Yankee has been portrayed by experts to the last degree of accuracy; but the Yankee is not the American. The American of Marryatt, of Trollope, of Dickens, was, or is, a grotesque caricature, who, if any such creature ever existed, is no longer extant. Our lasting national character is probably not yet fixed, or, as it were, *set*. To the making of the typical man who will one day be called the American, there must go many diverse nationalities. In describing him we must partly describe the Englishman, Frenchman, Spaniard, Prussian, Swede, and whatever may come of mingling these and others in the proportions we have here. Having typified the European, we must picture him under the influence of three centuries of American life on American soil. Then, perhaps, we shall have set forth the American of the Twentieth Century.

Lowell, who so "held the mirror up to nature" that the world saw the genuine Yankee there, afterward, in bringing that type to a second stage of historic description—the Yankee at the West—in a bold and splendid stroke, declared Abraham Lincoln to be "the first American."

> For him her Old-World mould aside she threw,
> And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
> Of the unexhausted West,
> With stuff untainted shaped a hero new.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Our children shall behold his fame,
> The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man;
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame—
> New birth of our new soil, the first American.

But if Lincoln be the typical American of to-day, at least he will probably not be that of a century hence. As the Briton, the Dane, the Saxon, the Norman had to be kneaded together, in order to produce that compound which the "Saturday Review" and which Matthew Arnold by turns dissect, and which is called "the average Englishman," as the Pict, the Scot, the Celt had to be added to the man our fathers styled a "Britisher;" so, many races must combine in the American of the future. Our reservoir of population is constantly fed by foreign springs. Could we stop that influx from the Old World, some acute observer and analyst might tell us what, on the whole, the American man is, and what he will be; but we are always swollen with contributions from across the sea. Foreign and native are the two factors which, multiplied into each other, make up the American; which product must change, because the factors are always changing.

Both in body and spirit, the descendants of the early American settlers, and of all the ante-Revolutionary stock, bear inevitable witness to the trials and triumphs—political and individual, spiritual and material—of their ancestry. Even under the changed customs and conditions of our day, they tell in their physique, in their ideas, in their work, in their theory and conduct of public affairs and private affairs, in their aspirations, and in their daily lives, the story of two centuries of the primitive American life. Were there possible in such studies a keenness of perception kindred with that which reads from his bones the animal's habits and experiences, out of the genuine Yankee of to-day we could determine aright some doubtful thread of New England history, and out of many such, its whole warp.

Whence, for example, is that inventive or originative faculty which we attribute to him? For, since he has it above the English, from whom he derives, and the Germans who dwell by his side, we ought to be able to trace its rise and progress. Possibly it has a twofold origin. The Puritan independence in religious thought inevitably led to similar independence in political thought; and so, by honest inheritance, and gathering momentum with descent, comes down the spirit of the religious and political ventures

are written, and read with interest. Indeed it would be difficult to determine the lowest limit of intellectual gifts and training compatible with the power to write a story which might be pronounced absorbing and thrilling, which would be finished by seven out of ten of those who began to read it, and which would, therefore, make a good serial for a weekly publication, or a good advertisement, if the first part of it were published in one paper where it should be broken off in the middle of a sentence, with the assurance that the remainder would be found in another. The great stories that have lived are very short, and could most of them be written on this page. They have lived for two reasons: first, their essential parts are simple and well rooted in human nature, and next, because they have been kept alive in the mouths of great poets, who have told the stories, each in his own way, and that a great one. So painters represent nature to us as they see her; and of several who represent the same subject, all being faithful, some will produce but poor common-place pictures, and one or two, great pictures, because these not only see more, but are more than the others, and add themselves to nature.

"Jason" is inferior to "The Earthly Paradise," chiefly because there is in it less of the poet. He has confined himself more to the old classic authorities; he has followed more the old classic models. The influence of these is very manifest in his choice of epithet. He writes "tough well-twisted hawser," "the well-built Argo," "Tolches's well-built walls," "quick-eared rabbits." In this he imitates Homer, purposely we may assume, but not advantageously. Such epithets are not poetical; they are, rather, exceedingly prosaic. But when he says that the rowers "unto their breasts the shaven ash-trees brought," and again indicates an Argonaut as one

> Who, 'twixt the thin plank and the bubbling sea,
> Had pulled the smooth oar-handle past his knee,

he at least improves upon his model. But in this poem are many passages which are filled with a spirit of poetry that has been born since the days of the blind bard of Scio, and which give new life to the old tale of Medea and the Argonaut. One of the most beautiful of these is in the opening of the ninth book, where Jason and the princely sorceress, who has given up all that she might give herself to him, stand together outside her father's palace. Then, with a touching premonition of her fate,

> Medea turned to Jason, and she said:
> "O love, turn round, and note the goodlihead
> My father's palace shows beneath the stars.
> Bethink thee of the men grown old in wars
> Who do my bidding; what delights I have,
> How many ladies lie in wait to save
> My life from toil and carefulness, and think
> How sweet a cup I have been used to drink,
> And how I cast it to the ground for thee.
> Upon the day thou weariest of me
> I wish that thou may'st somewhat think of this,
> And, 'twixt thy new-found kisses and the bliss
> Of something sweeter than thine old delight,
> Remember thee a little of this night
> Of marvels, and this starlit, silent place,
> And these two lovers, standing face to face."

Then he breaks out with vows of constancy, and swears the old oath, forever. What young man ever did, ever could do less, and do it, too, in simple honesty? Had she been mere woman, she would have believed him; but she was a sorceress, and she looked, though but a little way, into the cloud before her, and trembled; but, being more woman than sorceress, she did not hesitate.

> "Nay sweet," she said, "let be;
> Wert thou more fickle than the restless sea
> Still should I love thee, knowing thee for such;
> Whom I know not, indeed, but fear the touch
> Of fortune's hand when she beholds our bliss,
> And knows that nought is good to me but this."

O, the old, sad story that will be ever fresh while man is man and woman woman! with what tender nobleness of beauty is it told here; with what exquisite art is it revealed to us in the very first flush of mutual passion between these two lovers, before he has begun to waver and she to eat her own heart with jealousy. Who can be untouched by her reply, which has a certain grandeur! She loves him, not because she trusts him, but because he is her heart's desire, and, to use the poet's words on another occasion, she has cast her heart into the hand of fate. In all modern poetry known to us, there is no more clearly-imagined picture, none more filled with meaning than this one of Medea standing with Jason in the starlight upon the threshold of their strange, woful love. For this, and for what is like it in the poem, William Morris owes nothing to

the ancients. And although he is a teller of tales, he is dramatic in the higher sense, in that he writes without a conscience. For when Jason comes to love Creusa, he glides into his new passion so easily, so naturally, it seems so inevitable that the beauty and the allurements of this fair girl and the circumstances under which they are brought together should end in his enthralment, that we—we men, at least—cannot look upon him as guilty; while Medea, with her love-born hatred of the fresh-hearted, innocent beauty who has won what she has lost, with her incantations and her poisoned garments, becomes, in spite of her grief and her grandeur, a hideous witch.

Our new poet deals very boldly and simply with love, of which his "Earthly Paradise" is full, bringing with it descriptions rich with sensuous beauty. He does not refine upon love and make of it an intellectual game or a moral problem. His lovers look at each other and love; their eyes ask and answer a mutual question. Perhaps of all the poems in "The Earthly Paradise" that which tells the story of Cupid and Psyche is the most admirable, the most daintily sensuous, the richest in those clearly and strongly-imagined scenes of various beauty which are the chief charm of this delightful volume. One of these scenes, not very interesting for the incident which it relates, is yet very impressive for the sharp sense of reality which is conveyed by the poet's clear imagination, and his ability to impress upon others what his mind's eye so clearly sees Psyche finds herself in the wonderful golden house of her unknown, unseen lover. She has wandered through it, wrapt in admiration, and has begun to lose her fear of its strangeness as her sensitive nature is absorbed in her enjoyment of its marvellous beauty. After hearing a song of welcome, sung by an invisible choir, she enters a tessellated chamber, in which there is a bath.

> So for a time upon the brink she sat,
> Debating in her mind of this and that
> And then arose, and slowly from her cast
> Her raiment, and adown the steps she passed
> Into the water, and therein she played,
> Till of herself at last she grew afraid,
> And of the broken image of her face
> And the loud splashing in that lonely place.

That would seem rather like the relation of an actual occurrence by the actor in it, than the dream of a poet, did we not know how sharply real the dreams of real poets are. It brought up at once to us the memory of a woman, who, under like circumstances, would surely become thus the prey of her own fancy—one who with Psyche's nature seems like her in the poet's words, "the soul of innocent desire." In this poem we have evidence that, given up to his delight, as the author is, in physical beauty, he is able to read the nature to which it is as often a mask as an outward manifestation, and that he is not to be bribed by its allurements into any unfaithfulness to the truth of nature.

Poor Psyche, according to the old story, wanders into the precincts of her arch-enemy Venus herself, who straightway begins to torment her rival in beauty, who has thus stumbled into her power. There, in an enchanting plesaunce, she has the poor girl whipped by stalwart Amazons, until "like red flame she saw the trees and ground." And then comes this fine touch:

> But while beneath the many moving feet
> The small crushed flowers sent up their odor sweet,
> Above sat Venus, calm and very fair;
> Her white limbs bared of all her golden hair;
> Into her heart all wrath cast back again,
> As on the terror and the helpless pain
> She gazed with gentle eyes and unmoved smile.

Admirable, and not exaggerated picture of a cold, cruel beauty, the cruellest and most coldly selfish of all created things. In portraying moods of mind our new poet is no less skilful than in his descriptions of passing scenes and his revelations of character. Psyche, weary and worn, sinks down in a swoon upon the banks of the Styx,

> And there she would have lain forevermore,
> A marble image on the shadowy shore,

had not the Phœnix seen her, and for pity of her sweet face borne the news of her whereabout to Cupid, who flies to her, and rouses her by words of love, and assurances that now she shall be his, and share his divinity forever.

> Then when she heard him, straightway she arose,
> And from her fell the burden of her woes;
> And yet her heart within her well nigh broke
> When she from grief to happiness awoke;
> And loud her sobbing was in that grey place,
> And with sweet shame she covered up her face.

But we must bring to a speedy end our

LITERATURE AND ART.

WILLIAM MORRIS.*

THE world is richer by a new poet, a genuine, born maker and singer. William Morris, were he to write nothing more than "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise," is sure of a hold upon the world's ear and heart that will not be loosened for many a year, perhaps for generations. Mr. Morris's name was not unknown in literature and in art (he belongs to the Rossetti set), but he has come upon us suddenly with these evidences and fruits of high poetic power. Indeed, the manner in which he and Mr. Swinburne have asserted their positions at once by works largely conceived and finely wrought is in striking contrast to Tennyson's painful and gradual ascent up through many years from "The Skipping Rope," "Oriana," and airy, fairy "Lilian," to "The Idyls of the King." Whether this has happened because the elder poet unwisely let us see the work of his 'prentice hand, and even its failures, instead of taking a hint from Brummel and sending them into oblivion by the back stairs, and the younger kept themselves in reserve until they had produced something that would command general attention and could be tried by a high standard of criticism, or whether Tennyson has, in fact, climbed toilfully up the steep of Parnassus, while they have mounted upon wings, is a question upon which there may be two opinions, ours having been more than hinted in the last number of THE GALAXY. As regards the younger men, we have no fear, in Mr. Morris's case at least, of the old proverb about those who are soon ripe. For the beauty with which he charms us is of the kind that is perennial. Pericles and Aspasia would have delighted in these poems, and Charlemagne, Alfred, Queen Elizabeth, Dr. Johnson, nay even the stupid Brunswicker who declared that "beobles had no business to be boets," and who was more than half right in his opinion.

The manner of these poems is new to this generation; but it is no new manner. The delight that they give is fresh; but it is the old delight for which men have longed in their hearts ever since they began to feel and to think, and which has been ministered to them by men born to that office through centuries and cycles. What we crave, unless we are gross, material, and sordid, is the beauty of human life, and to show us this is what we ask of our poets. The beauty of the whole of it, of its sorrows as well as of its joys, of its graver as well as of its lighter employments; of its grand purposes, its absorbing passions, its passing moods, its reveries, its gaiety and its gloom. For it all has beauty—beauty which a great painter shall detect and set before you in the mingled craft and misery of a beggar, as a great poet has, in the agony of a forlorn, insulted father and crazy king. There are two ways by which this end can be attained; one is by the representation of real life, which is the aim of the novelist, whether in prose, or in verse like that of Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh;" the other the creation of an ideal world, of life freed from material cares, from what must be to most of us its chief concern—daily toil and the multiplication table. To present the latter is the chief function of the poet when he works simply as a poet—a maker—and does not assume the functions of priest, sage, seer, or prophet. And rarely has a man of this order sung his

* "The Life and Death of Jason." A Poem, by William Morris. 16mo, pp. 307. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"The Earthly Paradise." A Poem, by William Morris, Author of "The Life and Death of Jason." 16mo, pp. 676. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

songs of life with such power of enchantment as is shown in William Morris's "Earthly Paradise." He has chosen his function, or, rather, it has chosen him, and he sees and owns his place. He does not set himself up as a teacher, does not seek to entangle his tales with the intricate problem of human life, or to load down his rhymes with reasons.

The very charm of his poetry is in that while it does not strive "to set the crooked straight," it is yet penetrated, as we see in many sad, sweet lines the writer's soul is penetrated, with the keen knowledge of the woe of life and the weariness. In this respect, as in some others, William Morris differs from one of our poets, Edmund Spenser, with whom, in richness of fancy, in strength of imagination and sustained narrative power, as well as in a sweet full flow of verse, he has much in common. But Spenser wrote in allegory, with the deliberate purpose of setting forth the twelve moral virtues. A good purpose and a thoughtful, but most unpoetical. It cramped his fancy, as much as it could be cramped, and it bound up his imagination in so far as it could be bound. As teaching, "The Fairie Queen" is fast fading out of the world's memory; and it is read now only by those who go through its cantos as they walk through splendid picture galleries, absorbed in the beauty of the scenes the poet sets before them, and listen dreamily to his wisdom—for he is wise—as to the echoes of their own foot-falls. Spenser is the poet of the imaginative and the thoughtful. The poet whom Morris most resembles is Chaucer, whom he is like in the clean, sharp outline of his figures and their vivid coloring, and the firm straightforwardness of his simple thought, revealed although it is through a rich poetic style. This likeness comes of inborn impulse, but no less of purpose. The poet himself tells us at whose feet he has sitten a learner in some beautiful lines of his "Jason," which set Chaucer's style before us with fine appreciation. He disclaims comparison with his master, and even the credit of being his worthy pupil, with a modesty which is touching because it is manifestly genuine, but it is too great. For, William Morris is eminently a poet of imagination, and he does bring before our eyes the image of the thing his heart is filled with. His "Earthly Paradise" is a succession of scenes, either of repose or of action, which he has seen, and which he enables us to see as clearly as we saw the friends we sat with yesterday. He is not sententious, not philosophical; he does not trouble himself or us with the twelve moral virtues; he comes not to offend us by preaching to us, or to please us by scourging the rest of the world; he is no writer of epigrams or sayer of sayings; he does not even give us poetry, as Bunsby uttered wisdom "in solid chunks," but he diffuses it throughout the stories that he tells us in sweet rhymes that run so easily and with such mere charm of sound and motion, that it seems as if he must have had as much pleasure in the writing of them as we do in the reading. His poems are not jewel cases from which you can pick out shining couplets to flash in the eyes of wondering folk, and say, See how this little trinket glitters; they are structures the beauty of which lies in their outline, in the harmony of their parts, and in the spirit that breathes from them, even more than from their details, although these are all wrought exquisitely. They are conceived, however, not for themselves, but as parts of a great whole.

And the stories that he tells, what of them? Wonderful new stories, you suppose. No; they are the wonderful old stories; stories that were told a thousand years, and most of them two thousand years ago; which grammar-school boys have had flogged into them as tasks for centuries—the stories of Medea, of Atalanta, of Cupid and Psyche, of Alcestis, of Crœsus, of Pygmalion, or to mix the new and the modern with the old, the story of Ogier the Dane, who was one of Charlemagne's paladins—stories which, if told by the right man, are just as fresh and just as charming now as they were to the people who first heard them. For all the beauty of a story that does not lie in the heart of the hearer lies in the tongue of the teller. Nothing is easier than to write a new story. The making of one is the easiest and the lowest feat of author-craft. The skill to do it belongs to many men and to most women. Every year a thousand new ones

ism and negative criticism of the Tübingen school. But independent of this, we find much solid learning and valuable information in the three "Hefte" before us. An interesting feature of the work is that the name of the writer is affixed to each article. It is proposed to finish the work in two years.

"Grundsteine einer Allgemeinen Cultur-Geschicte der Neusten Zeit." (Contributions to a General History of Esthetics [Culture] of the most recent times.) Von J. J. Honegger. Erster Band: Die Zeit des ersten Kaiserreichs. (Vol. I. The times of the first Empire.) Leipzig: J. J. Weber. 1868. 8vo. pp. 416.

This is the first instalment of a "History of Culture of the present Century," to consist of five volumes. The author wields a ready and incisive pen. With keen penetration and rare ability he discusses the merits and tendencies of the works on philosophy, poetry, history, travels, politics, art, etc., of the different French, German and English authors of the nineteenth century. In bold but true outlines he delineates the principal factors of modern history, art, science and literature. His standpoint is independent, but true and genuine criticism.

M. J. Cramer.

COPIES OF GREAT PAINTINGS.

A short time ago I chanced to be in the parlor of a wealthy gentleman who prided himself on being a connoisseur in art (*sinecure* he said; but perhaps this was a slip of the tongue). His parlor walls were covered with large pictures, in gorgeous gilt frames, betokening a soul above expense. He liked to have his pictures show off well, he said, and you wouldn't catch him putting a thousand dollar painting into a twenty-five dollar frame. On examining the collection I was amused to find that, with the exception of the family portraits and two indifferent landscapes by an American artist, all the pictures were copies after "old masters." There was Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," one of Tenier's old Dutch women, Raphael's "Madonna in the Chair," a marine view after Claude, a landscape after Ruysdael, etc., etc. The owner knew them to be copies. He preferred copies of celebrated paintings to modern originals, because it is always safe to admire and praise what all the world praises as admirable. It had never occurred to him, and I did not disturb his felicity by suggesting it, that his poor copies (done in the picture manufactories of Antwerp at ten to twenty francs apiece) were not in every respect as good as their originals. He had seen both, and the only difference he knew was to the advantage of the bright, fresh-looking canvases he brought home. His delight in them was something wonderful to contemplate. I had not the heart to break the fascinating charm and show him what worthless bits of glass he was admiring as real diamonds. Yet I could not repress a feeling of regret that he should thus throw away money that might have done its share toward encouraging the development of American art.

As it is, his money is idly squandered. There is not a picture in his house worth a quarter of the price paid for its frame. And, in general, money paid for copies is thrown away. Really good copies of great pictures are among the rarest things in art. I have examined hundreds of copies, and have never yet found one worth a fig when placed beside the original. The collection I have just referred to bears no more resemblance to the originals than a squad of washerwomen does to a group of Naiads. A fair copy may please one who has never seen anything better; but show him the original, and if he has taste and culture he will never again admire the copy.

But it may be said that the majority of Americans can never see the originals, and it may be thought that even a faint impression of their beauty, obtained through copies, may be better than none. But the difficulty is that from copies one receives not merely faint impressions, but entirely false ones. For there never has been and never can be a worthy copy of a masterpiece. What makes a painting a "masterpiece" but the inspired soul of the master visible in the work of his hands? All great works have arisen in "thought's interior sphere." What Emerson says of Michael Angelo is true of all great artists:

> He wrought in sad sincerity:
> Himself from God he could not free.

And further on, in the same true and beautiful poem:

> The passive Master lent his hand
> To the vast soul that o'er him planned.

The execution of a great design is also inspired, like the conception, and is, therefore, inimitable. It is doubtful whether Raphael himself could have copied one of his great pictures; and if he could not, could an inferior artist? The copyist looks at a painting, sees what he can, from the outside, and copies what he sees with such skill and fidelity as he may possess; but the master painted the vision that had flashed upon the "inward eye," illuminated by the light that was never on sea or land. Every line, every touch of color, was placed on the canvas in obedience to the impulse of inspiration. How can all this be imitated? It cannot be.

It is true that some pictures can be copied with a greater amount of truthfulness than others; but only the meanest and most common-place can be copied with entire fidelity. A circus clown can mimic the squealing of a pig to perfection, but not the warble of a skylark. The pots and pans and cabbage-heads of a Dutch painter can be reproduced with servile accuracy, but not the Madonnas of Raphael.

And yet no pictures are more frequently copied than Raphael's Madonnas. How absurd, when we think of it! Raphael was the Evangelist of "our Lady," and drew and painted by the inspiration of God. He alone among artists has painted the true Mary, in her twofold character of mother and saint. Correggio's Madonna in the Dresden Gallery, is indeed a most beautiful picture, unexcelled for grace and poetic feeling; but it makes the impression of a scene in fairy land. It is romantic and poetic, not religious. Yet this is among the best of the few representations of the Madonna that deserve to be named in the same breath with Raphael's. Even Michael Angelo never painted a true Mary. His Madonnas look like Amazons. He lacked the tenderness and refinement of heart that enabled Raphael to look into the very soul of the "Queen of heaven" and of women; and as for the crowd of Madonnas to be found in every European gallery, they are generally pretty women with nothing of Mary but the name. These might be copied without injustice to the originals; but our copyists despise small game, and the more impossible it is to copy a picture, the greater their eagerness to show how badly they can fail at it. There are in this country many copies of the Madonna di San Sisto (painted mainly from engravings), which no one should look at who wants to keep his perceptions of the original untainted. When I stood for the first time in the presence of this glorious creation, I first realized to the full, the impotence, the utter worthlessness of art at second hand. I shrink from setting down in words the impression it made on me, lest I should be accused of uncritical enthusiasm; but from that time I have felt that to look for an instant at a copy of this divine painting would be like backsliding from Christianity to idolatry.

Next to Raphael's Madonnas, Titian's Venuses are favorites with copyists. There is always a struggle for the possession of them in the Florence Gallery. The only man who has ever made a passable copy of either is an American, Page. One day I saw two or three copyists at work from one of these inimitable paintings, and each produced a copy totally unlike the original, and very unlike the other's work. Fine idea of Titian such copies will give!

The moral of all this is, if you want pictures buy original modern works. Don't spend money for "old masters," because there are none for sale; nor for copies of them, because these are worthless. And, in general, it is safer and better to buy the works of American than those of foreign artists. Many pictures bought by Americans in Europe as originals are either duplicates or studies, the real pictures having been sold to European collectors. No one need go out of New York to find beautiful paintings. If native art be preferred, he can have his choice in the studios; if his taste runs to foreign styles, he can secure the finest and most costly specimens of French and German art through the agency of such well-known and reliable picture dealers as Schaus, Knœdler, and Weissman & Langenfeld. He has no excuse for buying "old masters" or copies of any sort, and if he gets taken in with any shams of either sort he has no one to blame for it but himself.

S. S. C.

studies of these delightful poems. We have not troubled ourselves with the plan or the machinery of "The Earthly Paradise," which are of the most artless sort—mere unconcealed contrivances by which a dozen tales are strung together, and which yet give the work a unity of purpose and of tone. The story of The Wanderers, who set sail in quest of that Utopia for which their hearts yearn, even like ours, who know that there is no Utopia, but which men five hundred years ago, seem to have thought might exist in some far country this side of the bourne from which no traveller returns, and who finally rest worn and weather-beaten among some kindly folk beyond the great grey waters, and who tell, and are told, these old world tales, is at times a little prolix, but is surcharged with that poetic charm which Morris diffuses through all his writing.

There is a great comfort and good example in the English of these poems, which is notably pure and strong, with a simple, idiomatic strength. It is at times slightly old-fashioned, but not more so than is becoming, and its archaisms do not seem in the least affected. We regret that such a master of the language should have given the sanction of his authority to the phrase "being made." And it is also to be regretted that he uses the word *perfect* as an epithet frequently thus: "perfect arms," "perfect body," "perfect mouth." This trick he and other poets of the day have caught from Tennyson. Now there is no more poetry or descriptive power in the word *perfect*, or in fact as much, as in *round* or *square*, or *triangular*. It is the most prosaic and barren of words, and is fit only for an auctioneer's catalogue. But the blemishes on these poems, even of this speck-like sort, are very few, and must needs be searched for to be found. We have only to read, and enjoy, and be thankful.

R. G. W.

THE LEIPZIC BOOK MART.

Leipzic is well known as the greatest book market in the world. With about ninety thousand inhabitants, it has more than two hundred publishers and book-sellers. Book merchants of almost the whole world have their agencies here, and books in almost every language may be had. The book-merchants have their own exchange—the "Buchhändler-Börse"—a large, handsome building—where they meet weekly, sometimes daily, to take counsel with regard to the advancement of their trade, and where the principal book-merchants of Europe meet annually to adjust their accounts. The sales of books amount to from eight to ten millions of dollars annually. Weekly, monthly, semi-annual and annual literary advertisers and catalogues are published and distributed, containing the titles of all the books, pamphlets, periodicals, etc., published in Europe during these respective periods. It is therefore comparatively easy to find out what works have been published in the various departments of learning during any given period.

The statistics of the literary productions of Germany during the years 1866 and 1867, as registered in Leipzic, show a remarkable intellectual activity. The whole number of books, pamphlets, etc.—not the number of copies printed of each work, but the number of so many different works—printed during the year 1866, amount to 8,699, and in 1867, to 9,855. These works are divided into twenty-four departments, of which theology, philosophy, medicine, law, philology, history, the natural sciences, geography, mathematics, pœdagogics, etc., occupy the most prominent positions. The statistics show that philosophy has lost ground, so far as the number of philosophical productions are concerned. In 1852 their number amounted to 100; in 1859, only to 55; in 1866, to 71; in 1867, to 85. In theology the figures show a steady increase during the last sixteen years. The annual number of productions in this department during that period varied from 1,300 to 1,400, with the exception of the year 1866—the year of the war—when the number sank down to 1,250, but in 1867, it rose again to 1,400. In law and politics the annual number of productions during the last forty years varied from between 629 and 1,000. In medicine the number varies annually from 400 to 500; in the natural sciences and chemistry, from 500 to 600; in pœdagogics, from 700 to 900; in classical and Oriental languages, from 400 500; in modern languages, from 200 to 300;

in history and biography, from 500 to 600; in geography, from 300 to 400; in polite literature, from 800 to 900, etc. The total number of literary productions in Germany during the last sixteen years is as follows:

In 1851...8,326	In 1857...8,699	In 1863...9,889
In 1852...8,857	In 1858...8,672	In 1864..,9,564
In 1853...8,750	In 1859...8,666	In 1865... ——
In 1854...8,704	In 1860...9,496	In 1866...8,699
In 1855...8,794	In 1861...9,566	In 1867...9,855
In 1856..'8,540	In 1862...9,779	

If we calculate an average edition of 6,000 copies for each work, we have an average annual circulation—from 1851 to 1867—of from 49,956,000 to 59,334,000 copies, or during the period of sixteen years, 870,336,000 copies. Of this amount, about one-third is exported to France, England and America. In the above calculation the daily and weekly papers of Germany are not included, but the monthlies and quarterlies are. It must be remembered that very few monthlies and quarterlies reach a higher number of subscribers than from one thousand to four thousand. But while the price of labor and material is much lower in Germany than in America, yet the subscription price of German periodicals is much higher than that of American. And that is also generally the case with new books.

It is not my purpose to draw any inferences from the figures given above, although much might be said concerning the quantity and quality of these publications. It may be said, generally, however, that the majority of them are written with that thoroughness which is one of the characteristics of German scholars.

Among the most recent publications of Germany are the following:

"A Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon to the Old Testament: With an Introduction giving a short History of Hebrew Lexicography." By Dr. Julius Fürst, Professor at the University of Leipzic. Third Edition, improved and enlarged, containing a grammatical and analytical Appendix. Translated from the German by Samuel Davidson, D. D., of the University of Halle, and LL. D., London. Leipzic: Bernhard Tauchnitz. London: Williams & Norgate. Large octavo, 1,511 pp.

The author of this work is one of the greatest Hebrew and Oriental scholars of Germany. He embodies here the results of thirty-four years of constant study of the Hebrew and Oriental languages. Since the days of Gesenius—nearly half a century—Hebrew lexicography has made little or no progress, while general and comparative philology have experienced wonderful advancement. It has been the author's aim not only to bring his work up to the present status of Hebrew philology, but to improve it by reviewing and sifting the immense amount of materials of the language, as well as of the topography, geography and history of the Biblical lands, and making use of the latest results of the exegetical and philological researches. To the lexicon proper is added a concise history of Hebrew lexicography, showing how the explanation of the words belonging to the Hebrew language was historically developed by degrees; how an alphabetical arrangement was first attempted in a peculiar and strange manner, consisting of an abstract of old Hebrew dictionaries, which had almost disappeared, and of similar works, belonging to that department in the first thousand years of our era. The whole work is a masterpiece of its kind. At once comprehensive and thorough, it is a lasting monument to the author's profound scholarship and splendid skill. The typographical execution of the work is superb, and reflects great credit upon its publisher, B. Tauchnitz, of Leipzic.

"Bibel Lexikon. (Bible Lexicon.) Realwörterbuch zum Handgebrauch für Geistliche und Gemeindeglieder. In Verbindung mit Drs. Bruch, Diestel, Dillmann, Fritzsche, Gass, Hausrath, Hitzig, Holzmann, Keim, Lipsius, Merx, Reuss, Rosskoff, Schwarz, Schweitzer, und andem namhaften Bibelforschern, herausgegeben von Kirchenrath Prof. Dr. Daniel Schenkel." Mit Karten und in den Text gedruckten Abbildungen. Leipzic: F. A. Brockhaus. 1868.

In this work its editor and contributors—men of more or less acknowledged theological ability—propose to give to the German public the latest results of Biblical investigation in a clear and concise manner. The undertaking is the first of its kind in Germany. The works already in existence are either too voluminous, learned and expensive for the general public, or they are manuals, containing little beyond pious reflections. This Biblical Lexicon is to comprise four large octavo volumes of 640 pages each, at $2 75 per volume; and is to be largely illustrated with maps and engravings. The theological standpoint of its editor and contributors is that of the extreme rational-

that being the value of a crown in English money. The quantity of poetical posthumous thought in any single churchyard is truly surprising, and where it consists of advice conveyed in the first person, betokens a more general taste for verse in people than is usually credited. We sometimes fear, however, from the recurrence of favorite epitaphs (and nearly every of those just quoted is ancient), that too often the sexton or the stone-cutter has *carte blanche* from the survivors to select and attribute to the deceased such sentiments from the large collection which experience has made familiar to him, as his own professional taste may sanction. And perhaps this theory, also, will account for the wild vagaries of epitaphic orthography.

— PATRONS of the legitimate drama are now-a-days setting up a great outcry against the popularity of such dramatic entertainments as they do not put under that head. It is not difficult to sympathize with this complaint, which is partly just; but the trouble is not wholly in the viciousness of public taste. Only in rare cases do we get the "legitimate" drama in an enjoyable way. For example, when you have genteel comedy (which, when well done, is generally as good acting as you *can* get) most of the players are wholly taken up with making a fine personal impression on the audience. Harry Vavasour and Lord Fitz-Clarence Percy, in glistening hats and rouged cheeks, are forever ogling, and wriggling, and ha-ha-ing, and jauntily hitting the dust out of their tight trowser-legs with their canes, while they talk. All the ladies are exclusively devoted to managing their trails, and flirting their fans, and showing their head-dresses at new angles, parroting their parts, meanwhile, mechanically, and saying "I am astounded!" precisely as if it were "It's going to rain." Even the old gentlemen rely mainly for effect on taking snuff, which they do in every *rôle*, with unhealthy frequency, and as soon as possible after entering. What enormous snuffers are those plethoric, trotting, stick-shaking old fathers, who every night cut off young scapegrace with a shilling, and every night relent with a blessing! Tragedy, as usually acted, is infinitely more annoying than comedy, because there is commonly only one "star," or rocket, and all the rest are "sticks." Of these sticks the worst is the leading actor's horrible double—that second-best actor who imitates him, plays Richmond to his Richard, Iago to his Othello, out-Herods him, bellows louder, and strikes more fire in the fencing, that he may share the applause of the groundlings, as he always does. This dreadful fellow is just good enough to be very bad. The others are generally too ridiculous to be troublesome—but he does imitate nature so abominably! In fine, if people throng to farce and pantomime and the "negro business" and the ballet, it is probably because these latter are at least well done—easier to do well, we admit, but for that very reason oftener consummated. That at least is one plausible, and not far-fetched reason, why the pretended altars of Thalia and Melpomene are sometimes deserted for Humpty Dumpty and Barbe Bleue.

— NAMES of diseases of classic derivation have long been a source of queer varieties of pronunciation. We knew of a good, honest brother who used to speak of a certain clerical disease wherewith his pastor was afflicted, as "the brown critters"—meaning the bronchitis. We have *heard* also (but cannot claim to have known her) of an old lady who labored under the delusion that the malady properly called the varioloid was really the "*very O lord.*" A friend, however, rather goes ahead of these mistakes in his story regarding a fat laundress whom he engaged to go into the country to his villa. She did not appear for several days after the time agreed, but when she did, being asked the cause of her tardiness, she replied: "O, ma'am, I've been very sick with the cholera *infantum.*" She had been sick, but hardly from that disease, judging from her age and avoirdupois.

— ONE of the newspaper critics has some sly fun regarding a late dramatic performance, which embraced four plays and finished up at midnight. We recall a theatrical benefit given to a wounded fireman at the Bowery, fifteen years ago, in which the bill was as follows: "Katherine and Petruchio," "All that Glitters is not Gold,"

"Perfection," "Widow's Victim," singing and dancing, "The Maniac" and other recitations, addresses, tight-rope, negro minstrelsy, and the fifth act of "Richard III." The performance began early and concluded at a quarter to three A. M., "in ample time," as the Sound steamers say, "to take the early morning trains from New York." "Richard" commenced at two, whereby Mr. Prior, who personated the crook-backed tyrant, was able to get a good comfortable night of it, and to play before breakfast in the morning. Ah! those were the good old days of the drama, when you had your full quarter's worth of entertainment and an extra hour or two thrown in; and when you were not sent packing homeward long before midnight in order to accommodate Harlem and Gowanus.

— THE author of the article of "The Church of the Future" sends THE GALAXY the following:

"In my article of July upon this subject, I stated that the Methodist Church is one 'embodying a divine and universal sentiment, and not a creed or doctrine.' 'The Methodist, one of the great organs of this body, in reviewing the article, says, 'But he (the writer) errs in supposing that the form of doctrine which Wesley held as a member of the English Church is required to be accepted only by preachers before becoming such, and not by members before becoming such'—and further, 'the Methodist Episcopal Church has a distinct creed, assent to which is required as a requisite to admission into full church connection.' Is this indeed so? Let me state my authority for making the statement which I did make; I quote from Dr. Stevens's 'Centenary of American Methodism,' p. 134. 'One circumstance,' he (Wesley) says, 'is quite peculiar to the people called Methodists; that is the terms upon which any persons may be admitted into their society. They do not impose, in order to their admission, *any opinions whatever*.' Dr. Stevens says, p. 137, 'Conformity to the doctrines of the Church is required by its statute law, as a functional qualification for the ministry, but church members cannot be excluded for personal opinions while their lives conform to the practical discipline of the Church.' Further, I asked plainly of a Methodist clergyman of this city—Can I, can Dr. Osgood, can a Swedenborgian join your Church without making our doctrinal opinions square with yours or Bishop Simpson's?' He replied, 'You can.' I trust this is so; for upon this point the greatness and growth of this Church must, as it seems to me, be based."

NEBULÆ.

—French apprehension of our great dramatic poet has long been a laughing stock among all English-speaking folk. It was bad enough when they scoffed at and reviled the author of "Hamlet" and the "Tempest;" it was worse when they relaxed so far as to mingle patronage with sneers; but it is worst now that they have begun to do him honor, and even to pay him the compliment of illustration. We have before us one of those fine, beautifully colored lithographs in which the French excel, the subject of which is described as "Hamlet et Ophelia." A brawny athlete, with the head of a modern Parisian fop, but dressed in the costume of about three hundred years ago, reclines on a purple cushion before a simpering young woman, who wears a costume of about the same period, but whose head is *coiffée* in the fashion of eight or ten years ago, when this print was published. These young persons are Hamlet and Ophelia; and Hamlet leans his elbow upon Ophelia's lap and plays with her fan. Just behind the pair rises the base of an Ionic pillar; and, prominent in the picture is a statue of Venus, with Cupid at her feet, raised upon a pedestal. This work of the pencil receives at the hand of some profound French student of the divine Williams the following stupendous explanation: "Bien qu' Ophelia fut la fille et complice de Polonius, l'assassin du Roi son père, Hamelet cherchait dans ses regards amoureux le calme à sa tristesse, et une vengeance digne de ce crime que Polonius paye de sa vie sous les yeux mêmes de la Reine, qui en devint folle." Which being interpreted is, "Although Ophelia was the daughter and the accomplice of Polonius, the assassin of the king, his father, Hamlet sought in her enamored eyes an assuagement of his grief and a vengeance worthy of that crime, which Polonius expiated with his life before the very eyes of the queen, who thereupon went mad." Before that exposition of the plot and purpose of Shakespeare's great philosophical tragedy all other commentators pale their ineffectual fires. In the words of Æneas to Dido, they are dumb-foundered, their hair stands on end, and their tongues cleave to the roofs of their mouths.

—By what right, on what principle of justice, not to speak of courtesy, do gentlemen occupy the seats of the so-called "Ladies' Cabin" in ferry-boats, thereby compelling those for whose use the cabin is set apart, to stand? Any morning or evening, foul or fair, on almost any of the boats plying to and from New York (and we fear the case is the same in other cities) the spectacle may be seen of men coolly seated in the Ladies' Cabin, and ladies standing uncomfortably, and perhaps laden with bundles, in the crowd. The unfairness is this, that ladies cannot occupy the "Gentlemen's Cabin" because it is foul with tobacco smoke and filthy with tobacco juice. Could they do so, and take the seats assigned to gentlemen there, it would be somewhat juster; but, as it is now, gentlemen have (or take) the benefit of both cabins, leaving ladies sure of neither; and that is not an equable division of accommodations. If a gentleman want a seat let him go into his own cabin. If he answer that that is full, or that he cannot stand the smoke, surely both these objections apply to ladies. If he reply that he is tired, let him wait for another boat. If he rejoin that he is in a hurry, then we say, let him stand, unless he can show that ladies cannot be either tired or in a hurry. In that

case, he may usurp their accommodations; but, until then, we hold that it is unfair for him to continue seated in a ladies' cabin when ladies are forced to stand. The case is entirely different from that of the street cars and omnibuses, because these have no separate apartments for gentlemen from which ladies are debarred by the filthy customs permitted there. Accordingly, in a car, if a gentleman give his seat to a lady, it is an act of courtesy or kindness, and not one of absolute right. But ladies have a different sort of claim in the ferry-boats. The remedy, in fine, for the present injustice, is two-fold. Either take down the signs which make a distinction between the cabins, abolish, as in the cars, those masculine privileges of smoking and spitting which render only a part of the boat habitable to ladies, and so give all an equal chance at seats and comfort—or else, on the other hand, enforce the rules which allow ladies the first chance at the privileges of their own cabin. Public sentiment and manly instinct ought to be sufficient for this purpose without resort to official regulation.

— IT must be owned that the living do not always treat the dead quite fairly, in the matter of epitaphs. There is hardly one of us, perhaps, that is sure (unless he takes due precaution) of not preaching on his gravestone such a sermon as he never cared to urge in his life. So soon as the dead man "slips behind a tomb" the living take the liberty of making him read just what moral lesson they please—not what *he* pleases. And it is not only the sentiment, but the form of the epitaph, which is often questionable, and which causes gravestone literature to be among the most grimly humorous of all compositions. Where a man, as many wise and witty, and public and private men have done, writes his own epitaph, we can believe that this is the exact homily which he wishes the traveller to gather from his fate, and so, where a poet composes obituary verses for his own decease, or a scholar fabricates some choice bit of Latinity for his own monument, it is all very well. But surely it is no less incongruous to find a pirate's stone saddled with a text from Scripture than to discover some most prosaic of men giving posthumous counsel in rhyme, and an unlettered peasant demanding *Siste, viator*, or declaring *Hic jacet*. In strolling, the other day, through a New England graveyard (in the town of L.) we were struck with the profusion of metrical sentiments there, and ventured to copy a few of them at random, keeping the spelling as the originals prescribed, regardless of Murray and Goold Brown. The first was this couplet:

> Death is a debt to Nature due,
> Which I have paid and so must you.

Another ran thus:

> Now I am dead, and in my grave,
> And all my bones are rotten,
> When this you see, remember me
> That I be not forgotten.

Another was as follows:

> Althou my Dust will sleep a'whil
> Beneath this barren clod
> Yet I do hope to wake and Smile
> To see my Father God.

A fourth had a familiar turn:

> Diseases sore long time I bore
> Physicians were in vain
> Till Death did seize, and God did please,
> To ease me of my pain.

A fifth ran thus:

> Dry your tears, nor for me greave
> It 's well you 've reason to believe;
> The righteous God does all things well
> And so, my loveing friend, farewell.

Still another read:

> Come near, dear friend, and shed a tear
> Upon the dust that slumbers here,
> And when you see the fate of me,
> Think on the glass that runs for thee.

Many more poetical inscriptions could be cited from this collection, and among them some in which strange effects had been produced by the graver's miscalculations of his space, whereby he was forced to detach letters from words—such as the *n* from "down" and the *m* from "trump"—and mount them above the lines in very small type. These last would remind one of that very old story of the man who, having lost his wife, wished the following dictum of Solomon to be placed upon her tombstone:

> A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.

The graver, not having quite room to put in the word "crown," hit on an ingenious and happy substitute, and rendered the line as follows:

> A virtuous woman is 5*s.* to her husband,

Drawn by Sol Eytinge.

"HERE'S A POOR CREATURE AND HER BABY FREEZING TO DEATH."—Page 448.

THE GALAXY.

VOL. VI.—OCTOBER, 1868.—No. 4.

CIPHER:

A NOVEL.—PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

MR. GILLIES'S FIRST LETTER.

"'J. Q. A. GILLIES, Post-Office.' Why, here's a letter for Mr. Gillies. First one that ever I see!"

The scene was the interior of a city post-office, the speaker a carrier or postman, who stood at one end of a long table assorting a heap of letters thrown there for him to arrange and distribute.

The clerk whom he addressed paused a moment in his occupation of cancelling the stamps upon a mountain of outward-bound letters and glanced at the one in the hand of the carrier.

"For Gillies, sure enough, and as you say, the first one I ever knew of his getting. There he is, making up the northern mail. You'd better hand it over."

"Let's see what he'll say to it," remarked the carrier, crossing the office and approaching another table covered with letters and packages, where stood a middle-aged man, with stooping shoulders and the sallow complexion peculiar to men and plants grown in the shade.

He was busy in folding small parcels of the letters before him in wrappers, announcing their contents at the same time in a voice whose sonorous sweetness contrasted even grotesquely with his appearance, while a clerk opposite rapidly entered the list thus dictated in a large volume, and two assistants tied and "backed" or docketed the little packages.

"Barnstable, N. H., twenty-seven, nine, three."

"Biddeford, Maine, six, two," intoned the yellow man.

"A letter for you, Mr. Gillies," interposed the carrier, tossing it upon the table.

"Not for me. Never have letters. Benson, Vermont, twelve, four"—chanted the clerk.

"You're J. Q. A. Gillies, I expect, aren't you?" asked the carrier, a little indignantly, as he caught up the letter and thrust it under the eyes of the impassive Gillies, who was already reciting,

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"Carrington Centre, Vermont, three, twelve, three."

As the letter was thus abruptly interposed between his eyes and the package already completed beneath his nimble fingers, he cast a hurried glance and then a steady look at it, while an expression of astonishment, even of alarm, crossed his face.

"John Q. A. Gillies, yes, that's my name, but it can't be for me. I never have letters,' said he, reluctantly.

"Three, twelve, three unpaid," murmured the entering clerk, repeating the last call and glancing impatiently from the long rows of unentered letters to the clock above his head.

"You've got one now, anyway. There it is," and the carrier tossed it again upon the table, while Mr. Gillies hurriedly called,

"Charlestown, N. H., thirty-six, twelve, nine, I should say nine, Mr. Blodgett."

"Nine," echoed the entering clerk, and with one eye upon his book he cast the other in astonishment at Vance, the "backer." Mr. Gillies for once had made a mistake, and Blodgett and Vance felt a natural satisfaction in the occurrence.

The entering went on, but not so serenely as before. That thick yellow letter with its bold address lay upon the table, staring into Mr. Gillies's face so persistently that he could not choose but return its glances, and even when the course of operations had carried him half way down the table, his eyes travelled incessantly to the end where it lay alone and conspicuous.

"Montpelier, Vermont, twenty-one, seven."

"John Q. A. Gil— I beg your pardon, Blodgett. I meant Merrifield, Vermont, six, two," called Gillies, hurriedly.

Blodgett and Vance tittered, and the first suggested, good-naturedly,

"You're thinking of your letter, sir, aren't you!"

"It's not for me. I never have letters. Attention, Vance."

"Rockport, Maine, six, two."

And from this point John Q. A. Gillies no longer suffered his attention to wander beyond the business in hand, but kept himself and his assistants so closely to it that the northern mail on that Friday evening was made up at least five minutes before its usual time. Gillies closed and locked the bag, and watched, in an abstracted sort of way, the porter who took it upon his back and carried it to the entrance, ready for the expressman.

Then he turned, still thoughtfully, and taking up the letter, studied the address as if it had been a hieroglyph; examined the post-mark; looked for a seal, and found none, and finally murmured,

"A drop letter. If I open it I can tell who it's for, perhaps. It isn't me."

But yet he threw it down again, and looked about to see if his services were not needed somewhere; if some one was not coming to speak to him; if some other John Q. A. Gillies was not looming up from the horizon. No such deliverance was at hand, however, and, with a sudden flutter of womanish curiosity, the middle-aged clerk, who had hardly in his whole life seen a letter addressed to himself, tore open this one.

The contents were brief and sufficiently clear:

"If Mr. John Q. A. Gillies will call at the rooms of Jones, Brown & Robinson, solicitors, at his earliest convenience, he will hear of something to his advantage."

CHAPTER II.

AN OLD MAN'S LAST ODDITY.

At nine o'clock of the next morning a dubious knock upon the outer door of Messrs. Jones, Brown & Robinson's chambers elicited a gruff "Come in," from Robinson, who being the youngest and worst paid of the firm, was expected to give the most time and do the most work.

"It's not for me, of course, but"—confided Mr. Gillies to the door, as he pushed it open and stood dumb before the gruff-voiced Robinson, who was chafing his numb fingers over the stove.

"Good morning, sir. Are you looking for one of the firm? I'm Robinson," announced the lawyer, concisely, for the tall yellow man with the dubious look did not strike him as a good investment for much politeness.

"Yes, sir. I was looking for one of the firm, although I'm sorry to trouble you for nothing—"

"Heavens! what a voice the fellow's got. A splendid baritone. Should like to hear him try '*Suoni la Tromba*,'" thought Mr. Robinson, who was a bit of an amateur in musical matters. But he said:

"No trouble; no trouble, sir. Take a seat. You were saying—?"

"I got this letter last night. It is directed in my name, but I suppose there is some mistake. I can't think that anybody knows of anything to my advantage. *I* don't."

Mr. Robinson's professionally quick eyes traversed the face, figure, and outward adornment of the person so quietly uttering this forlorn sentiment, and then fell upon the letter in his hand.

"Oh, yes. Mr. Gillies, I presume?"

"My name is Gillies," admitted the clerk, dubiously.

"Of course. And this is your address?" pursued the lawyer, rustling the letter.

"Yes. That is, I am in the post-office, and my name is John Q. Adams Gillies."

"Certainly. I made a few inquiries of Mr. Postmaster —— before sending this letter. It's all right, Mr. Gillies, I assure you. Step this way."

And Mr. Robinson led the way to the inner office, pointed to a seat beside the desk, and disposed himself in the arm-chair before it.

John Gillies looked troubled and anxious. For five-and-forty years he had led an existence so completely isolated, his life had been so barren of any tie or interest beyond his own welfare that even the slight excitement of receiving a letter could, as we have seen, unnerve and distress him, and now the matter seemed assuming an importance that terrified him. He wished for no news, good or bad; he wished for no meddling eyes and fingers in his affairs, even though they promised advantage. The man felt, in the hands of this shrewd lawyer, as an oyster should, into whose shell a lobster insists upon thrusting a claw, with promise that the interference shall result in nothing but good.

"I don't think I'd better sit down. I am sure it is some other Gillies that you mean."

"No, it's not. Sit down, sit down, sir, and I'll give you the whole story in a nutshell," insisted the lawyer, and the clerk slipped into the designated seat as if it had been a dentist's chair.

The lawyer opened his note book.

"Perhaps you remember, Mr. Gillies, one very icy day last winter, when an old gentleman passing up the post-office steps in front of you, slipped, and in falling fractured his collar-bone. You helped him up, called a carriage, and at his desire drove with him to his hotel. You then, still at his request, sent a surgeon, and in the evening returned to inquire for him."

"Mr. Vaughn, you mean."

"Reginald Vaughn, Esquire, late of——"

"He's dead then? Excuse my interruption."

Mr. Robinson bowed stiffly, implying that he excused, but did not approve of it, and after a significant pause, as waiting for further remarks from the client, continued,

"You called twice afterward by Mr. Vaughn's express desire, and went with him to the steamer when he left for Europe. He died in London six weeks ago, and just before his death dictated an instrument bequeathing all his property to John Q. Adams Gillies, clerk in the post-office of this city. That gentleman is undoubtedly yourself, and you will please receive my congratulations upon your accession of fortune."

John Gillies leaned his sallow face upon his hand, and looked moodily into the fire.

"It was contrary to my usual habit to make these calls. I only did it because I was asked, and the old man said something about being lonely and deserted. As for picking him up and taking him home, I couldn't help that, of course."

"Why, surely, man, you're not sorry for having induced Mr. Vaughn to think of you as his legatee?" asked Mr. Robinson, rather impatiently. "If it is your situation in the post-office that you are regretting, I see no necessity for your resigning it. Probably, too, you can sell the estate. Stop, I should give you this packet forwarded with the will, and addressed to yourself. In a letter to us, written at the same time, Mr. Vaughn speaks of it as containing important conditions connected with the inheritance. Here it is."

"Another letter," muttered John Gillies, as he reluctantly took a sealed envelope from the lawyer's hand.

The letter it contained was not a long one, but Mr. Robinson had time to lose and regain his patience and to lose it again, before his new client, slowly re-folding the paper, placed it in the envelope and the envelope in his pocket.

"Well!" said the lawyer at length, for Mr. Gillies, his chin buried in his hand, seemed less and less likely to break the silence.

"Well!" echoed he, rather irritably. "But it is not well. If I accept this property under the conditions imposed upon me the consequence will be an entire revolution of my life. I am to make this estate of Cragness my home, and for company——"

The lawyer waited for the next word, but John Gillies's dry lips closed over it before it could escape, and when they unclosed it was to say,

"You were Mr. Vaughn's legal adviser, were you not?"

"Yes. Our firm has managed the affairs of the Vaughns for fifty years."

"Probably, then, you can give me some history of the family."

"Legal and medical advisers do not generally gossip of the affairs of their clients," said Mr. Robinson, drily.

"Certainly not, but if I assume this property, I assume with it a trust requiring as minute an acquaintance with the history of the Vaughn family as I can acquire."

"Does the late Reginald Vaughn desire you to apply to me for this history?" asked Mr. Robinson, cautiously.

"In so many words."

"Will you show me the letter expressing this desire?"

"I will show you that sentence. The body of the letter is intended for my private eye."

"An odd man—a *very* odd man was the late Reginald Vaughn," muttered the lawyer, as John Gillies again drew the envelope from his pocket, and slowly unfolding the letter, doubled it so as to leave only two lines fully exposed to view.

"Nothing could be odder than his putting this trust and this property upon me, and I had far rather have been left quiet where I was," said the clerk, moodily. "But even though I refused the whole affair, and went back to the post-office as poor as I left it, the mischief is done. My ideas have got a wrench that has unfitted them for their old groove. I should always be wondering why I didn't accept fortune when it came to me, and fancying a thousand pleasures it might have brought with it. And then this—this trust—interests me."

He paused rather abruptly, and the lawyer ventured,

"It is a secret trust, you say."

"Entirely a secret trust," assented Gillies, gravely, "and as such I accept it, and with it the bequest of Reginald Vaughn, and the utter change of life involved in it. Here is the letter."

Mr. Robinson took the paper and read—

"If you wish for such help as is to be found in a history of my family, you may obtain it from either member of the firm of Jones, Brown & Robinson, our solicitors for many years."

"That is quite sufficient, Mr. Gillies, and I will gladly place such knowledge as I have at your service," said the lawyer, returning the letter.

Mr. Gillies simply bowed with the reluctant air which had accompanied him through the interview, and the solicitor, after a moment of thought, began the following narrative.

CHAPTER III.

CRAGNESS AND BONNIEMEER.

"THEY are an old family, these Vaughns, and as proud of their honors as other old and well-to-do families. They have a genealogical tree at Bonniemeer as tall as one of those California pines, and a crest on the silver, and all that. Something more than a hundred years ago, Egbert Vaughn, a younger son of the English family of that name, came to this country and built the old house you have inherited, giving it the name of Cragness. He died, leaving one son, also called Egbert, who in due time married a cousin upon the Vaughn side, and became father of two sons, named Egbert and Alfred. His first wife died when these boys were twelve and fourteen years old; and he married again, but lost his second wife in the first year of their marriage. She left one son, named Reginald, who died in London six weeks since."

"He was this Mr. Vaughn?" asked John Gillies, tapping with his dry forefinger upon the letter in his hand.

"He was that Mr. Vaughn," assented Robinson; "but while Reginald was still a child the two elder brothers grew to be men, and very quarrelsome men, too. At least, they could never agree with each other, or with their father, who

favored sometimes one and sometimes the other of them, but fixed all his affections upon Reginald, whose mother he had doted on with an old man's fondness.

"Matters finally came to a crisis among them, and, after a violent quarrel, Alfred Vaughn left Cragness, and subsequently died abroad. At the time of his disappearance, his father came to town and executed a bill bequeathing the estate of Cragness and the personals to his youngest son, and all the remainder of his property, principally derived from the first wife, to Egbert, his eldest son. Alfred was barely mentioned, and received no bequest. Soon after this, Egbert was married; and, persuading his father to make over to him his promised inheritance, he built a handsome house upon the property of Bonniemeer, and settled there, keeping up but little communication with the father, who, with his youngest son, lived for a few years at Cragness in a very secluded manner, and then died, leaving Reginald in possession.

"He, then a young man of two or three-and-twenty, went immediately abroad and spent many years in travel. Finally, however, he returned home, stayed a short time at Bonniemeer, and then retired to his own estate, where he lived a very secluded life until a year or so before his death, when he came to town and sent for our Mr. Jones, who had an interview with him at his hotel, and who expressed himself not surprised at Mr. Vaughn's recent disposition of his property."

A slight smile wrinkled John Gillies's yellow cheeks. He saw that the younger lawyer was piqued at the preference thus shown to his partner.

"Mr. Jones desired, however, that either Mr. Brown or myself should see you when you came," continued Robinson, "and declined an interview on his own part, so whatever private clue he may have to Mr. Vaughn's motives does not seem likely to benefit your researches."

"And what became of Mr. Egbert Vaughn?" inquired John Gillies, tenaciously clinging to the point.

"Excuse me, Mr. Gillies, but are not you a Scotchman?"

"Excuse me in turn, Mr. Robinson, but had not we better finish the Vaughn genealogy before we begin upon mine?"

Mr. Robinson glanced with increasing disfavor at his new client, but answered, coldly:

"You are quite right, sir. Mr. Egbert Vaughn married, as I have said, and became the father of several children, who all died young, except a daughter, now married to Alfred Murray, Esq., of this city, and a son, named Frederic, who, at his father's demise some years since, inherited the estate of Bonniemeer, where he at present resides with his wife, a young lady from the Southern States. He has as yet no children."

"Then this Mr. Frederic Vaughn and his sister are the only representatives of the family now alive?"

"So far as I know, they are," assented the lawyer.

"How far apart are the houses of Bonniemeer and Cragness?"

"About two miles, and each of them nearly that distance from Carrick, the nearest village. They are both secluded enough. I believe I have now given you all the information in my possession regarding this family, Mr. Gillies. Can we be of any further service?"

"I thank you, sir. I may very possibly require your help in this affair before long;" and the cloud of perplexity upon the clerk's face grew still darker. "I cannot tell—at any rate you will, if you please, take whatever legal measures are

necessary for establishing this will, and putting me in possession of the property. I shall be glad to consider your firm as my legal advisers."

"Certainly, Mr. Gillies, if you feel inclined to honor us with your confidence," said Robinson, formally.

"You mean that I have not yet done so," retorted Gillies, as drily. "You are quite welcome to all I know of myself, which is just this. I was selected from the inmates of a foundling hospital by a man named Gillies, a bachelor, with not a friend or connection in the world, so far as I know. He did not seem to care very much about me, although he treated me kindly and sent me to a public school until I was twelve years old. At that time I entered the post-office where Gillies was a clerk. He died soon after, and I rose through regular gradations until I reached my present position. I am now forty-five years old, and, as I told you before, have never been out of the city bounds except for a country walk, which wearied and disgusted me. I am fond of only one thing in the world—music. I dislike nothing. You have my history."

Mr. Robinson looked at him in astonishment.

"And you are going to live at Cragness?" asked he.

"I am going there. Farther I cannot say."

"But how will a man of your tastes and habits content himself in a solitary sea-shore house. How will you amuse yourself?"

"I will have an organ," said John Gillies, softly, as a tinge of color rose to his sallow cheek, a sign in this impassive nature of rare and overpowering emotion. "The one wish of my life has been to possess a fine organ. I will have the best in Germany."

"Shake hands, Mr. Gillies. I am a musical enthusiast also, and you must come to my house to-night; we have a few friends and a little concert. I think you will be pleased with some of the voices."

"Thank you, but I never visit," said Gillies, slightly touching the proffered hand, and rising to go.

"As you please, of course; but I should have been glad to see you," and the lawyer showed his new client to the door, with a smile upon his lips and a curse in his heart.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MERMAID'S CAVE.

THE village of Carrick was a place of few excitements. The departure or arrival of the three fishing schooners whose several firms embraced every person of consequence in the hamlet; an occasional wreck upon the ragged reef forming the harbor; a small jubilation on election or "Independence" day; these were its principal public events.

A smaller but more frequent interest, however, centred in the semi-weekly arrival of the mail coach forming the only communication between Carrick and the outer world. Even to see it whirling down the sandy street was something, but the knowledge that it bore the lean mail-bag, perhaps a passenger, perhaps some dim report of news affecting, it might be, the fishing interest, it might be the less vital affairs of state, was sufficient to attract every male idler of Carrick to the tavern of the Mermaid's Cave, where it stopped for change of horses; while every woman in town paused with her pies half in the oven, her baby yet unwhipped, her coffee "on the bile," to rush to the door and stand on tiptoe staring

down the street as if the Possibility, for whose advent most of us wait all our lives, were booked to her by that especial coach.

Never, perhaps, had the constancy of these idlers been more severely tested than on the afternoon of a certain dismal December day when the coach, delayed by a furious storm of snow and hail, so far passed its usual hour of arrival that the dinner prepared for the passengers was, as Mrs. Burroughs, landlady of the Mermaid's Cave, remarked, "dried to a skillington, and had no more taste left in it than last year's seaweed."

"The worse for them as has to eat and pay for it," retorted her lord, philosophically. "But keep it hot, Jemima, she'll be here yet. Billings never failed to get through somehow, and whoever he brings will be hungry enough to eat biled hake 'thout gravy."

"There's the supper horn for some on us," said one of the loungers about the bar-room stove, as the blatant tones of a fish-horn pierced the gathering darkness without, and angrily seemed to demand an answer.

"Reckon it's mine," remarked Reuben Brume, with a somewhat uneasy grin. "But I'll hold on a spell for the stage. She can't be much longer, and I guess my woman 'll keep a bite and a sup for me."

"More like she'll give you the bite without the sup," retorted Burroughs, who like most magnates was fond of a joke at the expense of his courtiers.

A general laugh followed his present jibe, for Nancy Brume's proficiency as a scold was well known throughout the village.

"What's the joke? I don't see none," asked Brume, angrily. "Some folks laughs as a loon squawks, jest to make a pooty noise."

"It takes wit to see wit, Reub. You'd better jest laugh when other folks do, 'thout trying to see why," replied the landlord, with a wink to his neighbor.

Brume, far from mollified by this suggestion, was still cudgelling his dull brain for a retort, when the door was thrown open and a smart young fellow, whip in hand, entered the room and strode up to the bar.

"A glass of toddy, Burroughs, as quick as you've a mind to make it. It's cold enough outside to freeze your mermaid's tail off. Don't you hear her screeching?"

The dismal groan of the sign vibrating upon its rusty pintles accompanied the question, and Reuben Brume, finding the laugh diverted from himself, gave up the desperate search for a retort, and asked, instead,

"Did you see anything of the stage, James?"

"Yes, it's lumbering into the village. I brought down a horse for Mr. Vaughn to ride home. It wasn't worth while to try wheels nor yet a sleigh, such going as we've got to-night."

"Is he coming in the stage?" asked the landlady, in some excitement.

"Yes. He drove the horses up three days ago, but said if it stormed bad he should come down in the stage and I was to meet him here with a cutter. Here they come."

A shout and the crack of a whip were heard at this moment, and the inmates of the bar-room rushed in a body out upon the stoop at the front door, in time to see the driver check his reeking horses and clamber stiffly from his box.

"It's some cold, Billings, ain't it?" suggested Burroughs.

"You put this old concern down to Wylde's to-night, and see if ye're as chirk when you git there as you be now," retorted the driver, grimly, while he threw open the coach door and turned down the step.

"Carrick. Stop for dinner," briefly announced he, and then leaving his horses to the stable boy, and his passengers to the landlord or to fate, he pushed through the group of idlers, and entering the deserted bar, mixed himself a stiff glass of spirits and water.

From the coach descended first a well-formed and handsome young man, apparently about twenty-five years old, who, nodding good-humoredly to the spectators, followed the driver into the house. Close behind him appeared the stooping figure, yellow face, and rounded shoulders of a tall man, who, slowly extricating himself from the coach, and rising to his full stature, remained an instant staring disconcertedly about him.

"Won't you walk in, sir?" asked the landlord, rubbing his hands and shivering a little. "A nice fire in the bar, and dinner all ready."

"This is the town of Carrick, is it?"

"Yes, sir, this is Carrick. Was you going to stop here?" And at the implied possibility the idlers paused in their retreat toward the fire, and gazed with revived interest upon the stranger, whom a lucky chance had perhaps delivered over to them.

"Yes. Is this the hotel?"

"Yes, sir," replied Burroughs, with a little hesitation. "The Mermaid's Cave, stage tavern, post-office, and hotel."

At this new assumption of dignity on the part of their magnate, some of the courtiers drew themselves up with a sense of increased consequence, some nudged each other with sly smiles, and the disaffected Brume openly remarked,

"Fust time I ever heerd the old tahvern called a ho-tel. Burroughs 'll be setting up for 'the gen'lemanly lan'lord' next."

At this moment the discordant tones of the fish-horn sounded again through the whirling snow, and Reuben, now left alone upon the stoop, paused a moment in doubt of the expediency of disobeying the summons. The supper hour, however, was already passed. To return now was to suffer all the penalties and reap none of the advantages of further delay, and after a momentary hesitation, Reuben, with a defiant grimace in the direction of his home, followed his comrades into the bar-room, and joined the silent ring about the stove, every man in it bending his entire attention to the conversation between the landlord and the stranger. Mr. Vaughn stood a little apart, questioning his groom as to the state of the roads, and the best mode of travelling them. At another time this interrogatory, now reduced to by-play, would have constituted an ample evening's entertainment for the frequenters of the Mermaid's Cave, but to attend to more than one thing at a time was never a fashion of the men of Carrick, and Mr Vaughn they had seen and heard before, while the stranger fell among them as a human victim to sharks long confined to a fish diet.

"Cragness! Why that's the old Vaughn place," said the landlord, just as Reuben Brume edged into the circle.

"Yes. I wish for a sleigh, horse, and careful driver to take me there immediately after dinner," said the stranger.

"But there ain't nobody living there now. The Square went off to Europe or somewhere last winter, and there's only an old man—old Laz'rus Graves—in the house."

"I know it. Can I have the sleigh?"

"Wa-al"—and Mr. Burroughs looked helplessly about the circle for competent counsel in this unprecedented case.

The courtiers stirred each in his place as expressing sympathy and interest, but no man yet ventured to suggest the appropriate question which should at once arrive at the point next to be ascertained, namely, the motive of this mysterious stranger in thus seeking conveyance to a deserted and lonely house, haunted, too, as every babe in Carrick could testify.

"Wa-al," repeated Mr. Burroughs, and again his rolling eyes traversed the circle. This time they fell upon the figure of Mr. Vaughn, who, having finished his instructions to the groom, now approached the fire. A brilliant idea illuminated the publican's brain.

"Here's Square Vaughn can tell you all about the old place," said he. "I guess you don't fairly know what sort of craft you're shipping in, agoing there, and maybe he'll give you some light. Square, this gentleman wants to go to Cragness to-night."

"Indeed?" And Mr. Vaughn, with somewhat cold politeness, turned to the stranger, who, in their long day's journey, had not offered one remark to him, or vouchsafed more than the curtest replies to his own attempts at conversation.

"I am afraid you will find the old place somewhat desolate on such a night as this," said he.

"Possibly. But I am not sensitive to such matters. Are there no horses to be hired here, can you tell me?"

"Why, yes. I suppose, Burroughs, you could let this gentleman have your own horse and a saddle, couldn't you? My man says the road is impassable for wheels or runners on account of the drift."

"Whitefoot ain't agoing out to-night," whispered a sepulchral voice from the kitchen door into the landlord's ear, who, starting a little, answered slowly,

"Wa-al, Square, I'd like to 'commodate the gentleman, of course, and I've got my own horse in the barn as you say, but I guess he'd better stop there to-night. I couldn't send no one to fetch him back, and like enough it'll storm worse to-morrow, and maybe the gentleman never would get to Cragness, and I'd be awful sorry to lose Whitefoot."

"I suppose, then, I must stay here until the storm is over," said the stranger, glancing somewhat ruefully about the dingy room.

"We'll 'commerdate you the best we can, sir, though winter time, so it's rather hard to have everything shipshape," said Burroughs, casting a dubious side-glance toward the kitchen door.

"I can suggest a better course, perhaps," interposed Mr. Vaughn, with a little hesitation, "if you will ride my servant's horse and accompany me to Bonniemeer, I shall be most happy to offer you a bed, and so soon as the roads are practicable, will send a man to show you the way to Cragness. Burroughs, you will let James ride Whitefoot, won't you? I promise you shall see the old nag safe to-morrow."

"Yes" echoed from behind the kitchen door, and "Yes," replied the landland, with some added phrase of confidence in the "Square's making it all right if anything came to the horse."

All eyes now turned upon the stranger. His first impulse was, evidently, to refuse Mr. Vaughn's proffered hospitality, but a second thought held him a moment irresolute, and he finally said,

"I thank you, sir, for your invitation, but it may make some difference to your feelings to know that I am John Gillies, heir to your late uncle, Reginald Vaughn."

The listeners gasped for breath. Such a mine of interest as was opened by this announcement sufficed to engulf all Carrick for many a day.

Mr. Vaughn smiled frankly, and extended his hand.

"Very happy to give you a neighbor's welcome, Mr. Gillies," said he; "and I only wish I could congratulate you on your accession to the property. But 'the home of my fathers,' as the school girls say, had never much attraction for me, and I infinitely prefer you should be its proprietor to owning it myself. You will come home with me, I trust?"

"Thank you. Yes," said Mr. Gillies, almost cordially.

"Then we will set out at once and dine at Bonniemeer," suggested Vaughn.

"But you'd best take something to keep out the cold, gentlemen," interposed the landlord. "The iron's in the fire, and we'll have some flip ready before you'll get your horses round."

"It's churlish to refuse a stirrup cup, I suppose," said the younger gentleman, laughingly, and Mr. Gillies gravely bowing, said not a word, but watched somewhat curiously, while the landlord drawing a tankard of ale, mingled with it sugar, spirits, and spices, and then pulling from the glowing coals a short iron bar fitted with a wooden handle, stirred the compound in the tankard, until a rich spicy odor from the heated liquid rose in clouds, and caused the souls of the courtiers to momentarily retire from eyes and ears to centre in their noses.

Each gentleman drained a glass of the flip thus compounded, and the host joined them in another, saying, as he raised it to his lips,

"Here's wishing you good healths, sirs."

"A prosperous journey were more to the purpose just now, Burroughs," said Mr. Vaughn, gaily. "Are the horses ready, James?"

"All ready, sir," replied the groom, rather sulkily.

"Then get your own share of the flip, and follow us," said his master, and the two gentlemen mounting the impatient horses held by the stable boy at the door, rode away as rapidly as might be, while James, upon the landlord's broken-winded nag, followed as best he could, comforting himself with several remarks not to be here repeated. The idlers of the Mermaid's Cave attentively watched them out of sight, and then returned to the bar-room to digest the events of the evening, aided by Billings, who had decided the weather and the roads to be unpropitious to farther progress that night.

CHAPTER V.

THE OMEN OF THE DUNES.

As the closing door of the bar-room shut off the stream of ruddy light, which had hospitably marshalled the travellers to their saddles, John Gillies looked about him in dismay. No such scene as this had ever entered his experience.

The twinkling lights of the hamlet already lay behind him, in front, the dark expanse of an angry sea, its breakers thundering on the beach, and rolling up in great white crescents to his horses' feet, or in their retreat dragging down to the depths the rattling pebbles the next wave was to return. To the right lay

a long range of sand dunes glimmering ghostly white through the darkness, while the wind chasing the storm through their mimic gorges and shifting tunnels, and up and down their treacherous slopes, shrieked and yelled in its awful glee. Across the scene a broad white track bordering the black waters showed the crescent curve of the beach, a sort of terrene milky way.

The snow now turning to sleet, beat furiously into the faces of the travellers with a feel like powdered ice. No such scene had John Gillies encountered in all his intermural rambles, and he was inwardly strengthening himself against an impertinent doubt of the wisdom of his own course, when his companion shouted in his ear,

"A wild night, even for the coast."

"Very likely," said Mr. Gillies, curtly.

"I am taking you by the beach. It's a little more open to the storm, but my man says the other road is drifted very badly," continued the master of Bonniemeer.

"I leave it entirely to you, sir," replied his guest, and neither the weather nor his company encouraging further conversation, Mr. Vaughn relapsed into silence, broken only by an occasional phrase of encouragement to his horse, while for nearly an hour the three men struggled on, often reduced to a foot pace by the violence of the storm, now directly opposed to them, and blowing at times with such fury that the horses, restrained from their natural impulse to turn from it, reared impatiently, as if to overleap a tangible obstacle.

The night, now fairly set in, was as dark as is ever known in the immediate vicinity of a large body of water, and it was only by keeping close behind his leader that the stranger was able to follow the road as it finally left the coast and struck in among the sand dunes.

Suddenly, Mr. Vaughn's horse swerved, paused, and uttered a shrill neigh.

"What now, Thor!" exclaimed the rider, as he bent from the saddle to search for the object of the creature's alarm or surprise.

Something like a garment partially buried in a snow-wreath, rose and fell stiffly as a blast of wind swept through the dunes.

"Good heavens! some one is lying here, frozen perhaps. What is to be done?" exclaimed Mr. Vaughn, throwing himself from his horse.

Mr. Gillies uncloscd his lips to suggest a watchman, but recollecting himself, was silent. James and Whitefoot were far in the rear.

"It's a woman, I should think, and she has something—yes, it's a child—wrapped in her cloak. Do you hear me, sir; here's a poor creature and her baby freezing to death at your horse's feet!" exclaimed Vaughn, impetuously, as his comrade quietly began to dismount.

"I understand, but I don't know what to advise. There is no station-house near by, I suppose, where we might apply for help."

"Station-house! good heavens, no! My own house is the nearest; but how are we to get her there?"

"I cannot suggest," said Mr. Gillies, calmly, and in the darkness lost the look of disgust bestowed upon him by his companion.

"She's gone, poor creature, I'm afraid," and the younger man softly raised one of the stiff hands, and then replaced it beneath the cloak.

"James! He's out of sight and hearing," continued he, impatiently. "Well, Mr. Gillies, if you will mount again I'll give you the child to carry, and contrive to get the woman upon my own horse. They can't be left here."

"I cannot carry the child. I never touched one," said Mr. Gillies, in solemn alarm.

"O, very well. I shall wait for my man to take it, then. I do not know that he is more experienced than yourself, but I presume he will not refuse to make the attempt, when life and death are at stake."

"A plan suggests itself to me," said John Gillies, slowly.

"Indeed; what is it?" asked his companion, with scarcely-concealed disdain.

"I will stay here with the woman until your servant comes up, when I will direct him to place her in front of him. You, meantime, will hasten home with the child, as every moment of continued exposure is a chance of life lost to it."

"You will stay here? Possibly, James may not come up at all. I shouldn't wonder if that old nag had foundered, and he walked back to town," said Mr. Vaughn, doubtfully.

"In that case, I shall, after satisfying myself that no life remains in this body, leave it, and trust to the horse to carry me to his home. I have read that their instinct in such cases is a sure guide."

"But why not let me now put the body in front of you, and come at once?" asked Mr. Vaughn, in a more amicable tone.

"I do not wish to touch it," replied the impracticable Gillies.

"Then I will accept your own proposition. I dare say the horse will come straight home, and, as you say, the life of this child depends on immediate relief."

Mr. Gillies, as his sole reply, seated himself in the snow at a short distance from the body.

"Good heavens, man! you'll be asleep in five minutes, and freeze to death in fifteen. I did not actually think of leaving you, of course; but you are so very self-possessed I could not help a little trial to see if you were in earnest."

"I am always in earnest," said John Gillies, solemnly; and Vaughn, with an imperceptible shrug, replied:

"How delightful! But here is James; now we are all right at last. Here, James, come and put this poor creature's body in front of me, and then take the child yourself. Who is that behind you?"

"Thomas, sir. He was sent down to Carrick just after I started, and got to the tavern a few minutes after we left. So he came along the beach."

"Was sent!" exclaimed Vaughn, in a changed voice. "Is anything wrong at home?"

"Mrs. Vaughn is sick, sir," said the groom, hesitating; "and Thomas says Mrs. Rhee seemed a good deal frightened when she sent him."

"Thomas! what message did Mrs. Rhee send to me?" asked the master, impatiently.

"She said, sir, ride for life if you wanted to see your wife again," said Thomas, huskily.

A deep groan burst from Vaughn's lips, and, throwing himself upon his horse, he struck spurs into his sides with an energy that made the fiery creature plunge and rear, and then dart forward as if borne by the wind itself.

Even in that moment of agony, however, the humane and hospitable instincts of the man asserted themselves.

"James," cried he, "I depend upon you to bring the woman, the child, and this gentleman safely to Bonniemeer."

The next instant he was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

BONNIEMEER.

With some difficulty, the grooms succeeded in placing the body of the woman upon one of the horses, and while one man mounted and held it there, the other, with the little child in his arms, regained his own saddle, and, calling upon Mr. Gillies to follow closely, they took the same road their master had done.

The violence of the storm would have rendered communication difficult had it been desired, and not a word was exchanged until, at a sharp turn of the road, the servants pausing to see that the stranger was close beside them, turned in at a gate sheltered and nearly concealed by a dense growth of evergreens.

At some distance, and a little higher than this entrance, appeared the glancing lights of a large building dimly outlined against the stormy sky.

A few moments later the horses paused at the foot of some broad steps, and James, with the infant, carefully dismounting, carried it in at the hall door, and presently returned followed by two or three female servants, who, with much outcry and many questions, helped him to take the body of the woman from the stiffened arms of Thomas, who avowed himself "chilled to the marrow," and carried it into the house.

Then, and not till then, James, who had privately resented more than he thought safe to express Mr. Gillies's resolute non-interference in this work of humanity, said,

"Will you get off your horse, sir, and walk into the house. I will speak to Mrs. Rhee, for I suppose Mr. Vaughn won't be able to see any one to-night."

Mr. Gillies remained immovable.

"I will give any man here a dollar, or as much more as we may decide upon, to show me the way to my own house of Cragness," said he, at length.

"Cragness, sir! There isn't a man or horse about the place that could reach Cragness to-night. There's no choice but for you to stop here. Won't you please walk into the house," replied James, with respectful impatience.

With undisguised reluctance, the visitor dismounted and followed his guide up the steps.

"I had rather go to my own house," persisted he.

To this remark James offered no reply; but, pushing open the heavy door, ushered the guest into a hall, whose warmth, light, and the fragrance from some large flowering shrubs, offered a charming contrast to the wild weather without.

The door of a room at the right of the entrance stood open, and James pushed it a little wider.

"Walk into the library, sir, and sit down," said he. "I will speak to the housekeeper."

"I am sorry I could not go to Cragness," murmured John Gillies, as he advanced into the quiet room and looked about him. The lamps were not lighted, but a fire of bituminous coal blazed in the grate and fitfully illuminated the frescoes of the ceiling, the rare marbles and dim, lettered bindings of volumes rarer than any marbles, the carved blazonry above the fire-place, the moss-green carpet, and furniture.

"A man of letters and art—a proud man and a luxurious," commented shrewd John Gillies, as his eyes wandered over these details. "And not a mu-

sical instrument of any sort," added he, with a hard smile of contempt, as he turned his back upon the room, and stood looking into the glowing coals.

"Shall I show you to your room, Mr. Gillies?" said a voice at his elbow.

He turned, and found a woman beside him. A woman, perhaps thirty-five years old, with one of the most singular faces he had ever seen. Not a trace of color lay beneath the pale olive of the skin, except a deep scarlet in the lips. The large eyes, dark and full as those of a stag, had swept one rapid glance at him when she first spoke, but fell before his own could fairly meet them. Heavy masses of black hair were swept away from a low forehead, and half covered the small ears. The figure was slight and graceful, the hands small, the dress quiet, but handsome. It was in none of these, however, that the peculiarity of this woman's appearance lay; it was in the latent expression of the whole, a sort of terrible intimation of something just beneath the surface, hidden for the moment by an unnatural quiet, but ever watching for a moment of weakness in its guardian to burst from her control.

Something of this the acute physiognomist, John Gillies, felt, but failed at the moment to reduce the perception to thought.

"Shall I show you to your room, sir? I am Mrs. Rhee, Mr. Vaughn's housekeeper," said the woman, finding her first appeal disregarded.

"Thank you. I am sorry to intrude upon strangers at such a time as this, but am informed it would be impossible to reach my own house to-night."

"Quite, sir. It is a terrible night for any one to leave a happy home and go all alone into the storm."

She shivered convulsively as she spoke, and moved toward the door.

Both words and manner were strange, and catching rather at their hidden than their obvious meaning, Mr. Gillies said,

"The woman we found to-night, will she recover?"

"She is dead," said the housekeeper, briefly, as she began to ascend the stairs.

"And Mrs. Vaughn?" asked Gillies, doubtfully.

Mrs. Rhee paused, and clung a moment to the banister before she answered, in a whisper,

"She is dying."

"A terrible night for any one to leave a happy home and go all alone into the storm," echoed through John Gillies's brain, but he said nothing, and the housekeeper recovering from her sudden emotion, passed swiftly up the stairs and threw open the door of a bed-chamber, warmed, lighted, and luxurious.

"You will find a bell at the head of the bed, sir, and dinner will be served in half an hour," said his attendant, briefly, as she closed the door.

The guest stood looking after her a moment, and then drawing a chair to the blazing fire, seated himself and stared absently into its depths.

"A terrible night," murmured he; "I wonder if what is left of those two women will know what sort of a night it is. I wonder if that housekeeper was very fond of her mistress, or if she is what they call nervous. I wonder if this man sitting before this fire is the man who twenty-four hours ago had never been out of the city where he was born, had never seen one of these curious people. I wonder if they keep going on in this way all the time."

Half an hour later, the servant sent to summon Mr. Gillies to dinner, found him sitting in the same position still staring vacantly into the glowing coals.

"Mr. Vaughn begs to be excused from dinner, sir. He cannot leave his wife," said Mrs. Rhee's subdued voice, as the guest entered the dining-room.

The dining-room door again opened, and a small man with quick bright eyes, and a close mouth, entered, and advanced toward the table.

"Mr. Gillies, Doctor Roland," said the housekeeper, briefly.

The two men bowed, and seated themselves at table. Some trifling conversation upon the weather, and upon the peculiarities of the sea-shore in winter, ensued, but the housekeeper did not speak, except in performing the duties of the table, nor did either food or wine pass her lips. Only as they were about to rise, Mr. Gillies noticed that she asked for a glass of ice water, and drank it with feverish rapidity.

Returning at last to his own room, he paused on hearing satifled grons from a corridor just beyond, and, looking down it, was startled to see a dark shapeless figure lying upon the floor at the farther end, and writhing to and fro as if in agony. Cautiously approaching until he stood directly above it, Mr. Gillies still failed in the dim light to discover more than that it appeared to be a woman suffering intensely.

"What's the matter?" asked he, hesitatingly. "Can I help you in any way?"

The sounds of distress became more violent, although evidently suppressed as much as possible, but still the figure neither rose nor spoke.

Gillies, unwilling either to abandon or to urge his proffer of sympathy, stood irresolute, when a door softly opened, and Mrs. Rhee appeared, closing it behind her.

"Chloe!" said she, sternly, and stooping down, she whispered a few words, and then said aloud,

"Get up, Chloe, and go to my room to wait till you are called. Mr. Gillies, I will show you the way to your own chamber."

"I know the way to the chamber I was in before dinner," said Gillies, composedly. "I came here to see what was the matter with this person."

He paused, as he spoke, to look at the uncouth figure now standing erect before him. It was that of an intensely black negro woman, dwarfed in stature, and so malformed that her head, bent upon her breast, could only be turned from side to side, forcing her in addressing any person to give them a sidelong upward glance indescribably elfish and peculiar.

"She is Mrs. Vaughn's nurse, and she feels—"

Mrs. Rhee paused abruptly. The negro woman who had moved away a few steps, turned impulsively, and catching the housekeeper's skirts, buried her face in them with a dumb moan of anguish more pitiful than words. For an instant Mrs. Rhee stooped as if to throw her arms about her, but restraining herself, said imperiously,

"Come with me, Chloe. Mr. Gillies—"

"I have no intention of farther intrusion upon the domestic affairs of this house, ma'am," said Gillies, coldly. "I should not have been guilty of it in this in this instance had not humanity—"

But Mrs. Rhee had not paused for more than his first words. Already she had disappeared through a door at the end of the corridor, followed by Chloe.

Mr. Gillies walked meditatively to his own room, and gave no further clue to his feelings that night, than to say as he stepped into bed. "I wish I could have gone to Cragness."

VITTORIA COLONNA.*

The peerless light of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us.

MILTON.

AMONG the records of illustrious women there are few worthier of remembrance than those which relate to Vittoria Colonna. Her pure renown, brilliant as pure, shines clear and bright through the mists of three centuries, one of the fairest memories of fairest Italy.

It is to be regretted that we possess no contemporary biography of this beautiful and gifted woman; and it seems the more unaccountable when we reflect that, at the time of her death, she was by far the most famous woman in Italy. Nor is this the only, or the most singular omission. Although she died in Rome, and the place and date of her death are well known, as also the fact that the funeral services were celebrated in the chapel of the Convent of S. Anna, her grave is entirely unknown, and the bust which was placed and crowned with so much pomp in the Capitol at Rome on the 12th of May, 1844, is the first and only monument ever erected to her memory.

Until the year 1840, no memoir of any length had ever been published of her; but all the materials preserved in the archives of the Colonna family were then collected with great care by Signor Visconti, and the result is a very interesting volume, and one which is beyond all question authentic, but which lacks many of the pleasant details which a contemporary biography always gives, and which we covet in the case of a woman who was not only famous, but beloved; not only admired, but reverenced.

Perhaps her greatest title to fame is the love with which she inspired Michael Angelo when long past her youth, and when the beauty for which she was so renowned was faded and worn by years of grief and ill health. Yet his love for her was ardent and deep—no mere friendship. It is impossible to read those portions of his life which refer to his connection with her without being convinced of this, and without feeling that, since the world began, no woman was ever the object of a more devoted, longing, and passionate love.

And how beneficent was her influence over him! Her serene sympathy, her wise and womanly counsel, and that delicate and deep appreciation which only women can give, and for which this woman was remarkable, made her friendship a source of infinite consolation and infinite joy to that grand and isolated man. When quite a young man he had written—"I am now alone in the world. I have no friends; I need none; I wish for none." And, as the years rolled on, this gloom and solitude deepened, until Vittoria Colonna's gracious and gentle influence dawned upon his soul, subduing him so completely and so happily that

* "Tutti le Rimè della Illma ed Eccellma Vittoria Colonna, corrette su i testi a penna, e publicate con-la vita della medesima." By Cavaliere Pietro Visconti. Rome, 1840.
"Vie de Vittoria Colonna. Par Le Fevre Deumier." Paris, 1856.
"Life and Poems of Vittoria Colonna. By Mrs. H. Roscoe." Macmillan & Co. London, 1868.

he said, in one of the sonnets he addressed to her, "I was born a rough model; it was for thee to reform and remake me." None, perhaps, but a woman like Vittoria, who added to the grander graces of maturity the rich sweetness and fresh enthusiasm of youth, could have so met the varied wants of Michael Angelo's large nature—could have so entirely satisfied his ideal. "What a man," says Grimm, "would Michael Angelo have become had fate led him to know Vittoria in his younger years, and had she met with him then, when she was herself, less wearied by years and experience! Such as they now found each other, she could give him nothing but the kindly gentleness with which she softened him, and he ventured to desire nothing but what she could bestow."

This unexpressed, stifled desire it is which tinges with melancholy and unsatisfied longing so many of the sonnets he addressed to her. He *loved* her; and she, with all her profound comprehension of his character, her reverence for his genius, a reverence as deep as her enthusiasm was boundless, did not love, and we will venture to add, could never have loved him. Nature, when she lavished upon him everything else, denied him the power to win a woman's heart; and it is, perhaps, as true that no woman could have loved him as that every woman could have loved Raphael. Perhaps, therefore, after all, they met at the period best for their friendship. Had they met earlier, when Michael Angelo might have sought to win her, his failure to do so could not but have produced a mutual consciousness which would have hampered the freedom and frankness of their intimacy.

We should be sure, did we know nothing further of Vittoria than that she was the beloved of Michael Angelo, and to the last day of her life his trusted friend, that hers could be no common character. But this is not her only claim to our admiration, and it may be interesting, therefore, to review her life, and to observe the various influences which operated in developing those noble traits for which she was remarkable. As we proceed, we shall see that all trials were to try her—the trials of beauty, of genius, of admiration, of superb and boundless prosperity, and then of repeated bereavements, repeated disappointments, and long-continued and wearing sickness. The first thirty-six years of her life, however, present a picture of brilliant success and radiant happiness rarely met with. All joys were hers, save one—the supreme happiness of maternity was ever denied to her.

She was the eldest child and only daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, Duc di Palliano e di Tagliocoti, and of the Princess Agnese di Montifelto, his wife, and was born at the Castle of Marino, on the Lago d'Albano, in the year 1490. The castle is about twelve miles from Rome, and is standing still, though, unfortunately, much modernized and shorn of much of the feudal grandeur with which it once frowned upon the quaint little town which nestles at its base. Here Vittoria lived until she was four years old, when her father issued from his retirement to take part in the Spanish and French war, and entered the service of Ferdinand, King of Naples, who, fully recognizing his great merits, both as a soldier and a statesman, determined to bind his allegiance in every way possible, and for this purpose commanded him to betroth the little Vittoria to the son of the Marchese di Pescara, a Spaniard, and a loyal and devoted subject of his own. The alliance was an illustrious one, and the baby bridegroom (Francesco d'Avalos was then only four years old) a child of such promise that he attracted universal attention. No objection, therefore, was interposed, and the betrothal took place without delay; and from this betrothal, entered into for political rea-

sons and by royal command, resulted one of the happiest marriages on record, a marriage in which love never seems to have grown cold, nor constant intercourse to have destroyed its romance and charm.

Early in the following year, Fabrizio Colonna was made Constable of Naples, and soon after the little Vittoria bade farewell to her own people and her father's house, and accompanied Francesco d'Avalos to Ischia, where both children were to be educated by Francesco's sister, the Duchessa di Francavilla, *nata* Costanza d'Avalos.

No one, probably, could have been better fitted for the task than this young and gifted woman, whose learning and ardent love of letters were celebrated by all the poets of the day, and whose valor equalled her learning; for a hero's heart beat behind her velvet bodice. She had defended the Castle of Ischia during the war, and had had the bravery to refuse to capitulate; and as a reward for her services the government of Ischia, civil and military, was settled upon her and her heirs. On the death of the marchese, her father, in 1495, she assumed the entire control of the affairs of the house of Avalos, and managed them with such skill and judgment that she is said to have made it easy for those who came after her.

The office of perpetual Castellana of Ischia was an unusual and important one for a woman to hold; and she was honored by all the princes of Italy, and created a princess by the Emperor Charles V. She devoted much time to study—to the study of Italian, Latin, and poetry especially—and wrote a book entitled "Degli Infortuni e Travagli del Mondo," a strange subject certainly for one so brilliant and successful to have chosen. The duchessa resided almost constantly at Ischia, where she collected about her a society which was, says Visconti, "the glory of that age and the envy of after times;" and he adds that there were many gentlewomen, both of Naples and Sicily, who were fitted by their talents and beauty to adorn it.

In the midst of this society the little pair grew up—Francesco, a handsome and charming boy, of the finest promise, and Vittoria, "beautiful in person, and endowed with the richest gifts of the mind." Her remarkable intelligence showed itself from her earliest years, and her parents, in confiding her to the care of the duchessa, had requested that her education should be "most carefully conducted, and that she should be taught everything which was best suited to her age and talents." And Visconti adds that her progress was very rapid, and that she won the most enthusiastic approval from all her instructors, and that her "growth in beauty and in knowledge was greater than could be found scattered among many other children." She and Francesco were inseparable, and were, from the first, tenderly attached to each other, but beyond the mere facts which we have stated above, we know nothing of that happy childhood to which Vittoria refers in so many of her later poems, when, from the heights of wearied and saddened age, she looked back upon its cloudless hours. And, unhappily, the most careful researches have failed to discover any of the letters which must have passed between the duchessa and the Colonna family during the twelve years that Vittoria remained under her charge. But Ischia, lovely Ischia, is still unchanged. Its frowning fortress still guards it, the azure skies of Italy still bend above it, the waters of that tideless, sapphire sea, which is the jewel of the world, still wash its rocky base. Then, as now, purple vineyards clothed its hills, and orange gardens and olive groves fringed its sides; and imagination can whisper something of the lovely childish pair who once wandered hand in

hand through these fair scenes, as beautiful to-day as then, though they who made them famous have been more than three centuries in their graves.

At seventeen, Vittoria returned to her parents, to spend with them the two years preceding her marriage. A description given of her some eighteen months later, speaks of her as tall and graceful, with regular and clearly chiselled features, a dazzlingly fair skin, large, lustrous eyes, and, to crown all, a profusion of rippling golden hair, which was so beautiful that its glories were sung by many of the poets of the day. Ridolfi in particular declares that "nothing but the light of the sun or of the stars could be compared to it." The fame of her attainments kept pace with the fame of her beauty, and although she was known to be affianced to the Marchesa di Pescara, she had many suitors, the most ardent of whom were the Dukes of Braganza and Savoja Giovio, speaking of Pescara and of these two suitors, says of them in a letter to Stefano Colonna: "L'uno é troppo lontano, l'altro é troppo fuoriscito, e l'altro é troppo tenerello."*

Vittoria's affection for Francesco, however, never wavered, and either for this reason, or because he himself preferred him, the Pope Julius II. interfered at once and in his favor. No further obstacles crossed the path of true love, and a few months later, a grand company of Roman nobles set out one day from the Colonna castle of Marino in Napoli for the ducal castle of Ischia, and Vittoria, radiant in youth, in beauty, and in joy, rode at their head, the star of the bridal train. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp immediately after her arrival at Ischia, and a list of the magnificent gifts which were given and received on the occasion is still preserved in the archives of the Colonna family, and serves to give an idea of the luxurious habits and almost regal expenditure of the Neapolitan nobles of that day.

The marriage festivities lasted for several days, and then Vittoria bade farewell "with many regrets" to her parents and her five brothers, of the eldest of whom, Federico, she was especially fond. He died young, and she has embalmed his memory in several beautiful sonnets. She was speedily consoled for all separations, however, by the affection and tenderness of her husband, in whom she says she "found all that was sweetest in daughter, sister, or mother."

Pescara was at that time nineteen years old, tall, and of noble bearing, with curling auburn hair, regular features, and large dark eyes, which, like the falcon's, could be, by turns, all fire and all softness. He excelled in military exercises, and subsequently became one of the most brilliant generals of his day, winning alike the confidence of his sovereign and the affection of his soldiers. He seems to have been in all respects worthy of the adoration which Vittoria lavished upon him, and to have returned it in equal measure, and this mutual affection, combined with their beauty and amiability, caused the young pair "to be," says a contemporary historian, "without their equal in Italy at this time." Their happiness, during the first three years which followed their marriage, certainly seems unparalleled. Not one cloud darkened the calm heaven of their wedded life, and whether we read of them as studying and writing together in their retired summer villa at Pietralba, or moving amid the silks and brocades, the gorgeous processions and stately festivities of Naples and of Ischia, the same charming vision of youth, and love, and happiness greets us, with the fairest landscape of the world as a fitting background for its loveliness.

In 1512, war with France broke out, and Pescara was called upon to take up arms for the King of Naples, and to accompany Vittoria's father, uncle, and broth-

* One is too far off, another is too old, and another is too young.

ers to the scene of action. The summons was no unwelcome one to him, for he was by nature, as well as by education, a soldier, and ambitious of distinction, as the motto he had chosen for his shield, "With this, or upon this," will show. But the parting was full of anxiety and anguish for Vittoria, although with a heroism worthy of her name, and an unselfishness of which there are many examples in her history, she interposed no objection, suggested no delay, and after providing her husband with everything which could conduce to his comfort in the field, returned to Ischia to wear away the time of his absence as best she might, in reading, writing, and study.

The first poem of any length which she ever wrote is in the form of a letter addressed to Pescara some three months later, during his brief imprisonment at Milan; and after his return to her, she broke out again into song, and wrote several sonnets, all addressed to him, celebrating his glory, his bravery, his privations, and his "beautiful wounds."

Pescara remained at Naples for a year, and in 1513 again joined the allied troops in Lombardy, and Vittoria returned to Ischia, and devoted herself to study and writing as before. Most of her writings bear marks of the most careful finish, and the high rank which she early took in Italy as a poetess, is due in a great degree to the unremitting toil in which she spent her youth. She rarely visited Naples, never, indeed, except to receive the few and brief visits of Pescara, who, as the years rolled on, could snatch less and less time from the duties of the field. It was during one of these visits in the year 1515 that she proposed to him to adopt as his heir his little cousin the Marquis del Vasto, who, except Pescara himself, was the last male descendant of the house of D'Avalos. Vittoria's nature, at once firm and gentle, serene and sympathetic, peculiarly fitted her for the task of education, or she might well have hesitated to assume the charge of the little marquis, who is described as having been "beautiful as an angel, but so fiery, headstrong, and impatient of control, that he seemed doomed to a life of crime."

These gloomy prophecies were happily never realized. Vittoria's beauty, her stately bearing, and the brilliancy and variety of her requirements awed, and her unwavering firmness and exquisite gentleness completely subdued him; he became passionately fond of her, and she was rewarded for her care by seeing him grow up all that she could desire, and by preserving his affection and reverence to the end of his life.

In 1517, Pescara returned to Naples, and was made grand chamberlain to the royal house, and the old joyous life, with all its splendors and festivities, was resumed. Once in particular we read of Vittoria and himself as shining at a royal marriage, and are told that "the noble and splendid appearance of the illustrious lady, the Marchesa di Pescara, on this occasion, was equalled by few and surpassed by none."

In 1520, Pescara was elected ambassador to Charles V. on the occasion of his coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle, and this mission accomplished, he joined his wife in Rome, whither she had gone a short time before with her father. Leo X., a friend of the Colonnas, was then pope, and the tranquil state of Italy enabled him to indulge his taste for splendid entertainments, and to collect about him a brilliant court, at which Vittoria soon shone the fairest of the fair; she was more beautiful than she had been in her early youth, and a volume might be filled with the poems and letters of which she was the subject. At this time she sat to Gaudenzio Ferrari, a pupil of Raphael, for the portrait which is now in the gal-

lery of the Giustiniani. It is probable, too, that the famous picture by Sebastian del Piombo, in the Tribune at Florence, if it be, as there seems to be no reason to doubt it is, a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, was painted about this time, as it corresponds almost exactly with the descriptions given of her appearance when at the height of her beauty and prosperity.

The year which she spent with Pescara in Rome was probably one of the happiest, as it was certainly one of the most brilliant of her life; but the clouds were already beginning to gather in the sky, and the time of their last parting was at hand.

In 1521, Pescara was called to the command of the infantry of the imperial army, and he departed at once, taking Vasto with him. It was not without reluctance that he had consented thus to risk the life of his beloved heir, but the boy's eager desire to accompany him had been seconded by Vittoria, who said, "Take him with you! if he dies, there will be only one man the less; if he fall, only one house will be extinct; it is not a thing to be dreaded so much as that one of your house should be a mean, dastardly character, unworthy the name of D'Avalos."

A year later, Pescara paid Vittoria a flying visit in Rome shortly after the death of her mother; then he returned to the field, and she to Ischia, and they never met again on earth.

We know little of her history during the three years which followed. She is next mentioned in connection with the famous attempt made by Morone after the battle of Pavia, to seduce Pescara from his allegiance to Charles V., by the offer of the crown of Naples. It was then that Vittoria wrote him a letter, urging him to reject these base overtures. "Titles and kingdoms," she says, "do not add to true greatness, unless accompanied by virtue and principle, which alone enable a name to descend untarnished to posterity. I do not desire to be the wife of a king, but I glory in being the wife of that great general who is invincible in war, and who, by his magnanimity in peace, surpasses the greatest kings."

Pescara refused to join in the conspiracy, but he subsequently betrayed the conspirators to the emperor in a way which reflects somewhat upon his honor, and which is the more to be regretted, as it was the last public act of his life, the agitation of these events having injured him in his then delicate state of health (he had been severely wounded at the battle of Pavia) so much, that his case was soon pronounced hopeless, and a message was dispatched to Vittoria, who was then at Ischia, desiring her to come to Milan without delay if she would see her husband before he died. She set out at once, travelling night and day, with all the speed she could command, and in an anxiety of mind which may be imagined; but her haste was in vain. At Viterbo she was met by a messenger bearing the tidings of Francesco's death, and then and there ended thirty-two happy years.

She received the intelligence with a burst of despair, which caused her friends to fear for her reason, and when she was removed to Rome, immediately entered the convent of San Silvestro, to indulge her grief in its repose and solitude. As the days passed away, and the tide of woe still flowed unchecked over that bereaved heart, and the listless apathy into which she had sunk only gave way to paroxysms of anguish, in which she declared that she could not and would not live, and that she envied the fate of the parents of Il Molza, who both died on the same day, it was feared that she might be tempted to end her life. The com-

passion which was felt for her was universal, and the kind and wise manner in which she was watched over by her friends, may be gathered from the conduct of Sadolet, Bishop of Carpentras, one of her dearest and most intimate friends, who, when Vittoria announced her intention of taking the veil, went to the Pope and entreated him to interfere, assuring him that he had well studied Vittoria's character, and that he felt certain that she had no real vocation for a monastic life. The Pope therefore issued a brief, enjoining the nuns of San Silvestro, neither to advise nor to permit her to take the veil. This brief, which bears date the 7th of December, 1526, is still extant. In it the abbess and nuns are commanded to treat Vittoria "with all spiritual and temporal consolations," but it forbids them to allow her to become a nun, since her desire to do so is rather the result of "the violence of her grief, than of a mature judgment and a distinct vocation for a monastic life."

Some months later Vittoria left Rome, and retired to the castle of Marino, where she was born, and which her brother Oscanio had placed at her disposal. It was there that she wrote many of the sonnets in which she has embalmed the memory of her "Sun," as she calls Pescara, sonnets whose melodious melancholy is surpassed by nothing in the word music of her native language, and which are doubly valuable, valuable for the care with which they are written and the elegance with which they are finished, and still more as giving the history of a human mind in one of the most interesting phases which can occur in human experience, the gradual progress from overwhelming despair to resignation, and finally to repose and peace. She attained that repose at last, which He alone can give, who alone may watch beside humanity in such awful struggles as these. And for some souls no other rest remains. Vittoria's was one of these; hers was no trivial nature, easily consoled and easily satisfied; nor was it a many-sided one, capable of various emotions, and able, therefore, to find a second summer when its first was past. It is possible for such natures to be consoled, because a new life, a new self, hitherto unknown, may open to them when the old is gone, and as irretrievably gone as if it had not been. But no such second May was possible for Vittoria; hers is not a character difficult of analyzation or resolvable into many and various elements; on the contrary, we scarcely know of a woman who, gifted with undoubted genius, possessed so perfectly simple a nature, and one which was liable to be more thoroughly biased by early training and associations. And all her associations were bound up with Pescara; her love for him was all the deeper because it had always been his, and the grave which closed over him closed over the heart where he had reigned so long, and which went down with him into that last resting place. Love, indeed, was again to reign within her, but it was as benevolence, as sympathy, as religious aspiration—no more as human passion. Vittoria's brothers, however, seem so little to have understood this trait in her character, that they pressed upon her many of the brilliant offers of marriage which were made to her through them. She replied gently, but firmly, to those proposals, which, probably, not one of her suitors would have dared to make to her in person; but she never again resumed the gay and brilliant life of former years, nor did she ever lay aside her widow's habit. Two years she remained at the castle of Marino, but the war between the Colonnas and the Pope, the war in which she is said to have "shone like a star of peace in a stormy sky," rendered her residence an unsafe one, and she returned to Ischia, "that dear rock of the sea,"

which had been the scene of her greatest joy, as it was now of her loneliness and despair.

The poems which she wrote during the first two years of this lonely life at Ischia form, with those written previously at Marino, a noble and enduring monument to Pescara's memory, a monument which must unhappily remain almost entirely unknown except to Italian scholars; for the exquisite finish and perfect melody of Vittoria's poems lie so much in the language that they almost defy translation. Yet we shall give one or two specimens of those which she wrote as time went on, and her thoughts were gradually weaned from earth and ascended "*al primo Eterno amante.*"

If I have conquered self, by heaven's strength,
'Gainst carnal reason, and the senses striven
With mind renewed and purged, I rise at length
Above the world and its false faith to heaven,
My thoughts, no longer now depressed and vain,
Upon the wings of faith and hope shall rise,
Nor sink into this vale of tears again,
But find true peace and courage in the skies.
I fix my eye still on the better way;
I see the promise of Eternal Day!
Yet still my trembling steps fall erringly:
To choose the right-hand path I must incline
That sacred passage toward the life divine,
And yet I fear that life may ne'er be mine.

And again—

Humility, with ploughshare sharp and strong,
Its furrows deep within my heart must make,
And all the bitter, stagnant waters take;
Clearing away the filthy and the wrong:
Lest those should drown, and these choke up the seed,
Cumbering the ground with rubbish and with weed.
Nay! rather spread a better soil around,
And pray that gentle dew from heaven be found,
And heaven's love to fructify the flower;
Nor idly wait till the last awful hour,
When all is swallowed in eternal night.
Oh, Holy One! leave me not in such plight!
But manifest Thyself to this sad heart;
Banish dark thoughts, and bid my pride depart.

Here we see how her thoughts were occupied in considering the beneficial discipline of grief, and there is a heavenly beauty about those of her poems which were written when she had ascended to the higher regions of divine consolation.

And, as the light streams gently from above,
Sin's gloomy mantle bursts its bonds in twain;
And, robed in white, I seem to feel again
The first sweet sense of innocence and love.

Besides her literary pursuits, Vittoria devoted much time to works of charity and to the execution of her husband's charitable bequests, which were numerous, and left entirely under her control. Meanwhile, her fame was spreading far and wide, and her correspondence and advice were more and more sought by distinguished persons. Cardinal Bembo submitted his sonnets to her for criticism, declaring that her judgment surpassed that of the greatest masters. She also exchanged letters and verses with Ludovico Dolce and with Mercantorio Flaminio, who mentions her in many of his Latin poems; and G. G. Vescovo di Fossombrone often sent his sonnets to her, begging her to "point out their faults." Ariosto, Molza, and Bernardo Tasso, all wrote poems in her honor; and her visit

to the court of Ferrara in 1537 was the signal for an outburst of admiration which proves how fully she must have fulfilled the expectations which her celebrity had excited.

In 1538, the first edition of her poems was published, "without her knowledge and contrary to her desire." In this edition she is styled the "Divina," and in the following edition "Diva," the highest term of honor, and one never before given to a woman.

It was immediately after the publication of the first edition of her poems, and when she was at the zenith of her fame, that she took up her residence in Rome, and achieved the greatest triumph of her life, the "captivation of the austere and stoic soul of Michael Angelo in a fervent and chaste love, such as never before had power over this most wonderful man." Under what circumstances she first met Michael Angelo is not precisely known. When she arrived in Rome, he was hard at work on his painting of the "Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel; and his nature was so retiring, and Vittoria's interest in, and enthusiasm for art so great, that it is probable that she sought him out. She was then forty-eight, a time at which women rarely expect to win, or succeed in winning, such admiration as she received from him; and Michael Angelo was sixty years old, and had probably long relinquished the hope of meeting a soul to whom he could fully open his own. They became friends instantly, however, and Vittoria's noblest gift, the power she possessed of drawing out and developing whatever was finest in the characters of those with whom she came in contact, was never more fully exemplified than in this instance; and many of the sonnets which Michael Angelo addressed to her bear witness no less to the strength and purity of his love for her than to the vast influence she had over him, and its soothing, ennobling, welcome power over his wearied soul. On her side, she understood his character instinctively, and reverenced it even as she did his genius; and of that genius she said that, "transcendent as it was, those who only knew his works, and not himself, valued that in him which could only be called perfect on a lower scale." This was high praise, if we remember that Vittoria was a real lover of art, capable of feeling to the utmost the more than joy which it bestows on those who truly love it; deeply penetrated with a sense of its almost divine mission to humanity, and fully recognizing the immense value of the services which this man, "*piu che mortal angiol divin*," had rendered to it. She was the only human being who ever possessed real personal power over him; and she used it entirely to soothe and soften him, never in a single instance to gratify her own vanity. An example of the delicate tact with which she drew upon his vast mental resources, is given in F. D'Ollanda's account of a Sunday afternoon he spent in their company at the Convent of San Silvestro, a translation of which is given in Grimm's life of Michael Angelo.

Michael Angelo bound up forty of the sonnets which he received from her in a volume which he always kept near him, and one of the most famous sonnets which he addressed to her was written to acknowledge a volume of her poems which she presented to him when she left Rome for Viterbo.

Not all unworthy of the boundless grace
Which thou, most noble lady, hast bestowed,
I fain at first would pay the debt I owed,
And some small gift for thy acceptance place;
But soon I felt 'tis not alone desire
That opes the way to reach an aim so high.
My rash pretensions their success deny,
And I grow wise while failing to aspire;

And well I see how false it were to think
That any work, faded and frail, of mine
Could emulate the perfect grace of thine
Genius and art and daring backward shrink.
A thousand works from mortals like to me
Can ne'er repay what heaven has given thee!

It is said by the writers of that day that Vittoria caused Michael Angelo to "gain a fourth crown" by the poems he wrote in her honor, and certainly they alone would have made him famous, and would have immortalized the fair image which inspired them. It is difficult to make a choice where all are so beautiful; but it has been well said that the third of these sonnets bears the most beautiful testimony to the influence which she exerted over him:

When God-like art has, with superior thought,
The limbs and motions in idea conceived,
A simple form, in humble clay achieved,
Is the first offering into being brought.
Then stroke on stroke from out the living rock
Its promised work the practised chisel brings;
And into life a form so graceful springs
That none can fear for it time's rudest shock.
Such was my birth. In humble mold I lay
At first: to be by thee, O lady high!
Renewed, and to a work more perfect brought.
Thou giv'st what lacking is, and filest away
All roughness. Yet what tortures lie,
Ere my wild heart can be restrained and taught!

The sublime strain of aspiration which runs through most of these sonnets was very much the result of Vittoria's example and influence. Her deeper religious experiences coincided in a great degree with those of Michael Angelo; and the natural gentleness and dependence of her woman's nature had taught her a higher faith and deeper consolation than he had attained when they met. Her later poems, which are all, or nearly all, on sacred subjects, have a much higher degree of finish than her others. She labored to make them perfect, from the idea that nothing ought to be as noble and beautiful as religious poems; and thus it happened that, in nearly every sonnet which Michael Angelo addressed to her, the expression of his love is blended with an aspiration toward that Divine Love in whom alone human love may be immortal.

Better plea
Love cannot have than that, in loving thee,
Glory to that eternal peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

Long years after Vittoria's death, that deathless flower was blooming still in Michael Angelo's heart. The frenzy of despair into which he was thrown by her loss is well known, and shortly before he died he told Condivi that he repented nothing in his whole life so much as having only kissed her hand, and not her lips and cheeks, when he went to her at her last hour.

From the time that they were first friends they corresponded constantly; indeed, Michael Angelo wrote so often, and so diffusely, and required such frequent and lengthy replies, that on one occasion, when Vittoria was in retreat

at the convent of San Caterina, she begged him to restrict himself a little. The passage is as follows:

Your wishing to continue the writing of letters with so much ardor will prevent my remaining in the evening with the sisters in the chapel of S. Caterina, and will prevent your going in good time to your work at St. Peter's, so that one would fail in duty to the sisters of Christ, and the other to his vicar.

In another letter she refers to a design for a crucifix which he had sent her, which she was to approve of and send back to him; upon which the crucifix was to be begun. The drawing, however, pleased her so well that she would not give it back, and she wrote:

UNIQUE MASTER MICHAEL ANGELO AND MY MOST ESPECIAL FRIEND: I have received your letter, and have looked at the crucifix, a work which truly effaces the remembrance of all the other representations I know. For nothing more lovely or more perfect is possible than this image of Christ, with such inconceivable tenderness and wonderful power is it executed. But now—whether it be the work of any one but yourself, I will not have any one else execute it. Let me know whether, really, any one but yourself has designed it! Forgive me this question! If it is your work, you must, under any circumstances, give it to me. If, however, it is not your work, and you have wished to have it executed by one of your workmen, we must first talk it over, for I know how difficult it will be to work a second time over such a drawing. I would rather that he who did it should execute for me something else. If, however, the drawing is yours, pardon me if I do not return it. I have examined it narrowly in the light both with lens and mirror, and never saw a more perfect thing. I am as ever,

LA MARCHESA DI PESCARA.

To this Michael Angelo thus replied, evidently after a message from Vittoria on the same subject:

SIGNORA MARCHESA: As I was myself in Rome, you need not have commissioned Messer Tomaso with regard to the crucifix, and have placed him between *you* and *me*, your servant, to demand my services in this way. I would have done more for your Eccellenza than for any one else whom I could name in the world, had not the work which burdens me made it impossible to show this, indeed, to your Eccellenza. I know your Eccellenza is familiar with the saying, "*Amor non vuol maestro*,"* and, also, "*Chi ama non dorme*."† It was unnecessary to make inquiries through others. For, although it seems as if I had forgotten it, I wished to give no hint about it, only because I had a surprise in my mind. I am now deprived of this pleasure. "Evil to him who forgets so much fidelity so soon." Your Eccellenza's servant,

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Although many letters undoubtedly passed between Vittoria and Michael Angelo, those we have given are the only ones hitherto published. Five are said to be in the possession of the Buonarroti family at Florence, and there are probably many more among the unpublished prose writings of Vittoria, as for some years she was absent a great part of the time from Rome, in consequence of the war between the Colonnas and the Pope, in which the former forfeited all their estates in the Romagna.

The latter years of her life were spent amid fast-thickening shadows. The storm of persecution which was beginning to rage against those who held liberal opinions, the increasing severity of the Inquisition, the ignominious flight of Occhino and Peter Martyr, the death of Contarini, of whom she said that "he ought to have been Pope to have made the age happy," and, lastly, the tragic fate of the Marquis del Vasto, "the light of Italian soldiers," and

* Love needs no master. † He who loves, sleeps not.

who had always been to her a son, crushed the strong spirit which had borne so much with patience. She survived Vasto several years, but they were years of suffering and infirmity, and all the letters written by her friends on the subject of her health, express the regret that no physician could be found for her mind. She resided up to within a few months of her death at the convent of S. Caterina, where she composed her last *rimè*, and where she is supposed to have somewhat hastened her end by the austerities which she practised. Early in the year 1547 she returned to Rome, and took up her residence at the convent of S. Anna. She was then very ill, and a few weeks later, as it became evident that she was near her end, she was removed to the Palazzo Cesarini, "chiamato Argentina," which was the residence of Giuliano Cesarini and his wife Giulia Colonna. Here, on the 16th of February, 1547, she made and signed her last will and testament, bequeathing large sums for charitable purposes, and the remainder of her fortune to her brother Ascanio Colonna. She then gave minute directions as to her funeral, desiring that it should be as simple and unostentatious as possible, and, in all things, like the burial of a professed nun. After this she sank rapidly, suffering much, but bearing it with the serene patience characteristic of her, until toward the end of February the day dawned which was to close upon her dying bed.

As the hours crept on, one after another of her friends stole in to look upon her beloved face for the last time; but one there was, who, after all had gone, and she had sunk into the unbroken quiet which preceded dissolution, lingered still beside her bed, holding her cold hand in his own, and gazing, with what infinite love and longing, what a passion of regret, we shall never know, upon the features, worn and sunken, but delicate and beautiful still, which his love and genius have rendered forever famous. He had his reward at last, for, as the twilight deepened into night, the silence which he had feared would be the last, was at length broken, she turned suddenly to him, and whispered, "I—die. Help me to repeat my last prayer. I cannot now remember the words." And still holding her hand, Michael Angelo repeated one of the most devout utterances in which a Christian soul ever aspired to its God, while her lips moved without uttering a sound.

"Grant, I pray thee, O Lord, that I may ever worship Thee with that humility of soul which becometh my low estate, and that elevation which Thy glory demandeth; that in that fear which Thy justice requireth, and that hope which Thy clemency alloweth, I may ever live; that to Thee, as the most powerful, I may submit myself, that to Thee, as the all wise, I may yield myself, and that to Thee, as the all perfect, I may be wholly turned. O Father, most holy, I pray that Thy living flame may purify me, Thy clear light lighten me, and Thy true love so inspire me, that no mortal hindrance may withhold me from Thee, and that to Thee I may return, blest, and at peace."

And even as it was uttered, it was answered, for as the last words fell from his lips, "she turned her large eyes upon him, a smile trembled on her lips, and she tranquilly expired, murmuring some words which he could not distinguish."

The brief pain of human life was over; the long joy of eternal life begun.

Vattene in pace anima beata e bella.

HAZARD.

IT was a merry voice that, so to speak, leaped the south fence of Judge Forrest's garden and ran up the walk after young Miss Margaret, who was walking about whither she would, under the brightest of September skies. A voice that did not disturb the locusts, for they chirped on, neither the sick turkey which the young girl was carrying about within the shelter of her arm. Miss Margaret it did disturb. "That's Josie Parker," she said to herself; "she has always something to tell. I never saw such a girl."

There was a little contempt in this reflection, nevertheless Margaret went rapidly down the walk toward the fence and the girl who had shouted that she had "something to tell."

"I'm trying to get some of your raspberries," said Josie, reaching between the pickets, and finding it impossible to touch the outermost branches. "Why didn't you have them planted nearer the fence?"

"Because John said he wouldn't have all the boys in the town hanging round our corner," answered Margaret, laughing. "I suppose if he had thought of you, Joe, he would have done differently. Come in and get all you want. You're setting a bad example to folks."

"I haven't time. I can't. Mother is looking for me now, I expect."

"I want to send some flowers to her. Do come. I haven't anybody to look at except this poor little thing. Come and get some day lilies."

That was an invitation Miss Josie could not resist, so she went around to the great garden gate which opened into the lane, and Margaret let her in.

These girls were as good friends as any two in Dunham. Their only point of resemblance, however, was their youth. Margaret was shy and proud, and never in any situation quite at her ease. Josie was bold and bright, and had friends and foes everywhere. Her foes of yesterday were likely to be her friends of to-morrow. That was as she chose. She was a born politician, and boasted, not without reason, that she could talk anybody round to her side in five minutes. That consciousness of power induced, of course, a great sense of freedom, and lawless demonstration thereof.

She "knew all about Mag," and had taken on herself, long ago, the responsibilities of a protectorate.

There could, in reality, be no deep sympathy between the two; but there was now-a-days a very busy intimacy.

While Margaret gathered the flowers, she asked Josie what it was she had to tell.

"Where is your grandpa?" asked Josie, instead of answering the question—and she looked a little confused, as if the position of things had changed somewhat to her vision since she stood in the handsome garden.

"He went away this morning. I don't know where," said Margaret.

"Bet I can tell. To bring your father home!" There—it was all out.

Josie Parker had kept her secret a day and a half. By night it would be a secret no longer—she had a right to speak, and had earned it by her silence.

The mignonette and day lilies Margaret had gathered dropped from her hands, she stood and looked at Josie so pale and astounded that the girl, half frightened, yet fascinated by the exhibition of surprise and fear before her, stammered out,

"I heard so. I expect it's true. Don't you believe it? Ain't you glad?"

"I am going to go and ask Ross," said Margaret: still she did not stir.

"Do you think he will know you, Mag?" asked Josie, after a moment, in which she had found herself strangely unable to recover from her embarrassment. "How old are you, Mag?"

"Almost fifteen." Margaret never looked so straight and so tall as she did when she answered this last question, and bravely lifted her hand to dash away the tear she felt on her cheek.

"How pretty you look in your new dress! Don't you feel odd in colors, though, after wearing black so long?"

These words were spoken with so much emphasis that it was easy for Margaret to take hold of them, consider, and answer them. The tears which had fallen were all that Josie needed to see; but for them she might have gone on showing herself as heartless as a brickbat.

"Grandfather had Miss Ross come to make my dresses—he bought me six. They are all very pretty—but—" tears were gathering again.

"Don't!" said Josie, in a softened voice. "If he was my father I should cry, too—for joy, though. I should like to see anybody that—"

Even Josie seemed to feel that she was now stepping on dangerous ground, and she walked more cautiously. "He has friends enough in Dunham. You needn't be afraid. I'll fight the whole school if anybody says anything. Don't you care!"

Margaret now went on gathering gay and precious flowers. It was her testimony of gratitude, for she was beyond speech. And so Josie went away presently with her hands filled with bloom, having kissed Mag, and thanked her, and promised that on Monday she would wait for her on the walk outside of the garden, on her way to school. But before she reached home she had thought of something else that she would do, which would show the girls, before Monday, whose side she was on.

This was Saturday afternoon. After Josie had gone, Margaret went into the summer house, and sat down there to reflect on what she had heard. That was her grandfather's way when he had anything on his mind. Few were the facts on which she strove to reflect—her father had been separated from the outside world, as well as from his family, seven years, and he was coming back! The separation had not been voluntary; prison walls had risen between him and his daughter and his proper world.

A week since her grandfather had said, as she arose from the breakfast table,

"We must have Miss Ross here to make you some new clothes. When I am dead, remember, you are not to put on black for me. You are 'going out of mourning,' and you must go for good."

That same morning he had made good his purpose as far as possible, for he

had purchased half-a-dozen dresses, and there were very gay colors among them, and then hunted up Miss Ross.

Margaret wondered whether he knew then that her father was coming. Was that the reason why he had determined that she must put off mourning for her mother, who died only one year ago?

These were among the thoughts and questions on which the girl pondered in the pretty summer house that pleasant September afternoon. It was not cheerful holiday occupation, but it was long since that cheerfulness went out of Judge Forrest's house.

Years ago, six months, perhaps, after his son-in-law was convicted of forgery and sent to prison, it had been made known to the judge that an application for Joseph Hazard's pardon would meet with success. The old man, whose point of pride was his integrity, puzzled quietly over that proposition for many a day. His head was clearer than his heart was warm, and the result of his deliberation was, that he addressed a letter to the party making the overture, such as persons engaged in the business of procuring the pardon of criminals seldom receive.

"Joseph did wrong," he meditated. "He knew beforehand what the penalty was. When he got into that tight place, why didn't he come to me and show how things stood? What made him act as a knave would? If a rich man's son can be bought out of prison he can't be bought out of disgrace. What'll become of justice if people take things into their hands that way? I ain't opposed to punishments that are for the protection of society."

These opinions and conclusions were not delivered consecutively. They made their way through the doubts and the griefs, yes, and the temptations, which beset the old man, and when they were all fairly before him, he did not flinch.

Meantime there was the daughter of Judge Forrest, the wife of Joseph Hazard, dying a thousand deaths. The father had decided also, that when the seven years of prison life were ended, he would go abroad with his son and daughter and their child—but the rigorous virtue which, satisfied in its demands, could support him through mortification and sorrow, proved a less strong staff to his daughter. The doctor recommended change of air, a sea voyage, when he saw that her doom was sealed; and so the old man anticipated himself, took Jenny and her child to Cuba, and the next spring she was brought back home in her coffin.

Like other prisoners Joseph Hazard served his time. He had considerable mechanical skill, and while in prison worked at clock-making, taking up an occupation which had once been an amusement, as his daily employment, while passing through all the stages of hope, despair, and indignation. It had seemed to him impossible that Judge Forrest should leave him the victim of the law, its subject, to the "bitter end." He knew that a pardon could be procured as easily as a newspaper; and he knew, too, how proud and fond of his daughter the old man was. But as month after month passed, and there was no fulfilment of the promise which had been so plainly hinted, and the superintendent avoided him as he did other prisoners, hope left him, and, as I said, he passed through the phases of despair and indignation to defiance. But that was not the final result of his experience. The Juggernaut before which he had thrown himself in his frenzy, had rolled over him, and he was crushed, only not out of existence. The

judge would not put in a plea of insanity in his behalf, but when Hazard reflected on the transaction, he felt that he had been acting under all the conditions of insanity, when he grasped at ruin, thinking so to save himself. And restored to sanity, of what avail would the spirit of defiance prove? To answer this question was to prophesy his future. Not to be done in a moment.

Margaret sat in the arbor till the tea bell rang, recalling the image of this lost parent who was about to be restored to her. She thought that she could distinctly remember what he was when he went away, and she could not but recall those words her mother had spoken about him when she knew that she must die far from the home to which her child would return.

Miss Ross was already waiting in the dining-room when Margaret went in. Such an afternoon this good woman had never spent before. When the judge was going away he said to her, "I shall bring Hazard back with me to-night. Tell Maggy."

And that was all he said. She had been calculating since, and had found that the seven years expired yesterday.

For the last hour she had been wondering why Maggie did not come; but now when she saw her coming she did not doubt whether the child must learn from her lips of that arrival which would set all the Dunham tongues talking.

It was her first impulse to take the girl in her arms, but she refrained. Margaret was not a kitten, to be stroked and fondled; she required very different treatment. So Miss Ross, who was not only a dressmaker, but a dear friend in the family, as she had been in Jenny Forrest's honored, happy time, said,

"Why, you child, where have you been? I have wanted you this hour."

"Did you call? I was in the garden."

"How is any one ever to know where you are? I heard Josie Parker out there, and concluded, when I looked and didn't see you, and called and called, and got no answer, that you must be a mile off, at least. Besides, I told you I should want you."

The young, pale girl here looked up at the old brown one.

"I forgot it. I'm sorry."

Then Miss Ross relented.

"Never mind," she said, "I had enough to do. I expect I was more lonesome for company than anything. You have two dresses done, and that will take you over Sunday. You must wear your white one to-morrow; that will please the judge.

"To-morrow! is to-morrow Sunday?" exclaimed Margaret, in dismay.

"Yes; and a long week enough I've found," answered Miss Ross, speaking very cheerily.

"I shall wear my black silk to-morrow," said Margaret.

"No, indeed. You are not going to put on another black dress for a long, long time, I hope. You ought to want to please your grandpa. I never saw him so interested about your dress before, and what good taste he did show selecting those things!"

"No matter about the dresses—I don't care," said Margaret, suddenly relenting. "If he wants me to wear the white one I will; but I don't like white any way, and how the girls will stare at me!"

"It is going to be a beautiful day. The sun set clear," said Miss Ross, rather absently. Then, returning to the present, she added, speaking briskly, "Come, dear; the tea-bell meant tea, I suppose."

"I am going to cut some flowers, Ross; I don't want any tea," said Margaret. Her father! Sunday! that white dress! She felt faint; she must get away, if only into the garden—anywhere where Ross couldn't look at her.

But Miss Ross said, "If you don't want tea, dear, I don't; and Mary may as well clear the things away."

At that, Margaret went to the table and sat down.

When they had made a show of supping, they went out into the garden together; and while she was cutting flowers Margaret said,

"Do you know where grandpa has gone, Ross?"

"On the railroad a ways. Not far, I fancy. He will be back this evening."

"Do you know what he went for?"

"Yes."

Miss Ross was in distress. The moment she had been praying against all the afternoon had come!

"What for?"

"To meet your father. He is coming back again."

The tearful endeavors Miss Ross made to speak cheerily, as if she were congratulating the child, taxed and tested her to the utmost.

"Then it is true?"

For the first time since she began this talk, Margaret looked at her companion. Joseph Hazard would have found it punishment grievous enough but to meet that look of his girl's eyes.

"Yes, it is true. He is coming back, dear Maggie. I was going to tell you. He wanted me to. Do you know," she added, hurriedly, and trying to speak in an animated, pleased tone—"do you know, I think it is what the judge had the dresses made for—so you would have a pleasant, cheerful look to your father when he saw you. And he has had the room all set to rights."

"Which room?"

"The one your mother had, and her picture hung up. And he told me that you must cut some flowers for the vases, just what you are doing."

At that the girl resumed her clipping; but now her eyes wandered about, seeking the finest blossoms.

"Will he stay here?" she asked.

"Of course."

"I don't think he will."

"But come now, we must make haste. You have flowers enough there to trim the whole house."

Margaret picked up the basket, and they went away to the bed-chamber; and one might have supposed it was for youth and beauty that the room was decked when Margaret ceased from her work to contemplate it. But it was rather for the dead than the living that she worked. While she filled the vases she was talking of her mother, and of those last nights in the tropics, and of the promise on which she was now trying to steady her trembling young heart. She had never talked of those memories before. Ross had an ear to hear them.

At ten o'clock the train passed through the village to the station; and in half an hour it was quite well known in Dunham that Joseph Hazard had stepped from the cars with Judge Forrest, and that the two men had walked arm-in-arm around the corner and up the street.

It was a cloudy night, and the figures of these two were within the yard, and half way up the walk, before Miss Ross said, in a frightened way,

"There! there they are! You must run down to meet them. Go, deary."

When Margaret heard the whistled warning of the engine's approach, she thrust her fingers in her ears. After Miss Ross had spoken, she sat a moment motionless; then she sprang from her seat by the window, and running down the stairs, opened the door.

"Grandfather, did you find him?"

Then she heard a voice say—awful was the sound of it, to her imagination,

"Is it possible? Is this Margaret?"

"That is our Maggy, Joseph. Come in, sir. We are as hungry as two bears, Mag."

The judge was an old hero, but his cheerfulness had a dismal sound, and he could not hinder this return from being more sorrowful than that of last year, when all the Dunham people formed in procession and walked behind the hearse in which poor Jenny Hazard was carried to her father's house.

How happened it that he had come back to the old place? When he went through the prison doors and gates that morning until he stood as free a man as any of those that hurried past him up and down the streets, and for the first time in seven years looked up as a free man might—as a freed man, alas!—and saw the splendid blue dome spread above him, and felt the warmth of the September sun, and saw the shadows of the waving breeze, and the little birds, and the bright flowers, and the merry children, he stood for a moment as aimless as the thistle seed floating past him. Dunham was not among his hopes.

Presently he was startled by the rushing sound of an approaching train. In a few seconds it went shrieking by him, and then he saw that the depot was but a few yards distant. He walked that way, and more and more rapidly. As the train moved off, he stepped on board. He had not secured a ticket, for he was going nowhere. He had no destination. When the conductor came to him on his round, he inquired the name of the next station, and paid his fare; then he pulled his hat over his forehead and closed his eyes. It chanced that a lady shared the seat with him, but he seemed unconscious of the fact, or that there was another passenger beside himself on board.

When the train stopped he left the car, but he would not have done so had he known what had happened. The up train had been thrown off the track a few hours before, and the passengers were waiting on the depot platform until the accident should be remedied so far that they might proceed.

One of those passengers discovered, when Joseph Hazard stepped upon the platform, that he had made his journey. This was Judge Forrest. He recognized his son-in-law at once, and went to him.

"I was on my way to meet you," he said, "when this accident detained me here. I meant to get to you at C—— in time. We will go home by the next train."

"Home!" ejaculated Joseph, looking at the judge. The old man was able to meet that look, and reply to that word. "Maggy will be waiting for us," he said.

"Is she expecting me?"

"Certainly."

"Marriage can be outlawed; cannot parentage? I never thought of going back there. I do not think I want to see anybody I ever heard of before."

That was a weak thing to say, but Mr. Hazard felt neither the strength of virtue nor of crime at that moment. He *was* weak.

"All wrong," replied the judge. "Don't think anything about it. There will be another train along in half an hour," looking at his watch, and taking Joseph by the arm. "Come and get a cup of coffee—capital coffee as ever I tasted. I thought we should get home for dinner, but this detention will make us rather late, and you won't have any refreshment until we arrive."

While the judge was speaking he was hurrying through the crowd, which made way for him, and he soon had Joseph seated at the table; and the confusion of the little world in which they were but two, was agreeable to both.

From the moment that he heard Judge Forrest's voice Joseph was passive in his hands. He had persuaded himself that he never could go back to Dunham, and the first night of his release was to be spent there!

In a village filled with acquaintances, who had been friends, he must be welcomed, congratulated, discussed. People would say to each other, "Hazard is back;" ask, "Have you seen him?" "What is he going to do?" comment, "That's a heavy load for the old judge to carry;" at the very best, pity him. What torture could have been prepared for him compared with that to which he must quietly submit on the day succeeding his return? He must go to church, of course! Everybody knew that he was in Dunham—and the presence of Judge Forrest was as much relied upon in the Dunham meeting-house, as was that of the minister.

"You will go with us, of course," Hazard seemed to hear his father-in-law say, and that which was taken for granted he performed.

The determination formed by Josie Parker, on her way home Saturday afternoon, that she would sit with Maggie Sunday morning, was carried out. When Margaret walked behind her father and the judge up the long aisle, she believed that she must fall down in a faint before she had gone half way; but in some mysterious manner there was conveyed to her an intimation, perhaps by the flutter of a well-known ribbon, or the flash of an eye, she never knew what or how it was, that Josie was waiting for her; and so she went bravely on, fluttering into her seat at last, scared, blushing; and it was a long while before she could lift her eyes even to look at the minister.

After a while—it seemed to Josie a long while—she nudged Margaret with her elbow, and laid an open hymn book on her lap, pointing to the lines—

> Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love,

an act of grace sufficient to cover a multitude of sins in oblivion.

Judge Forrest was equal to the business he had undertaken. He had Hazard with him everywhere. "We have stood for justice," he said to himself, and he bore himself majestically toward his towns-folk. He had done his duty; let no one intrude upon that fact. The novelty of his position had, however, it cannot be denied, deadened the old man's sensibility. He seemed to be losing sight of Hazard's experience in his own.

But now what was Joseph Hazard to do? A lost man, his business was to find himself and his proper place in a new world. And what had he to do on that plane where people exchanged civilities, laughed, talked, ate, and drank with each other? Their courtesies meaning, however, little when extended toward those of their own kind meant too much when exhibited toward him.

Their painful endeavors so to regulate behavior that it might not be mis-

construed by him, were hardly less easy to bear than the old man's constant recollection of events, and reference to them in the daily business of life.

"Be easy," he would say, not questioning his right to command the patience he had himself learned in so hard a school—"Be easy, Joseph; you will work things around right yet."

Then he had worked them wrong? Oh, yes! infernally wrong!

And again—"I don't doubt, Joseph, that if you went into business to-morrow, with your skill, you could drive all before you. But I would not advise it; better keep quiet awhile."

Was the past, all the results of his departed years, too fresh in people's minds?

And then—"Things are sure to turn round at last; so you can take 'em by the right handle. All you have to do is look out."

"To *get* out," was Hazard's fierce comment when he heard this.

A hundred plans for the future presented themselves to him, one after the other, only to be dismissed. In not one of these did he take thought of his daughter. He left her out of all his calculations. "What right have I to think of her? The judge will take care of her." These were his conclusions so far as she was concerned.

But meanwhile Margaret also was thinking unutterable thoughts.

Now and then she caught a word as it fell from his lips, which she turned over and over in her mind, giving it a meaning which showed that she had ventured far along the dreary track on which he supposed he must walk in solitude and shame until he came to the friendly gulf of oblivion.

Now and then she caught a look which haunted her, and always she was hearing a voice from the grave, saying, "Stay with your father, Maggie. Stand by him—stand closer."

It would be a good thing to say of Margaret, that natural affection left her no other choice than this. But it is truer to write that a natural repugnance stood in the way of such choice, and made it difficult to achieve. For her father was not a man who could walk about the Dunham streets as if he had just returned from an embassy. He was humbled before God, man, and himself. He appeared really to have become a companion for the bat and the owl. He sat in the house by day, apparently occupied, absorbed with papers and books; he listened while the judge delivered his opinions as though conscious of no right to form one of his own. His daughter, observing all these tokens, and comparing him with her five-year-old recollection, and, thinking of her mother, felt her heart die away within her. The thing that loathes itself is not likely to command reverence and love. But pity? Yes—only—a parent brought to that!

One day Miss Ross said to Margaret,

"I thought I should see you walking out with your father sometimes, now he has come home. You used to be so fond of walking—and so did he. He and your mother were great at that."

Margaret felt as if she had been stung. That was not a bad result. It was not a long while before these two were to be seen everywhere together. So small a fact as this, that he had the companionship, the countenance of his daughter, gave Joseph Hazard a new sense of manhood; and it secured for him, moreover, a different kind of observation from any that had been extended to him before.

Those walks worked wonders. A new tone was heard in his voice, a new expression was seen in his eyes. Courage, it seemed likely, would begin to thrive on oxygen and exercise.

One day Margaret said to him,

"Come, father, let's see how the flowers look after the rain."

He had been walking all the morning up and down the piazza, and she had caught glimpses of his face now and then that distressed her; for her little successes in the effort she was making to bring him out of his gloom had had an effect on herself much more surprising than was produced on him. He turned now and looked at her. Was he such a mass of feebleness that his child found it necessary to speak in that way to him?

He followed her, however—for she had run on as if she expected him to follow, and that, he now perceived, had been her way of late. He had half a mind to turn back, but he went on. It might chance that he would find opportunity and strength to say to her some of those things which must be said. He had forfeited his rights in that beautiful young life. He must plainly tell her so.

It seemed, from the way she went about among the flower beds, appealing to him constantly, that she must have had an intimation of the thoughts passing through his mind; for at last, when she had talked herself out, and with such results as to make her turn from the flowers with an air of disgust, she went up to him and said what only a child driven to desperation would have dared to say.

"Father, are you happy here?"

"Happy! Do you think there is any such thing as happiness for me anywhere?"

Nothing like that had he ever said to any one. Margaret was startled and frightened, but she came quite out from among the rose vines and bushes, and stood near him on the lawn under the willows.

"None, father?" She forgot every girl in Dunham—every inquisitive eye, every gossiping tongue. "Nowhere?"

"Never, Margaret, never."

"Is it Dunham that's the matter?" she asked, faltering.

"No, child, no. It's only—myself."

She looked away from him. She couldn't bear to look at him when he said that.

"Shall we go away?" she said.

"We—who?"

"*We.* You and I. Father and Mag."

"No. We can't go anywhere—we two."

"Are you going, then? Do you think I will let you?"

"If I must, Margaret will let me."

Margaret hesitated a moment. She was not a girl to tease, and hug, and cry when the thing she desired looked hard to attain.

"I see now," she said, "what mother meant. She told me I must go with you. So," she added, almost gayly, "you will not be able to get rid of me, for where thou goest I will go."

Was it strange that when she said that, Joseph Hazard groaned and wept? There were those who were more faithful to him than he had been to his own honor!

"I always thought we should be going somewhere. Let's go right away,"

said Margaret, hurriedly, taking his arm. "I don't like Dunham any better than you do."

"I can believe that," said he. "You liked it well enough before I came. This is your place. I can make none so pleasant to you. This is the prettiest garden in the world, and there is a townfull of girls—no—no."

"Do you think I care for gardens, or for the girls—as I do for you, father? I am going to talk to Ross. She knows more than anybody!"

This purpose was uttered with a rapidity that equalled its formation.

It seemed as if Mr. Hazard had so long been guided and governed by others that he had no will of his own left. He had none, certainly, for arguing this point, or any other in which the happiness of his child was concerned, with her. He, too, had been thinking about Miss Ross. If she felt, as he well knew she did, an interest in Margaret like that she had manifested toward her mother, whose playmate and school-fellow she had been in youth, she might have some counsel to give.

And so, even before Margaret found an opportunity to speak with Miss Ross, Mr. Hazard sought her, and said,

"Miss Ross, I can't bear it any longer. I want to talk with you about Margaret."

"Yes." That little word was as serviceable as any other would have been, for Miss Ross had foreseen this conclusion, if not this conversation, and had asked herself, with concern, more than once, how *long* Joseph Hazard would be able "to endure it."

"Yes," he repeated. "I can't endure it. I knew what it would be, of course, when I came and I didn't intend to come. Not right away. But there was no such thing as getting clear of the judge. I should have gone out of the country. I am glad now that I did not. It was better to come right here. It was better to be crushed and ground to powder, Ross, than to go off and stay till I forgot what I went for."

"I think so myself," said dear Miss Ross, with spirit. "I expect you never had as many friends in Dunham, either, as you have this minute. But what makes you talk about going away? I should fight it right out here."

Miss Ross shook when she said this. It was more than mere tremulousness that took hold of her. To think of saying such things to Joseph Hazard! But he had paid her the compliment of coming to talk about her old friend's daughter, and to consult with her, and she wanted to let him know her sense of his noble behavior.

"I cannot do it," said he. "There is no use talking. It would be downright self-murder. If I had intended to kill myself, I should have done it seven years ago. Maggy sees it as I do. She sees that I must go away. She wants to go with me. I can't take her."

"But of course you must, Joseph."

How grateful was the look with which he regarded old Miss Ross when she said that! But he could hardly believe his ears.

"You must, of course," she continued, "for that was her mother's wish. It would be her grandfather's wish, too, I think. There was never a juster man than Judge Forrest."

"You don't see, Ross, that there's only one place I'm fit for, and that place wouldn't be fit for her."

"No, I don't," said she. "What do you mean? I don't know what place is fit for you that isn't fit for your girl."

"I must go back where I came from."

Miss Ross started with surprise; it almost seemed that she frowned. It was only a cloud of doubt as to what he could mean, that came over her face.

"Judge Forrest would certainly have interest enough to secure a situation for me," he went on. "I should occupy ground there that nobody—nobody—not even a child! could dispute. I can't stay here. I cannot go among strangers and make a proclamation that shall hinder people from—you know, Ross. I'm not going to begin to live on false pretences at this time of day."

Miss Ross said, "I never thought of anything like that."

She seemed to allude to the prospect he had suggested of an occupied future; but it was not quite clear to Joseph what she did mean.

"I must do what I can in the way of reparation," said he; "but some debts can't be paid. That is the worst thing. It is clear that there is only one place for me. If I went abroad it would be equivalent to running away—from a bad reputation. I can't do that. If those poor fellows I left behind me ever rouse up enough to feel anything like ambition, or hope, they don't get far, any of them before they are laid low. It's all right, of course. How could it be any other way, as things are? You can't imagine how the world is changed to a man when he comes back from—" Here he stopped, and when, with an effort, he resumed speech, he did not finish the sentence. "I was able to help a good many of my neighbors there during the latter part of my stay," said he, humbly. "A man has a terrible time when he comes to himself there, if he don't get what he needs, it's sure death to him—to the best of him, I mean."

"I can see that, Joseph."

"But what can I do with Margaret?"

The expression he had given to his secret purpose seemed to have established him in it.

"Ask her."

"That is it. Ought I to ask her? What if she should say that she would go with me? I am afraid she would."

"Ask her," said Miss Ross again.

"But—she said this afternoon, where thou goest, I will go."

"She *will* go where you go. She ought to. When you decide for yourself, Joseph, just think that you are deciding for her, too."

"I cannot take her there."

"But if you must go, Joseph, you must. Let the Lord look after Margaret."

That was all Miss Ross could say. How many times would he need to hear her say it?

Mr. Hazard went back to the prison. He saw that he must. And the Lord did take care of Margaret. He sent her along with her father. She lived between the prison and her grandfather's house until Judge Forrest died, and then her way was clear, and she walked in it.

Hazard has held his place as superintendent for many years; and many a convict has passed from beneath his overseership into the world, a good citizen, built up and established in true manliness. It is likely that Margaret Hazard will never crave higher honor than she believes accrues to her from the mere fact that she is her father's daughter, and fellow minister.

CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

THE HISTORY OF TEARS.

MAN, Pliny eloquently said, is the weeping animal, born to govern all the rest. What is more strikingly human than tears? To behold them we sometimes need go no further than the sources of our own sight; often no further than the orbs that fill our homes with the glow of gladness and love, and are themselves the dearest to us of all earthly lights. No one is wholly exempt from tears. The briefest verse of Scripture is formed of the two words "Jesus wept." We all belong to that sad and sublime companionship of sorrow and mystery of which these drops trickle as the frail tokens. The flowers that bloomed at the verge of Paradise blackened beneath the bitterness of the piteous rain shed on them from the eyes of the first human pair when they turned their steps from the enclosure. "My tears have been my meat day and night," sighed the bewailing psalmist. And while these words are perused, in thousands of places the sound of weeping is heard, and noiseless tributaries are swelling the sable river of grief that flows through the base of society.

Tears are the tribute of humanity to its destiny. They are distilled literally from the very springs of our inmost vitality, being separated by the marvellous machinery and chemistry of the lachrymal organs, out of the arterial blood freshly circulated from the heart. Pining grief is pallid, because it weeps away so much from the purple current of life. Whatever, either in the individual or in a nation, causes blood to flow most freely, also tends, in equal proportion, to make tears fall. This is seen on a vast scale in the time of war, when every crimson drench on the fields of battle is followed by a paler shower on the pillows of home. Tears are the safety valves provided when excessive emotion over-excites the brain. Every sufficient exaltation of spiritual action or consciousness sets them in operation. They are, therefore, marks of our mental rank, and belong least to the most obtuse and degraded. No animal weeps save the dog, whose faithful attachments are more than half human; the sensitive and thoughtful elephant; the monkey, that turbid and troublous prophecy and mimic of man; and the antelope family. The sight of a man with clasped hands and streaming eyes, prostrate before an altar, or looking up to heaven in prayer, is unique in the creation as far as we know; though it may be, as Martineau suggests, an attitude copied from that of still nobler beings in higher worlds. The tears of the lower creatures are the moisture of suffering pressed from mortal founts, not the conscious offering of sentiment. And even these big, round, physical drops on the fronts of greyhounds or gazelles, coursing one another down their innocent faces, make a touching sight, allying those beautiful animals to our own nature by the charming grace of their action, and the strange sensibility of their mild, pathetic eyes.

Tears are, for the most part, distinctively earthly as well as distinctively human. The common idea of heaven excludes them, making them unknown to the angels who sun themselves forever in the perfect smile of the Father, with-

out a cloud between. We know nothing literally of angels or of demons; they are poetry. Yet, regarded as an ideal conception, some things are congruous with them, other things incongruous. And we know nothing more befitting the nature and lot of a fiend than weeping and wailing; and various mythologies picture dreadful rivers of tears in the diabolic land of doom. The most inspired secular genius that ever was says, too, that man

> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the *angels weep*!

Yet, on the whole, we must regard these emblems as exceptional, above and below. Of the redeemed inhabitants of heaven it is written, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Unentangled truth and unmarred beauty fill their vision, unalloyed love and unimpeded progress satisfy their powers; and they have no need of the solace of these sad outlets. But though in Paradise there be no occasion for tears of sorrow, remorse, or shame, it is natural to suppose that surprises of gladness and of pity, sudden revelations of beauty and sublimity, may force these swift signals to the surface. And it has usually been believed that the Recording Angel himself sometimes blots out an entry with a tear.

Despite the exceptions, however, of hound and fawn, of ape and elephant, weeping is the especial attribute of man. And tears, furthermore, if sometimes found in heaven and hell, belong emphatically to the earth. They hang it around with a misty and gleaming veil, through whose translucent folds sun and shower strive, and paint the world with the shaded colors of our life. Constituted and situated as we are, there is often in tears a melancholy comfort which outweighs the associated suffering; and we would not choose but say, as a gentle spirit said, in his mourning,

> O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run;
> Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall glisten in the sun.
> The rainbow cannot shine if the drops refuse to fall,
> And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all.

The stoic pride or misanthropic hardness that would disdain ever to melt in the pathetic straits of our destiny, is alien to the spirit of true religion, and contradicts the finest fitnesses of our nature. When the ferocious Philip, in Schiller's play, has scornfully stigmatized tears as fit only for cowardice and shame, the generous Carlos exclaims,

> Who is this man? By what mistake of Nature
> Has he thus strayed among mankind? A tear
> Is man's unerring, lasting attribute.
> Whose eye is dry was ne'er of woman born.
> O teach the eye that ne'er hath overflowed
> The timely science of a tear: thou'lt need
> That moist relief in some dark hour of woe.

When distilled by pure passions, these drops of feeling, instead of disgracing, honor us. They are not badges of humiliation flung on our weakness, but gems with which the soul adorns its royalty. They are the liquified diamonds of the mind, as diamonds themselves may be called the petrified tears of the earth. Especially displeasing, not to say odious, is the sight of an unyielding temper and an imperious coldness in a woman. We expect her to be the impersonation of all soft graces, susceptible to the most delicate of imponderable agencies. When, under the influence of a pagan spirit, she is hard and rigid, like the weeping Niobe turned to stone, we are horror-struck; for, in her proper

self, that is, possessed by the melting genius of Christianity, she rather represents a statue changed into flesh and charged with tears. Then, at the spectacle of her, all that is holiest in us grows tenderer. But a virago is worse than a ruffian.

Let us proceed to the various characterization of tears:

> Lorenzo, hast thou ever weighed a sigh,
> Or studied the philosophy of tears?
> (A science yet unlectured in our schools!)
> Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
> And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
> And trace these briny rivulets to their springs.

The whole moral gamut of man stretches between the extremes of his weeping; on the one side, the shameful drops shed under a whipping, and the scalding drops of chagrin; on the other side, the pure tribute drawn by the sublimity of a landscape, and the more solemn tribute paid by a penitent kneeling before his God. The tears that are shed in the world may be best classified by describing the sources from which they flow, and the emotions that accompany them. They have many founts, welling from different depths, saturated with different properties, and flowing to different results. A mystic chemistry, well known to experience, though eluding the grasp of science, extracts from the soul the special qualities of our tears in the varying exigencies of our emotion; for each kind has its peculiar ingredients, from the cold and deadly tears of hatred to the warm and healing tears of love. The attitude of the soul, the direction in which we are looking—in any season of extreme emotion—imparts a distinctive character to our weeping. We have tears of reverence for august superiors, tears of gentle compassion for the sorrows of those around us, and generous tears of pity for the calamities of inferiors. Had we some reagent of sufficient delicacy, some infallible litmus or turmeric, on the application of its test, every species of human tears would be discriminated by the color and intensity of its reaction; every one would be seen to have constituents or proportions appropriate to itself. The series of experiences or changes going on in our spiritual consciousness are accompanied by a parallel series of phenomenal changes in our material organs and their products. There *must be*, if we had instruments fine and powerful enough to detect it, a difference in the molecular structure and dynamic stamp of those tears of envy or indignant and revengeful mortification which exude from the eyes as the secretions ooze from the dripping fangs of serpents, and of those tears of injured sensibility which bleed like precious gums from the pierced trees of the East, or of those tears of atoning regret to which Phineas Fletcher alludes in his personification of penitence:

> Affliction's iron flail her soul had thrasht,
> Yet was it *angels' wine* which in her eyes was masht.

This chemistry of the spirit is not yet advanced enough to teach us the lessons we should like to learn. One important moral, however, it is already competent to enforce. In the atomic constitution of a tear, the proportion of water—the emblem of public universality—is to the other materials almost as an hundred to one; a fine lesson of the relation our disinterested griefs should bear to our selfish ones. The tears of wounded egotism are the least attractive or respectable of the lachrymal family. The most beautiful and potent are those of impersonal sympathy, such as Christ shed in his lament over Jerusalem.

The first and worst fountain of tears that attracts our notice—the one which we would fain believe to be the most rarely opened—is the poisonous fountain

of hypocrisy. All sorts of dangerous hues line the way to this fountain. Blooming apples of Sodom, full of ashes, hang over its margin, and the fatal nightshade grows around. The symbol of its presiding genius is the crocodile, of whom ancient travellers were wont to fable that he always shed tears over the victims he swallowed, moistening them with a pretence of sorrow in order to facilitate deglutition. There are, undoubtedly, feigned and treacherous tears wept from cold hearts and pitiless eyes. There are persons of such malignant selfishness that they have recourse to every means to overreach and betray their fellows, and of such singular control of their faces that they laugh or weep at pleasure. When these persons, for their own designing ends, affect sympathy, and put on the artful deceits of tenderness and sorrow, the indignant scorn with which human nature instinctively regards such a character, leaps forth in the withering phrase, *crocodile tears!* The thought of those who are capable of shedding such tears is too loathsome to be dwelt on. Let them pass by. With the condemning pity and malediction of every generous breast, let them go—to their own place.

The next fountain from which the events of life sometimes fetch our tears, is of a brighter character, and surrounded by fairer emblems. It is the brilliant and ebullient fountain of joy. Roses bloom about it, sunshine sparkles through its crystal depths of sweetness and purity. The genius that watches by its brink is a guileless and laughing cherub. There are a few tears of joy shed in the world. As if an excessive gladness "could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness," the greatest delight wears the same ocular livery as the greatest wretchedness.

> Our plenteous joys,
> Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
> In drops of sorrow.

Thanks be to God that in the gloomy streams that flow from human eyes there are discernible a few drops of ecstacy, gleaming amid the stain and darkness of earthly defilements and agony. What a pity it is that there are not more of them, since they are so much clearer than the rest! The tear of joy, as Jean Paul says, is a pearl of the first water; the mourning tear, only of the second. "How delicious," exclaims Rousseau, "are the tears of tenderness and joy! How my heart bathes in them! Why have they made me shed so few such?" The mother clasps her long-lost son to her bosom, and the rapture of her delight can only find expression in tears. Two yearning hearts, sundered by cruel fortune, meeting at last, throb to throb, their extreme happiness overflows in weeping. The prodigal, wandering back in misery and penitence to his native village, and forgivingly welcomed to the old familiar home—when the ring is on his finger, and the father's arms are round his neck—cannot see distinctly, everything glistens so through a bright rain of grateful pleasure falling from his eyes. O, tears of joy! welcome visitors! too rarely do ye come to us mortals. Be ye invoked, and come to us more. Come, with your celestial anodyne, to bathe our aching eyeballs and wash the dust of worldly care and the wrinkles of hate from our cheeks!

There is another fountain of tears, of a character utterly opposite to the foregoing. In the blistering wastes of life it rises, a cauldron of anguish. Around its edges every vestige of verdure has withered away. At its bottom lies a dragon, twisted and panting in the contortions of torment. It is the fount of pain. Many are the tears of this sort that are forced to fall. When the bodily frame is stretched on the rack of disease; when pangs dart along the

quivering nerves, and the delicate tissues shrink and throb; when excruciating tortures tear or wrench the muscles and bones—nature manifests her horror at the violation of the sanctuaries of sense by hot tears of pain shuddered forth in the convulsion. This scalding torrent, or bloody sweat of suffering, in its higher aspect, is the baptismal sacrament through which saintly heroism passes, emerging from the midnight Gethsemane to a deathless crown and the companionship of comforting angels. It is, in its lower aspect, the trickling moisture of physical woe wrung through us from the primitive springs of pain by the combined grasp of the blazing hands of torture and the icy hands of terror. It is lawful for the Christian to pray, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But it is the duty of the Christian to add, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done; and if this poor frame must writhe with suffering, grant me fortitude to bear the trial, and faith to foresee the reward."

Exploring further after the sources of human tears, we come to the sheltered and charming fountain of sentiment. The most beautiful features and accompaniments of romance environ this delightful spring-head of the refreshing tears of sensibility. The floating form of sympathy rests in it, a crown of diamonds, planted by the hand of God, sparkling on her brow, the tenderness of the heart of Jesus living in her face, the beauty of love and faith filling her expression, and the enchantments of imagination composing her dress. She is the divinity that presides over this fountain, and the sudden motions of her surprise cause it to overflow in the most precious of tears. When we meet, in a book, or in life, any unwonted deed of sacrifice or heroism, any glorious act of forgiveness, any thought of overpowering sublimity, any stroke of rapturous eloquence or simple pathos—anything which touches us in the seat of unperverted feelings, annihilating worldly estimates and drawing around us once more the paradisal freedom and generosity of youth—this choice distillation quickly follows. Experience then opens the truest passages for the softest tears. We do not painfully weep, but we know a noble luxury. The heart throbs high, the breast heaves, the eyes swell and melt, and all things glisten through a radiant mist which immediately hangs, like a transfiguring veil, between us and the world. The nature must be very high that can pour this stream, as the holy Ganges gushes from the mountain-top nearest heaven. When a fireman leaps into the flames to rescue a child for a frantic mother; when a father draws to his bosom a returning daughter, who has fallen and wandered through the deeps of depravity, trailing the solemn garments of wretchedness and repentance, and says to her, "Poor child! thou hast sinned and suffered; come home, and in this sacred guardianship grow pure again;" when a creditor goes into the family of a ruined debtor, and turns their despair into worship, by saying, "You have done as well as you could, your misfortunes were your only fault, I freely release you"—then it is manly to let the generous tears roll down the cheeks. They are the tributary jewels of sentiment laid by humanity on the shrine of moral beauty—jewels reflecting those that gleam on the throne of God.

Tears of tenderness—slightly differing in quality from the foregoing, though drawn from the same source—sometimes well over the brink, when memories of hallowed hours fled forever, perceptions of lovely things, hopes and dreams fairer than earth can ever realize, press too busily on the soul, and make this tremulous fountain rise in suffusing exuberance from its depths. It is only pure and delicate souls who, in pensive moods, in twilight scenes recalling past farewells, listening to the vesper bell from far as it mourns the dying day, melted by

plaintive music, musing on many things—are finely touched to these fine issues. The kindliest and wealthiest members of our race, preserving in literature the contagious records of such rare experiences, enrich their fellow-beings with them.

> There fall no tears like those that all men hear
> Fall, tear by swect imperishable tear,
> Down the opening leaves of holy poets' pages.

The man of a hard prosaic nature is shut out from this sweet sadness, unable to enter the alluring thicket of these dewy mysteries. In him the pious springs of sentiment were either never supplied or have been dried away by the simoom of selfishness. Let him not, comparing with the copious largesses of a magnanimous sympathy the thin, sparse droplets which are all his niggard nature spares, interpret the former as a proof of incontinent weakness. It is the chronic fallacy of inferiority to regard itself as superiority. This man cannot shed, would feel ashamed of such tears as we describe. In his mental meanness and isolation he little knows how deeply humanity and the Author of humanity are ashamed of *him*.

Once more, as we journey across the land of life, we come to a new fountain of tears. In a country charred with the conflagrations of sin and folly, and strewn with the lava of regret, upbursts the fiery fountain of remorse. Nemesis, the winged and sworded goddess of retribution, is the unrelenting guardian of this fountain. At every motion of her wings, at every blow of her scourge, at every frown of her countenance, the caustic drops of shame and self-torture rush across their brim and burn down the face. These are the severest of tears, this the most terrible of the fountains of human affliction. There is a balm for other eyes, a consolation for other hearts; but what shall assuage those which are overshadowed and torn by upbraiding memories of crime, pierced and wrung by bitter recollections of wrong, carelessness, injury and neglect?

> All gems which youth and innocence can prize
> Melt in these flaming pendants of the eyes.

The darkest of tears are the tears of remorse. Conscience charges them with burning gall, and they wear a mournful channel of ineffaceable traces in the flushed or pallid cheeks along which they course. May grace save us from them! For they are often wept on earth, falling like drops of fire and blood, in secret places, in public paths, in prisons, in palaces. Every cruel and abandoned man or woman will surely awake, sooner or later, to confront the immutable laws of God, between the contrasting mirrors of innocence and wickedness; and then—"There shall be weeping and wailing;" then, over hardened faces, and from eyes long unused to the melting mood, must flow, in mortification and agony, the stinging tears of remorse.

Finally, in this pursuit and enumeration of the sources of tears we reach the last and largest of all, the lonely fountain of grief. Weeping willows wave mournfully by its border; solemn cypresses gird it about, with a dirge-like wail of winds in their boughs; its waters are very dark and bitter; and full often must the most of mortals taste them. By night and by day the veiled and voiceless angel of bereavement stands by that fountain, and so frequently as her entering step troubles it, the tears of mourners flow. This fountain is deep. More tears are drawn from it by sorrow than are drawn from all the rest by all other causes. The sundering fates make us weep, and many a parting kiss is "distasted with the salt of broken tears." From the first, the atmosphere of humanity has been full of these tears; bitter tears of disappointment, separation,

pining loneliness and heart-break; lamentable accompaniments to voices of Rachels weeping for their children, to voices of youth sighing in visionary griefs, to voices of age moaning over the graves of vanished years and buried affections. How many memories, whose subjects went long ago, are kept green, year after year, by showers of remembering tears! Of how many a one it may be said, as of the sister of the dead Lazarus, "She goeth to the grave to weep there!" In thousands of hallowed spots, where now sleeps a little dust, dearer once than the world, the sods are freshened every spring by other rain than that which falls from the clouds. The son stands by the coffin of an adored mother, the father lingers by the grave of a dear daughter, the husband returns to his desolate home whence the companion of his bosom has been borne—and as they remember the days, the endearments, the worshipped image, that are gone from them now, they cry with irrepressible sobs, "O she was the holiest and the gentlest spirit, and we will weep a funeral elegy of tears for her!"

It was a touching custom with the ancient Romans to hang up lachrymatories—small vials full of the tears shed over their loss—in the tombs of their departed friends. Sometimes we meet with these affecting mementoes, in the parlors of distant countries, where they have been brought by travellers who plucked them from their niches in the sepulchres of forgotten families. Their contents, long since evaporated, lined with rust or mould, tacit preachers of bygone times and sorrows, how movingly they speak of the human prey of oblivion, and remind us of the inevitable doom of all mortal forms and names! Fast as the regrets of one period are exhaled those of a new one appear, and there is no cessation of these mournful sighs and dews. Abundant indeed are the occasions, in this mingled and transitory life, for the tears of grief; and they must continue to flow as long as the world holds a single representative of the family of man.

Pass we now from the sources of tears to their compensations. Milton says that when Adam and Eve looked back on the happy garden from which they had been driven, "Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon." Rivers of this salt rain have since then swept down the face of humanity. But it is our faith that none of it has flowed in vain. There is One who invisibly marks every sigh, every tear, and, in his own time, compensates to the full. Is it not written, "He that goeth forth weeping, and soweth precious seed, shall come again, rejoicing, and bringing his sheaves with him?" Christianity, with the profoundest insight, has been named the Religion of Sorrow. Its author declared, "Blessed are they that mourn." In every age tears have been a humanizing power, softening the hardness of brutal hearts, appealing to beautiful sentiments, by their fruits of gentleness and sympathy, making amends for the hurts out of which they spring. They have melted the frozen summits of pride, brought a fresh verdure on the wastes of worldliness and sin, and nourished, wherever they have flowed across the plains of life, the celestial flowers of pity, charity, and grace. Let the mourner weep on then: every tear shed in earthly grief shall be a pearl in the heavenly river. Faith, baulked of payment for unmerited pangs in the present, "reaches a hand through time to catch the far-off interest of tears" safely invested in eternity. Think not either that the prosperous and the gay light-hearted sporters in the radiance of pleasure, are the most favored, even here below. There are peculiar blessings for the hearts that are heavy and for the eyes that weep. When we mourn, then we forsake our sins; then temptations leave us; then we grow pure and devout, and heaven

draws near in brightness as earth recedes in dimness. Thus doth God frequently make calamity and grief our best friends, causing saintly resolves and virtues to grow from the clefts and ruins of bereavement and failure; and

> Watering with tears of ancient sorrow
> Apples of Eden, ripe to-morrow.

There is compensation for all tears. The tears of hypocrisy shall be avenged by the revulsion of self-retributive agencies in the traitorous soul that sheds them. Tears of joy are in themselves but the excess of pleasure, love or delight which finds no adequate vent, spontaneously overflowing in these warm streams. Tears of pain relieve, as they flow, the surcharged and tortured fountains of sensibility, as at the waving of a wand over the mind our suffering thoughts liquefy and run off through the sluiceways of the eyes, and the bursting brain is eased. Tears of sentiment are the vehicle of a high and holy luxury, and they soften and ennoble us by the culture they afford to all kindly sympathies Tears of remorse fulfil a benignant office of regeneration and reconciliation: from the sincere baptism of their anguish we rise with sanctified motives to a reformed life. And tears of grief are compensated by the mournful satisfaction itself of weeping over our cherished and vanished dreams, our loved and lost immortals; sometimes the swollen heart would break, the throbbing head would give way, were it not for the gushing relief of tears, the pious vigil of sacred tears; deprived of which, our divinest recollections and aspirations would die out or petrify within us. The grief which tears signify, they lessen by carrying it out and discharging the load. "The dry eye of great grief is nearly insane, its motionless attitude is the frost of catalepsy." If God, at our thoughtless intercession, would close all the sources of our tears, should we not rather implore him, Do it not; leave us still the power to weep! By tears the scorching fevers of sorrow are soothed to a peaceful softness, and our feelings are mellowed to resignation, and our minds are spiritualized to faith, and the very furnace-mouth of affliction is made a moist dell of comfort. The iris-circles around the pupils of the eyes in their humid suffusion gleam with the glory of the combined prismatic hues; and, looking forth through them, after a while, on an irradiated universe, we listen with wise and understanding heart to him who says to us,

> Love ye your sorrow; grief shall bring
> Its own excuse in after years.
> The rainbow shows how fair a thing
> God can build up from tears.

As long as we live, through every epoch of our strange pilgrimage, we weep; but at the various stages how differently we weep, both in degree and kind! In youth, the genius of experience brings us a font filled with tears of hope; in age, an urn filled with tears of regret. Baptized from that, we are refreshed with expectation and energy; sprinkled from this, we are ready to extricate ourselves from perishable entanglements, and say farewell to an inconstant world. As we advance in age, weeping naturally becomes less gentle. Coriolanus says to his ancient friend,

> Thou old and true Menenius,
> Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
> And venomous to thine eyes.

In our last years, as in the final moment itself, there should be left only the limpid tears of grateful resignation. Yet each tear is fitted to its time and office, and, if we are docile, leaves a blessing with us. For, while our being endures,

its ultimate desideratum is more life, keener and larger life; and to this increase of the contents of the spirit, tears both testify and minister. Their appearance proves that the fountains of consciousness are full; and their reaction in return nourishes the feelings which feed those fountains, as the deciduous leaves of a tree enrich the soil and invigorate the roots on which their own production originally depended.

Of all the portions of life, however, it is in the two twilights, childhood and age, that tears fall with the most frequency; like the dew at dawn and eve. In the meridian of manhood they are more rare and laborious, rushing, when they come at all, in a hot flood through the cloven fissures of woe, or streaming from the thunder clouds of calamity, like a shower wrung from the sultry agony of noon. But early and later dews and summer rain-gust are wholesome and benign; thereafter the birds and the grass rejoice, more blithe and fresh. The sky and weather of humanity, too, are cleared, and the songs and foliage of our life ring and sparkle more beautifully when the scenery of experience has been drenched with the tender moisture of grief.

William Rounseville Alger.

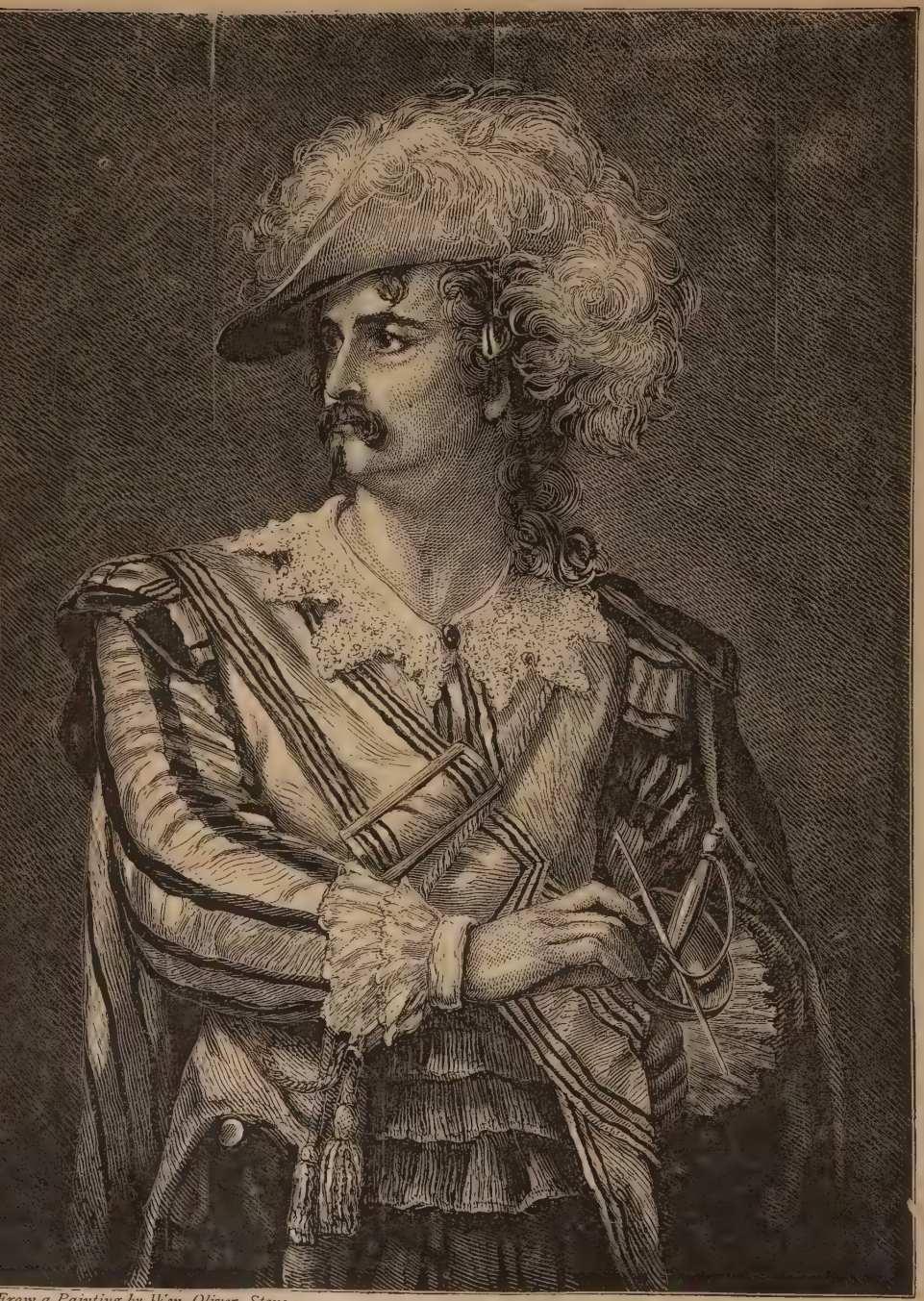
AN AUTUMN SONG.

WHAT have rustling leaves to say,
Fit to make us sad or glad?
Ere the wind blew us away,
Much delight in life we had.

Now we both of us are sad,
Both of us would death defer—
You, because you are not glad,
We, because we always were.

This is what the brown leaves say,
With a sadness less than mine.
Dear, if I should die to-day,
Give me something to resign.

Robert Weeks.



From a Painting by Wm. Oliver Stone.

LESTER WALLACK AS "DON FELIX."

JOHN LESTER WALLACK.

THE years which circled 1820 were undoubtedly the most brilliant the English drama has known. The rainbow of peace had just then spanned the European heavens and smiled away the tempest of war which for a quarter of a century had swept across the Continent, and under its benign influence the arts began to ripen and put out rich bloom. The drama shared largely in this genial growth, and the times then past, which stirred with glorious memories the people's heart, gave inspiration to a host of writers, who succeeded each other with the rapid luxuriance of the celebrated fruits in the enchanted garden—

Scarce one is gathered ere another grows.

Men whose names present an emblazoned page in the story of England—such men as Byron and Sheridan—not only devoted their genius to give grace and lustre to this noble branch of art, but even with eager pride and untiring devotion entered on the duties and difficulties of management. Nor had the star system then shed its withering blight upon the stage. The Kembles, Siddons, O'Neil, Munden, Dowton, Johnson, and Wallack—noble and honored names—needed no Crumlessian ladder of long type to lift them unfairly above their brother and sister artists, but entered, on fair and even terms, on the field, and won their decorations by faithful toil, by truthful touches and tender strokes of art. They ha certainly one vast advantage over the players of our time. Good plays and good parts naturally beget good actors; and as the plays of that period still hold their place in almost unbroken and imperishable youth, so the business conceived by the genius or improved by the art of the actors of that day has been observed, with almost a sacred reverence, by the successive actors since then. The business, so full of exquisite point and delighting perfection, of Farren, of Blake, and of Gilbert, was the business of Dowton and of Munden. Their pleasantest flows of merriment have come piped from a reservoir, not gushing from a spring.

Among that brilliant cluster of artists who gave glory to Old Drury at this time, not the least honored and renowned was Johnson, known in dramatic annals as "Irish Johnson," from having devoted himself exclusively to the portrayal of Irish character and from the perfection of his picture, which has never since been equalled, and only once approached by Power, who formed himself entirely on his model. Mr. Johnson was the original of Denis Bulgruddery and most of the leading stage Irishmen, and possessed all the qualifications to fit him for the *rôle*. He was what is termed in Ireland "a gentleman by birth," coming from a fine old stock in Kilkenny, famed, like Argos of old, for its noble steeds and lovely women, and, by remarkable coincidence, the native county also of Power. He had served for some time in the British army, that highest training-school for a gentleman, and, after joining the stage, mingled in the very first society of the time, where he was welcomed, not with that condescension which

pictures Virgil and Horace as supporting Augustus, or Grimaldi between "Lord Byron and another lord," but, as Lord Chesterfield has it, "entirely for himself," as it should be, for his accomplishments as a gentleman and his worth as a man. Indeed, we have seen recently, in some old papers, an illustration of this, in a letter addressed to Johnson by Farquhar, equerry to George IV., then Prince of Wales, which, as a trait of the time, is interesting:

CARLTON HOUSE, Wednesday.

DEAR JOHNSON: The Prince wishes you to come to Carlton House to-night. Moore and Sheridan will be there. If you have to play, you must sham sick. Yours ever,

FARQUHAR.

Looking at his portrait as we do now, in the ornate dress of the day, blue coat, buff vest, and top boots, with his bright, intelligent face, and gay, gallant bearing, he seems the *beau ideal* of the Irish gentleman of that period—when found in the pure ore, the most exquisite ingot in the mine of humanity. His knowledge of the Irish character was keen, and he was delicately alive to all its beauties and weaknesses. As the Irishman—especially then—was, so he pictured him—loving truth in the abstract, fond of lying in the concrete, tender in sentiment, awkward in action, generous and treacherous, shrewd and lewd, passionately attached to home and kindred, his vices the forced spawn of centuries of wrong, his virtues the natural bloom of a most lovely nature.

In the company with Johnson was one who, though but young, wore even then the blossom of that genius which ripened subsequently into so rich a fruit, James W. Wallack, a name in this land held in much and well deserved love and honor. To all who even affect the drama in this country, his face is familiar, and though of late years physical suffering had struck the sinews of his vigor and time had touched him with her grey wing as she passed, you were never with him, as with so many who have lingered long on the stage, confined to applauding escapes from failure or cherishing the sparks that glimmer in the embers of enfeebled powers. His form and port retained to the last much of the manly grace and freedom of his prime, nor, owing to his gallant pluck, did his spirits lose one jot of their elasticity.

Nor gout nor toil his freshness can destroy,
But time still leaves all Eton in the boy.

The only traces that could be recognized of infirmity were in the precautionary care with which he handled his resources and the elaboration which sometimes took the place of spontaneous vivacity and ease. His performances had, to the last, all the graces of youth, and what they lost in vigor they made up in massiveness. Years, too, which bring the philosophic mind, brought greater subtlety of thought and finer poetic appreciation.

To the last his face, when lit up, was singularly handsome and touched with the charm of a smile, playful, yet saddened, sweet and tender even to weakness. Still quite sufficient of his vigor and manly beauty was left to make it easily understood that he divided, at the period of which we speak, with Lord Byron, the distinction of being the handsomest man of the day. Indeed, to the influence of Byron, who was specially fond of Wallack ("I boxed," he writes to Moore, "with Wallack to-day") and who was the first to predict his after success, he owed his rapid advancement.

On a night in the autumn of 1818, Drury Lane was full of crowd and light and loveliness. The play was "The Rivals," by the command of the Prince of Wales, who was present. In the manager's box were Sheridan, Byron, Lord

Glengall, Moore, Monk Lewis, Sheil, and many of the most brilliant spirits of the hour. Mr. Johnson was cast for the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger; Mr. Wallack played Captain Absolute. The play ran on gaily and gallantly until that passage was reached in which Sir Lucius, handing over the lady to Captain Absolute, says, "An offence handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation," when the house, catching the sentiment with quick intelligence, rose, and by sheer acclamation ratified a reconciliation.

The evening but one before Mr. Wallack had carried off and taken to him as wife the daughter and only child of Johnson, a lady of many accomplishments and much beauty. At the close of the Drury Lane season Mr. Wallack sailed for America, even then a land to him much loved, and in Hudson street, New York, on the last day of 1819, was born his eldest son, John Lester Wallack, whose portrait, graven by the cunning hand of Hennessy, from a picture in the character of Don Felix, by the celebrated artist, Stone, illustrates this brief memoir.

If there be aught in blood, John Lester Wallack should surely carry off the blue ribbon of the drama. Bluegown cannot boast of such a pedigree! As we have seen, from time to time, almost as many cities claim his birth as that of Homer, we trust this will settle that much vexed question.

Lester Wallack was educated at Mitcham and at Brighton, in England, with the intention of adopting the military profession. His father and his uncle, the father of that gifted artist and most genial of men, the present J. W. Wallack, had both been middys in the British navy, and Mr. Johnson, whom we mentioned had been himself an officer, had left a sum of money specially to purchase a commission for each of his sons in the service, and the family had the advantage of the powerful influence of the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Fitzgerald and Vesci, both of whom were warm admirers and attached personal friends of the late Mr. Wallack. From the natural reluctance of Mr. Wallack's father, and especially his mother, to part from their eldest son, the procural of his commission was delayed until the year 1841, when he was twenty-two years old. Feeling then, on a consideration of his position, that he should have to undergo the humiliation of seeing striplings of fifteen and sixteen over-ranking him, he concluded to decline the commission, and at once embraced the profession of the stage. The lesson was of service to his brothers, as they both obtained their commissions at the age of seventeen.

In commencing his professional career, Mr. Wallack wisely steered clear of the temptation before which so many have fallen, of taking advantage of a great name to vault with gay bound over the preliminary studies and struggles which are a fit training to the attainment of eminence in every profession, and at once commence as a star. He started from the very foot of the mountain, like nearly all the really great artists of the stage, and, step by step, struggled up to the summit; and, that he might owe his position to his own industry and ability alone, and not borrow an extrinsic distinction, he adopted the name of Lester.

He opened at Rochester, in the County of Kent, in England, as the Earl of Rochester, in Charles II., and played there through the season, living honorably on his salary of ten dollars a week. From Rochester he went the following season to Dublin, where Julia Bennett Barrow, since a popular favorite in this country, was then a member of the company, and played Don Pedro to the Benedick of his father, who was then performing in a starring engagement there, and through the season a variety of small parts. The following seasons found him at South-

ampton and Winchester. From thence he went to Edinburgh, and next season to Liverpool, where he attained his first great popular success. And though he may not then have attained that skill in his art, which has since imparted such exquisite delight, his personations carried much of that grace and richness of coloring which at present are their brilliant characteristics. So strong a home had he built in the affections of the Liverpoolians, more especially of those of lovelier Liver, styled "Lancashire witches," that the back door was besieged at the close of the performance, and, like Macbeth on the heath, witches often stopped his way at night. From Liverpool he accepted an offer of starring terms from the late Mr. Sloan, to act at Manchester with Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris, and played with them the Duke in "Follies of a Night;" "Millamaur," Sir Benjamin Backbite; and with Miss Helen Faucit, Benedick to her Beatrice; and with the Misses Cushman, Mercutio and Ruy Gomez. While here he was allured to the Mecca of dramatic pilgrims, and engaged for the London season at the Haymarket, by Mr. Benjamin Webster. And here he at once made a most favorable impression, opening as Don Raphael in the "Little Devil," which, owing to some of those small jealousies which infest even the best-regulated green-rooms, he was not permitted to improve, being only permitted to appear four or five times during the season in such characters as Dazzle and Courtall.

On one of these occasions he happened to be seen by the late George Barrett, who was wandering in search of talent, and who immediately engaged him for the opening of the Broadway Theatre. On that historic occasion he assisted, making his first appearance in America as Sir Charles Coldstream. The gods at first, however, looked coldly on the Broadway, and the receipts grew nightly beautifully less, until the happy idea dawned on the management of producing "Monte Christo," with Lester Wallack as the hero. The piece at once gathered the city in its grasp, and held it for one hundred consecutive nights, then deemed a marvel; and the fortunes of the Broadway were thus placed beyond fear. From the Broadway he went to the Bowery, then the recognized chief temple of art, where he formed one of a powerful company, including James W. Wallack and his wife, Mr. John Gilbert, Miss Wemyss, and other distinguished artists, and closed his wanderings by forming for a season one of the galaxy which Burton had gathered round him at the old Chambers Street Theatre, embracing W. R. Blake, Mary Taylor, and the charming Mrs. Hoey, then in the budding bloom of her beauty and her fame.

At this period the late Mr. Wallack determined to undertake the arduous task of founding a theatre with a view of affording to the more really eminent members of the profession a fair field of labor, and of elevating the drama, which was gradually by the star system being brought to a condition of degradation and decay, to its proper position as one of the highest and noblest branches of art. Even the available talent left on the stage had utterly lost all force and effect for the want of that rare artistical combination, which, as experience has since shown, could alone set it forth to advantage. And this was the first and most essential requisite brought by Mr. Wallack to his task. With fewer aids than any actor had before him, he struck at higher aims than any had dared to attempt. In the presentation of many of Shakespeare's plays—"Hamlet," the "Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing," "As You Like It"—in the restoration of several of the old comedies, and equally in revivals as in new plays, he strove by new and accurate applications of the scenic art, by a more tasteful and pic-

torial arrangement of the ordinary stage resources, and by the collection of a company containing the very best representatives of each class of character the stage could afford, to carry out the general spirit of the play into the particular details of each performance. The results established in these respects by Mr. Wallack's management bear the same relation to the condition in which it found the arts of the stage, as *that* may be supposed to have borne to the period when Othello flamed forth his Vesuvius passions in scarlet regimentals, with a full flowing Ramillies wig, and Hamlet pondered over the mysteries of life in full evening costume, shoe buckles, bag, and ruffles. To his strict good faith; to his development of the resources of the dramatic art; to infinite delight and instruction diffused for a number of years among intelligent masses of the people; and to a disinterested zeal and unselfish spirit gallantly exhibited throughout, press, public, and profession, bore well-deserved testimony. Sole reliance was placed on the quality and interest of the performance, all available talent was secured and honorably recompensed, a liberal economy in outlay was combined with an unsparing use of that valuable but inexpensive article, taste; and immense labor and pains were bestowed on the scenic accessories and drilling of the performers. The results of this management remain. Green curtains cannot cover them. They acted as an inspiration, and the tide of enthusiasm on which they were established and carried partially into every theatre through the country, has never since settled back into the old dull and stagnant pool.

Now, the artist who really effected this great work for the stage was, as his father was ever happy and proud to acknowledge, Mr. Lester Wallack. If he did not lay the granite block, he wielded the silver trowel. His father's health was at the time much broken, and, though his experience and taste lent direction, and his unflagging spirit confidence and strength, *the work* was done by Mr. Lester Wallack, and it may be useful for the young and rising members of the profession to know that those honors which Mr. Lester Wallack wears now with such a graceful ease were earned by hard and unremitting toil. The popular error, which has attracted too many idle young men to the profession, that actors earn their money easily, and that no labor attends their vocation, is one of the gayest delusions of the day, from which not a few have found unpleasant disenchantment.

Mr. Lester Wallack has often, when receiving but a small salary, after playing two parts in Southampton one night, at the close of the performance had to study a new part travelling in the stage at night, and be at rehearsal at Winchester next morning; and we have known him for a considerable portion of his career to rise at four and five in the morning and devote several hours, the only ones he could snatch, to study, for he *really* studied. Later in the day, four hours were occupied at rehearsal; and, after a hasty dinner, the hours from six to eleven were occupied in the severest mental and bodily strain. The career of D'Israeli, perhaps the most brilliant actor of our time, can furnish no more vigorous proof of long and well-sustained labor.

Nor is it necessary to demonstrate how much more difficult it is in the revivals of comedy to achieve the success which has crowned the efforts made to reinstate tragedy. The leading characters of each class of comedy find in nearly all instances none, and, at best, but one, adequate representative. The race of genuine humorists, whether in old sparks or young fellows, with but few exceptions, are extinct, and enforced gaiety and animal spirits, the nurse of true comedy, is no longer seen. Mr. Lester Wallack and Mr. Charles Mathews are

the only specimens extant of easy, playful humor. Mr. Sothern is but a *hortus siccus*, a dried-up mummy, in the buckram suit of other artists' stage business, without the body and soul of reality. Here and there we may discern a vein of genuine humor, but for the most part the little acting worthy of the name is the result of accomplishment and talent matured, and sometimes misdirected by study and by practice. The number of theatres, not as in the privileged days of Drury and Covent Garden, tends to scatter instead of concentrating talent; but take the whole range of majors and minors and count them on your fingers and you will find how difficult it is to call out of them a first-rate company of comedians. In tragedy, on the other hand, the natural interest is strong, and mostly centres in the hero. The subordinate parts are less dependent on the individual performers; a general propriety of speech and action being sufficient, with the aid of scenic effect, to furnish a background to the principal character. This was the case in "Richard II." and in "Macbeth" as presented at the Princesses by Charles Kean, with such splendor of scenery and perfection of detail.

In Shakespeare's plays, the prodigal beauty of the language, the wit, sense, and pathos, the picturesqueness of the scenes and incidents, and the consummate art in the development of character, give to the drama an interest so powerful, that it must be bad acting that can destroy its influence. We doubt, indeed, with the exception of one or two of Bulwer's, if any tragedies but Shakespeare's could be revived with equal effect. People go, on the other hand, to see the old comedies more for the purpose of criticising the performance, and so identified are the principal characters with the great names of the old school of players, that a new performer has a formidable barrier of prejudice to overcome. It is the actors who have spoiled the audiences, and challenged the exercise of this critical spirit, by the starring system, where attention is drawn more to the player than the play. There is no other theatre in any portion of the world where these noble standard works of the drama can at this moment be even attempted to be presented, except at Mr. Wallack's theatre. If the writers who originated them, and the actors as a body who realized them, have mostly passed away, how much more should we treasure those who are left. Since the death of Mr. Wallack and Mr. Charles Kemble, the only representatives of this class of characters left are Mr. Charles Mathews and Mr. Lester Wallack. To fitly represent them, asks, indeed, the very highest and most delicate graces of art. Most of the characters of pure genteel comedy are such airy nothings—mere abstractions of the mode of the day—that there is no substance for a mechanical grasp to lay hold of; it is like an attempt to embody evanescence—to mimic the wave of a feather or the flutter of a fan. Whim, lightness, address, a genius for trifles, the practical wit of manner, the air of grace and gaiety, native born, and no more to be acquired than the highest intellectual gifts, are essential to vivify these creatures of artificial life. All these Mr. Wallack and Charles Kemble had—Mr. Charles Mathews and Mr. Lester Wallack (the latter in the fullest sense) have. Not even the wit and vivacity of Sheridan or Colman can charm, from the mouth of a dull, hard, operative player. We see the grub instead of the butterfly.

Mr. Lester Wallack's greatest characteristic as an artist is, perhaps, his versatility. For the art of entering into the peculiarities of a variety of characters he is without a rival. What general expression is large enough to take in such a round of characters, in each of which he is without a rival, as Mercutio, Ben-

edick, Orlando, Cassio, Harry Dornton, the Stranger, St. Pierre, the Brigand, Evelyn, Don Felix, Horace De Beauval, Claude Melnotte (which he has played a greater number of successive nights than any actor but Macready), the Rover, Wildrake, in the "Love Chase," and a hundred others, in light farce and vaudeville, which he has made peculiarly his own. Most other actors have a fixed routine, or, if the routine be not so fixed in itself, their peculiarities produce a resemblance between the characters they represent. But in a new part Mr. Wallack is a new individual; the outer and inner man are completely changed, and the transmigration of souls could not convey more forcibly the putting on of a new soul and body. He has been the original and has made the characters of Monte Christo, Elliott Grey, Captain of the Watch, Badger, in the "Poor of New York," McGregor, in "Jessie Brown," Horace De Beauval, the Poor Young Man; Chalcotte, in "Ours," besides a multitude of others.

Such achievement is not ordinarily found, and needed much toil; but the labor we delight in physics pain, and even for such toil public appreciation and its agreeable accompaniment—full coffers—are a rich reward. He has attained an ample fortune, and as when struggling up the steep, he never, like so many others, especially artists, who when poor are prodigal, when wealthy mean—indulged in any personal luxury, beyond maintaining a graceful and quiet home; now that he has reached the summit he expends the fortune so worthily acquired, in a large and genial hospitality which he has inherited from his father, in graceful and manly pursuits, and in many acts of kindness we could mention, having that true benevolence which buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its hospital in the human heart.

Both as manager and artist Mr. Wallack holds unquestioned the first position either in Europe or (and in both classes the American stage stands preëminent), this country. He has not only redressed and regilded many of the old comedies, but has himself written several plays, as the "Veteran" and "Rosedale." which have achieved longer runs than any drama of the day, and which are destined to hold an abiding place upon the stage. He has drawn from his father the justly artistic idea that the old dramas are a mine of wealth, as yet but half worked, and that too exclusive reliance should not be placed on mere acting and scenic display, which are, after all, but a means to an end. The stage without a literature is a body without a soul. The present race of actors are not such as to adorn the drama. They are as a rule foils to the author's wit—not light to his hidden meaning. His theatre is really the only one now in which authors find a field for the production of their pieces. All the recent plays of Taylor, Boucicault, Robertson, Reade and Phillips have been brought out there; and while Mr. Wallack has usually too much on his hands to mould into form the crude conceptions of tyros, aspiring dramatists have always found with him a direct and open communication, an enlightened and impartial judgment, and a judicious encouragement to talent of the right kind. We have known him in many instances give valuable assistance, without which plays could not be acted, and where the obstacles to success were merely technical, draw out much latent power. Still ambitious playwrights should know that in all times the most—indeed the only—successful dramatists have been connected with the theatrical profession, or, as in the case of Bulwer and Macready, have relied on the aid of those who were. This fact speaks volumes on the necessity of a knowledge of stage business to dramatic writers. That this is not intuitive must be learned, and experience can only teach it.

As an artist, Mr. Wallack possesses the advantage of a singularly handsome presence, which, if not absolutely essential to success, contributes certainly largely to it. Lord Byron predicted early his father's success on account of his natural style of acting, and Mr. Wallack belongs to his father's school. It is a great mistake to suppose that the *dolce far niente*, do-nothing, drawly style of acting, which is at present called "natural acting," is really so. It may be a copy of the modern style, but the style itself is artificial, and not natural. "Natural acting" has been justly defined as the depicting of character and emotion by gesture and expression—the result of an impulse of the feeling controlled by the judgment, and directed into the right channel by previous study. Conventional acting is an artificial substitution of mannerism for the spontaneous prompting of momentary feeling. The present race of actors may be divided into two classes, such of them, at least, as deserve the name, and they are not many, who attempt anything more than to learn the words set down for them to speak: those who study with what tone, look, and action to accompany their part, and those who study the whole play, and know what to do when they are not speaking. To these latter few Mr. Wallack belongs. Acting is an art requiring imaginative powers as well as mimetic skill; lively sympathy with the character, which Mr. Wallack has, is far more essential to a fine performance than mimicry of individual peculiarities, which Mr. Sothern possesses. Mr. Wallack really enters into the part, and some of his charming bits of business in comedy do not even seem to be tricks of trade, but things to which he is propelled by an instinctive propensity—the *innatus amor habendi* of Virgil's bees.

As a man, Mr. Wallack seizes the affections of all who know him, and those who know him most intimately love him best. His tastes are all of the manly school, and he possesses all the accomplishments which set a Corinthian adornment on a base of solid, sterling worth.

Mr. Wallack's wife, a lady of much beauty and gentleness, is a sister of John Millais, the celebrated painter; she has four children—Arthur, Florence, Charles, and Harold—charming boughs of the parent tree. His youngest brother, Charles, who was in the First Madras, Indian army, died in New York. His second brother, Harry, is a captain in the British army, having served with much distinction in the Ninth and Seventy-seventh regiments. He fought through the Sikh campaign, and wears a medal and three clasps for Sobraon. He is now Governor of Millbank Prison, and attached to the royal household in the Queen's body guard, composed of picked officers, who must all have won decorations.

O.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE NERVES.

III.

NERVOUS PEOPLE.

THERE is a type of human organization the representatives of which have very little peace in this world, and who, when they have the power to act in accordance with their ever-changing impulses, allow still less to those who surround them. In these people the complexion is usually pale; the features are thin and sharp; the lips lack that moderate fullness which tends so much to give beauty to the mouth; the eyes are small, bright, and in almost constant motion; the heart beats rapidly, but with little force; the respiration is frequent, but not deep; the chest is well-formed, but not large; the skin dry and rough; the hands and feet are small and well-shaped, and the digestive system weak and easily disturbed.

In their movements they are rapid and vivacious, but as the muscular system is not fully developed in persons thus constituted, fatigue is induced after very little bodily exertion.

Such are the chief physical characteristics of those so unfortunate as to have been born with the nervous temperament. When it is acquired, as it may be, these characteristics are not so strongly marked, and some of them may be entirely absent.

Examining their mental faculties, we find many peculiar features. Their intellectual operations are rapid and brilliant; but, at the same time, not often deep or persistent. Such a thing as slow, patient, and thorough study or research is uncongenial. Their powers of application are, therefore, feeble; but as their perceptive faculties are strong, their minds in a high degree impressionable, and their modes of expression fearless and incisive, they have not infrequently played important parts in the world's history. But they must have variety. Their mental, like their physical efforts are, as it were, spasmodic; full of energy while they continue, but soon yielding to others different in character.

Voltaire and Frederick the Great, of Prussia, are notable examples of the nervous temperament, and John Randolph of Roanoke affords the most remarkable instance of it among distinguished Americans.

The nervous temperament is the creation of civilization. Barbarous nations afford no examples of it. In the early days of Rome, when the people were simple in their habits, accustomed to war and hardships, and not prone to excessive intellectual labor, this type of constitution was unknown. But the Augustan age and the depraved eras that ensued, contributed largely to the development of the nervous temperament; and the Roman men and women, once so celebrated for their philosophical impassibility, became sensitive, effervescent, and subject to numerous diseases of the brain and nerves previously rare among them.

Now, the nervous temperament, when fully developed, constitutes a condition which of itself is almost one of actual disease, besides predisposing to a long train of disorders of the brain, the spinal cord, the nerves, and other organs of the body. Persons thus organized rarely feel entirely well, and their active and somewhat unbalanced minds cause them to exaggerate the importance of the little ailments they may have, and not seldom to imagine the existence of others with which they are not affected. Their great impressibility makes them the slaves of their emotions; the acuteness of their senses, so far from giving them pleasure, is a source of pain and annoyance. A little mental disturbance induces tears; the full light of the sun causes headache; a loud noise upsets their equanimity for hours; the odor of flowers is oppressive in the extreme, and in the prick of a pin they feel as much pain as would a phlegmatic man in having his leg amputated. I have seen what are called nervous women weep profusely on being spoken to about the most indifferent matters. Bouchut states that he knew a lady, the mother of two fine and healthy children, who could not look at them without bursting into tears with the apprehension that they might suddenly die. She attended a church in which there was a picture of the Adoration of the Magi. The sight of the infant Jesus in a state of nudity in this picture, recalled to her how much Christ had suffered, and always brought on a fit of weeping. This lady was very excitable, dyspeptic, and a sufferer from neuralgia.

Then there are others, rarer, however, in number, whose tendencies are of a more joyous character. Everything pleases them inordinately. They go through the world in a hurried and bustling manner, impressed with an exaggerated idea of their own importance, always happy and always to be happier, till some trifling misfortune plunges them for a few moments into the most profound anguish of mind. With them invention succeeds invention, and failure failure; they are pursuing at the same time a dozen different routes to unbounded wealth, but never follow any one to the end, nor profit by the dearly-bought experience they so rapidly acquire.

As illustrating the rapidity with which persons endowed with the nervous temperament pass from one emotion to another, it is related of Voltaire, that when he heard of the death of the Marchioness du Châtelet, he burst into tears, and was inconsolable at the loss of his friend. Suddenly the Abbé de Chauvelin entered the room, and began to speak of some ludicrous events of the day. Voltaire soon became calm, then listened with pleasure, and at last broke out into hearty and repeated fits of laughter.

Persons of strongly-marked nervous temperaments are often subject to illusions, the true character of which they readily understand. Thus Pascal, who created this condition in himself by excessive study and neglect of his physical system, constantly saw a deep precipice at his side, which appeared to be ready to engulf him. In order to escape the distraction from his meditations which this image caused, he interposed an opaque screen between himself and the place where he seemed to see it, and by this means eventually banished the illusion.

A few days since I saw, in consultation with an eminent medical friend, a gentlemen from Cuba, who continually heard voices, the illusory character of which he fully recognized. Originally of a nervous organization, his predispositions had been intensified by the grief caused by the death of his wife a short time previously. There was no intermission in these voices except during sleep.

The most careful examination failed to show the least mental aberration or any physical disturbance other than that due to a delicate and highly impressible nervous system.

The nervous temperament is more frequently met with in women than in men. Their habits of life, mode of education, the requirements of society, and, above all, the intimate relation existing in them between the sympathetic system and the reproductive organs tend to increase the irritability and diminish the tone of their nervous structures. The little cares of life come principally to the lot of women, and these, when numerous, are more wearing than the large ones. Like the drops of water, which, falling continually upon a rock, cause its disintegration, these petty annoyances and difficulties slowly but certainly tell with great power on the brain and nerves.

Women are more imitative than men, and "nervousness" is often acquired by the mere force of example. I have frequently seen hysterical women infect others, apparently in good health, with all their spasms, and contortions, and sobbings, and other manifestations of disordered nervous systems. Most physicians engaged in hospital practice have seen examples of this kind. Any powerful mental impression will stop the course of the disorder. A woman, in a hospital which I attended as a student, used every day to be seized with hysterical convulsions, during which her body was bent backward to such an extent that it rested only on the head and heels. As regularly as she was attacked all the other women in the ward (thirty or more in number) displayed evidences of nervous excitement by laughing, crying, or twisting their faces. One morning the physician in attendance called a nurse, and, in a loud voice, which all could hear, ordered him to bring a red-hot poker, and, having got it, with a vessel of living coals, he t[illegible]ned toward the women and threatened to draw it down the spine of all who at the end of thirty seconds had not stopped their hysterical symptoms, and to use it daily till they ceased having their tantrums. Within the period specified every woman was as calm as if the even current of her nervous fluid had never been disturbed, and their paroxyms did not recur while the unfortunate cause of their difficulties remained in the ward.

The scenes which take place at "revivals" and "awakenings" are too often due to an abnormal influence exerted upon the nervous systems of impressible women, who become epileptic, cataleptic, or affected with hysterical mania through the terrific pictures held up before them by indiscreet and over-enthusiastic preachers. It is well known that these hysterical manifestations pass from one to another by the contagion of example, and sometimes prevail epidemically. A few years ago these phenomena were much more frequent than at the present day, and, perhaps, as religion is better understood, and is taught by ministers who appeal to the intellect rather than to the passions of mankind, they will disappear altogether from our places of worship.

Many years ago epidemics of hysterical mania swept through the convents of Europe. However conducive to holiness—and there are many charming examples of nuns whose lives have been devoted to noble and self-denying works—a conventual life is not that which combines the greatest number of hygienic advantages. In the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, when these epidemics were at their height, hygiene, as a science, was unknown, and the unfortunate victims, instead of being subjected to medical and moral treatment, were turned over to the exorcist to have the devils expelled, who were supposed to have taken up their residence in their poor bodies. The symptoms exhibited

by these unfortunate women did not vary materially from those shown by their hysterical sisters of the present day. Thus it is stated, that in 1550 to 1565, a nervous malady prevailed in the convent of Yvertet, in Holland, which was characterized by convulsive spasms of the trunk and limbs, and singular hallucinations.

The afflicted members of the community were seized with violent fits of fear and sadness, and paroxysms of an hysterical kind, with sudden bursts of irrepressible laughter, and subsequent attacks of depression and despondency. They appeared sometimes as if they had been dragged from their beds along the ground; at other times they suddenly jumped from the floor and then fell down flat and with considerable force. They were occasionally deprived of speech, and when they fell to the ground, remained there as if they were wholly unconscious. But at times they rose suddenly from a state of immobility, with such muscular energy that it was with the greatest difficulty they could be restrained. They rose up by sudden bounds, and then fell as suddenly down again in a frightful manner.*

How accurately this description represents the symptoms exhibited by those who, in our own day, have had their nervous systems unstrung by camp meeting or revival preachers, and who have embraced religion through the fear that they were about to be delivered over to the powers of darkness!

Other similar epidemics prevailed outside of the convents, and are supposed to have been induced by the wars, pestilences, famines and religious excitements of the day. Thus there was an epidemic dancing mania that swept over Germany during the latter part of the fourteenth century, affecting persons of both sexes. The disorder was called "St. Vitus's Dance," from the notion that this saint was better able to cure it than any other. The disease at present called chorea is still popularly known by his name.

The earliest symptoms manifested by these dancers were generally of a convulsive nature, such as twitchings of the limbs, an irresistible impulse to bound, to leap, to dance, or to start off at full speed and run through the fields as if chased by sportsmen and dogs. After exerting themselves in this manner till they were thoroughly exhausted, they fell into a trance, during which they were insensible to pain and sounds, but in which they frequently became convulsed, foaming at the mouth, agitating their limbs and distorting their features. Others had ecstacies and visions, during which they conversed with angels and enjoyed all the happiness of heaven. When these periods of ecstatic bliss passed away, the sufferers experienced the most severe internal pain, attended with oppression of the chest and a sense of sinking, as if all vital energy had disappeared. (Madden.)

Then there were "Flagellants," who went through the world lashing themselves till the blood flowed in streams down their miserable bodies. One of them, St. Dominic Loricatus, was so enthusiastic and laborious that he was invoked to excite all his fellows. The debt due by each was 3,000 stripes a year, but St. Dominic discharged the obligation of a century—300,000 stripes—in six days. The Abbé Boileau, in his "Historia Flagellantium,"† gives a full account of these curious delusionists.

* "Phantasmata; or Illusions and Fanaticisms, etc." By R. R. Madden. London, 1857: Vol. ii., p. 239.

† This work is very rare. The full title is, "Historia Flagellantium de Recto et Perverso Flagrorum usu apud Christianis. Parisiis: apud I. Anisson, Typographiæ Regiæ Præfectum. MDCC." A free translation into English, with numerous additions and comments and several steel plates, was published in London in 1783—at least that is the date of the second edition, now before me. This translation is attributed to De Lolme.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable epidemic nervous disorder which has ever appeared was that which prevailed among the Jansenists. Jansenius was born in Holland in 1585, became a devoted student, and was eventually made bishop of Ypres. He had peculiar doctrines in regard to the nature of free will, and although his opinions were regarded as unorthodox, he carried quite a large party with him. After his death his disciples continued to expound his views.

Chief among these was François, deacon of the diocese of Paris. On the 2d of May, 1727, he was buried in the cemetery of St. Medard, and very soon his tomb became celebrated for the wonderful cures performed upon those who made visits to it. Those afflicted with nervous disorders had especial confidence in its virtues, and thus the cemetery was run down with people suffering from epilepsy, neuralgia, paralysis, contractions of the limbs, rheumatism, sciatica, and various forms of insanity.

In the year 1731, it became noised abroad that a sick man who had laid himself down on the tomb of the venerable deacon, had been seized with convulsions of a very unusual character. At the same time similar convulsive attacks broke out as an epidemic in Paris.

The Jansenists took advantage of the circumstance to extol the holiness of their patron, and they spread far and near the story of the wonderful event which had taken place at the tomb of the most devoted of the disciples of Jansenius. Thousands flocked to the cemetery of St. Medard. The great majority, as soon as they touched the tomb, were violently convulsed in all their limbs, their hearts palpitated, and they uttered loud and inarticulate cries. The cemetery was filled with old men and old women, boys and girls, rolling over the ground in their contortions. Even the streets and the cabarets of the vicinity were crowded with these *convulsionnaires*.

The phenomena manifested were, in the first place, altogether of an hysterical character, but many, from super-excitation of the nervous system, became affected with acute cerebral disorders which soon proved fatal.

As to the kind of people who became *convulsionnaires*, they did not differ, so far as education, intelligence and position in life are concerned, from those who in our day go into trances and spasms at "revivals" and "great awakenings." Carré de Montgeron, who visited the place, who firmly believed in the miraculous character of the manifestations, and who cannot be suspected of wishing to underrate their importance, in his work entitled "La Verité des Miracles Opéres par l'intercession de M. Paris," says:

> Among the multitude of persons suddenly affected with convulsions, accompanied with miracles, were some who, in every sense of the word, were respectable. But it must be admitted that, in general, God selected the *convulsionnaires* from the common people; that young children, principally girls, have composed the greater part; that almost all had lived in ignorance and obscurity; that many were deformed from birth, and that there were not a few who, when out of their supernatural condition, appeared to be imbecile.

In many cases the convulsions occurred at regular intervals after the subjects left the tomb. Sometimes the sufferers were seized with fits of barking and howling, and at others they discoursed with great enthusiasm on religious subjects.

At last a new phase occurred. The desire to undergo bodily torment became manifested, and spread with surprising rapidity through the sect. Calmeil, who, in his treatise, "De la Folie Considérée sous le point de vue Patholo-

gique, Historique, et Judiciaire, etc.," has given a very full account of this epidemic, says:

Fouillou reports the case of a *convulsionnaire* who caused herself to be hung up by the heels, head downward, and who remained three-quarters of an hour in this position. One day, as she lay stretched out on the bed, two men put a sheet under her back, raised her up, and threw her violently forward two thousand five hundred times, while two others pushed her back as many times with great force. Another day, four men seized her by the arms and legs, and stretched them forcibly in different directions, keeping her several minutes in this position. Another time, she had herself tied on a table, her feet and hands behind her back, and while six men continually struck her body with all their force, another squeezed her throat. After this last operation, which lasted about a minute, the *convulsionnaire* remained motionless, and her tongue, swollen and of a dark purple color, hung two fingers' length out of her mouth.

The *convulsionnaire* Nisette, or Denise, went through still more remarkable performances. At twenty-five minutes past two o'clock in the morning she was struck on the head with a log, then with four logs, and then had her arms and legs pulled in different directions. At length, two men stood on her body, then one on her back, then two others dragged her arms above her head and beat her violently. They then again extended her arms and legs, while one stood on her stomach; then she was hung up by the feet; then balanced by the arms and legs, a man being on her back; then turned round like a spit; and then again pulled by the arms and legs. This pulling lasted a long time, because there were only six persons to pull. Then she was again beaten, and finally thrown on the ground and trodden under foot by fifteen persons at a time.

Calmeil states, on the authority of an observer (Montgeron), that a young girl, named Jeanne Mouler, had insisted on having a hundred blows on the stomach given to her with an andiron, and that one day a *brother*, who had inflicted this self-imposed torture, made a breach in the wall at the twenty-fifth blow, striking it as he had formerly struck the girl. Montgeron, who evidently doubted the acceptance of this story by the world at large, goes on to say that he was the brother who administered the blows; that he had begun by giving her moderate ones, but that she complained that they did not relieve the pain she felt in her stomach; then he increased the force of his blows, but still not succeeding, he gave the andiron to a very strong man, who did not in the least spare her. This individual struck her with so much force, always on the pit of the stomach, that the wall against which she stood shook with the concussion.

The *convulsionnaire* then insisted on having the hundred blows, counting as nothing those which Montgeron had given her. He, wishing to ascertain whether his blows had really been as weak as she described them, took the andiron and pounded the wall with it just as he had pounded her stomach. At the twenty-fifth blow the the wall crumbled, and a breach half a foot wide was made in it.

None of the blows which these people received gave them any pain. Pins were stuck into their bodies, but they did not feel them. In fact, they were in that condition of hysterical anæsthesia witnessed so often in our own day.

This epidemic lasted fifty-nine years, and at one time over five thousand persons were employed to strike, stretch, and otherwise torment the bodies of those who desired this violence.

Protestants had likewise their epidemics of hysterical convulsions and mania —several of these spread through the Anabaptists of the Continent and England.

The subjects "fell down, twisted their mouths, rolled their eyes, and appeared to be in converse with the devil." New sects arose, whose only doctrinal characteristic was some hysterical extravagance or belief which they deemed essential to salvation. Of such were the Adamites, who considered it their duty to go through the streets in that simplicity of attire which our first parents indulged in before their enlightenment. Besides these there were the Taciturn, the Perfect, the Impeccable, the Liberated Brethren, the Bewailers, the Rejoicers, the Indifferent, the Sanguinarians, and many others. These claimed the gift of prophecy, the power to hold direct intercourse with God, to drive out evil spirits, to have visions, ectasies, trances, convulsive seizures of miraculous character, and, of course, the right to persecute all opponents.

Such are some of the extreme limits to which nervous aberration can reach. To pursue the subject to its full extent would require the writing of a volume. How far the human mind can, unaided, control the predisposition to erratic conduct which is so often inherent in those of nervous temperaments, is a question of great importance. Doubtless there are differences in this respect—some are strong, while others are feeble—all, however, can do something, and many can so regulate their lives, their thoughts, and their emotions as to counteract existing tendencies, and prevent the formation of others equally powerful to cause disease.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M. D.

THE DEATH OF HOPE.

HE went: she watched him from the garden gate—
He who had been her life's delight and blessing—
He went—and left her sad and desolate,
Missing his loving words and fond caressing.

"But he will come again," she said, "though now
He leaves me thus, alas! with chilly scorning.
He knows I love him"—here her head drooped low
And tears fell—"I shall see him in the morning."

And in the morning with a fluttering heart
She went about the house, still watching, listening:
Each rustling leaf made painful flushes start,
And in her eyes the unshed tears were glistening.

But the day passed—and still he sent no word,
And came not—and yet sadder was the morrow,
Until her heart grew sick with hope deferred,
And wan and pale her cheek with silent sorrow.

And slow the days grew into weeks, and sleep
Forsook her pillow, and at midnight kneeling,
God's pitying angels heard her sorely weep,
And Christ drew near with balm of heavenly healing.

Alas! when hearts are sore with wounds like these,
When souls thus deeply smitten pine and languish,
But slowly, slowly e'en such balm brings ease,
It must be long ere peace can conquer anguish.

Often, when sunrise chased the dark away—
"How soon," she thought, "night's gloom is dissipated,
Such sudden joy might dawn for me to-day!
O, God! it might be!" and she hoped and waited.

Often, when westward stooped the weary sun,
She knelt in prayer to soothe her heart's dull aching,
Sobbing, "If this must last, Thy will be done,"
Yet with that "*if*" the torturing hope awaking.

At length she said, "This love can never die,
Yet it is all in vain—I know it, feel it!
Dead lies the hope which once was ecstasy.
Here is its tomb—I close the door and seal it."

But who can forge a bar to prison hope?
Scarce had she turned away, her sad heart cheating,
When with a thrill she heard that portal ope,
That tireless voice "It might be!" still repeating.

At last came calmer days, in which she said,
"That woe is past; my heart hath ceased its aching.
I say no more 'It might be!' Pain is dead,
And surely now that hope is past awaking!"

And where was he whose treachery had been
Like earthquake shock, this desolation bringing?
Ah, it was easy maiden love to win,
And even now his marriage bells were ringing.

And when their echo reached her, moan nor wail
Escaped her, in her darkened chamber lying.
Silent she lay, and faint, and deathly pale:
Her sisters looked, and whispered, "She is dying!"

But no, it was not she, but hope, that died;
For she arose to tread life's path of duty,
Strong to console the weary and the tried,
And ripening heavenward, with a saintly beauty.

For when the star of earthly hope had set,
Fair in her heart arose the heavenly dawning.
She looked like one who in her night had met
Christ and his angels, bringing light of morning.

Mary E. Atkinson.

BEECHDALE.

By Marian Harland.

CHAPTER XV.

ROY was at the dépôt Wednesday afternoon to meet his wife.

"You are not well, I am afraid?" she said, when they were in the carriage that was to convey them home.

"I am not sick, but I have had much to think of and to do, lately, and I may look somewhat jaded," he answered. "You left Eunice well, did you not?

"Quite well, thank you!"

"And you, are you very much fatigued?"

"No, but my head aches a little," turning her face to the window.

She was disappointed in her reception. The parting from Eunice had been a grievous trial; the journey filled with mournful thoughts of the past that now lay so very far behind her. Her chief solace was the hope and resolve that she would do her duty bravely and well in the sphere for which her marriage-vow had set her apart. Lonely and tired, the sight of Roy's face in the crowd of strangers upon the platform had cheered her heart like a cordial. She forgot that he was her husband; remembered him only as a noble and faithful friend, in whose presence she would be no longer solitary and sad. He had not kissed her when they met—she supposed because there were so many looking on; but after taking his place beside her in the carriage, he might surely tell her that her coming gave him joy. His face was very pale, his eyes abstracted, his voice constrained. It was not surprising that a qualm of home-sickness weakened her heroic resolutions, put to flight her dreams of forgetting her unhappiness in the sustained effort to be and to do all he wished.

Roy saw her struggle and guessed at its cause; but what could he say to assuage or encourage? The caresses and tender words with which he had sought to console her in the earlier days of her desolation must, he now saw in the lurid light cast upon his honeymoon by that terrible letter, have aggravated her sufferings. Professing to be her protector, he had played the part of a brutal ravisher; had torn her—shrinking and crying out against the loathed union, from her free, careless girl-life, and bound her, soul and body, in fetters more hateful and enduring than manacles of steel. After the first shock of horror and of grief, he forgot the wrong he had sustained, in his overmastering compassion for her. And he could not free her! Loving her better than he did his own happiness and life, he was powerless to ensure her peace of mind by restoring her to liberty. Had he been other than the true Christian and true man he was, the distracting anguish of that conviction would have driven him to madness and to suicide, as a sequel to the fearful vigil that followed the discovery of his real position.

"God always gives us light enough for the next step!" His was plain—to mitigate the rigors of her fate by such kindly deeds as a brother might perform for the promotion of a sister's welfare, by abstaining from even such manifestations of affection as are a brother's right. There should be no formal explanation until she had recovered from the fatigue of her journey, and begun to feel at home in her new abode. Thus much he could and would do, and await the result.

He did not invite her to inspect his devices for her comfort and enjoyment until the evening meal was dispatched. The survey was a quiet progress for the most part. Roy said little, and Jessie felt awkward. But when they reached the sitting-room, the feelings that had gathered to oppression upon her heart, overflowed her eyes and choked her articulation.

"This is too much!" she exclaimed, catching Roy's hand in hers, and looking tearfully into his face. "O, what am I—"

She could say no more.

"The mistress of this room and this house!" responded Roy in gentle seriousness. "One who has a right to expect every attention I can bestow. This is your sanctum. Nobody shall enter it without your permission."

"Excepting yourself!"

Jessie tried to smile playfully.

"When you want me, I shall come!" was the evasive reply.

"Surely you will not wait—" she was remonstrating, when an agitated tap at the door signalled Mrs. Baxter's impetuous entrance.

"My sweetest lamb!" she cried, with a strangled sob, clasping her cousin in her embrace.

"The doctor *would* come the instant he had swallowed his tea!" she tried to cover Jessie's emotion and her own by saying, when she could speak clearly. "I told him it was barbarously unfeeling and unromantic that, according to all rules of etiquette and sentiment, you should pass this evening without company. But he was obstinate. I don't believe you two have the remotest conception of his favoritism for you."

Meantime, the doctor had, in his odd fashion, slipped his hand under the young wife's chin, and raised to the light a strangely-agitated face, eyes swimming in tears, forehead slightly puckered with the effort after self-control, and little eddies of smiles breaking around the mouth. Roy saw in it the whole history of the shipwreck of her heart and life, and her womanly determination to keep the knowledge of the disaster to herself. Would the physiognomist's keenly-solemn gaze detect as much?

Neither of the lately-wedded pair was prepared for the remark with which he released the blushing Jessie.

"I wanted to see if the heart of her husband could safely trust in her. My child! do you know what a good man you have married?"

"Do not raise her expectations to an unreasonable height, my dear sir," interposed Roy, in time to forestall her reply. "And let me thank you, in her name and in mine, for the honor you have done us in this early visit."

The doctor accepted the compliment, and the chair the host wheeled forward, in profound silence. The conversation had been carried on by the others for several minutes before he again joined in. He was aroused then by his wife's laudations of Orrin's generosity as displayed in his bridal present.

"I don't see how you can take it so quietly!" she berated the recipient.

"One would suppose pianos were given away every day! And you should value the instrument the more highly because it is the gift of your great admirer and true friend, Mr. Wyllys. I assure you, Mr. Fordham, nothing could exceed his care of, and devotion to her while you were over the seas and far away."

"True friend!" echoed the doctor's dryest, most rasping tones. "Humph!"

"*Now*, my love, I do *implore* that you will not drag forward that most unjust and unreasonable prejudice in the present company!" cried his wife, in a nervous flutter from her bonnet-crown to her gaiter-tips. "If I *have* failed to convince you that it is groundless and absurd, oblige me by withholding the expression of it, at any rate, here and now!"

"My good Jane!" returned the imperturbable spouse, where else could the truth be so fitly spoken as in the hearing of judicious friends? I am sorry to say, Mr. Fordham, that my excellent wife and myself do not agree respecting Mr. Wyllys's character and actions."

"Doctor! doctor!" ejaculated the frantic woman, plunging forward at an angle of forty-five degrees to pluck his sleeve; "you forget that you are addressing Mr. Wyllys's cousin!"

"A candid man, and a fair judge of human nature and motives, nevertheless," her lord went on to say, with a stiff little bow in the direction of the person named. "The only safe rule among friends is candor. It is seldom I attribute sinister purposes to one whom I do not know certainly to be malevolent or hypocritical; but from the moment I heard Mr. Wyllys caution Mrs. Baxter not to allude, in her letter of invitation to our Jessie here, to information he had supplied relative to her person, residence, and education, I distrusted the singleness of his desire for the resumption of Mrs. Baxter's intercourse with the family of her early friend. When the invited guest arrived, and I learned that the terms of their previous intercourse entitled him to become her cavalier on all occasions—her preceptor and referee in doubtful cases of conscience and conduct; when I compared this circumstance with his careless and apparently accidental mention of her to Mrs. Baxter; his pretended indifference to her coming, I made up my mind that he was particularly interested in her for some reason he did not care to divulge. I believe still that this was the case. I believe that, knowing her to be betrothed to his cousin, he strove, consciously and systematically, to win her from her allegiance. I thank God he did not succeed; that she has given herself and her happiness into the keeping of a true and honorable gentleman!"

"I am grateful to you, doctor, for your staunch friendship for myself, and paternal guardianship of my wife." Roy's pleasant tones reached Jessie's ears like an angelic benediction through the seething chaos that seemed swallowing her up. "I am glad, moreover, that you have introduced the subject of your misgivings regarding my cousin's behavior while I was away. I appointed him my proxy before I left my betrothed and native land. The attentions that misled you into doubts of his right dealing were paid in that character. I cannot have you undervalue the 'true and honorable gentleman' I know Orrin Wyllys to be. He is my *friend!*"

The doctor tugged at his cravat-bow, and stared into the chandelier. Mrs. Baxter gulped down all the solicitude she could swallow, and threw the rest into the deprecating look she cast upon Roy. He stood before his zealous old superior—courteous, kind, but earnest in defence of his absent friend—the model of

gallant manliness, thought the abject creature cowering in the shadow of Mrs. Baxter's chair, half dead with remorse and the dread of additional questioning.

The love of this man she had trodden under foot! forgotten affection and duty to him in the mad, wicked delirium wrought by the arts of one, Roy, in the simplicity of his integrity, still accounted honest and faithful. A cheat and a coward Jessie had written Orrin down since that early September day when he confided to her the fact of his engagement, and shrank visibly at the suggestion of Roy's anger at his shameless breach of faith. She stigmatized him now as a liar from the beginning. He had manœuvred, then, to procure Mrs. Baxter's invitation for herself, while he denied to her that she had ever been named between them until after this was sent; had inveigled her away from the shelter of her father's roof and the guard of her sister's care, that he might establish his fell influence over her! Would not Roy, with all his blind trust in his cousin's honor and friendship, compare the doctor's mal-apropos statement with her confession of the change in herself, and arrive at a tolerably correct perception of the truth that would blast her forever in his sight, as not merely weak and fickle, but forward and unmaidenly?

When the throbbing of her heart would let her listen intelligently to what was going on, the doctor had been beguiled into a dissertation upon Druidistic history, by Roy's exhibition of a paper-weight in the form of an altar, encircled by a wreath of mistletoe, graven out of a bit of stone he had picked up at Stonehenge. His considerate consort carried him off before one-third of the knots in his handkerchief were untied. Her valedictory, like her salutatory, was a diffuse apology for their intrusion upon the sacredness of the installation eve.

"But the doctor is amenable to no laws of conventionality," she subjoined, with an indulgent shrug and sigh.

It is questionable whether either of the persons addressed regretted the breach of etiquette. The time had gone by more swiftly and comfortably than if they had been left to themselves. As it was, an embarrassing silence followed the visitors' departure. Roy stood on the rug, facing the fire, motionless and thoughtful. Jessie, trembling in a nervous chill that changed her fingers to shaking icicles, durst not attempt to speak.

Roy finally came out of his reverie with a start, and turned toward her apologetically.

"You are sadly tired! I was glad to see our good friends, but they have kept you up beyond your strength. May I take you to your room?"

Jessie murmured a disclaimer of the imputation of excessive fatigue, but took his proffered arm, and they mounted the stairs together.

A bright fire burned in the large front chamber—flashed gayly back from the gilt fleur-de-lis of the delicately-tinted wall-paper and the frames of the few pictures. A cosy arm-chair stood ready for Jessie, with a foot-cushion below it, and the marble slabs of bureau and mantel bore fragile wealth of Bohemian and frosted glass and Parian ornaments.

"Is there anything I can do to make you more comfortable?" inquired Roy, not offering to sit down. "Wouldn't a glass of wine do your head good?"

"I think not. I need nothing, thank you," without raising her eyes from the carpet.

"I hope you will be quite rested by morning," he continued, still gently ceremonious. "I may as well explain to you, that, foreseeing how frequently I

shall be obliged to sit up late at my studies, I have had the opposite chamber prepared for myself. So I will bid you good-night now!"

He held out his hand. She placed hers within it, silently, eyes still averted.

"Good-night, and pleasant dreams!" he repeated, with a kindly pressure of the chill fingers.

An impulse she could not control or define, drew her to her feet.

"Won't you kiss me, Roy?" she asked, in sorrowful humility.

She did not see how bloodless were the lips that obeyed. The salute was, to her apprehension, cold and reluctant, and without another syllable he passed on to the outer door. There he stopped—hesitated, with a backward glance at the drooping figure, standing where he had left her—and returned.

I had not intended to say it yet," he said, agitatedly. "There have been times when I questioned the propriety of any attempt at self-justification, but I would not have you think worse of me than I deserve for my selfish recklessness in hurrying on our marriage. I received this letter"—giving it to her—"last night. It furnished the clue to much that I now see should have checked my unseemly impatience to claim the right I believed was still mine. This was the communication to which you referred when you pleaded that the contents of your last letter should have hindered my proposal. I supposed, in the haste and excitement of the moment, that you meant the false rumor of your mother's insanity, which had been treated of in a former communication. If this had reached me in season, your request would have been granted. My only hope now is, that since I know what I ought to have perceived from the beginning, I may spare you annoyance, if not misery, by consulting your wishes and respecting your repugnances. If I could set you free I would. My heaviest burden is the consciousness that this is impracticable. But it is my desire that, from this time, you should cease to regard me as your husband, and try to think of me as your friend. For we may still be that to each other, may we not, dear Jessie?"

She was moaning as in mortal pain. "This kindness kills me! I had rather you should say you hated me!"

"That would not be true!" said the gentle voice. "And henceforward, we will be very frank and just in our dealings with one another. We will try, moreover, to put vain regrets out of sight, to do the duty of the day; to serve our fellows and honor Him who has some merciful intent in leading us through these dark waters. Now, my child, this subject need never be renewed. Our Father knows our sorrow. To Him we will look for strength. He knows, too, the sincerity of my sad heart, when I say how deeply it afflicts me to feel how much more grievous is your trial than mine!"

Folding in his the clammy hands she extended in a passion of tears, while her lips tried vainly to form a petition for pardon, he prayed the God of all consolation to have her in His holy keeping; to give her joy for weeping, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, then bidding her again "Be comforted and sleep!" went out.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Orrin Wyllys had "run in very sociably" to chat for an hour with her "dear cousin," Mrs. Fordham.

"Orrin brought me to the door," she said, divesting herself of her fur cloak and untying the coquettish hood that half covered her head. "I knew Mr. Ford-

ham would be at the meeting in the Town Hall. Orrin promised to meet him there. He can't bear for me to be alone, so he offered to leave me to a comfortable dish of gossip with you while he looked after the public welfare. Of course it is very gratifying to have one's husband so popular, but I often tell Orrin that I don't see half as much of him as I ought. It is a consolation to know that he regrets this quite as much as I do. What are you so busy about?"

Jessie's work-basket was heaped with calico and flannel.

"Making clothes for some poor children," she answered. "If you will excuse me, I will go on with my work."

"Certainly! I shall be more at my ease if you do not seem to mind my being here. You are the most industrious woman I know. And I haven't a thing to do from morning until night! True our house is large—ridiculously large—as I told papa when he bought it. And as Orrin is fond of style we keep up a preposterous establishment, when one considers the size of our family. 'Four servants to wait upon two people, my love!' I said to Orrin this very evening. 'It is absurd!' But he insists that I shall be relieved from all drudgery, knowing how delicately I have been reared. In consequence, I am actually puzzled how to employ myself at the hours when there are no visitors. Your *protegés* are some of your Beechdale parishioners, I suppose?"

"No. The few poor there are so well cared for by their neighbors as not to require my help. This is work allotted me by the managers of the Hamilton Charitable Society. There is much suffering here this winter."

"Ah!" indifferently. "The weather *is* severe—isn't it? But the skating and sleighing are superb! I was on the ice several times last week with Orrin. He is such a splendid skater. I am proud to be seen with him. I suppose you have heard how much attention we attract whenever we appear. And while I think of it, do let me call by for you to-morrow in the sleigh! Orrin and I have talked of it, scores of times—but to confess the truth, we are just a trifle selfish. We *so* enjoy riding together that we neglect our friends. Before I married Orrin, some officious acquaintances advised me not to expect much attention from him after the wedding, 'because he was such a ladies' man.' Such were notoriously indifferent to their wives' comfort, I was told. I turned a deaf ear to their croakings, and obeyed the dictates of my own heart. Now, I am reaping the reward of my wise action. It may sound boastful in me to say it, but I don't believe Orrin has his equal as a husband in the universe. His devotion to me is marvellous. I understand we have the reputation of being the most love-sick couple in town, but I don't care! Let those laugh that win—and I have won! The women try to ridicule us because they are envious. It is not for *me* to say why the young men do!" with a conscious giggle. "The worst they can say is that we are more in love with one another now than we were before our marriage. It is true, and we glory in it. My only fear is lest my darling husband should become too domestic in his perfect content with his wife and his home. I often force him to go abroad with and without me to correct this tendency."

Jessie stitched on diligently, with a half-smile the visitor mistook for pleased interest in her theme. when it was, in reality, made up of amusement and contempt. Through Mrs. Baxter Mrs. Fordham had learned that the exactions, caresses and braggadocio of Orrin's bride made him the laughing-stock of his associates. Her fortune was settled upon herself in such a manner as to put it beyond his management, and his graceful *insouciance* had occasionally proved insufficient to cover his chagrin at her unsparing use of the power this arrange-

ment gave her. Elated to rapture at her success in securing him, she paraded their mutual affection *ad nauseam* in whatever company they entered; people said, dragged him abroad against his will in order to do this. She was arrayed to-night in a blue poplin, trimmed with ermine; wore all her diamonds and artificial orange-blossoms in her hair. She was voluble as light of head, and her voice had always upon Jessie a peculiar and unpleasant effect, akin to that produced by the touch of some viscid substance. But she was Mrs. Orrin Wyllys. This was the end of his "dream of fair women"—to become the petted henchman of a homely, selfish, arbitrary, silly, and rich wife.

"How can you bear to do that coarse work!" was her next essay. "Why, that is a flannel petticoat, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Does Mr. Fordham ever catch you at that sort of sewing?"

"Sometimes."

"I am astonished he tolerates it! Orrin is *so* fastidious—has such an exalted appreciation of my refinement that I wouldn't dare let him see me handling such a garment. I think the more careful we are to maintain a certain degree of modest reserve in the presence of our husbands, the more we shrink from all things common and unclean, the better they will love us. I dread lowering myself to the level of a common-place woman in my beloved Orrin's eyes; would keep myself his divinity while I can. But with most married people disenchantment comes with the wane of the honeymoon."

Jessie understood the thrust. She had had others like it from the same source. The narrow soul and heart of the heiress had never let her forgive Mrs. Fordham for having once played in her sight the part of chief favorite upon Orrin's list of belles. He had glossed over the circumstance of his pointed attentions to Miss Kirke, by representing her relations to his cousin; had sworn sounding oaths, more loud than deep, that he had never whispered to her of love—and his wife listened and disbelieved. At any rate the Hamiltonians gave the poorer girl the credit of the conquest, and the knowledge of this was the Banquo of Hester's coronation feast.

"But you and my good cousin Roy are *such* practical people," pursued the chatterer. "I told Orrin the other day, that I did n't believe your husband kissed you once a week. I should cry my eyes out if mine did not kiss me whenever he went out and came in—not to mention dozens of times besides. However, as my blessed, charitable old love says, people differ wonderfully in temperament. Now, we are *so* ardent!"

"As you say, diversity of temperament accounts for much that seems singular in action," remarked Jessie, composedly.

There was a strange aching at her heart as she said it. Looking at the flat, flaccid visage of her interlocutor, she would have declared it impossible for her to wound her by this inane twaddle, peppered with weak spite. Yet she had set a nerve ajar.

"If I had a husband," the "matter-of-fact" woman was saying to herself, "his kisses would be things too dear and sacred to be counted over and boasted of to others. If I had a husband! Heaven help me! I have none!"

She knew all the while, nevertheless, that Orrin Wyllys's wife was not surrounded by the atmosphere of chivalrous devotion which encompassed her in the secluded life she led as nominal mistress of Roy Fordham's house. Her deep mourning was a sufficient excuse for declining to enter the gay circle in which

Mrs. Wyllys fluttered and her diamonds and husband shone. But Roy saw to it that she was not lonely. The Baxters, Provosts, and others of his cherished friends were often with them during the day, and he spent his evenings, as a rule, at home.

"Will you favor me with your company in the library, or shall I come to your sitting-room?" he would ask, when they were ready to settle themselves to reading or work.

For they wrote and studied together as two friends of the same sex might do; talked freely upon all subjects suggested by either—each watchful that no chance touch should wound the other; make him or her swerve quickly aside lest the next step should be upon the fresh grave that lay ever between them. In all their intercourse, Roy's apparent ease far surpassed his wife's. Frank, cordial, always kind and never more than kind in manner and language, he yet demeaned himself as if there were nothing abnormal in this sort of association; as if passion and regret were alike things of the past. No warmer love-name than "Jessie, dear," ever passed his lips, and after the night of the home-bringing, he had never offered to kiss or embrace her. A hand-clasp night and morning; a smiling bow when he came in to dinner and tea were the most affectionate courtesies exchanged. But no distraught lover, at the height of his lunacy, ever studied his mistress's fantasies; sought to divine and fulfil her desires as did this quiet and courtly husband those of the woman who had confessed that her heart was none of his when he wedded her. Flowers, fruits, birds and books were lavished upon her—passed into her hands invariably through other than his but equally invariably were procured by him in response to some expressed admiration on her part, or in accordance with what he imagined were her wishes or needs. Nor was his unobtrusive attention to her health less constant. In the same friendly style he regulated exercise, diet, and labor; saw that her habits were not too sedentary, and that she did not expose herself needlessly to cold, damp, or fatigue.

But for all that, the china-blue eyes of the shallow-pate over there would have glittered with malicious satisfaction at her own shrewdness, had she guessed how near to the truth was her description of the external intercourse of those the world and the church named as one.

"It is nice to be married," she rattled on, growing more and more confidential. "There is such solid comfort in the reflection that your destiny is accomplished. No more need for effort and anxiety! I shall never forget the delicious peace that filled my whole being when I first heard myself called, "Mrs. Wyllys"—appreciated that the irrevocable step was taken. Still, it seems very sudden. It is hardly a year since I first heard Orrin mentioned as your beau. Oh, how angry I was! for I had made up mind even then that he should fall in love with me. I don't know whether you recollect the time. It was the day we were playing billiards at Judge Provost's, and somebody said he was your teacher. Afterward, we began talking about Mr. Fordham's attentions to another young lady—never dreaming he was engaged to you all the time. By the way, my dear, upright, kind-hearted husband charged me to tell you that that was all a mistake."

"What was a mistake?"

Jessie looked up, arresting the swift, even motion of her fingers.

"Why, the story of Mr. Fordham's engagement to Maria Dunn, a young lady in our town."

"I recollect that you stated it as a fact," returned Jessie, pointedly. "She was an intimate friend of your own, you said."

Hester's thin skin flushed into scarlet.

"Well, yes! we were a good deal together at one time, and she certainly did lead me to think that Mr. Fordham was in love with her. I don't remember the circumstances now; but there was a good deal of talk about it, and she did all she could to excite sympathy, until she took a fancy to marry another man. Then, she declared there had never been any attachment between herself and Mr. Fordham. For my part, I am sure he never gave her reason to think he cared a rush for her. She was one of those girls who are always crazy after the men. If there is one creature whom I despise above all others, it is a woman who thinks marriage the chief end of existence."

Jessie gathered nothing intelligible from the monologue after this. The gleam of her needle was a dull spark before her eyes, and the viscid drawl had some vague association in her mind with the slimy trail of a snake. Once the slender steel broke between her fingers. Twice she understood, from the visitor's interrogative intonation that she awaited a reply, and she supplied one at random.

A sharp thought aroused her at length to put a question for herself.

"You say Mr. Wyllys told you to correct the unfavorable impression he fancied this story might have made upon me. When did he speak of this?"

"O, for that matter, he asked me all about it before we were engaged. I had already had reason to suspect Maria's veracity, and I told him I believed she had deceived me."

This might easily be an untruth. It mattered little to the listener which had been the more culpable in the deception practised upon her—the intriguing husband or the foolish wife. It was probable both had prevaricated grossly and maliciously. It was certain they had together wrought her great and irreparable wrong.

When Roy returned, his cousin was with him. It was still early in the evening, and the latter yielded to the host's hospitable entreaties, laid aside his overcoat, and seated himself at Jessie's right hand. She made an excuse for leaving her place a moment afterward to ring the bell for cake and wine, and folding her work within her basket, set it back, then retired to a divan on the opposite side of the hearth from Orrin. Roy was next her, and as she made the exchange he glanced down at her with a cheerful smile. She met it with eyes that well-nigh destroyed his equanimity. Mournful to wretchedness, appealing to supplication, they seemed to lay her soul open to his regards—to ask of him, was it succor or forgiveness? it could not be affection!

Jessie, at least, should have known Orrin too well to imagine—if she thought of him at all—that the silent by-play would remain unnoticed and uncomprehended by him. In his bachelorhood, the expression of aversion to his proximity, and the mute resort to her husband's protection, would have amused, and incited him to the exercise of more potent fascinations. But Jessie's demeanor to him since her marriage had irked him unreasonably. He could have supported an overt show of vindictiveness better than the dignified indifference that baffled his attempts to reëstablish their amicable relations. He had never seen her for an instant alone, and this, he was sure, was not accidental. For awhile he laid to his complacent soul the unction of the belief that her shyness was the fruit of cowardice—the consciousness that lively coals of love for him still

lurked beneath the ashes of reserve with which she would fain keep them covered. But his best powers of *finesse* had not elicited a flash from these. Adroit references to scenes and words she could not recall without emotion, if the wonted fires were still there, had produced as little palpable effect as did his ardent protestations of cousinly attachment. She treated him as she did a dozen other gentlemen, neither worse nor better. Mortification and amazement at his non-success were but human. Displeasure and the inclination to retaliate upon the instrument of his discomfiture were unprofessional, and to be accounted for plausibly only upon the hypothesis that contact with the sour whey of his wife's temper had not improved his own. In times past, he had been too philosophical, as well as too firmly entrenched in his self-appreciation, to descend to the practice of a quality so vulgar, and generally so unremunerative as revenge.

His mood, at sight of the rapid signal or query that passed from husband to wife, was the exact reverse of amiable, and he was not pacified by Hester's conduct. Hitching her chair close to her lord's, she stroked his hair and beard, smiling affectedly, in amorous languishment, at her lately-purchased vassal, and purring like a cat. So soon as he could decently seek deliverance from the absurd situation, Orrin slipped from under the crawling fingers, and began to examine the books upon the centre-table.

"You are true to your *penchant* for Mrs. Norton, I see," he said, looking across at Jessie. "This is a beautiful copy of her poems."

"I have had it for several years," was the rejoinder.

"Is that an implication that you would not procure it now if you did not possess it?" he persisted.

"I imply nothing except that she is popular with most young girls."

"Woman, then, in her maturity, grows out of the taste for the female Byron?" he asked, in suave deference. "What some contend poetry should be, 'the lyrical expression of passion,' sounds extravagant to her when she has learned life for herself. Must this be so? Because we have learned to think in sober and weighty prose, must we blush to remember that our hearts formerly melted through our eyes as we sang, 'Thy name was once the magic spell,' or read, 'I cannot love thee?'"

"I have a song called, 'I do not love thee,'" interposed Mrs. Wyllys. "It is a lovely thing!"

"I am tempted to doubt the decline of your admiration for our poetess," pursued Orrin to Jessie, without regarding his beloved's remark. "The book opens of itself at the last-named poem."

"Do read it aloud, lovey!" begged Hester, eagerly. "I should *so* like to hear it!"

"Let us have it, Orrin!" added Roy, seeing his kinsman glance along the lines, as reviving a pleasant acquaintanceship. "I never read it, I believe. But the 'lyrical expression of passion' had less hold upon my adolescent imagination than it generally has upon impressible youth."

He resigned himself good-humoredly to the hearing of an ultra-pathetic love song.

Jessie knew every line by heart. She had said it over to herself scores of times last summer, tossing wakefully upon her pillow at midnight, pacing the garden walks, or hanging over the railing of the rustic foot-bridge. But she

could not help listening as the cunning modulations of the reader drew out the simple fervor of each line.

A steely-blue ray shot from beneath his eye-lashes in her direction as he turned a leaf. She did not see it. Perfectly still, yet attentive, she had leaned her head against the high back of her husband's chair, and was looking straight before her.

> The cold disgust,
> Wonderful and most unjust.

found no expression in attitude and feature.

The reader's voice mellowed; the emphasis of suppressed emotion was more artistic and effective.

> Seems to me that I should guess
> By what a world of bitterness,
> By what a gulf of hopeless care,
> Our two hearts divided were.
> . . . . . .
> And I praise thee as I go,
> Wandering, weary, full of woe,
> To my own unwilling heart—
> Cheating it to take thy part,
> By rehearsing each rare merit
> Which thy nature doth inherit:
> How thy heart is good and true,
> And thy face most fair to view;
> How the powers of thy mind
> Flatterers in the wisest find,
> And the talents to thee given
> Seem as held in trust for heaven.
> Laboring on for noble ends,
> Steady to thy boyhood's friends;
> Slow to give or take offence,
> Full of earnest eloquence.
> . . . . . .
> How, in brief, there dwells in thee
> All that's generous and free,
> All that may most aptly move
> My spirit to an answering love.

"Wasn't it queer she didn't love such a splendid fellow?" queried Hester, when the reading was finished. *I* couldn't have helped it, I am sure."

Jessie reared her head suddenly—a movement full of spirit and gladness—and laughed. It was no mirthless sound, but a ripple of real joyousness.

"Very queer!" she answered, laughing again. "Mr. Wyllys! we must call upon you to explain the phenomenon. You evidently understand it. You read the poem *con amore*."

She sprang up to serve her guests from the waiter the servant had placed upon the table.

Orrin arose to receive a glass of wine from her hand, and, in taking it, looked steadily into her eyes. They sustained the inquiry without wavering, a glint of merry defiance playing upon their surface, and her lips curling roguishly, as she turned away. Then he knew his power was at an end. Knew it, and blamed Hester for the over-fondness that had made him ridiculous to optics that erst surveyed him with timid and loving reverence, as Semele may have regarded high Jove.

Roy did not return to the sitting-room when he had escorted his guests to the outer door. He bade his wife "Good-night" in the hall.

"Must you work to-night?" she asked, imploringly. "I thought we would have a pleasant chat over my fire."

"Don't tempt me!"

He would have made his answer playful. It was a sickly show of gayety, and repulsed Jessie more effectually than sternness would have done.

With a burning blush, she muttered an apology, and hurried up-stairs. In her own room she walked the floor in a transport of shame and despair.

"He would never have it now, if it were offered him!" she said, at last. "He knows me for what I am—and he despises me—as I deserve! But righteous punishment is hard to bear as is unjust condemnation!"

"The book opened of itself at that place!" Roy was thinking at that moment. He had been to the sitting-room for the volume, and re-read the poem carefully, detecting, moreover, what he imagined was a tear-blister on the second page. "What can I do? What course is left to me save that I am pursuing?"

The girl at the spring smiled down upon him from the wall; seemed to hold out the green leaf-cup for his acceptance. He could see the glisten of the water upon it; fancied he heard in the stillness, the tinkle of the bright beads as they fell into the basin. The eyes that gave back her look were very patient, but it was a patience without hope.

"I have put a cup of bitterness to your lips, my bird of beauty!" was his unselfish lament.

"I wouldn't be as cold-blooded as that woman for all the gold of Golconda!" Mrs. Orrin Wyllys exclaimed, before the steps of the Fordham cottage were cold from the touch of her fairy feet.

"Maybe you mean diamonds?" said her husband, curtly.

"Gold or diamonds, it makes no difference! I don't pick my words when I am out of patience. She frets me always! How provokingly she laughed at that sweet piece you read so divinely that I was near crying! You meant it for her, I saw all the time, you dear sly creature! And it served her just right! I as good as told her she didn't care for her husband, before you came in. It is awful what seared consciences some people have! I am positive she married him to get a home. To be sure, Mr. Fordham is one of the very quiet, non-exacting kind, and, I hope, doesn't suffer as you would, darling, if she were your wife," squeezing his arm. "For you and I are *such* turtles, dearie!"

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

SOME BRITICISMS. SQUEAMISH SLANG. "MISUSED WORDS."

I HAVE heretofore designated the misuse of certain words as Briticisms. There is a British affectation in the use of other words, which is worthy of some attention. And when I say that a form of speech is of British origin, or is a Briticism, I mean that it has arisen or come into vogue in Great Britain since the beginning of the eighteenth century, when, by the union of England and Scotland (A. D. 1707) the King of England and of Scotland became King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, a British took the place of an English Parliament, and Englishmen became Britons. This period is one of mark in social and literary, as well as in political history. To us it is one of interest, because, about that time, although our political bonds were not severed until three-quarters of a century later, our absolute identity with the English of the mother country may be regarded as having ceased. For, after a moderate Jacobite exodus at the end of the seventeenth century, there was comparatively little emigration from the old England to the new. They change their skies, but not their souls who cross the sea; and whatever the population of this country may become hereafter, it had, till within twenty-five years, remained, as to race, an English people, just as absolutely as if our fathers had remained in the Old Home. The history of England, of the old England, pure and simple, is our history. In British history we have only the interest of kinsmen; and John Bull, whose face, figure, and manners were unknown in England until the eighteenth century, is only our cousin. But he and we possess the English language and English literature before the British period in the same completeness and by the same title—inheritance from our common fathers, who spoke it and wrote it, quickened by the same blood, on the same soil. And, in fact, the English of the period when Shakespeare wrote and the Bible was translated, has been kept in use among people of education more in the new England than in the old. All over the country there are some words and phrases in common use, and, in certain parts of New England and Virginia, there are many which have been dropped in British England, or are to be found only among the squires and farmers in the recesses of the rural counties. The forms of speech which may be conveniently, and, I think, correctly, called Briticisms, are, however, generally of later origin than the beginning of the British Empire. They have almost all of them sprung up since about A. D. 1775.

DRIVE and RIDE are among the words as to which there is a notable British affectation. According to the present usage of cultivated society in England, *ride* means only to go on horseback, or on the back of some beast less dignified and comfortable, and *drive*, only to go in a vehicle which is drawn by any creature that is driven. This distinction, the non-recognition of which is marked by Cousin Bull as an Americanism, is quite inconsistent with common-sense and good English, and involves absurd contradictions. *Drive* comes to us

straight from the Anglo-Saxon: it means to urge forward, to expel, to eject. Drift is that which is driven. There is no example of any authority earlier than this century known to me, or quoted by any lexicographer, of the use of *drive* with the meaning, to pass in a carriage. Dr. Johnson gives that definition of the word, but he is driven to support it by these two amazing quotations from Shakespeare and Milton.

> There is a litter ready: lay him out
> And *drive* toward Dover.
>
> KING LEAR.

> Thy foaming chariot wheels that shook
> Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the neck
> Thou *drovs't* of warring angels disarrayed.
>
> PARADISE LOST.

In the first of these the person addressed is merely ordered to drive or urge forward his carriage to Dover; in the second Jehovah is magnified as urging the wheels of his war chariot over his fallen enemies. There is not a suggestion or implication of the thought that *drive* in either case means to pass in any way, or means anything else than to urge onward. Dr. Johnson might as well have quoted from the account in Exodus of the passage of the Red Sea, that the Lord took off the chariot wheels of the Egyptians that "they drave them heavily." *Drive* means only to force on; but ride means, and always has meant, to be borne up and along, whether upon a beast, a bird, a chariot, a wagon, or a rail. We have seen that Shakespeare, and Milton, and the translators of the Bible use *drive* in connection with *chariot* when they wish to express the urging it along; but when they wish to say that a man is borne up and onward in a chariot, they use *ride*.

> And Pharaoh made him [Joseph] to *ride* in the second chariot which he had.—Genesis xli., 43.
>
> —and I will overthrow the chariots and those that *ride* in them; and the horses and their *riders* shall come down, every one by the sword of his brother.—Hagar ii., 22.
>
> So Jehu *rode* in a chariot, and went to Jesreel. . . . And the watchman told, saying, He came even unto them and cometh not again; and the *driving* is like the *driving* of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he *driveth* furiously.—2 Kings ix., 16, 20.

In these passages *drive* and *ride* are used in what is their proper sense, and has been since long before the days of the Heptarchy, and as they are used now in New England. And yet only a few days since, as I spoke of riding to a British friend, he said to me, with perfect politeness, but with a tinge of "I do it for your good," in his manner, "You use that word differently to what we do. We *ride* on horseback, but we *drive* in a carriage; now, I have noticed that you *ride* in a carriage." "The distinction seems to be, then," I replied, "that when you are on an animal you ride, and when you are in a vehicle you drive." "Exactly; don't you see? just so." "Well, then" (we were in Broadway), "if you had come down from the Clarendon in that omnibus, you would say that you drove down, or if you went from one place to another in a stage coach, that you drove there." "'M! ah! no, not exactly, you see. You know one rides in a 'bus, or a stage coach, but one drives in one's own carriage or a private vehicle." I did not answer him. Our British cousins will ere long see the incorrectness of this usage and its absurd incongruity, and will be able to say, for instance—for are they not of English blood and speech as well as we?—We all rode down from home in the old carry-all to meet you, and John drove. But if they insist, in such a case, upon saying that they *all drove*, we shall have reason to suspect

that there is at least the beginning of a new language—the British, and that the English tongue and English sense has fled to the Yankees across the sea.

SICK and ILL are two other words that have been perverted in general British usage. Almost all British speakers and writers limit the meaning of *sick* to the expression of qualmishness, sickness at the stomach, nausea, and lay the proper burden of the adjective *sick* upon the adverb *ill*. They sneer at us for not joining in the robbery and the imposition. I was present once when a British merchant receiving in his own house a Yankee youth at a little party, said, "Good evening! We haven't seen you for a long while. Have you been *seeck*" (the sneer prolonged the word), "as you say in your country?" "No, thank you," said the other, frankly and promptly, "I've been *hill*, as they say in yours." John Bull, although he blushed to the forehead, had the good sense and the good nature to join in the laugh that followed; but I am inclined to think that he never ran another tilt in that quarter. As to the sense in which *sick* is used by the best English writers, there can be, of course, no dispute; but I have seen this set down in a British critical journal of high class as an "obsolete sense." It is not obsolete even in British usage. British officers have sick leave; British invalids keep a sick bed, or a sick room, and so forth, no matter what their ailment. No one of them ever speaks of ill-leave, an ill-room, or an ill-bed. The incongruity is apparent, and it is new-born and needless. For the use of *ill*—an adverb—as an adjective, thus: an ill man, there is no defence and no excuse, except the contamination of bad example.

RIGHT.—A Briticism in the use of this word is creeping in among us. It is used to mean obligation, duty. On one of those celebrations of St. Patrick's day, when the City Hall of New York is decorated with the Irish *and* the United States flag, in token of the double nationality of its governing classes, and miles of men, each one like the other, and all wearing stovepipe hats and green scarfs, are allowed to take possession of its great thoroughfares, in acknowledgment of the large share which their forefathers took for two hundred years in framing our government and establishing our society upon those truly Irish principles of constitutional liberty and law which are the glory and the safeguard of our country, and in acknowledgment, also, of that devotion to the great cause of religious freedom which brought those Celtic pilgrims to our shores—on one of those occasions I heard an alien creature, a Yankee, who had presumed to drive out jauntily in a carriage on that sacred and solemn day, and who ventured to be somewhat displeased because he had been detained three-quarters of an hour lest he should break the irregularity of that line and interrupt his masters' pleasure—I heard this Yankee say to the policemen, as he saw the Fourth Avenue cars allowed to pursue their course (probably because it was thought they might contain some of the females of the dominant race), "What do you stop me for? The cars have as good a right to be stopped as the carriages." This was unpleasant. That he should have stood humbly before his masters, having put a ballot into their hands with which to break his back, was a small matter; but of his language he should have been ashamed. He could not have spoken worse English if he were a cockney; and from some cockney he must have caught this trick, which, common enough for a long while among British speakers, and even writers of a low order, has been heard here only within a few years. He meant that carriages had as good *a right* as cars *to go on* without interruption, and that the cars had as much *obligation* to stop as the carriages. A right is an incorporeal, rightful possession, and, consequently, something of

value, which we strive to get and to keep, except always when it is claimed from us in the name of the patron saint of our country—St. Patrick. Death is provided by law for the convicted felon. But we do not speak of the murderers' right of being hanged. Yet in case of a choice of two modes of death, we should use the word, and speak, for instance, of the soldier's right to be shot rather than hanged.

Stop for stay is a Briticism. *E. g.*, "stop at 'ome." To stop is to arrest motion; to stay is to remain where motion is arrested. "I shall stop at the Clarendon," says our British friend—one of the sort that does not "stop at 'ome." And he will quite surely stop there, but after he has stopped, whether he stays there, and how long, depend upon circumstances. A railway train stops at many stations, but it stays only at one.

Irregular Verbs.—I am led back to the subject of irregular verbs, so-called, by a correspondent, who asks "Are not the regular verbs in strict accordance with the science, principle, or law of eternal fitness, and do not the irregular verbs constantly break that law and shock the natural prompting?" As nearly as I can understand my correspondent's question, I answer it, No. And so also when he asks again, "Is not the child's He *goed* with me, and the elderly pioneer's He *telled* me so, the natural protest against our idiom, and a clear pointing to the right path?" I answer, No: nothing of the sort. Children are learners, not teachers; and the only pioneers with whom we have any concern at present are the pioneers of language. The same writer, in the course of a long communication, furnishes me with the following paragraph:

> In the last generation, *drunk* and *drunken* were used as the preterite of *drink*. These sounded so much like the adjectives *drunk* and *drunken* that they have been dropped, and authorities now tell us they are the *old* preterites, but that *drank* is the present and better one; but "I have *drank* some cider" sounds like the Pennsylvania pronunciation, "I have *saw* a mon." In colloquial use, even among those called educated people, the now common usage is to say, "I have *drinked*." This is natural, sounds better, and one day will be adopted as the standard usage. Why not help it along? Why not help all such things?

To all this I have nothing to say in reply, except that I am inclined to doubt the accuracy of my correspondent's information as to the common usage of educated people, and to believe that those whose speech is muddled with such phrases as "I have drinked" must have followed not only the lead of children, but, in one respect at least, the example of elderly pioneers. Contrary to the supposition of my correspondent, the so-called irregular verbs are, in fact, perfectly regular. They form what is really a conjugation by themselves, and their inflections are as systematic and as English as those of any other verbs in the language. They are indeed the only inflected English verbs, and their changes of form are more numerous than those of the other and very much larger division of the same part of speech. We have all of us laughed often enough at "First it blew and then it snew, and then it thew and then it friz." But if this were ever uttered in good faith, and it may have been so, it was the product of ignorance only as to the last word. *Snew* is the regular preterite of *snow*, the regular past participle of which is not *snowed*, but *snown*. *E. g.*, *grow*, *grew*, *grown*; *throw*, *threw*, *thrown*; and the first word of the sentence, *blow*, *blew*, *blown*. The preterite *snew* is to be found in our early literature. Gower uses it, and Douglas, in his translation of the Eneid, the maker of the glossary to which (said in an old manuscript note in my copy to have been John

Urry), erroneously marks it as a Scotticism. Holinshed, noticing an entertainment called *Dido*, given in the year 1583, says that in the course of it "it *snew* an artificial kind of snow; and in the account given in Sprott's "Chronicles," of the battle of Towton, we find "and all the season it *snew*." It is only according to present usage that *snow* is an irregular verb; and it is so because *snowed* is the vagary of some man struggling long ago toward supposed regularity. The regular conjugation of these verbs in *ow* is to form the preterite in *ew* and the past participle in *wn;* as *throw*, *threw*, *thrown;* and *snow*, *snowed*, *snowed* is as irregular as *throw*, *throwed*, *throwed* would be, or *blow*, *blowed*, *blowed*. But although there is high authority for the phrase, "You be blowed," such at least as would have weight with elderly pioneers, I cannot but look upon it *quoad hôc* as a corruption. *Show*, *sow*, and *mow* have been, like *snow*, perverted from their regular conjugation. The conjugation, according to the usage now in vogue, is *show*, *showed*, *shown;* *sow*, *sowed*, *sown*, and *mow*, *mowed*, *mown*, in which we have a preterite of one form of conjugation, and a past participle of another: a union of incongruity and irregularity quite anomalous. But the regular preterites have not yet been quite ousted by the interlopers. In some parts of New England, and notably in Boston, we still hear from intelligent and not uneducated people, He shew (pronounced *shoo*) me the way, which is sneered at by persons who do not know that *shew* is the regular and *showed* an irregular preterite, the use of which is justified only by custom. The preterite *shew* occurs in the following interesting passage of Wycliffe's "Apology for the Lollards," the date of which is about A. D. 1375, in which there is, with preterites in *ed*, the old preterite, *strake*, of *strike:*

> Sin Jeshu was temptid, he overcam hunger in desert, he despicid anarice in the hille, he strak ageyn veynglorie upon the temple; that he *schew* to us that he that may ageynsey his womb [*i. e.*, deny his belly], and despice the goodis of this world and desire not veynglorie, he howith [*i. e.*, oweth, ought] to be maad Christ's vicar.

In some parts of Old England a farmer will yet say, "I *sew* my summer wheat late this season, but I *mew* my hay early." The healthy tendency of the language for half a century has been not toward the spurious regularity of preterites in *ed* for all verbs, but toward the restoration of old English preterites. In the last century purists wrote (the examples are before me) *teached* for *taught*, *shined* for *shone*, *thrived* for *throve*, *catched* for *caught*, *beseeched* for *besought*, and the like; and even in Shakespeare and the Bible we have *digged* for *dug*, the former having now long disappeared from the language of the living. It is not impossible that the restoration may go on. The participle *snown* will, I think, quite surely resume the place to which it has the same right that *flown* and *grown* have to theirs.

LIE, LAY.—There is the same difference between these two verbs that there is between *sit* and *set*. The difficulty which many persons find in using them correctly will be removed by remembering that *lay* means action, and *lie*, rest. This difference between the words existed in the Anglo-Saxon stage of our language; *lay* being merely the modern form of *lecgan*—to put down, to cause to lie down, and so, to kill—in Latin, *deponere*, *occidere*—and *lie*, the modern form of *licgan*—to extend along, to repose—in Latin, *occumbere*. *Lie* is rarely used instead of *lay*, but the latter is often incorrectly substituted for the former. Many persons will say, I was *laying* [lying] down for a nap: very few She was *lying* [laying] down her shawl, or He was lying down the law. The commonest misuse of *lie*, one which obtains even with cultivated people, is in the two

phrases, one addressed to a weary person or an invalid, You had better go and lie down, the other to a dog, Lie down, sir! The proper verb is *lay* in both cases. In one the invalid is advised, in the other the dog is commanded to lay himself, not to lie himself, down. After either has *laid* [himself] down he may *lie* [not himself] a long or a short time, and when he rises he may have *lain* [not himself] two hours. The frequent confusion of the two verbs in this respect is strange; for almost every one of us heard them rightly used from the time when he lay at his mother's breast and until he outgrew the sweet privilege of lying in the twilight and hearing her voice mingle with his fading consciousness.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.

Here I lay me down to sleep.

The tendency to the confusion of the two verbs may be partly due to the fact that the preterite of *lie* is *lay*.

In the slumbers of midnight the sailor boy *lay*;

and that this expression of the most perfect rest is identical in sound with the expression of the most violent action.

—*lay* on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him who first cries: Hold, enough!

Even Byron uses *lay* incorrectly in "Childe Harold."

And dashest him again to earth—there let him lay.

The keeping in mind the distinction that *lay* expresses transitive action, and *lie*, rest, as is shown in the following examples, will prevent all confusion of the two:

I *lay* myself upon the bed: [action]. I *lie* upon the bed: [rest].

I *laid* myself upon the bed: [action]. I *lay* upon the bed: [rest].

I have *laid* myself upon the bed: [action]. I have *lain* upon the bed: [rest]. A hen *lays* an egg: [action]. A ship *lies* at the wharf: [rest]. The murdered Lincoln *lay* in state: [rest]: the people *laid* the crime upon the rebels: [action].

Fly is very frequently misused for *flee*. I am asked whether there is a real difference between these two words. Certainly: the distinction is valid and useful. *Flee* is a general term, and means to move away with voluntary rapidity; *fly* is of special application, and means to move with wings, either quickly or slowly. True, the words have the same original; but so have *sit* and *set*, *lie* and *lay*. The needs of language, guided by instinct, we know not exactly how, effected the distinction between these pairs of words, and it has been confirmed by the usage of many centuries. The similarity between the members of each pair is so great, and they are so easily confused, that it is difficult to decide what was the usage of any one of our older authors except in those cases in which their works were very carefully printed under their own eyes. The worth of the distinction and the real difference involved in it will appear by reading, instead of "Sisera lighted down off his chariot and fled away on his feet," Sisera lighted down off his chariot and *flew* away on his feet, or for "the arrow that flieth by day," the arrow that *fleeth* by day.

Present for *introduce* is an affectation. Persons of a certain rank in Europe are presented at court; and the craving of every citizen of this democratic republic to be presented at the Tuileries, affords one of the greatest charms of the life of our minister resident near that court, and is the chief solace of his diplomatic labors. In France, every person on being made acquainted with another is presented, the French language not having made the distinction which is made

in English between *present* and *introduce*. We present foreign ministers to the President; we introduce, or should introduce, our friends to each other. We introduce the younger to the older, the person of lower position to the person of higher, the gentleman to the lady—not the older to the younger—the lady to the gentleman. Yet some ladies will speak of being introduced to such and such a gentleman. Is this a Revolutionary intimation that they set nothing by the deference which man in his strength and mastery pays to their weakness, their charms, and their actual or possible maternity?

LOVE and LIKE are now confused by many speakers, and even by some writers of education and ability. *Love* is often used for *like;* the latter not so often for the former. Both words express a pleasure in and a desire for the object to which they are applied; but *love* expresses this and something more—a devotion to it, an absorption in it, a readiness for sacrifice to obtain or to serve the beloved object. A man loves his children, his mother, his wife, the truth, his country. But some men speak of loving green peas or pumpkin pie, meaning that they have a liking for them. The distinction between the two words existed in the Anglo-Saxon stage of our language, and is one of great value, as it enables us to discriminate between a higher and lower preference, which differ in kind as well as in degree. It gives us an advantage over the French, for instance, who are obliged to use the same word to express their affection for *la France* and for *meringues à la crême*. We shall have deteriorated, as well as our language, when we no longer distinguish our liking from our loving.

EXPERIENCE.—Perhaps an objection to the use of this word as a verb has no better ground than that of taste or individual preference, which should be excluded from discussions like the present; yet I am inclined to make that objection very strongly. Experience is the passing through a more or less continuous course of events or trials. A man's experience is the sum of his life; his experience in any particular profession, business, or condition of life, is the aggregate of the observation he has had of making in that profession, business or condition. Experience should be a means of obtaining knowledge and understanding, but is not so always. Some men learn much by experience; most men, very little; many, nothing. Experience is akin to experiment, both being derived from the same Latin word—*experior*, *experimentum*, the idea expressed by which is trial. But experiment is voluntary trial, experience involuntary. In experiment the trier is an agent; in experience, an observer, and often a sufferer. He not only tries, but is tried himself. Natural science advances by experiments which are undertaken by scientific men, and an experiment is a positive fact of which all men may avail themselves according to their knowledge and ability; but experience is of little value except to him who has passed through it. From the noun *experience* is formed the participial adjective *experienced* (which is not the perfect participle of a verb *experience*), as *moneyed* from *money*, *landed* from *land*, *talented* from *talent*, *casemated* from *casemate*, *battlemented* from *battlement*. *Battlemented* is not a part of a verb—*I battlement*, *thou battlementest*, etc.; or *talented* from a verb—*I talent*, *thou talentest*, etc. So, an experienced man is a man of experience, not one who has been experienced, *i. e.*, according to the dictionaries, has been tried, proved, observed; but one who has tried, has proved, has observed. Of the use of *experience* as an active transitive verb, I have been able to find, by diligent search, only one example of any authority—the following, quoted by Richardson from "The Guardian:" "—the maxim of common sense—that men ought to form their judgments of things unexperienced

from what they have experienced." The examples easiest to find are such as the following, furnished by an incensed farmer: "Wal, I'll be durned ef ever I exper'enced sech a cussed cross-grained critter as that in all my life," the cross-grained critter which the speaker experienced being a cow that kicked over the milk pail. That this is not an extreme case, take the following examples in evidence—the first from the London "Spectator," the second from "The Mark Lane Express," two first-rate British papers. "The attempt to adapt ourselves by temporary expedients to a climate which we *experience* [to which we are exposed] about once in twenty or thirty years:" "The hay crop is one of the most deficient *experienced* [that we have had] in many years." Now if we may experience a hot day, or experience a hay crop, can we refuse to experience a cow without coming athwart the stupendous principle of equal rights, for everybody and everything, and subjecting ourselves to discipline at the hands of Mr. Bergh's society? Let us bear, suffer, try, live through, endure, prove, and undergo; and from all this we shall gain experience and become experienced; but let us not experience either a hay crop, or a cow, or anything else.

Witness.—This word is used by many persons as a big synonyme of *see*, with most absurd effect. "I declare," an enthusiastic son of Columbia says, as he enters New York harbor, "this is the most splendid bay I ever witnessed." In which exclamation, by-the-by, if the speaker has much acquaintance with bays, the taste is about worthy of the English. *Witness*, a pure English or Anglo-Saxon word, is from *witan*—to know, and means testimony from personal knowledge, and so the person who gives such testimony; and hence the verb *witness*, to be able to give testimony from personal knowledge. A man witnesses a murder, an assault, a theft, the execution of a deed, or the sentence of a felon. He witnesses any act at the performance of which he is present and observing. "Bear witness," we say, "that I do thus." But we cannot witness a thing; no more a bay or a range of mountains than a poodle dog or a stick of candy.

Ult., Inst., Prox.—These contractions of *ultimo*, *instante*, and *proximo*, should be used as little as possible by those who wish to write simple English. It is much better to say *last month*, *this month*, *next month*. The contractions are convenient however, and much must be sacrificed to convenience, especially in business. But from the usage in question a confusion has arisen, of which I did not know until I was requested to decide a dispute whether in a letter written, for instance, on the 15th of September, "the 10th ult.," would mean the last 10th, *i. e.*, the 10th of September, or the 10th of the last month, *i. e.*, the 10th of August, and "the 20th prox." would mean the next 20th or the 20th of the next month, October. *Ult.* and *prox.* are contractions of *ultimo* and *proximo*, which are the ablative case of *ultimus* and *proximus*, and mean, not the last and the next, but in the last and in the next—what? The last and the next month. *Ultimo* and *proximo* are themselves contractions of *ultimo mense*—in the last month, and *proximo mense*—in the next month. So that "the 10th ult." means the 10th day in the last month, and "the 20th prox." the 20th day in the next month. Instant is *instante mense*, the month now standing before us. We do a thing instantly, or on the instant, when we do it at the very present moment, the moment standing before us. But I submit it to the good sense of my readers that it is better to write August 10th and October 20th than to write 10th ult. and 20th prox., and quite as expeditious and convenient.

Limb.—A squeamishness, which I am really ashamed to notice, leads many

persons to use this word exclusively instead of *leg*. A limb is anything which is separated from another thing and yet joined to it. In old English *limbed* was used to mean joined. Thus, in the "Ancren Riwle," "Loketh that ye beon euer mid onnesse of herte *ilimed* togeder," *i. e.*, "Look that ye be ever with oneness of heart joined together." The branches of a tree have a separate individual character, and are yet parts of the tree, and so are limbs. The fingers are properly limbs of the hand; but the word is generally applied to the greater divisions, both of trees and animals. The limbs of the human body are the legs and the arms; the former no more so than the latter. Yet some folk will say that by a railway accident one woman had her arms broken and another her limbs—meaning her legs; and some will say that she has hurt her leg when her thigh was injured. Perhaps these persons think that it is indelicate for a woman to have legs, and that therefore they are concealed by garments, and should be concealed by speech. If so, Heaven help them; they are far out of my reach. I can only say to them that there is no immodesty in speaking of any part or function of the human body when there is necessity for doing so, and that when they are spoken of it is immodest not to call them by their proper names. The notion that by giving a bad thing a wrong or unmeaning name, the thing, or the mention of it is bettered, is surely one of the silliest that ever entered the mind of man. It is the occasion and the purpose of speech which make it modest or immodest, not the thing spoken of or the giving it its proper name.

ROOSTER.—A rooster is any animal that roosts. Almost all birds are roosters, the cocks, of course, as well as the hens. What sense or delicacy, then, is there in calling the cock of the domestic fowl a rooster, as many people do! The cock is no more a rooster than the hen; and domestic fowls are no more roosters than canary birds or peacocks. Out of this nonsense, however, people must be laughed rather than reasoned.

GENTLEMAN, LADY.—These words have been forced upon us until they have begun to be nauseous, by people who will not do me the honor of reading these articles; so that any plea here for *man* and *woman* would be in vain and out of place. But I will notice a very common misuse of the former which prevails in business correspondence, in which Mr. A. is addressed as Sir, but the firm of A.. B. & Co. as Gentlemen. Now, the plural of *Sir* is *Sirs;* and if *gentleman* has any significance at all, it ought not to be made common and unclean by being applied to mere business purposes. As to the ado that is made about "Mr. Blank and lady," it seems to me quite superfluous. If it pleases any man to announce on a hotel book that his wife, or any other woman who is travelling under his protection, is a lady, a perfect lady, let him do so in peace and quiet. This is a matter of taste and habit. The world is wide, and the freedom of this country has not yet quite deprived us of the right of choosing our associates or of forming our own manners.

FEMALE.—The use of this word for *woman* is one of the most unpleasant and inexcusable of the common perversions of language. It is not a Briticism, although it is much more in vogue among British writers and speakers than among our own. With us *lady* is the favorite euphemism for woman. For every one of the softer and more ambitious sex who is dissatisfied with her social position or uncertain of it, seems to share Mrs. Quickly's dislike of being called a woman. There is no lack of what is called authoritative usage during three centuries for this misuse of *female*, as I may show should I undertake the

discussion of Americanisms—so called. But this is one of those perversions which are justified by no example, however eminent. A cow, or a sow, or any she brute is a female just as a woman is; as a man is no more a male than a bull is, or a boar; and no woman calls herself a female without thereby sharing her sex with all the brute creation.

Chemise.—Why women will call their first undergarment a chemise, it is not easy to understand. *Chemise* means merely shirt, and nothing else; and its meaning is not changed or its sound improved when it is pronounced *shimmy*. *Shirt* is the original English name for this garment as well as the corresponding garment of men. See the following passage from Gower's "Confessio Amantis.'

> Jason his clothes on him cast,
> And made him redy right anon,
> And she her *sherte* did upon
> And cast on her a mantel close,
> Withoute more, and than arose.

But women wishing, as well they might, to distinguish this part of their dress from that of a man, called it, very properly, a shift. [See Johnson's Dictionary.] *Smock* is much better than *chemise*, and has, like *shift*, the support of long usage by the best speakers and writers. I have heard an Englishwoman of high rank, and of unimpeachable propriety of conduct and manners, speak of her smock just as frankly and simply as she would speak of her shoe or her bonnet. If a woman wish to say that she wears a shirt let her say so; she says nothing else when she speaks of her chemise.

Party, Article, Goods.—These shop words should, in their shop sense, be left in the shop. Mr. Bullions, in making a contract or going into an "operation," is a party; but in his house or yours he is a person. Mrs. Bullions's Sevres vase, being on her cabinet, is no longer an elegant article, but a vase, more or less beautiful; and the material of her gown having been honored by her possession, and shaped by her figure, is no longer goods. Mr. Sheldon's books, Mr. Low's tea, Mr. Stewart's silk, are their goods; but we neither read goods, nor drink goods; how, then, do we wear goods? Yet some people, and even some women of cultivation—they who so rarely err in language—will speak of the materials of their garments as goods. *Goods* means articles of personal property, regarded as property, not as personal appendages. Houses and lands are good, but not goods; nor are ships; but the cotton and the corn in the ships are goods; a stock in trade is goods; but a man's household gods are not his goods until he puts them into the market. And so Mrs. Bullions, when she is sold out, may rightly enumerate her gown among her goods and her Sevres vase among her "articles of bigotry and virtue."

State is much misused in the sense of say. State, from *statum*, the past participle of the Latin verb meaning to stand, means to set forth the condition under which a person, or a thing, or a cause, stands. A bankrupt is called upon to state his condition, to make a statement of his affairs. But if a man says a thing, do let us say he says it.

Alps.—This is not an English word; but it is not out of place here to notice its frequent misuse by English speaking people, who speak of a single one of the Swiss mountains as "an Alp." They might as well say an Appenine, an Ande, a Pyrenne. "An Alp" is proper as applied to one of the patches of pasture, *alps*, which give the mountains their name; but as applied to one mountain, it is ridiculous.

Richard Grant White.

WHOSE HAND?

A CHEMICO GHOST STORY.

MY name is Carl Van Wyck, and I shall begin this narration with the assertion that I do not believe in ghosts. Indeed, as indicated by my cognomen, I am of German descent, and considered from an abstract point of view, I would not swear that I believe in anything. But, like the people of the nation whence came my progenitors, I am much given to the habit of seeking for the *reason* of things, hence the interrogatory which I have placed at the head of this page.

As I have never been able to give a satisfactory reply to the question, and as there is something mysterious withal about the matter, I trust I may be excused for laying it before the public. And I will now proceed as if I were on the witness-stand, and had been directed by the attorney to "go on and tell all I know about it."

There is an antiquated, and now nearly dilapidated building at Yorktown, in the State of Virginia, which belonged, at the commencement of the late war, to a Mr. P. This decayed old dwelling, though not at all vast in its dimensions, is one of the chief glories of the village. To a stranger there would appear nothing remarkable about the house except its undeniable antiquity; and it is on this very account that it will continue to be pointed out by the antique-loving Yorktowners, so long as a vestige of it shall remain. The kind old burghers will tell the inquiring tourist that this house and the adjacent lands have been handed down from father to son through countless generations; and the aforesaid tourists would imagine, from their animated style of description, that old Mr. P., the father of all the P.'s, was a person who had escaped, at the time of the flood, in a little private ark of his own, and that the "Ararat" upon which he cast anchor, was the identical bluff upon which this old town now stands. There is, or was, when I was there, a clever, garrulous, old female man at Yorktown, who convinced me for a short period (that is, during the time required for telling the story), that this had been the abode of the P.'s for thousands of years; and that every particle of the material of which it was constructed, had been imported from England.

No army, however—neither a friendly nor a hostile one—has any sentimental regard for antiquity, especially when the antiquity in question presents itself in the shape of a number of comfortable rooms that may be used as some of the offices required about military headquarters. Such, at all events, was the feeling—or no feeling, rather—exhibited by the "Army of the Peninsula," which, until the abandonment of that portion of Virginia, was commanded by General Magruder.

Consequently, as the necessities of the service required, all available dwellings were soon impressed; and it was not a great while before the staff-quarter-

master called upon Mr. P., and entered into the usual arrangements with him, for the relinquishment of his house to the use of the army.

This building was taken by the medical department. The mansion was a brick one, and the main portion of it comprised four comfortable, medium-sized, square rooms; two being below and two above. These, with a small L-attachment, containing three rooms, which were used by our "mess" as a kitchen, dining-room, etc., formed the entire structure. The two lower rooms were used as offices by the medical director; or, to speak more correctly, one of them was used as an office by that functionary, while the other was occupied as a sleeping apartment by his clerk. The same arrangement obtained with the upper chambers, except that this story was under the control of the medical purveyor.

I was the clerk of this last-named officer; and from the partial description which I have attempted to give, you will observe that I was an occupant, therefore, of one of the upper rooms. Yes, it was in the right-hand second story room that I saw the apparition which I will now attempt to describe, and about which I should like to receive some additional enlightenment.

I had been sick, and was now convalescing. Born and reared in one of the mountain towns of western Carolina, I had scarce expected to be transferred to this marshy locality, in such proximity to the sea-coast, without some impression being made on my health. Consequently, on arriving at Yorktown in the early part of the summer of 1861, and on being assigned to duty with Dr. D., the medical purveyor, as soon as I learned from the village Æsculapius that I was in a *malarial* district, I endeavored to prepare my system for the incursion of disease. Having at my command any of the pharmaceutical preparations stored in the medical depôt, I used to take a daily matutinal decoction, which in the cabalistic hieroglyphs of the faculty may be represented as follows:

℞—Quin. sulph., gr. xii.
Spts. Frument, ℥ ii.
Aq. pura, q. s.

Solve. S. Take every morning before breakfast.

The dose thus represented, may be better understood by being expressed in good old English phraseology thus: A whiskey cock-tail made by sprinkling a few grains of quinine in a glass of "pure old Bourbon."

The treatment was not difficult to follow, and if the entire truth must be confessed, not a great while elapsed before my morning "bitters" and I became very fast friends. And when visited some nights by my brother clerks and other associates, we would take numerous doses of this preparation, substituting in the evening, however, *sacchar. alb.* for the *quin. sulph.*, which was only to be used in the morning. This medicine was of a very exhilarating nature, and it soon became quite popular throughout that entire army—from the general, down. But this is digressing.

Notwithstanding these prophylactic doses, and in spite of my caution against exposure to the night air, I was at length obliged to succumb to the insidiousness of the malarial poison. I was taken ill in September, and did not entirely recover until about the 12th or 14th of the next month. It was during my convalescence that I saw the mysterious hand. Near the midnight hour, on the 7th of October, I was lying on my bed in that restless, semi-feverish condition which is such a frequent accompaniment of recovery from the disease with which I had been affected. I was not delirious, but was in a high state of nervousness; my senses were all about me, no matter in what condition they were huddled. This

was not an optical illusion produced by the erethistic condition of my brain. I was mentally cool, notwithstanding my nervousness; and even sick as I was, I had a desire to come at the reason for the mystery. It was a *thing*, not a *myth;* but whose hand it was, and why it was only a hand, and not an entire body, I am unable to conceive.

My bed was placed against that wall of the chamber which formed part of the end of the house, and when lying on my right side, the door which opened upon the stair-landing was immediately in front of me on the other side of the room. I had been lying for some time on my back, my mind filled with a thousand of those thick-coming vagaries which can only find lodgement in the disordered brain of an invalid, when, wearied by the position in which I had so long lain, I turned upon my right side, and now, for the first time, saw this—thing.

It was a luminous hand, the delicately-tapering fingers of which indicated that it had, at one time, belonged to a person—a female—of gentle blood. This shining spectacle was enveloped about the wrist in a flowing cloud-like kind of drapery. The hand, it is true, was somewhat vague and misty; but, still, the fingers, thumb, wrist and gauzy covering appeared to be sufficiently well-defined to make one think that they would be perceptible to the sense of touch. When I first saw this appearance, I was in that nervous and partially feverish condition which was well calculated to allow my senses to be easily perturbed; and I will confess it—the sight of the mysterious phenomenon did produce within me some degree of fright. But I am from a reflective nation, as you are aware, and I was not long in bringing reason to my succor. Sick and weak as I was, I was not to be terrified by a ghost. I assumed a bold air, and said to myself, "There are no such things as ghosts; and even if there are, they have never been known to do an injury."

But I was puzzled. What could it be?

This nebulous hand, when I first saw it, was groping about the knob of the door. The fingers were outstretched, and it seemed to be doing as a person would do who wished to escape from the room without making a noise. My window was closed, and there being no key to the door, I had habitually bolted it on repairing to bed; "consequently," so I reasoned, "no one has entered the apartment since I retired."

Composing myself to as great a degree as possible, I kept perfectly quiet—scarcely breathing—and observed the movements of this illumined wonder. Occasionally the fingers and thumb would close, as if grasping the door-knob, and from the agitation of the drapery which formed the sleeve, I could see that it was endeavoring to turn the handle. Failing in this, it elevated itself an inch or two, and seemed to be feeling about the key-hole. Closing all but the index finger, it attempted to insert that into the space that should have been occupied by the key. It now groped along the crevice left between the door and the post—slow and cautious in its movements—when, coming to the bolt, it stopped and seemed to be trying to force it backward from the staple which completed the fastening.

I could stand it no longer. The mystery was becoming too much for me. A cold perspiration broke out over my face and body, and turning over to the wall, I closed my eyes. This change of position, however, brought no relief, but seemed rather to produce a concentration of my nervousness. Turning again toward the door, I observed that the hand was still endeavoring to make its exit. Knowing it to be characteristic of the ghost family to abhor the light, I jumped

out of bed as boldly and as noisily as possible, and went to the mantel to light my candle. Just as my feet touched the floor, the apparition fell, as a hand would fall by one's side, and gliding across the room between the place where I stood and my bed, it disappeared in a corner that had once been occupied by a large wardrobe.

I was greatly terrified by these movements, and if any one had been in the house, I would have shouted for help. To-night, however, I was alone. The medical director's clerk had gone several miles down the Peninsula on a visit to some of his comrades. And, to add to my horror, I now remembered that I had used the last match before retiring to bed. Summing up a degree of courage, I began to feel about in the dark, with a hope that I might make some discovery. I went to the corner where the luminous hand had disappeared, but could neither see, feel nor hear anything unusual. Watching for some ten or fifteen minutes, I became wearied, and returned to my couch. I again reclined, and endeavored to compose myself in order that I might solve this great mystery. I continued to lie perfectly still, looking in the direction where I had last seen the hand of flame—turning occasionally to examine the door—until I became tired and sleepy. I had nearly fallen into a doze, when I was again thrown into a tremor by the reappearance of what I must now call the ghost. When I saw it this time, it was passing the foot of my bed and coming from the direction whence I had seen it disappear.

I was now much frightened, or, rather, I should say perplexed; for, although I did not anticipate any bodily harm, the inexplicability of the phenomenon was getting to be troublesome. If it had been daylight, and I had seen this hand attached to the person of a delicate lady, it would have occasioned me no unusual thought. But to see a mysterious, luminous hand groping about my room at this witching hour of midnight, was to see something that made me disagreeably nervous.

The movements of the nebulous enigma were now more cautious than before. From the foot of the bed it went slowly again to the door, where, in a more gentle manner, it went through the same evolutions as when I had first seen it. Staying a few minutes, and feeling about the knob and key-hole of the door, it left and came nearly to where I was reclining. I felt very much disposed to strike at it, but repressed the desire, and stopped, as well as I could, my breathing. Lingering about the head of my cot for some minutes, it returned to the door. Grasping at the knob, it now seemed to be the hand of an angry person, and I could see, from the sudden movements of the sleeve, that it was trying to jerk down that barrier.

For some time I was completely nonplussed. But, after observing these motions for several moments, I concluded to arise, open the door, and see if the troublesome spirit would not depart. Getting up this time without making the least noise, I began to approach the doorway. Apparently, as if it saw me, the hand fell as before, and seemed about to return to its old retreat. I stood still for several seconds, and it moved two or three feet to the right of the door. It was with the greatest difficulty that I now mastered the inclination to grasp at it. As if interpreting my secret desire, the palm of the hand seemed to be presented toward me, with fingers outstretched, as if it were about to ward off a blow.

My fright now was terrible. What could this hobgoblin mean? Was it the hand of a murderess, or was it some supernatural warning? In my terror I jumped against the door with nearly sufficient force to burst it from its hinges.

I tried to open it, but, in my confusion, I could not find the latch. I would have rushed from the room and left the entire house, but I had been too hasty.

When I first jarred against the door, the apparition retreated two or three feet; but while I was engaged in trying to find the bolt, it began to approach. My original determination again presented itself. I came to the conclusion that the spectre wished to get out of the room, and that if I would open the door, it would disappear and cease to trouble me, except, of course, in the shape of its unaccountability. Deciding to act upon this suggestion, I continued to feel for the knob, and finding this in a few minutes, I drew back the bolt and began to open the door. The apparition all this time was slowly drawing nearer, and the door was not opened wider than was sufficient to admit the passage of a grown person, when the ghostly hand, at one bound, rushed by me and disappeared around the partition made by the top of the staircase.

Returning to bed, I lay awake nearly the remainder of the night, endeavoring to find a solution for this frightful riddle. In my weak and nervous condition, I do not feel it to be a confession of cowardice to say that some of the positions assumed by the hand had produced in me a certain degree of fright. I was frightened, for instance, when it came to my pillow and acted as if it belonged to a person who was listening to my breathing; and, again, when I had arisen to open the door, as it assumed the posture of one about to protect itself from apprehended blows. I almost felt that the whole person must be present, and that I was only permitted to see the luminous hand and wrist. I entertain, to this day, great regret that I was unable to bring a candle to my aid.

A long time elapsed after these occurrences before I allowed myself to speak of the apparition, and I never again slept in the room where it had appeared. I would not have this confession, however, to undermine the assertion I began with, relative to my disbelief in ghosts; nor would I have it thought that fear caused me to abandon my sleeping apartment. The clerk who occupied the room below had frequently complained of its unsocial appearance after the departure of his friends, and I having felt a similar degree of lonesomeness, we agreed to use his room as a sleeping chamber in common. On the next day these arrangements were carried into effect.

One of the theories by which, for my own satisfaction, I attempted to explain my spectral visitor, is as follows:

"When I first saw the luminous body, resembling a hand on the knob, and wavering up and down near the edge of the door, between the lock and bolt, I said to myself that it must be owing to some peculiar condition of the atmosphere of the close sick room. The vitiated air in the confined apartment, I thought, was acted upon by the fresh breeze entering at the key-hole, and the result of the combination was shown by this movable phosphorescent phenomenon. The reason why the phantom should take the shape of a hand, I was unable to explain. But had I been in perfect health, it would have occurred to me that clouds very often assume—sometimes with much distinctness—a resemblance to such every-day objects as faces, forms, landscapes, animals, etc., and that we can sometimes recognize in the different shades of a glowing fire a display of the same nature. Even that night, after the departure of my unceremonious visitor, I think this was the explanation most satisfactory to my bewildered brain. 'Yes,' I reasoned, 'this phosphorescent luminosity must have been produced by some unusual constitution of the air in my bed-room. The draft through the key-hole is of a different character, and I have no doubt but that it is in the

province of chemistry to explain the resulting combination or reaction. The shape it has assumed, though, to my perception, looking as much like a hand as if it had been amputated from the arm of my sweetheart, *might*, to the sight of another, take any other form. I was determined to account for it, if possible; so I took advantage of every plausible explanatory suggestion.'

"'But why did it move away, as a thing of guilt, when I rose to light the candle?'"

This question which I had asked myself was somewhat puzzling. But I soon made the following mental reply:

"'The condition of the atmosphere—hitherto perfectly still—had been disturbed by the movements I made on rising. The vibrations thus made had caused the luminous body to descend as if falling to the natural position of a hand at rest; and when I crossed the room to the mantel, a current of air, possibly imperceptible to myself, but, nevertheless, a current strong enough to disturb every square inch of atmosphere in the room, had followed in my wake. This aerial motion, unperceived by a human being, had acted with greater effect on the more sensitive *ignis fatuus;* and the counter-currents thus put in motion had borne the luminosity across the room between myself and the bed—carried it to the darkest corner of the apartment, where it disappeared from sight.'"

I was too weary and restless on that night to have gone through the ratiocination by which I had partially arrived at this determination; but for days, weeks and months afterward, I would endeavor to make this thing accountable, and succumb to rational explanations. Fearing that I would be ridiculed as a soldier who feared ghosts so much as to give up his room, I never mentioned this subject in the presence of my brother clerks. Alone, I tried to get at the foundation of the mystery. And it was much more difficult for me to manufacture an acceptable theory for the second appearance of the phantom, than I had found in accounting for its first manifestation. After a time, however, I added to my satisfaction by an extension of the hypothesis I have already tried to explain.

It will be remembered that when I returned to my couch, and had nearly fallen asleep, the luminous hand again crossed the room; that when I first saw it on its reappearance, it was moving near the foot of my bed, and coming from the direction of the corner where I had last seen it, and where I had made search for it. I again brought that part of chemistry *that I don't know* to my aid. Like Count Fosco, I believe that if we learn this science thoroughly, we will have a "*που στω*" from which we may "move the world." Chemistry enters into the composition of all things, and if we master it, may we not explain all things?

This illumined vapor seemed to be very sensitive to the movements of the atmosphere, and I concluded that when the vibrations subsided, and the air of the room had become stilled, that it was again obliged to seek a new supply of oxygen, which was only to be found entering at the key-hole; hence its approach to that aperture. "But why move off and open its fingers as if fearing an attack?" I had disturbed the stillness of the aerial particles, and it looked like a hand defending itself from blows, only to my imagination, which was erethistically excited.

About a month ago, when the events above described had altogether passed out of my memory, I made a visit of several days to Yorktown. With me was

my friend Captain Morton, of Williamsburg. The captain had an uncle living in the village, and we repaired immediately to his house.

The historic old town had suffered but little change since I left it in April, 1862. On our way up from the wharf, I pointed out the old mansion which I had once occupied, and said to my companion that I would like to call on the family to whom it belonged. He told me that Mr. P. had returned, with his wife and daughter, and said that we should go to see them after tea, assuring me, at the same time, that we should spend a most delightful evening.

Seeing the house again had reminded me of my experience with the hand. So I had told Morton the incident briefly.

"There *is* an old story about the house being haunted," said he.

"Tell it me," I said, surprised, and really very much interested.

"No. Let Mr. P. tell it himself this evening."

Mr. P. was a gentleman of education, in whom the blending of dignity and jovialty would appear curious anywhere out of Virginia. His wife was a lady of gentle manners, with a face agreeably irradiated by an expression of refinement and amiability. These, with their only daughter, Miss Essie, comprised the entire family. As a more lengthy description of this little household will not be to my purpose, I will merely observe that Miss Essie was a most attractive young lady, whose saccharine diathesis was becoming more and more developed, by each successive year that was being added to that delightful age, known as "sweet sixteen."

Morton and I had previously agreed that it would be better for the family to remain in ignorance of the fact of my ever having been an occupant of the house, until we had drawn from Mr. P. his story of the ghost. These agreeable people, who had made me feel so perfectly at home, had not the remotest suspicion, therefore, that I—a stranger an hour before—was equally as familiar with every apartment of their habitation as any member of the household. And I must be excused for saying, that frequently, during the past hour, when looking into Miss Essie's bright eyes, I had caught myself wondering in which room she was probably accustomed to close them.

During a lull in the conversation, Morton finally adroitly introduced the ghost question.

I saw immediately that the family did not relish the subject, and I almost regretted that it had been brought up. Morton, however, who had become nearly as greatly interested in the matter as myself, and being, withal, on more intimate terms with the P.'s, was not to be satisfied until he had heard a comparison of the stories. He accordingly made several more adroit appeals, and at length induced the old gentleman to withdraw his objections.

A well-filled cigar-holder was now passed around, and as the ladies insisted on our smoking, we lighted up, and Mr. P. began. I cannot remember his exact words, but the substance of his narration was about as follows:

Mr. P.'s Account.—"It is a long story, and such a time has elapsed since I have given it a thought, that I fear I have forgotten all except the most prominent points. As well as I remember, however (and you observe how far back I have to go), my grandfather was occupying this house at the time Washington had reduced Cornwallis to his last extremity. My grandfather was about fifty years of age at that time, and though a warm supporter of the colony against British oppression, his health was so precarious that he could take no part in the

army, now about to operate so near his homestead. Compelled thus to remain at home, he was found dead in his bed one morning, just a few days before the attack on Yorktown was begun.

"The circumstances attending his death, rendered it quite probable that he had been the victim of foul play; and though no direct clue could be found as to the murderer, suspicion attached to a Miss C., a young lady to whom the old gentleman had taken a great fancy. This personage was then staying at Governor Nelson's (who lived in the large brick mansion at the upper corner of this block),* and was a very frequent visitor in my grandfather's family. My father, then quite a young man, and at the identical time of which I speak, a lieutenant in the Colonial Army, has often spoken to me about Miss C., saying that up to the death of his father, he had entertained for her a most devoted affection. It was known to my father, and to his brothers and sisters, that Miss C. was mentioned in the will of grandfather, in a clause that would prove of very substantial benefit to her—she being, at that time, not very abundantly endowed with worldly riches. This fact was so frequently a topic of conversation in the family, that of course it became known to the young lady herself.

"Neither my grandmother nor any of her children made the slightest objection to this liberality; but, on the other hand, as father informed me, they often expressed in Miss C.'s presence, their unfeigned delight, that one so much beloved by the family should become a participant in its patrimony.

"Soon after Miss C. became aware of this provision in grandfather's will, an unaccountable change took place in her demeanor. From being a vivacious and refreshing little visitor, who had brought herself to be considered a member of the family, she now became cool and distant; and though she lived within two hundred yards of this house, she now seldom crossed its threshold. It was a great while before my father, or any of the others, could assign the least plausible reason for this change in her conduct; but eventually they came to the conclusion, that she was afraid her fondness for the family might be looked upon as a fawning adulation for the very purpose which the will now implied to have been a successful practice of sycophancy. This was the only theory by which they could render satisfactory, in any degree, her recent sudden estrangement. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, you see, therefore, will not always hold good; for, father says nothing could have been more remote from the thoughts of any member of the family than the supposition that Miss C. was enacting the sycophant; and he, as the eldest child, did everything in his power to bring back again her bright, happy face into the household, which so much missed its little fairy.

"Just before returning to his regiment, he consulted with grandmother on the propriety of telling Miss C. to what they had attributed her coolness; and if she should acknowledge the correctness of their hypothesis, he intended to convince her of her unkind mistake. Grandmother, though, feeling it to be a very delicate matter, told father that he might take the steps that to him seemed best. But I must shorten my story.

"Father went to Governor Nelson's that evening; asked to see Miss C.; and made to her the explanation I have just mentioned. He succeeded. Knowing it to be a matter of great delicacy, he said he approached it in an assumed playful manner.

"'Miss Katy,' he said, 'if that is the reason you have stopped visiting our

* This old house still stands. It has upon its eastern gable several cannon-ball scars, said to have been inflicted by Washington himself.—*Irving's Life.*

family, I will tell father not only to retract that disagreeable clause in his will, but to add a codicil, bequeathing you, soul and body, to his son, Henry' (father's name), 'until death us do part.' "

"Miss C. knew of the engagement then existing between my father and mother, and this little sally was received in very good spirit.

"With some degree of confusion, she then admitted that father had divined the cause of her past bad behavior, and seemed to express very sincere regret that she had acted with so much unbecomingness. They parted apparently very good friends. She told father, that, if permitted, she would renew her friendship for our family; and added, in a merry tone, that she would not be naughty again, 'even if Mr. P. should will her his entire property.' Father bade her good-by, and started the next morning to rejoin his regiment. Miss C. again became a little home-body in our family, frequently coming and remaining several days at a time.

"There were now at home no one but grandfather, grandmother, and my aunt Eliza—their youngest daughter. My father was with the army, and his sisters (except the youngest) and his only brother, were at school in France.

"It is now necessary that I should enter more particularly into a description of the condition of my grandfather's health. Though quite an invalid, no one supposed that he was near his appointed time to die. He walked about the house during the daytime, and retired to his bed every night, without assistance. It was his custom during the night, to get up and take a preparation, that was placed on one of the shelves of a large old-fashioned wardrobe."

[At this juncture of the story I was evincing such an interest as to attract the attention of Miss Essie. She asked me if I was fond of "ghost stories." To which—evading her scrutiny—I replied, "Sometimes; and especially when I hear them from the lips of a man of sense."]

Mr. P. continued:

"This medicinal preparation was kept in an ordinary glass tumbler, which was placed in a particular spot, so that grandfather could find it without difficulty, even in the dark; and it was taken to lessen the severity of a spasmodic cough, with which he was apt to be troubled nearly every night.

"The room in which we are sitting was then used as the family bed-room; but since grandfather had become a comfirmed invalid, he preferred to be alone —using the room overhead as his sleeping-chamber."

[The room indicated was the very one in which I had seen the ghost; and my interest again becoming so intense as to attract attention, I made a movement, as if to knock the ashes from my cigar, when I turned my chair so that the light should not fall upon my face.]

"The medicine," proceeded Mr. P., "had been placed, as usual, on the shelf of the old wardrobe, on the night of the 7th of October, and without any apparent increase of feebleness, grandfather had retired to his room, in his accustomed degree of health. Grandmother and Aunt Eliza (then not more than four years old) occupied the room in which we now sit; and Miss C., who was staying here that night, slept in her usual apartment, which was the other room up-stairs."

Addressing himself to me, Mr. P. said, "You may not know the arrangement of the upper rooms, Mr. Van Wyck, but I would state that it is simply like that of these below—a passage intervening, and the doors facing each other."

I nodded my understanding of the explanation, and our host thus continued:

"Early on the next morning—the 8th—Miss C. came into grandmother's room, before the latter had arisen—though I assure you the good old lady was an early riser almost to the day of her death. She begged pardon for intruding at such an hour, saying that she had just thought of a piece of embroidery, which she had promised to send over to Gloucester, by the boat which would leave shortly after sunrise; and added that she had merely stepped in to tell grandmother that she would not be back for breakfast. Grandmother said she seemed to be very much agitated, and would not be persuaded to let one of the servants run up to Mr. Nelson's for her work-box. It was insisted that she should return for breakfast, but she said she could not—expected to be very busy—'at least,' said Miss C., running out, 'do not keep it waiting for me.' Grandmother was much struck by her great agitation, but attributed it to her fear lest the boat should leave before she could send her needlework (of which she was quite proud) to her friend in Gloucester.

"My grandmother did not go to sleep again, but continued in bed until her usual hour for rising, when she got up and went about her ordinary morning avocations. Grandfather, for a week or two previous to his death, had been sleeping to a very late hour; and as he had given instructions that no one should enter his room until he had rung his chamber-bell, no notice was taken of the stillness that pervaded that part of the house. Breakfast over, however, and the silence now having continued much later than usual, grandmother decided to step quietly up to the room occupied by her husband, and ascertain if he were still asleep. She went up and opened the door, without making a noise—grandfather never locked it—and now, what a sight was before her! What must have been her horror, when she saw, from the pallid countenance and fixed glassy stare of her husband's eyes, that he was a corpse! But this part of the story need not be extended.

"Screaming out, my grandmother fell over on the bed in a swoon. Her call having been heard, she was soon revived by the kindness of a trusty house servant. The neighbors came in; and all of the friends of the family (except Miss C.) called upon the afflicted old lady, and offered her the consolations and attentions she so much required.

"No suspicion attached, at this time, to this young woman. Indeed, it was for some time believed that my father had died from his ailment—from a more than usually severe attack of his cough; and it was only judged from her after conduct that Miss C. had been his murderess.

"My grandfather's burial took place on the morning of the 9th—a day destined to be eventful in another respect. It was on the morning of the 9th of October, 1781, that General Washington threw up his first line of entrenchments for the attack on this town; the bombardment opening on the evening of the same day. Lord Cornwallis having ordered all the non-combatants to be sent across the river, the confusion consequent upon these movements prevented any examination into the mystery attending my grandfather's demise. The fighting, which was begun on the 9th, terminated on the 19th in the surrender of the British forces. My father, who was in the attacking army, entered Yorktown, to find that grandfather had died a week or ten days before. He brought his mother back, and it was now that the mystery began to be unveiled. Miss C. never returned. She secluded herself at the house of a friend in Glouces-

ter, where she remained until taken to the asylum for the insane at Williamsburg.

"A chain of circumstantial evidence now became very patent, and the guilt was fixed upon this wretched girl. Otherwise, had the proof not been so plain, it would have been hard to believe that one so young, so beautiful, and hitherto so lovely, had been the perpetrator of so heinous a crime as the murder of one who had been to her as a father and benefactor.

"It is easy to decide her guilt, when we remember that she was familiar with the habits of my grandfather; that she knew his custom of getting up every night to take medicine for soothing his cough; that she occupied an adjoining room on the night of his death; that she rose so early on the morning he was found dead, and was so much agitated by such a trivial matter as a piece of embroidery; and in connection with these facts, if we recall her former unaccountable coolness toward a family where she was looked upon as a daughter, and her subsequent avoidance of the house of her victim, it is an easy matter, I say, when we remember these things, to lay the crime immediately at her door.

"That behavior which my father thought so inexplicable, is now readily explained. Instead of fearing lest she should be considered a sycophant, she was in reality possessed of a devil; and she was changed in her manner because she was changed in her heart, and knew that she had in contemplation the murder of a man who had bequeathed her a large property.

"This is nearly all of my story, and you are anxious to know what it has to do with ghosts. In a few words I will proceed to tell you.

"This woman, who had become a raving maniac, died three or four years afterward at the asylum in Williamsburg, and it is supposed that her spirit, at intervals of ten or twenty years, visits the apartment in which she committed the crime. At least, on the 7th of October, in the year 1791—exactly ten years after the murder, as you perceive—my aunt Eliza, who was then fourteen years of age, was sleeping in the room in which her father had died, when she suddenly awaked, in a great nervous fright. This occurred about midnight. Her mother, accompanied by a servant, went up to the room, in answer to the cries of her daughter, and found her on the verge of fainting from fright. As grandmother opened the door, she said something, which she supposed to be a gust of wind, brushed past her with such force as to extinguish the light.

"Having succeeded in soothing the fears of Aunt Eliza, grandmother inquired into the cause of her terror. She replied that she had seen Miss C. feeling about her pillow; saying that her face, surrounded by a kind of pale blue flame, had come out of the wardrobe, and when it approached her bed, she was so terrified that she screamed and covered her head with the bedclothes. Her mother told her that she had been having a bad dream, and that she must go down, and stay the remainder of the night in the family bed-room. Aunt Eliza —still very nervous—assured her mother that it was not a dream; that she was perfectly wide awake, and that she saw Miss C.'s face, as plainly as she now saw her mother's. In a very excited state, she arose from her bed, and leaving the room, seemed almost afraid to turn her head toward the wardrobe.

"On the night of the same day, in October, 1801—twenty years after the death of grandfather—another member of the family was greatly frightened by the apparition of a luminous figure of a woman's arm and shoulder. The person who was frightened in that year (being older than my aunt was when she saw

the face of Miss C.), had greater credence attached to her story. This lady was a cousin of my grandmother, and was then about forty years of age. She was rather a strong-minded old maid, and had laughed somewhat maliciously (as Aunt Eliza thought) at the story of the ghost-seeing. When intruded upon by the luminous visitor, however, she bounced out of bed, rushed from the apartment, and never waited to take an observation on the movements of the ghost.

"I do not remember the circumstances of its appearance in 1811, but know that there is some tradition to the effect that its visit was repeated.

"In October of the year 1821, no one but servants were on the premises. My grandmother had died some years before, and my father—to whom the house now belonged—had taken his family to visit a sister, who then lived in Charlottesville.

"I do not remember whether any of the family were at home in 1831 or not; at any rate, we have no repetition of the ghost story for that year—and it is quite probable that if any of us were here, that the "haunted room," as it came to be called, was not occupied.

"In 1841, I, being a member of the legislature, spent the autumn months in Richmond. I had been married about two years; and my wife, remaining at home, had for a companion, during my absence, an unmarried sister.

"So long a time had now elapsed, that all fears of the ghost had been dissipated; and the stories about the haunted room had ceased to be repeated. You will remember that none of father's family were at home in '21; and if any of us were here in '31, it is probable that some other part of the house was occupied on the 7th of October. It will be seen, therefore, that there had been no appearance of the spectre since 1811—a period of thirty years—and the story of its visit, even on that occasion, was not recollected, but had become somewhat vague and indefinite.

"As already stated, I had been married two years, and I do not know that the story of the ghostly visitor had ever been told to my wife—at least if it had, the impression it made was not permanent. She was not to be blamed, therefore, for assigning that room—one of the cosiest in the house—to her sister, as a sleeping apartment.

"On the night of the 7th of October, 1841, my wife was aroused about midnight, by a violent screaming, and a noise overhead as of a person falling from the bed. Lighting a candle, she hastened to the room of her sister, apprehending that some one must have entered her apartment, with intentions of doing her an injury. On attempting to open the door, she found it fastened. Calling to her sister, she received no reply; within, all was quiet. My wife, now greatly frightened, repeated her calls; and, by violently shaking the door, she at last succeeded in eliciting some signs of life from my sister-in-law, whom she heard crawling across the room and sobbing most vehemently. On reaching the door, she got up and unlocked it, and just as it was opened she began screaming again, and fell into the arms of Harriet, my wife. At the same instant an indistinct luminous body brushed between them, almost extinguishing the candle.

"My wife succeeded in carrying her sister down to our bedchamber, where she continued in an insensible swoon for nearly half an hour. She was gradually revived after that time by bathing her head with cologne and applying sal volatile to her nostrils.

"'Oh! Harriet! Harriet!' she said, as soon as she was able to speak; 'such

a terrible thing has been in my room! A hand, seemingly of fire, has been feeling and groping all over the apartment. When I first saw it, it was right by my pillow, and I was so completely chilled with terror, that I could not cry out for help. After a moment or two it glided slowly away, and seemed to be trying to open the door of the wardrobe. Failing in this, it went to the door leading to the steps, and appeared to be making efforts to unlock it. It was then that I uttered a scream and rolled out of the bed on the opposite side. For some time afterward I could not move; and though I heard your voice at the door, I was unable to answer. Some minutes passed, when I was relieved by a flood of tears, and I began to creep to the place whence I heard your call.

"When my sister-in-law had succeeded in unlocking the door, the flaming hand again approached her; and when the door was opened, it brushed by them, causing the lady to faint, as I have described. My wife and her sister were, of course, greatly appalled; so much so, that they could sleep no more that night; but calling up two of the servants, they made them remain in the same room with them until morning.

"I have now nearly finished my story. I have told you of the devilish crime committed by Miss C., and of the periodical appearance of some sort of luminous matter in the room in which the wicked deed was done; this luminous matter assuming, in every instance, the form of some portion of the female body. Indeed, in the first instance mentioned, when it appeared to Aunt Eliza, her excited imagination led her to think that it was the face of Miss C. herself.

"There has been no recurrence of this mystery, as far as we know, since 1841. In the fall of 1851 we were absent from Yorktown. I had taken my wife and daughter to Florida, for the benefit of the health of the latter, who was then quite a delicate child. And in 1861, as you are probably aware, Mr. Van Wyck, this town was occupied by the army under General Magruder; and this house was used by some of the officers of his staff."

Mr. P. terminated his account, which, though highly interesting to me, had become somewhat lengthy, with the following unintentionally cutting words:

"Even if it did come in 1861, I do not suppose there was a single soldier of the gallant Army of the Peninsula who could have been terrified by a ghost—especially if he knew that this same ghost had hitherto possessed only a sufficient degree of boldness to enter the chamber when it was tenanted by a nervous female."

"Ask Mr. Van Wyck, Miss Essie," said Morton, with a knowing look, "whether he thinks any of General Magruder's soldiers would run from a ghost."

And Mr. P., entering into the spirit of the joke, asked me to give my experience with haunted houses.

"My first and last experience," I replied, "was on the 7th of October, 1861; this, the haunted house, and the room up-stairs the one in which I saw the ghost."

Great surprise was expressed by all, and all united in insisting that I should relate the account of the spirit as it appeared to me.

I took out my watch and showed the dial of it to Miss Essie.

"Oh, well," she said, "one o'clock is not late when we are talking about 'sure enough' ghosts."

"Yes," added Mr. P., "we had better exhaust the subject to-night."

"But I am not an adept in the art of condensing; it would take me till daylight to come to the end."

"So much the better," said Miss Essie; "I am afraid to go to sleep after what I have heard to-night, and this is a most pleasant way of passing the time."

"I really do not know where to begin. I have told Morton of my adventures, however, and I will depute him to give you an analysis."

Morton being thus called upon, began as follows:

"As it is nearly two o'clock you will not expect me to go into detail. The dry facts of the case, then, run somewhat in this wise: As Mr. P. has stated, this house was taken by some of the officers of General Magruder's staff. Mr. Van Wyck was clerk to one of those officers, and occupied the room overhead. He knew every crook and turn in the whole building before we had heard a word of the interesting story with which to-night we have been entertained. On the night of the 7th of October, 1861, he repaired to his couch as usual, and as usual proceeded to the enjoyment of a refreshing snooze, which lasted till midnight. Shortly after that hour, he was most delightfully bewildered by seeing what appeared to be a beautiful little womanly hand, endeavoring to open his door. Pitying the distress of the damsel, who seemed to have gotten into the wrong room, he determined to get up and go to her relief. But an evil idea now possessed him, and he concluded to confiscate this 'thing of beauty.' A fruitless chase ensued. He bumped his head, he bruised his body, but the little damsel still eluded his grasp.

"Wearied by his unsuccessful attempts at catching Miss Myth, he opened the door to get a fresh breath, when the wily female glided by him, waving an adieu, but saying never a word.

"For his disgraceful conduct, in chasing an unprotected female, Mr. Van Wyck remains an old bachelor to this day."

This turn that Morton had given the affair pleased me very much. If we had entered upon a serious discussion of the matter in all of its bearings we should have remained at the P.'s till dawn.

Thanking our host for his entertaining story, we bade the family good-night, and returned to the house of Morton's uncle.

In bringing this story to a close, I must state that I regret exceedingly that the bottom has been so completely knocked out of the bucket which contained my "chemical solution." And I do not feel like giving it up.

If any scientific gentlemen wish to join me in a further investigation, they will be pleased to meet me at the residence of Captain T. P. Morton, Williamsburg, Va., between the first and sixth of October, 1871.

Carl Van Wyck.

IS LABOR A CURSE?

SHALL eight hours of bodily labor be a day's work?

This most important question now agitates great masses of people throughout the land. It is a vital question, and it is one which seeks intelligent treatment. In it is involved one of the greatest questions, if not the greatest, of human life: What is man's work, and how can he best secure it?

It is safe to say that a large proportion of the "laboring classes" favor the strike of the bricklayers for the "eight-hour system," while an equally large proportion of the non-laboring classes—so-called—look upon it with disfavor, if not with fear. If this prove anything, it is, that human judgment is a poor thing enough when it can so easily be warped by a narrow self-interest. But there is a right judgment in this matter as in all others, and it is worth our while to arrive at it. While I do not propose to go into any extended discussion of this important movement, I beg leave to ask attention to a few of the facts which are inwoven so closely with this as with all questions of human labor; and I also wish to ask thoughtful people to consider with themselves this most vital of all questions—man's work.

Few, I think, are aware how carefully labor is now organized, in some departments at least, in this country; few are aware that nearly all the bricklayers of New York City belong to, and are firmly bound by, three bricklayers' unions, which comprise on their rolls some four thousand skilled workmen. Few know, I fancy, that all over the United States these bricklayers' unions exist, to the extent of three hundred in number; and that their rules bind them to sustain one another as bricklayers in all parts of the Union, not to "work under any consideration when the members of said union are on a 'strike,' without a special permit from said union;" "and no member of this union, or any subordinate union, shall accept employment where a difficulty has arisen in consequence of questions involving the rules of the union, or on account of prices of wages or a reduction thereof, until the difficulty is arranged and the question involved settled."

The various local unions are combined into a great central international union, to which they all send delegates, and which has officers and a purse.

The three unions of New York City contain some four thousand members, each of whom pays an initiation fee of $25, and a monthly due of twenty-five cents. If injured at his work, the injured member is allowed $6 per week while disabled, and at his death his family receives $60. So far they are benevolent institutions; but in the event of a "strike" or other important movement, "this union shall have power to levy upon its members for extraordinary purposes such tax or sum as may be at the time necessary, which tax shall not at any time exceed the sum of ten per cent. on the net earnings or wages each member may be receiving at the time of such assessment."

This may and must bring in a vast sum; and I learn from one of the officers

that, in this great strike at New York, in addition to the $25,000 in their treasuries, they have received from other unions and contributions some $150,000, a large portion of which has not been expended, or had not been at the end of the sixth week of the strike.

To protect themselves against a damaging competition which would reduce wages, they are bound all through the country not to work with any bricklayers who do not belong to the union, and not to work with any "boss" who takes more than two apprentices. The presence of a single man in the force who is not bound like themselves, is the signal for laying down the trowel.

The members deny that they resort to intimidation or force to prevent men from working, and say that their remedy, and the only one, against their own traitors, would be ejection from the union and refusal to work with or hold communion with such. It is plain that this is a most compact and powerful body, and that it is intelligent, too—it knows what it wants. And what does it want? It wants exactly what all mankind wants and has wanted since the beginning of time—*less work and higher pay*. Once the mason was a "born thrall;" then he worked from sun to sun; next he worked ten hours; now he says he will work only eight hours, and he fixes his price.

Is he not entirely justified in this? Is he not free to demand the highest price for his labor he can possibly get? If work be indeed a curse, is he not bound to get rid of it? It seems to me there can be but one answer to these questions. Other trades and occupations do what they may to protect themselves from competition; lawyers and doctors have always made it difficult to get admission into their ranks; the newspapers absolutely forbid admission into their association; the great railroads kill projected lines; and so on the world over; why, then, express disgust at the course of the bricklayers, those of us who are so fortunate as not to be builders of houses?

"But," say some, "it makes houses dear and raises rents, and drives us from the city, and plays the deuce with everything."

True, it does seem to, but the bricklayers are not in fault. Who is? It is not easy to say who is, or to say that anybody is. The bricklayers are simply doing what all the rest are doing—*looking out for themselves*, and that they are pretty likely to do; and I should think they must win in this contest.

Some honest-hearted man may here demonstrate—"Surely you do not wish this thing to succeed; you do not wish four thousand men to knock off work at four o'clock, and then hang about, drinking at grog-shops and smoking and spitting in the streets; you do not advocate that?"

I do not. Drinking, smoking, and spitting are three of the poorest uses a mortal man can put himself to; and more than that, they are the three things that idle men, whether they be bricklayers, or bankers, or book-makers, are surest to go at; and yet I do not see how the bricklayers are to escape this end. Let me state why I think the bricklayers must succeed, whether desirable or not. In the first place, the "eight-hour system" has become a political shuttlecock, and Congress has decreed that eight hours shall be a day's work in all the Government yards and arsenals. The plasterers, who are few in number and all skilled men, some time since, succeeded in establishing it for themselves. The bricklayers are united and determined and intelligent, and are few in number, and they have money. They are supported by the other trades; for the carpenters and wheelwrights know well that once establish this rule for the bricklayers, and it is sure to apply to them. And lastly, and more than all, no Ameri-

can boy now learns a trade, and no man who has a trade educates his son in his own trade, if he can get him into what he thinks a higher position; that is, into one where he does not work. Let us illustrate this. Some two years ago a man who had begun life as a carpenter, and by hard work and assiduity, and pluck and luck, had amassed a property of a million and a half, told me that an old friend who had come up as he had, came to him to consult about getting a place for his son.

"What," said Mr. C., "do you want him to learn a trade?"

"Oh, no, no, no—not at all; I want to get him into a banker's office."

Mr. C., not being a banker, could not help him. This same Mr. C. told me that his journeymen carpenters, to whom he was paying $3 50 or $4 a day, were mostly Irishmen whom, thirty years ago, he should have set to sawing wood, and not to building houses.

My tailor tells me that nearly all his workmen are Germans, and that it is not easy to get them. A carpenter came to do some work for my friend, in whose room were some pictures, which attracted attention. The carpenter said that his son was very fond of painting.

"Well," said Mr. D., "whatever you do, I would advise you to teach him your own trade first; then he is safe."

"Well," said the carpenter, "I've pretty much decided to send him to the scientific school."

I find everywhere that the law and medical schools are full, and that there are many of them; and I believe it is safe to say that already there are at least four doctors for every patient and eight lawyers for every case. I find every laborer in the city is determined that his son shall study Latin and Greek at the common schools, having a vague belief that, in some way, therein lies the secret of being able to live without work. In every direction this desire to live without work shows itself, and is becoming more and more startling and dangerous. This will be apparent to any one who examines the census of 1860, which shows in the State of New York 49,597 clerks to 11,745 masons! And besides this is another curious fact, that, while the wages of the masons are $4 50 per day, those of the clerks do not average over $2 per day! See, also, how the non-workers count with the masons in other departments: 11,745 masons only in the largest State of the Union, with a population of 3,880,735; but there are 3,679 barkeepers, 6,127 drivers, 5,592 lawyers, and 5,235 clergymen. The wages of the masons are double, too, that of the clergymen; for the average pay in the Methodist Church is not over $600 a year. It is plain that there is some most potent and wide-spread influence at work to induce men to be clerks and clergymen at $2 per day, when as masons they can earn $5 per day. What is this influence? I believe the truth must be stated—*manual labor is disreputable in this community;* and indeed in all communities where great cities prevail.

So rough and harsh a statement may seem to need qualification or explanation, for we read in men's speeches now and then fine passages about "the dignity of labor." It is a fine phrase—it seems to be nothing more. I have sought in vain to learn that any orator who has used this fine phrase has been desirous or even willing to have his son learn one of the manual trades. I can discover no man with any wealth at all who has taken steps to have his son engage in one of the working occupations. I can discover that nine men of ten are toiling and moiling, and planning and plotting to get money enough to secure their sons and daughters the ability to live without work of any kind; and at least

without hand or body work. No, it is plain that no rich man educates his sons or daughters for any work, and it is plain that nearly all the poor men are planning to have their sons do brain work, not hand work; to live by their wits rather than their muscular power or dexterity.

Work is disreputable—is it not so? Else would not these thousands of poor clerks gladly leave two dollars a day to get five? Disreputable means, not in esteem, not honorable. Now, I ask, is it practicable for any bricklayer in this city of New York, or in any city known, to enter, to be one of what is called "good society?" No matter how well-educated or well-bred he may be, the fact that he is a bricklayer does forbid his being accepted as a friend and equal by the men and women of good society. We must admit that any young woman of good society would shun this man; that if she were mad enough to fall in love with, and marry him, she must do it by sacrificing her social position, and nearly all her friends and associates. And in this same society, any number of well-dressed men, whose sole and only and open business is stock gambling, find easy admission, and a ready reception to the most timid of matrimonial advances. So strange are these social distinctions, and so far do they extend, that I have never yet met in "society" a master bricklayer. It was my privilege to know a charming and accomplished woman, who, tired of carrying on the battle of life alone, at last married a gentlemanly and well-looking manufacturer, who was not in her set. But she never could get him into her set, and she was soon obliged to drop out of it herself and disappear.

It is not easy to understand why stock gamblers are accepted in good society, master masons and carpenters not; why clerks at two dollars per day are marriageable, masons at five dollars a day not; unless that they are able to keep smooth hands and wear good clothes week days as well as Sundays. No one would claim that the clerks are more intelligent, more moral, more capable, better members of society than the masons; but the facts are as I state them. A stranger would say, that a girl who should gladly marry a clerk at two dollars per day rather than a mason at five dollars, simply because his hands were smoother, must be an idiot; and yet she is not one. She merely values the outside of the cup and platter more than the inside, and society stands by her in doing so. It is more reputable to be the wife of a poor clerk than that of a rich bricklayer.

In this state of things it must be admitted that American boys are not likely to learn trades; and if they do not, it is evident that those who have the trades can make what terms they please, and work what hours they please; and that the hours will be less and less, and the wages higher and higher. This will apply not only to the bricklayers, but must gradually and surely include all classes of skilled labor. I do not see, then, how houses can be built cheaply, or are likely to be as cheap hereafter as they are to-day. We are deluding ourselves with the idea that as soon as we get to specie circulation again, wages are to be one dollar and fifty cents per day instead of four dollars and fifty cents. It seems to me this is a mistake. There are but forty-two apprentices in the whole Bricklayers' Union of New York City. As the ranks of manual labor grow less, and the ranks of brain labor grow larger, the first will compel the last to come to its prices. At this moment, I learn from a lawyer of long experience, that law, except to the few, is a very poor business; that competition and cut-throat practices prevail to a disagreeable extent—quite enough to drive him out of the profession if he knew what other to take hold of. I am inclined to believe this

is in a considerable degree true of the other liberal professions, and that it will go on until it works a cure or brings a curse.

That this desire not to do hard work is widespread, almost universal, few will deny. Being at Chicago last summer, I learned from a distinguished editor there, that the city was swarming with young men who had left their farms and crowded into the city in search of fame and fortune to be got by easy work; and that after a few weeks, necessity drove them into questionable, if not vicious courses, so that from them came the recruits to the ranks of vice and crime. It was but a few years ago that a leading bank in Cincinnati advertised for a "runner," the lowest place, I believe, in the bank. More than three hundred persons applied for the place (salary three hundred dollars a year), among whom were lawyers, doctors, and clergymen. I rode in St. Louis last summer with the driver of a street car, who told me he preferred to drive the car seventeen hours a day (at two dollars), until his knees swelled and he could hardly sleep, to working on a farm. He thought, however, he could not stand it much longer! The man did not seem to be a fool.

Besides the fact that manual labor is looked upon with disesteem, comes another very curious one; it has for a long time been considered a curse! The good Dr. Watts made a mild effort to stem this theory by his little ditty beginning—

How doth the little busy bee,

But it has had almost no influence against the first and most powerful teaching. All mankind and womankind have had this subtle notion creeping through their veins from their infancy; and not without effect. If work be indeed a curse, what a blessed thing to be rid of it! Indeed, are we not justified in getting it off our own backs at any rate, even if it shall fall on the backs of others? Such has been a very general belief, and such has been the universal practice of men from the dim days of the past down to to-day.

Now, I believe it can be proved from the nature of man and the arrangements of the universe by God himself, that work is not a curse, but is the exact oppposite of it, the one great and gracious blessing of human nature. Man, we all agree, is the finest creation on earth of the divine mind; the handsomest, the most sagacious, and the most capable of all created creatures. Man was fashioned for a purpose, and put into existence the master of all animals and all plants; the conqueror who was to subdue and bend to his uses all the elements, earth, air, fire, and water; it was simply impossible that he should do this without the use and application of every faculty of his nature. An idle man subdues nothing, masters nothing; he is an absurdity in creation, such as to make angels laugh or grieve. Man is also the most subtle and complex of all created beings, and as we describe or analyze him, we speak of him as *body* and *mind*, or, perhaps, as body, mind, and soul; and these three are combined, inwoven, fused together; so the perfect man is he whose body, mind, and soul work together in perfect harmony to produce a paradise on earth. Just so far as he fails to do this, he fails of the best and highest of which he is capable.

The first, greatest, and universal want of man is food, and this he cannot have without work; even in wild lands he cannot hunt without hard bodily work. Work, then, is the first, greatest and most universal vocation to which man *must* apply himself; and it must be hard work, body work—work of muscle as well as of mind. This most complex and exquisite creature called man is furnished with bones, and nerves, and muscles, and they were designed for use. Some

four hundred of these muscles overlie his bones, and they are permeated by the finest and most delicate nerves, which carry to the muscles the message of the mind. These muscles are fed by the good red blood whose pulse beats seventy times a minute, carrying strength and courage. This good red blood is provided by the food we eat, which a wonderful stomach, full of intelligence, seizes and elaborates in a most subtle and mysterious way into that which makes blood; which makes, also, brain, and nerve, and muscle.

At this point, then, we find that a very important part of man is his muscular system, and that these four hundred most varied and capable muscles are adapted to work—indeed, are, apparently, given to man *to be used.* It is not plausible that all this muscle power is provided merely to lift the food to the mouth, merely to walk out to see a sight. The hand—that most wonderful member, which no other created animal has—it does not seem likely that it was so cunningly fashioned merely to wear a Parisian glove.

We see, then, that the first and greatest business of man is to provide himself with food; that the earth gives this to him as the return for his work; that his four hundred muscles are given to him expressly that he may use them in work. I affirm, then, that work is not a curse, but, on the contrary, is one of the greatest blessings possible to man. I affirm, too, that there is no pleasure so great as that which comes from the consciousness of work well done, well paid and well praised. No repose is equal to that which comes from a well-directed use of all the powers of man, of which the muscles are second to none. Men who do not do bodily work never are and never can be well, neither can they be content. They cannot be well, because the muscles must, by action, use up the food we eat, or the system will become choked and diseased. This action of the muscles must also set in motion the great skin system, which, with its seven millions of pores, and its twenty-eight miles* of spiral vessels, should carry off, in invisible perspiration, much which the body no longer needs, and which ought not to be forced back upon the lungs and other internal organs to clog and impair them. Ladies, the world over, fancy it is best to try to live without bodily work, that it is misery to perspire; they are always sick. Scholars attempt it; they are pale, and weak, and dyspeptic. Rich men attempt it; they go up and down the earth in search of health, which they can never find. Mankind, as a mass, yet believe they can ignore and contemn the plainest laws of their nature, and can be made whole by some hocuspocus which a druggist will put into their stomachs. Marvellous simplicity! Wonderful faith! Hardly equalled by the delusions of the good old past, when men fancied they could be bewitched by the glance of the "evil eye," or be cursed by a stone to be found in a toad's head. It remains to be said here, once more, that health and strength are to be had only from good air, good food, good water, and a proper use of all the faculties, including muscle as well as mind. And the great and good physician is he who knows how to assist the sick man to get back to these when he has once forsaken them.

Nor can man be content or easy in his mind, except by a proper exercise of the body in the shape of work; and I beg leave to suggest here that these common truths apply to both sexes, only that woman needs and should have less bodily work than man, because her great function of renewing the race en-

* "Johnston's Chemistry of Common Life."

grosses much of her powers; still, she requires some of what man requires more, and she can be neither strong nor content without work.

We see and know that children are in incessant motion, cannot be kept still, are restless, and too often are severely reproached for it. Poor things! they are doing what the great Architect intended, and unwise parents do not know it. At this time of life every muscle is growing, developing, and almost the whole duty of childhood is to eat well (not trashily), and then by motion, exercise, play, to apply this food to the building up of strong and perfect bodies. When this body has got to its full stature, it requires less motion or exercise, but then its business is to apply this motion to work, to steady and productive uses, which is not the duty of childhood. But many persons are born rich, or they choose pursuits which seem to impose no bodily labor. Those who are idle are always unhappy; it must be so, because to every muscle goes a subtle nerve, which says, incessantly, "Why do you not work? Why do you not work? Why do you not work?" It is simply God's way of whispering to us that we are not obedient to his designs. How do we respond to this—by obedience? It has been my lot to know, perhaps, one man or woman of a thousand who did any systematic labor which was not forced upon them. I have never known a lady who, as a matter of principle, did two hours of bodily work daily. I have known one lawyer, preacher or scholar in a hundred only who gave his body a fair chance; and I have known most of them to become poor creatures enough by the time they were fifty, while many were sleeping under green bed-clothes before they were forty. And yet we sometimes reproach the Creator for these untimely deaths.

How do we solace our own unhappinesses? what fatal attempts do we make to alleviate our idleness and unrest? We seek excitements. If we are women, we crave a ball, or we spend ourselves upon dress, or we plunge into flirtation. If we are men, we seek relief in tobacco, or in wine, or in gambling. Here comes in that vast consumption of narcotics and stimulants, all of which deaden the nervous sensibility and make idleness endurable. The English only have produced a class of idle men who find a substitute for work in chasing lions in Africa, in seeking to discover in what mountains of the moon the first puddle of the Nile is to be found, or in baffling about among the icebergs of Greenland to find a pole which does not exist. The wonderful energy and talent wasted upon these things could have been had nowhere except in a country where there was great vigor combined with great leisure; vigor not consumed by tobacco or wine or stock-broking.

It would be quite impossible for any nation to sustain a class of idle men or women without the free use of narcotics and stimulants. It is only by their use that these manage to exist; and the great increase in their use is mainly due to the accumulation of wealth in the hands of some, which enables them to live idle lives.

Just what time should be spent in bodily work, or in exercise to take its place, has never been carefully decided. It has been estimated that, if the whole adult population of any land spent four hours per day in productive labor, the whole would be rich. As it now is, about one-half are supposed to be engaged in productive pursuits, and this portion must produce enough for themselves and the other half. To show that this is not an extravagant statement, let me say that, in the State of New York (1865), in a population of 3,827,818, there was a total of but 459,676 persons engaged as food-producers; and this includes *all*

laborers, of whatever pursuit, because the farm laborers were not separated from the rest. But it must be said, however, that there are other occupations not included among the food-producers which are as productive as they. Whatever the proportion may be, it is clear that a large share of all highly-civilized people are non-producers, and many are absolutely idle, which is their misfortune. I think we may conclude that from two to four hours per day is a fair allowance of time for bodily exercise or work for persons in good health, and that, without some such consideration for the body, it cannot enjoy health. Scholars and men engaged in brain pursuits can hardly be made to believe this; and, not being able to know it, they live but short and spasmodic lives, and do not secure a *healthy action of the brain* while they do live.

Let us ask—in what rank is to be found most restlessness, discontent, unhappiness, of this or of any country? The obvious answer must be, in the well-to-do, the upper classes, as they are called. It must be so because they have no work, and they have not been able to discover the urgent necessity of it. So palpable is this that I think few will deny the next position, which is—that just so far as men and women are living a life which requires an active exercise of body, mind and soul, just so far are they content, if not happy. I never have heard of but one man in this latter world who seemed to be perfectly healthy; and he asserted that he *enjoyed* everything—earth, air, sea and sky, *himself*, of course, and his fellow-creatures, so far as their miseries and discontents would permit. Try to conceive of it that you are one in a town of a thousand people, each of whom is perfectly strong and healthy, and is engaged in a good occupation. Would not that be a kind of paradise? Has not God intended it to be possible to man?

For myself, I know that a bad stomach is the cause of, not all, but every kind of wickedness under the sun; that out of it come strifes and envyings, malice, and all uncharitableness. Nine-tenths of the "badness" of children proceeds solely from this, and they are not responsible for it, while their parents are.

But it will be asserted by those who believe in idleness, that they, the idle, are as well and live as long as those who work. I am not prepared to deny it, nor do I admit it. While I believe in work—bodily work—it is evident that there is such a thing as overwork, drudgery, exhaustion. So that one-half of mankind, perhaps, are exhausted by bodily labor to such an extent that mind and soul are dwarfed or deadened. Work, when it is to this excess, is not a pleasure, as it should be, but a pain and a misfortune. And out of this, I fancy, has come some portion of the hatred of work which vitiates the human mind and injures the human body. Now, I ask all judicious people if eight hours a day of manual labor is not as much as man or woman is capable of, without too much exhaustion to be able to enjoy any of the occupations and pleasures of mind and soul? There is nothing charming about the over-worked drudge—man or woman—whose labors for the day being ended, can do nothing but eat and sleep; who cannot make himself clean and lovely, and then enjoy the converse of a book, the sweet sounds of music, or the sweeter gossip of children. *Work well done, well paid, well praised*, I claim to be the greatest charm of existence. A slovenly workman can neither enjoy his own praise nor can he have that of others; he will get no pleasure out of it. But work well done, whether in laying brick, in designing houses, in growing wheat, in making newspapers, will secure satisfaction, for one may feel that he has lived to some good

purpose. Now, if a man can be sure that he has done and is doing *his best*—that which he is fittest to do, and is doing it in his best way—that is the great end of human life, and it will secure content. But a man must also be well paid and well praised; that is, he must *know*, by the praise of others, that his own judgment of his work is correct; and he must be paid his fair share of the joint earnings of men, so that he can secure his fair share of this world's goods and pleasures. It is an uncomfortable fact that we do praise grudgingly, and the critical faculty is one that loves to indulge in crucifixion. It is an egregious blunder, and, in a good degree, comes from non-success. Beware of the critic who sees only spots on the sun; he is certainly a failure himself. A good, generous reception of other men's work marks the good, generous, *able* man. The man who is rich can afford to give. And the man who is not envious can afford to praise; he never detracts, he takes no pleasure in it.

But how can work be well paid, even if well done, in such a condition of human society as now exists?

The old theory of society was the patriarchal, paternal, kingly, despotic; and it came to pass that the great king not only owned all the lands, but all the people. According to this theory, the people must do all for the king, and the king must do what he pleased for the people. The feudal system broke up that system into smaller ones, in which the people gained much; because the lord came into direct contact with his people and could not wholly avoid his duties, as the king might. Under the feudal system, while the tenant owed service to the lord, the lord also owed protection and sustenance to the tenant. Property, then, had duties as well as rights, and men's duties involved with them some rights. Modern society plants itself upon "The Rights of Man;" the duties of man have little to do with it. *Individualism*—every man for himself—that is what we stand for. Every man owns himself, of course, and is entitled to have and to use as he pleases all he can get. Whoever is strong enough, or cunning enough, or lucky enough to get and to keep, gets and keeps, or gets and spends all he can. He recognizes no claims upon him from any other person. The ties of good-fellowship, of friendship, of blood, of family, are looser than ever before. In the clan, the clan feeling was supreme, and the most insignificant member of it was to his own people more valuable than the highest member of any other clan. For him the clan would fight and die, if need be, and in the distribution of the spoil he had his share. While there was any food left, he was not let to starve. The glory of his chief was his glory, and the tail of Macallum More wagged when the head wagged. Is it so now? Is it true that the firemen on the Central Railroad wag their heads when Vanderbilt wags his? Does a big dividend help *them?* Is it true that Mr. Stewart's clerks are glorified when their chief is crowned with golden bays? Are the wool-pickers in the Bay State mills happy when the president makes a glowing report? I take it, the answer is No. And it is significant of much. It means that feudalism, with its evils and its goods, has passed away, and society bases itself upon *individualism;* that is, the full and perfect liberty to every individual man and woman above the age of twenty-one to do just as he or she will—to go his own way—to heaven or to hell, to work or to be idle, to live by his wits or by his work, to be a president or a beggar, as he will or can. This social state has been coined into a phrase with variations. It is:

"Every man for himself, and God for us all;" or,

"Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost;" or,

"Every man for himself, and the strongest fend off."

So widespread is this failing that many, perhaps most families, do not recognize any claim of one member upon the rest. A weak or erring brother or sister is not to be sustained, or supported, or encouraged by those who are strong, as a matter of course; and *outside* of one's own family no one admits that there is any shadow of claim. The strong and the able get and keep, the weak and timid go to the wall. Competition is the main impulse of trade, and the struggle is constant, untiring, unscrupulous. But it does make great, able, rich men—railway kings and millionaires. It also leaves a vast residuum of men and women who, after a few weak struggles, settle into holes and corners, and live on through life with no hopes, with no ambitions, with no clan to be proud of, with no chieftain, who, like an earthly providence, is to succor and support their children when death wafts their natural protectors away. Even the clergy are not secure, for, so far as I know, no church pays more than a bare subsistence, and only in the Methodist Church is a fund provided for the disabled, or for the families of the dead; and this fund is a mere pittance.

"Strikes," it seems to me, are a harsh remedy for a great evil; but I believe if I were one of the clergy I should set myself to work to organize a great and universal strike for higher wages, and, like the police of New York, I should work hard for a mutual assurance fund, so that when I died my children should not be absolute paupers. Or else, I should organize a "Total Abstinence from Marriage Society" at once. Either of these two things any respectable clergyman will be justified in doing.

This excessive individualism is now showing itself in a marked and total change of the social feeling from what existed in the "good old times." The cares and anxieties of the individual to secure himself and his posterity, first, against want, and second, in luxury and idleness, are eating up the sentiment of brotherhood or community, and stifling all social sympathy. Why is it that everywhere we hear complaints that there is no society? that nobody seems to care for any one but themselves? that a kind of mutual sympathy and helpfulness which existed not half a century ago is hardly to be met with now? It is not that we hate our fellow men, I believe, but, engrossed as we are with our own schemes and struggles, we have no time or thought to spare for those of our neighbors. We have to row our own boats, sometimes heavily laden, up the stream toward the golden sands; and we see others wrecked and stranded, and hear their despairing cries; but we cannot stop, nor can we drag them along. So we think.

It is no place here, at the end of an article, to essay an examination of these two great social systems, known as Feudalism and Individualism; but the examination must be entered upon, and we must try to see our way out of our present maze, or we may pronounce modern civilization, and even Christianity itself—so far as this world goes—a failure. That we shall be loth to do, and shall rather attempt at some future time to pierce the darkness. Here, for the present, let us leave it, and turn for a moment to the text with which we began.

How then can work be well paid if well done?

The bricklayers say that it is to be secured only by the combination and cooperation of all who are doing a particular kind of work. Society as a whole, the government, makes no attempt to protect any one except in his individual liberty, and political economy scouts at the man who should advocate it. The bricklayers—and other trades also—band themselves together to secure high

prices for their work, and to prevent, as far as possible, injurious competition. It seems that this course is a legitimate and inevitable product of modern society, and must be accepted as such; that there is no power but themselves to say what they shall do, and that standing alone each man would be weak and powerless to control prices or to check competition. United and acting in concert, they can make their muscle and skill tell, and can demand a fair or an unfair share of the joint productions of the world. A fair share is what all men ought to have, but an unfair share is what all (except a few regenerate souls) seek to get. There seems no reason why a man or woman born weak should be denied a fair share of the goods of earth; why one whose hands are not strong should have all snatched away from him by those whose hands are strong; but that is modern society; and it is not honorable or Christian. We seem to accept it, however, as God's law, and many say, "Oh, he gets all he is worth; he is weak, and cannot earn much," and so is left to die a pauper. Does not this savor of cruelty? It is wretched enough to be born weak, or to grow up useless, but it does not soothe the wretchedness to be told "that is what you deserve."

The bricklayers, then, having formed themselves into a guild, are asserting their demands for less work and more pay in their own way. Let me call their attention to one or two facts in the history of the old guilds of the middle ages, when, as we fancy, men were not so wise as now. What did the guilds propose to do then? We find in every town in England they had officers, "whose duty it was to exercise authority over all persons professing the business to which they belonged; who were to see that no person undertook to supply articles which he had not been educated to manufacture; who were to determine the prices at which such articles ought justly to be sold; above all, who were to take care that the common people really bought at shops and stalls what they supposed themselves to be buying; that cloth put up for sale was true cloth, of true texture, and full weight; that leather was sound and well tanned; wine pure, measures honest; flour unmixed with devil's dust,"* etc., etc. Above all, you will observe, that the workmen of the guild were to do fair and honest work, and that the buyers were not cheated with dishonest goods.

Now do the bricklayers or any other of our guilds propose such an object as this? I fear not. I fear that they only propose to themselves to secure as much pay for as little work as possible. And then do they propose to themselves to be idle as much of their time as possible? These benighted old middle ages had glimmerings of better than that. Listen again—"Every child, so far as possible, was to be trained up in some business or calling, idleness being 'the mother of all sin.' The children of those who could afford the small entrance fees were apprenticed to trades, the rest were apprenticed to agriculture; and if children were found growing up idle, and their fathers and mothers failed to prove that they could secure them an ultimate maintenance, the mayors in the towns and the magistrates in the country had authority to take possession of such children and apprentice them as they saw fit, that when they grew up 'they might not be driven,' by want or incapacity, 'to dishonest courses.'" By act of Parliament of 1536—"If a man was out of employment, preferring to be idle, 'he might be demanded for work by any master of the craft to which he belonged, and compelled to work whether he would or no;' and more, sturdy beggars

* Froude's "England."

might, if caught at it the *third* time, be put to death." Such a hatred of idleness! They held that a man had better be dead than be a strong professional beggar. And such I take it is the view of all men, though most might hesitate about shooting him.

About to close, it seems proper to make a personal application, as is the fashion elsewhere. Briefly, then—man's work is to do something in this world for the good of his fellow men.

Idleness is a curse, and work is a blessing.

Idleness produces misery; work is the parent of content.

The bricklayers should not strike for fewer hours because they desire idleness, but rather that they may have time to develop and enjoy mind and soul.

Competition must be supplanted by coöperation, or human society must go into ruin.

Such, in short, are a few of the considerations I desire to commend to bricklayers and others, as to the question of man's work.

†. †. †.

TIDES.

OH, patient shore, that canst not go to meet
Thy love, the restless sea, how comfortest
Thou all thy loneliness? Art thou at rest,
When, loosing his strong arms from round thy feet,
He turns away? Know'st thou, however sweet
That other shore may be, that to thy breast
He must return? And when, in sterner test,
He folds thee to a heart which does not beat,
Wraps thee in ice, and gives no smile, no kiss,
To break long wintry days, still dost thou miss
Nought from thy trust? still wait, unfaltering,
The higher, warmer waves which leap in spring?
Oh, sweet, wise shore, to be so satisfied!
Oh, heart, learn from the shore! Love has a tide!

H. H.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

HISTRIONIC METEMPSYCHOSIS.

WHEN a man thinks himself other than he is, we have fair ground for believing him insane; but there is, nevertheless, a curious degree of assimilation between a dash of such lunacy and what is generally called inspiration. The artist may not consciously pass the limitary bounds of self-identity, but he suspects what he has done when his art transcends his volition, as Dante knew he had reached a new sphere when Beatrice grew more beautiful at his side. It is the old story of Pygmalion and his statue, when he lost the power of separating his spiritual ideal from the outward form he had given it.

This mysterious trait of the creative faculty is more readily studied in the actor's art than in any other, as it is his peculiar privilege to use his own person as a medium, and not to depend upon insensate clay or pigments. We see *results* in these last, while in the actor's hands it is his *processes* which constitute his art. When, for instance, we study Richardson's delineations of Clarissa and Clementina, it is independent of the tears which he is said to have wept in drawing them. We may not go so far as Johnson, who would not believe with Fielding that the most affecting passages have been written with tears; nor would we perchance consign Alfieri to Bedlam on the proof of his paroxysms of composition, but it is the results of those tears and those paroxysms, and not the record of them, that move us. The unhappy minister of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" may have gained, and doubtless did gain, something of power from the long meditation which, the author says, fixed in his brain the deep print of the sad portent of that wonderful romance in very undesirable distinctness; but the reader does not go back of the page of the book itself. No one will charge Winckelmann with insanely believing himself a Greek, because there is to be seen in the results of his studies such perfect embodiment of Grecian feeling for art; yet the great critic may have had moments of fervor, when he was lost to himself. Perhaps we could judge Domenichino's perceptions better if, instead of his picture, we could have seen him in his studio, working himself into a passion, that he might watch the motions and portray the features of anger.

But, on the other hand, the actor is seen and judged in his very labors, evolving the art-product while we look at him, exhibiting not so much a creation as a creating. And the problem is all the more intricate that he is sometimes to act on the stage of that debatable ground between the conscious and the unconscious, where that thin partition runs which the poet long ago designated. When Luther saw the devil, we may say he had conjured up a vision that proved he had passed the salutary bounds of reason; but when he threw an inkstand at his head, he half slipped back into the sublunary world, where he felt his visitor,

and not he, was the intruder, and was again master of himself. We know how this kind of morbid perception led Tasso like a reality,

> Whose undoubting mind
> Believed the magic wonders that he sung.

Perhaps it is as good a definition of genius as any among the ten thousands, that it is this transcending power held in subjection by volition, and this test of volition may constitute the poet's "thin partition."

In speaking of the actor's art, Lord Jeffrey says that we must hold that the actor, to be great, must feel transiently the passion he shows; and because it is so momentary that a slip of the wig may recall him to his senses, we must not be deceived into thinking that this feeling does not exist at all. Voltaire's way of expressing it was to tell an actress that she must have a devil in her; and the writers upon the subject have many of them put it in one way or another. Three of the principal analyzers of the art of Garrick's day, when the matter engaged wide attention, have turned the thought to their liking, and not always remarkably. Churchill says, "Those who would make us feel must feel themselves." Lloyd puts it, "No actor pleases that is not possessed;" and Aaron Hill decides that "Rightly to seem is transiently to be."

Of course, when the power to make it but a transient feeling is gone, it becomes positive hallucination and no longer an art. So it was with Monrose, a French actor, who had been the Figaro of his day; and when his mind lapsed into lunacy, he was Figaro still, in spite of himself. The simulated traits of Shylock became ingrained in Macklin, and when volition departed, he went about still cheapening in the market, and "would have his weight' to a pound of cherries. It is told of Mrs. Mountford that after she lost her reason, when one night "Hamlet" was to be played, she dressed for her old part of Ophelia, and slipping upon the stage at the cue, supplanted the appointed performer and made the audience marvel at her personation.

But apart from such abnormal experiences, there is unquestionably a power of voluntary identification within the range of every great performer. We all know how, in moments of excitement, we forget some portion of ourselves, at least. Burke instances Campanella, as showing that the mere power of abstraction could make him forget his sufferings on the rack. If it was not a positive self-transformation, it was, at all events, something of the same kind that could make Betterton, Garrick, Barry, Kemble, and Molière oblivious of the excruciating twinges of the gout, when once on the stage. From this condition to an active taking-on of another identity is but a gliding step, and it can be made at times almost unconsciously. Nothing is stranger or more certain in the operations of mind than that long brooding on supposititious data will at last deprive the reason of sure tests of the truth. After a sea voyage the head swims for days, and reason, still dominant, is powerless to quell the mocking sensations. Burke says, "The senses, strangely affected in some one manner, cannot quickly change their tenor, or adapt themselves to other things." It is this truth that the actor attests by his transitory self-aloofness, which allows his simulated nature to stand in his own shoes; and he uses various measures to ensure it for enhancing his art. Rachel would tarry at the slips through her off-scenes, in order that her own self might not have a chance to come back upon her. Mrs. Siddons would set her dressing-room door open, that she might hear the progress of the play, and never forget her supposed character. Betterton

and Le Kain would keep up their parts in the green-room. Devices of all kinds have been employed to urge on the lagging illusion or create a substitute for spontaneity. Talma would fancy his audience a convocation of skeletons when he had before him a scene of particular horror. It was said of Catalini, that she heightened her fervor by always carrying a small Bible about her person—a sort of holy jugglery that Wesley was not ashamed of when he selected the tomb of his father whereon to deliver his most effective sermons. The old story of Polus is well known, how, to aggravate a mimic grief, he brought from the sepulchre the urn that contained his own son's ashes, when, in "Electra," he was to weep over that of Orestes. The similar anecdote of Körner and the German actress Antoinette Adamberger, is not, perhaps, so familiar. The poet was betrothed just before he joined Lützow's Yagers, and fell shortly after, pierced through the heart; and a miniature of his beloved, borne in his bosom, was stained with his blood. When Antoinette's engagements compelled her to resume her duties on the stage, the directors of the company, rather cruelly, sought to increase the effect of her acting by casting her to Thekla, where she has to listen to the account of Max Piccolomini's death; and by its resembling the occasion of her own sorrows, she was stricken down, carried almost lifeless from the scene, and with such results as might possibly have clouded her reason for life.

But far more artistically than by any such make-shifts, a deep study of his part and long brooding upon the action, has often unconsciously transported the actor's soul, and worked, as it were, a palpable metempsychosis. Keats knew it, when he could not read "Macbeth" alone in the dead hours of the night. Mrs. Siddons tells us that, in studying the part of the Queen in that play, she grew to have such a paroxysm of terror one night that she rushed from the room to seek relief in the companionship of the family. Robertson, of Brighton, tells us quite the same story of himself—how he went up to bed one night, after an evening over the play, so filled with Macbeth's dread that he descended to his study before he could sleep, just to prove to himself that he was not a child, afraid of his own shadow.

It is, perhaps, the best test of a superior histrionic power that the actor keeps his identity so under control that he recovers himself quicker than his audience, and occasionally upon the instant, if he wills it. Diderot even insists upon this management as a necessary adjunct. He would have a head of ice, as he expresses it, above the burning heart; and asserts that where mere sensibility directs, a part must necessarily falter on repetition. Leigh Hunt held that too much of this affection was as hurtful as too little, and it is said of Garrick's rival, Barry, that his heart overcame his head, while Garrick always kept his proper self sufficiently aloof to act as critic, while he was himself performing. Indeed, Garrick knew that in this curious supplementing of his passion with self-composure lay much of his power, whereby, like a skilful general, he kept his forces all in hand. Hannah More used to relate that a friend said to him one day, that it was surprising how he could stand the wear and tear of so much passion, feeling it, as he evidently did. "Come to-night and take the stage box," was the reply. And that evening, in the midst of a scene of the most earnest passion, Garrick turned from the audience, and, catching the eye of his visitor, lolled out his tongue like an idiot who had never known what it was to feel. In the most thrilling parts of "Lear," when the house was thunderous with applause, he could slyly turn to King and utter his self-satisfaction—

"It will do, Tom; it will do!" Similar stories are rife in all green-rooms. Grimm relates them of Madame Duclos and Sophie Arnould. They are told of Young, Burton, and many others in our times.

Emerson says that an experienced counsellor once told him that he never feared the effect on a jury of a lawyer who did not in his heart believe that his client ought to have a verdict. This may possibly be true; and juries, who are on their oaths not to be deceived, are necessarily more sure to catch the sly wink and the lolling tongue—though many an advocate has been an excellent actor—than a play-house audience, who are willing partners in a deception. It is the Spartan maxim put into force—not the stealing of our reason that we care for, but the too apparent deception in the act. It is the difference between a simulated and a perverted truth.

It is held that the actor does, transiently at least, believe he is the character he assumes; but even that may not be accepted without some qualification. Clairon said, "Had I not felt like Dido, I could not have personified her;" and Lady Blessington quotes Mademoiselle Mars as saying something to a like purport. But when the Clairon speaks of her twenty years' assiduity to identify herself with the part as having enabled her to do it, we may allow that interval to have improved her acting, but hardly to have enhanced the self-illusion. Recurrent simulation is apt to become not so much an independent volition as a habit, like Mrs. Siddons stabbing the potatoes. Douglas Jerrold says of the actor, not without truth, that "he continually carries about with him pieces of greatness not his own; his moral self is encased in a harlequin's jacket—the patches from Parnassus." A great actor will, indeed, forget for the occasion, not himself only, but his other selves of the repertory; but mere talent is apt to act in stereotype emotions, as some men, glib of tongue, are said to think in phrases.

Garrick understood this in the Clairon, and so he said of her, "I fear her heart has none of those *instantaneous* feelings, that life-blood, that keen sensibility, that bursts at once from genius, and, like electrical fire, shoots through the veins, marrow, bones and all, of every spectator. Madame Clairon is so conscious and certain of what she can do that she never, I believe, had the feelings of the instant come upon her unexpectedly; but I pronounce that the greatest strokes of genius have been unknown to the actor himself, till circumstances and the warmth of the scene have sprung the mine, as it were, as much to his own surprise as to that of the audience. Thus I make a great difference between a great genius and a good actor. The first will always realize the feelings of his character, and be transported beyond himself, while the other, with great powers and good sense, will give great pleasure to an audience; but never

Pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus.

When Boswell asked Garrick if he had really thought he was the character he personated, he replied, "In a certain sense;" but Johnson rose at the asseveration with the indignation of an outraged morality, and said, "The actor, if he really believed himself to be Richard or Macbeth, deserved to be hanged as much as they," and appealed to Kemble to know if he ever felt so. That circumspect player had never been so far gone himself; and Johnson very plainly did not comprehend the extent of Garrick's belief. If he had only recalled how, as a boy, and in his father's kitchen at Lichfield, he was so affected with reading the ghost scene in "Hamlet" that he rushed out into the street to encounter

relief in more corporeal personages, he might have understood his old pupil better, and never have mortified him with the exclamation, "Has Punch any feelings, eh?"

JUSTIN WINSOR.

A VISIT TO THE BANK OF PRUSSIA.

IN the "Taegerstrasse," one of the busiest streets of Berlin, stands a solid-looking building, only one story high, not distinguished either in architectural or other features from the houses adjoining. At the front there is a bronze plate, dedicated to the memory of a grenadier, who fell here at his post as the first victim of the March Revolution in 1849. Entering the building, the same simplicity strikes us. There is nothing that announces the high importance of the house. And yet within its walls a rich treasure is hidden—millions in coined silver and gold, fireproof safes full of shares, bonds, securities, etc., scrips enough to make thousands rich, precious pawns (lombards), documents and bills of exchange, the latter representing, in the course of a year, a capital of three hundred millions of thalers.

Here, indeed, we are in the magic circle of Plutus, in one of the wonderful palaces where a slip of paper is transformed into a heap of gold, and, *vice versa*, a heap of gold into a slip of paper; where a stroke of the pen creates millions; where the word "credit" is the "Sesame" which opens the mountain dazzling with gold and silver. We are at the golden gate of the great reservoir of wealth into which flow the thousands and thousands of drops, fountains, creeks and streams of the money-making community of Prussia. We are in the *Prussian Bank*.

A vaulted corridor leads us to the different departments of the great institution, in which alone, including its one hundred and thirty-eight branch-establishments, more than four hundred officials are employed. At the head of these is the bank-president, at present Herr von Dechend; under him are four bank-directors, a justiciary, the bookkeepers, cashiers, and chiefs of the different departments, the controllers, registers, clerks, and porters, forming altogether quite a little army of *élite troupes*. The same military spirit of accuracy and disciplined performance of duty, evinced in the whole administration of Prussia, is to be found here. A German financier once said: "*In Geldsachen hört die Gemüthlichkeit auf*" (in money matters good nature is at an end). Following this principle, the bank-president is most rigid in selecting his *employés*. An appointment is made only after a close secret observation of the person, some time before the nomination takes place, and it is only in extraordinary cases that a change is made. Hence the bank has the oldest officials, of whose faithfulness an idea can be formed from the fact that one chief of a department, during his whole service of twenty-five years, has taken leave of absence for only twenty-five days.

The same cautiousness and watchfulness is observed in all the operations of the bank, and particularly in the counting of the cash and in the keeping of the *tresor*. In a special room, to which no outsider has admission, the money received is carefully counted, one official checking and proving another, so that errors are almost impossible. Counterfeits or pieces of short weight are separated with methodical precision, and retraced to the place of disbursement. The examination of the suspicious coins requires great sharp-sightedness. Perhaps

no other money is so often and well counterfeited, or so frequently deteriorated in all possible manners as the Prussian thalers and Frederic-d'ors. Of the bank-notes, the twenty-five and fifty thaler notes were for a time so successfully imitated by means of photography, that even the bank itself was deceived on several occasions, and cash paid for them over the counter.

As soon as the bags, generally containing five hundred thalers each, are counted and made ready, they are sealed, each bag bearing the name of the controlling official, and delivered into the treasury vaults of the bank. These vaults are built fire-proof, with impenetrable walls and four ponderous iron doors, admission through which is possible only to the four long-tried officials entrusted with the charge of the treasury. The bags are placed in such order that they can be counted easily, when the regular "revision" takes place. Both gold and silver bars are counted in the same manner, and packed in light transportable boxes. The quantity of coin in the treasury of course depends upon the fluctuations of business. It averages seventy millions of thalers (about fifty millions of dollars). A glance around the vaults, however, in no way realizes the picture the imagination creates. Instead of walls dazzling with gold and silver, we see only an ordinary, white-painted cellar, stored with prosaic-looking grey bags and wooden boxes.

To learn the routine of business of the bank, we first direct our steps to the *discounting department*, where a numerous public congregates early in the forenoon. Here drafts on Berlin or other commercial cities are discounted before falling due, at the discount-rate fixed by the bank, provided that they be drawn on "good" houses, and bear at least two "good" signatures. About four hundred thousand drafts, amounting to three hundred millions and more, are discounted annually.

All classes of society look for and find what they want—money—at the bank, which fulfils, with rare liberality, its task of aiding and fostering home industry and commerce, and favorably distinguishes itself from the banks of England and France by discounting the smallest as well as the largest bills, and by lending its aid in critical times even to the smaller manufacturer or merchant, and opening a credit even to the farmer. Nevertheless its losses are comparatively insignificant. This good fortune is the result of the principles which guide the acceptance of "personal security." The most detailed knowledge of all the firms or persons transacting business with it, is in the possession of the bank, which uses the information obtained with such discretion and secrecy, that many of the larger firms do not hesitate to communicate their yearly balance to this their great financial supporter. Through special agents the directors are constantly kept informed as to the financial standing, and even the private character of the men with whom they have mostly to deal. Sometimes, before the public or even the interested persons have any suspicion, the bank knows, or "guesses," that this or that firm is on the verge of bankruptcy, and therefore almost always breaks off its connection in due time to save itself. This remarkable foreknowledge is explained by the official weekly reports, which the bank receives with regard to the condition of every business firm in Prussia. All the branches ("Filiale") of the bank in the other cities of Prussia have their special and voluntary informers, the results of whose investigations are communicated to the chief establishment, to which, in doubtful cases, the branches have to apply. The magnitude and difficulty of this task may be conceived when it is known that the number of firms to be "watched," in Cologne, for instance, a second-rate commercial city, is four

thousand. The weekly reports are carefully examined and compared with one another, so that the bank, by looking into its *port-feuille*, knows to a nicety the amount of bills drawn on a house. If it appears that they equal the generally reputed property of the house, the directors communicate to the firm that the "*maximum*" of credit has been reached. No information of "outsiders," however, is acted upon, without their veracity having been first ascertained. This system works very well in a state like Prussia, where even commerce is conducted, in the main, with military accuracy.

In the *bank-note department*, the bank-notes received from the Government printing office, where they are printed, are signed, put in circulation, and cashed again. The bank-notes returning to the bank are first marked off in the registers, kept for that purpose, stamped with the words "No value," then filed on an iron bar, and finally burnt in an oven especially constructed for the purpose, under the inspection of the bank-note commissioners.

The bank exhibits its power and its beneficent operation most conspicuously in times of threatened crisis. One of these crises, it will be remembered, occurred in 1866. It was met without any serious consequences, the bank keeping down the rate of interest by issuing supplementary bank-notes to the firms in want of money to meet their obligations. The bank besides, in order to depress the then high rate of foreign exchanges, issued out of its *porte-feuille* the necessary bills of exchange, thereby putting a stop to the flow of silver to the former money-centre of Germany—to Frankfort on the Main—and it bought forty millions of silver thalers, in order to keep up with the demand for them which the war created.

Less extensive than the discounting business is the *Lombard* business, or lending money on deposits of stocks, on gold, silver-plate, and on goods generally, making the bank a sort of pawnbroking establishment. The *giro* business, or transfers from and to accounts, is also insignificant if compared with the business done by other Berlin banks.

One part of the bank vaults is reserved and used as a safe deposit room for personal property, precious documents, and other valuables belonging to private individuals. The bank receives all these things, if packed in a box, and issues, without taking notice of the contents, receipts, on presentation of which the bearer can fetch them out again. Some interesting incidents sometimes occur in connection with this department. A lady made the disagreeable discovery that her diamond jewelry, brought to and redrawn from the bank by her husband, was, on return, changed into *email*, instead of diamonds. After a severe examination she found that her own husband had effected this *changement de décoration*, in order to pay debts contracted at the gaming-table.

The administration of the bank corresponds with its dualistic nature, it being half a Government and half a private bank. The "chief" is the Minister of Commerce, now Herr von der Heydt, and a "curatorium" of five high Government officials, assembling every three months, is under him. The shareholders hold a yearly meeting, where they elect the central committee, controlling the bank operations, receive the report, and revise the statutes. The working capital consists of the Government contribution of two millions; the share-capital of twenty millions; the deposited capital of twenty-three millions, and the reserve-fund of four millions, the total being about fifty millions of thalers. The bank-notes in circulation amount to 136,148,000 thalers; the coin on hand, reserved for redeeming, is seventy millions. The whole returns of the bank, in 1865, were

2,273,608,200 thalers; the net profit made, after deduction of a sixth for the reserve-fund, was two millions, to be equally divided between the Government and the shareholders. The weekly balance, the "status" of the bank and its branches, is published weekly in the newspapers. Once a month the revision of the cash takes place, and then the institute is closed during a part of the forenoon.

The brilliant results of the institute have, however, not been attained without great struggles, and only in the course of the last twenty years.

Carl Winter.

MR. TURVEYDROP APPLIES THE PROBE.

I DO most cordially hate to descant upon any subject which cannot be pursued without exhibiting the human species in a bad or unlovely light. I had, at any time, and ten times over, rather paint the excellences than the deformities of my brother and sister man, and can grieve as heartily as anybody over their imperfections.

"Then why do you wish to probe their wounds?" is the natural inquiry suggested by the title of these paragraphs.

Simply because I wish to essay a faint attempt to better the manners and customs of the age a little. I do it without any expectation of embalming my name as that of a reformer; but I like to button-hole the public whenever I can catch it on the street-corner of a magazine, and lecture it a little on some of its sins. I believe nothing in the way of reform, in any direction, is ever effected by sneering and railing at evils, and trying to ridicule them to death. They don't die of those diseases. They ought to be combatted honestly and kindly, if rudely, and not brayed at and whistled down. And if it shall be here suggested that it is more than likely that the physician might be benefited by some of his own medicine, I can only sadly assent, and allow that

> Man has no mission to mankind.
> It tasks the wisest and the best
> To rule the world within his breast.

But my particular subject of complaint just now is the growing thirst after novelty and sensation which leads men and women of our day to crowd eagerly together and witness the sufferings and dangers of man and beast for their own diversion, and which impels other men to ransack the globe and their own fertile brains in pursuit of some new variety of torment wherewith to appease the gnawing vultures of novelty, curiosity and sensation.

Will not human nature plead guilty upon arraignment, to the indictment of continual, deliberate inhumanity to man and beast, for the satisfaction of its own selfish amusement?

My reader will recall with me his first reading of a description of a Spanish bull-fight, with its details of a crowded amphitheatre, an infuriated beast, matadors, picadors, fiery darts, red flags and cloaks, men and horses disembowelled, trampled under hoof, and tossed upon horns; and the scientific dexterity with which the monarch of the ring would, at the opportune moment, when the public had satiated itself with blood and wounds, insert his dagger into the animal's vertebræ, and put an end to the scene. And he has with me, no doubt, pronounced the Spaniards a people of refined and barbarous cruelty, deserving of

some severe judgment for their sins. And very likely we have put up a hosanna thereupon that our own was not as other nations, delighting in cruel sports and exhibitions in which the pains and perils of man and beast were the principal attractions.

But if we do not organize bull-fights in the United States,* we habitually and publicly do innumerable other things quite as revolting to good morals, Christian charity and humanity, if not as broadly brutal.

I know something of this unaccountable feeling of craving after the novel and sensational, however repulsive they may be found. I once saw three thousand, more or less, men and women, climbing the hill at Harper's Ferry, and footing it for a mile beyond, through snow and mud, in the chilly air of a February day, to look on while two deserters from our army were shot to death with musketry for their crime. And as I made a unit of the three thousand, I may as well confess that we all put ourselves to great personal inconvenience to witness this dreadful spectacle, merely from an unhealthy and morbid desire to see the deliberate killing of two fellow creatures, and how they would take it. For myself, however, I can honestly say that when news of their reprieve came at the last moment, I experienced no feeling of disappointment, such as I am pharisaical enough to think was felt by a very large proportion of that crowd.

If the reader wishes a practical illustration of my idea, let him ask the sheriff of some county where a homicide has lately been executed, how many applications for tickets of admission to the hanging he received in excess of the number of tickets to be issued; and if this does not satisfy him, let him ask the publisher of the daily paper how large an extra edition of his journal, containing full details of the execution, he sold. It is as Byron said,

> ——— a fearful thing
> To see a human soul take wing:

but not too fearful or too solemn to attract the eager and inquisitive attention of the throng of curiosity-hunters.

Some years since a dear friend of myself, at the time in my company, was shockingly and fatally burned by the conflagration of an oil well in the petroleum regions of Pennsylvania. Lingering for eight days in the most acute torments, his last hours were distressed by the importunities of dozens of curious men to be allowed to see him—strangers all, but possessed with an insatiable desire to see how a man looks and acts with two-thirds of the surface of his body blistered by fire. And I believe this disposition is universal. Let a man break his leg on the street-corner, and unless he is speedily removed indoors, you shall see him surrounded by a gaping mob, most of the number chiefly interested in determining whether it is his leg or his neck that has sustained the fracture.

Prize-fighting, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and kindred amusements of the nineteenth century, have been placed under legislative ban; but the degrading appetite for the exhibition of pain often contrives evasions of the law, and the sporting press continues to inform us how, on the forty-ninth round, Mulhalbully came up groggy, and was caught by the Little 'Un with a nasty one on the right peeper, which sent him to grass. Nor can it be safely assumed that these brutal and disgusting exhibitions are attended and enjoyed solely by those who are themselves brutal and degraded. It was asserted at the time, that the fight between Heenan and Sayers was witnessed not only by a fair representation of the

* The writer remembers to have seen, but a few years since, an account of one of these brutal shows in New Orleans, which was very largely attended.

English nobility, but also by *ministers of the gospel*, the latter sufficiently disguised to prevent recognition by the crowd; and this fact was not denied. It is lamentably true that these barbarous exhibitions make a common ground upon which debased ignorance and elevated refinement meet. Alas and alas! that human beings should delight to see men

> —— bruise and beat and hammer and maul,
> And strike till one or the other shall fall;

but they do; and merely to gratify a perverted taste for the diabolical.

A current joke, some years ago, exactly expressed the force of this unnatural sentiment. It was of a man who was observed to follow Van Amburgh's menagerie from place to place, scrupulously attending each exhibition. Upon being asked the reason of this singular conduct, he replied, with emphasis, that that big lion would bite off Van Amburgh's head when he put it in his mouth, *sure*, some day, and he was bound to be there when it happened. This is an exhibition which has been witnessed by hundreds of thousands; but does any one for a moment suppose that if it were entirely divested of the *possibility* of the lion's chewing up the showman's head, it would draw four dozen? I trow not.

It is not many months since a poor little Japanese boy met with an accident which might well have been fatal, during a dangerous gymnastic performance; and still later one of three brothers, skilful and daring acrobats, met a terrible death by a mischance in his performances. It is not too much to say that this man became a victim to the gratification of an inhuman and debasing taste for the public exhibition of highly dangerous feats. It is not to be forgotten that this appetite always demands the ingredient of danger or pain; let the Hanlons practise their tumbling and gyrating upon ropes stretched three feet from the sawdust, and the show immediately becomes tame and uninviting. Or let the dear public be assured that the lion's teeth and claws have been carefully drawn, and Van Amburgh might thrust his head, shoulder deep, down the throat of the royal brute, to empty canvas.

One more illustration will suffice. About nine years ago a supple and courageous Frenchman, Gravelet by name, but known to the public as Blondin, "inaugurated" the rope-walking fever in this country, to which several foolish victims were sacrificed. Over the dizzy height between the towering banks of the Niagara below the Falls, Blondin stretched and guyed a single rope, and amazed immense crowds by walking over it from shore to shore, performing more difficult feats upon this frail thread suspended between heaven and earth than you and I could possibly achieve on *terra firma*. He crossed it with both feet placed in peach baskets, he crossed it backward, blindfolded, bound with ropes, with his legs in a sack, and finally performed the terrible task of transporting a man across the rope borne on his back, holding the breath of thousands in suspense the while. The masses of humanity that came to Niagara to witness these unprecedented feats were almost innumerable; they filled the points of view along the river in solid squares, and hedged about the extremities of the rope by thousands. Some of them came hundreds of miles—not a few came thousands—to see—*what?* A graceful and adroit performance on the slack rope by an adept? I think not. I do not wish to be uncharitable; but I received a deep impression from the attendance upon Sunday of these rope-walks, that a very great proportion of those crowds came there to embrace the possible chance of beholding a human being pitch headlong from a rope a hundred feet into the seething hell of waters below. It will be said, of course, that this, and divers

others, were public exhibitions, given for profit; but they were none the less stimulated, and, in fact, created, by the false and pernicious appetite of which I have spoken.

All those who agree with me in the truth of what is here written (and how can a gentle public, in its thoughtful mood, disagree?) will also agree with me that there should be a remedy for these refinements of man's inhumanity to man and beast. There is a remedy, my friends, but it is personal in its application, and requires patience and faith at the hands of all good men and women. We owe it to ourselves, to our posterity, no less than to the generation in which we live, that all these abominable monstrosities should be utterly purged away and reformed; and to this end every individual must give his undeviating individual exertions to exalt, to embellish, and to purify the times whereof we are a part. Attack the evil by assailing the cause of it—the deformed sentiment which is abroad—and the reform will meet with accomplishment. May heaven hasten the day!

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE PINE COUNTRY.

ALONG the eastern coast of North Carolina, from the Virginia line, on the north, to the South Carolina line, on the south, stretches a remarkable belt of country. It is from forty to fifty miles wide by two hundred long, and comprises about a fifth of the whole area of the State. Although within forty-eight hours of New York by rail, and three days by sea, this region is, perhaps, less known than the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains just opened to the world by the Pacific Railway. Yet within the extended limits of these United States there is, perhaps, no tract of country which offers a more comfortable home to the emigrant or a more profitable investment to the capitalist.

Following the sinuosities of the coast, it has a water-front of several hundred miles, protected from the violence of the ocean by a chain of islands, portions of which are suited to the culture of sea-island cotton, and the whole admirably adapted to the growth of the grape. The mainland is penetrated by numerous short rivers, deeper than the sounds into which they empty, and, therefore, sluggish in their flow; and furnishing, with their branches, a complete system of canals useful for transportation and drainage, and excelled only by the canals of Holland.

This tract of country comprises the counties of Currituck, Camden, Pasquotanck, Gates, Hertford, Northampton, Halifax, Bertie, Chowan, Perquimons, Tyrrel, Washington, Martin, Edgecomb, Pitt, Beaufort, Hyde, Craven, Greene, Lenoir, Jones, Carteret, Onslow, Duplin, New Hanover, Brunswick, Columbus, and Bladen. Thirteen of these counties are traversed by railways, bringing them within forty-eight hours of New York. Twelve of them lie upon Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds; and so numerous are the estuaries setting back from, and the rivers flowing into these sounds, that there is scarcely a farm which might not have its own wharf, and be its own port of entry. The ports of Washington, Newbern, Beaufort, and Wilmington forward the products of these counties to New York by steamers in three or four days. By means of the Dismal Swamp Canal, thirteen of these counties have easy and frequent communication with

Norfolk. You will look on the map of the United States in vain for any region of country, equal in extent, with superior facilities for sending its products to market. So great is this advantage that the farmer of Chowan, Bertie, or Hyde gets seventy-five cents a bushel for his corn when his brother of Illinois and Iowa gets but thirty.

But the sounds and rivers of eastern North Carolina are full of many varieties of excellent fish, which are taken in vast numbers, as many as two hundred thousand herring having been brought to shore at one haul in a seine twenty-five hundred yards long. Oysters, turtle, and terrapin abound; mullet, shad, bass, and many other choice varieties of fish, are caught in great quantities, the water teeming with an inexhaustible supply of this kind of food. Nor is game less abundant. A gentleman well acquainted with the country writes:

> There are ducks of various kinds, of which the canvas-back is the most esteemed; geese and swans, which congregate in numbers exceeding all conception of any person who has not been informed. They are often so numerous as entirely to cover acres of the surface of the water, so that observers from the beach would only see ducks and no water between them. These great collections are termed "rafts." The shooting season commences in autumn and continues through the winter. The returns in game killed and secured through any certain time to a skilful, patient, and enduring gunner, are as sure as the profits of any labor of agriculture and trade, and far larger profits for the capital and labor employed. The following particular facts I learned from the personal knowledge of a highly respectable gentleman and proprietor on Currituck Sound. The shooting, as a business, on his shores, is done only by gunners hired by himself and for his own profit, and who are paid a fixed price for every fowl delivered to him, according to its kind, from the smallest or least-prized species of ducks to the rare and highly-valued swan. He has employed thirty gunners through a winter. He provides and charges for all the ammunition they require, which they pay for out of their wages. In this way he can tell exactly how much ammunition he issues, and it may be presumed the gunners do not waste it unnecessarily at their own expense. In this manner, and for his own gunners and his own premises only, in one winter he used more than a ton of gunpowder, and shot in proportion, and forty-six thousand percussion caps. From this expenditure along the shore of one large farm only, there may be formed a conception of the immensity of the operations and the results along the shores extending for full one hundred and fifty miles, and on all of which the same business is regularly pursued.

But man does not live by fish and fowl alone; and the object of this article is not to tell the sportsman that on the eastern shore of the Old North State he can find abundant food for his powder in game of every variety, from the quail to the stag of ten; and that though all may not be fish that comes to his net, it will all be good, either to boil, broil, or fry. The land which these numerous sounds, rivers, and bays, not only bring within easy access to a market, but also endow with a picturesque beauty rarely excelled, yields to the farmer a most generous return for the labor which he bestows upon it. It is worthy of consideration, too, when comparing this region with others, that the soil, once prepared for cultivation, is so mellow and friable, that one man with a mule can till as much ground as a man and a boy with a yoke of oxen will do at the West; while the expense for agricultural implements of every kind is less than in stiff clay soils.

In 1867, General Gwynn, one of the most eminent and experienced civil engineers in the United States, and who has surveyed the whole of these lands, in his report to the State authorities, says:

> Last year an elderly negro man, who cultivated a portion on shares, with two young

negro women and a boy, all of whom, including the man himself, were stricken down with the small-pox, made six bales of cotton and twelve hundred bushels of corn.

This was accomplished without the aid of fertilizers, and with the simplest and rudest agricultural implements in the hands of ignorant, unskilled freedmen. Can any farming region show a better record? There are plantations in Hyde County which have been cultivated in corn year after year for a century without fertilizers or rotation of crops, and have yielded from fifty to a hundred bushels per acre; while "science infers from the facts of the past and from careful analysis, that even two centuries of close cultivation will not exhaust this natural and ever-renewing fertility."

But while this region has been heretofore devoted exclusively to the culture of corn and cotton, of both which crops it has produced as largely as the best lands in the Mississippi valley, they are not to be regarded as the limit of its capacity. Wheat can be cultivated as successfully here as in Ohio or Illinois, and has always been in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of the farmers. It is the home of the vine, the birth-place of the Catawba and its less distinguished brother, the Scuppernong, which grows in wild luxuriance, and yields to the grossest neglect a profusion of grapes which the North Carolinian thinks "hard to be beat." The best varieties of native American grapes, including the Iona and Delaware, have been successfully cultivated in the vicinity of Newbern; and there is no reason why this should not become the land of vineyards. The rigor of winter, which is short, is so tempered by the influence of the Gulf Stream and the proximity of the ocean, that the vine needs no protection, and the summer is so long, and the genial heat of the sun so constant and uniform, that the fruit attains its fullest ripeness, and produces the richest wines. Newbern is nearer New York than Cincinnati by rail, and has also a direct water communication, so that the future Longworth of North Carolina will have the same advantage over his competitor of Ohio that the planter of Hyde has over the farmer of Illinois. The same natural causes combine to produce the finest peach grown in the world, and it ripens so early that it can be cultivated profitably for the New York market. So also the strawberry, blackberry, and raspberry, which reach a more luscious ripeness than the same fruit raised at the North. Nor is this all, nature in her prodigality has given to this favored region an apple of its own, known as the "Mattamuskeet," and if you will trust the impartiality of a North Carolinian's judgment in the matter—the sincerity of his belief cannot be doubted—it is equal to the Newtown Pippin in flavor, and will keep better. If you are not willing to take his judgment, test the question yourself. Buy a hundred acres of this favored land, set out an orchard of Mattamuskeet apple trees, and send your first crop direct to London, and when your heart rejoices over the rich returns from your venture, you will join the North Carolinian in songs of praise to his native apple.

Nowhere can the vegetable gardener find land that will more bountifully reward his labors. Every variety of vegetable that is sold in Washington and Fulton markets grows with a readiness that is almost spontaneous, and with a profusion that is almost miraculous. The sweet potato, that most nutritious and delightful of all vegetables used for man and beast, so highly prized in this market, and never found here in perfection, grows in that favored region with little care or culture; and on soils comparatively poor, from two to five hundred bushels per acre can easily be raised.

It is generally believed, and by none more firmly than by the inhabitants them-

selves, that owing to the long, warm summers, grass will not flourish here; but this is a mistaken notion growing out of an indisposition on the part of the planter to cultivate any but the crops his fathers planted, and which he has been accustomed to see growing ever since he first saw anything. Your genuine North Carolinian is a conservative—the late vote of the State to the contrary, notwithstanding—and abhors novelties as nature does a vacuum. His land has always produced corn and cotton, and the close of each year has found a good balance in his favor on his merchant's books; why should he try anything new? Let well enough alone; though Dr. Emmons, the State geologist, in one of his reports did say:

There is no difficulty in the cultivation of the grasses. It is evident the climate is more humid and the sea breezes moderate, the heat sufficient in summer to favor the development of this family of plants. There is no doubt, also, that if the attention of planters was turned to the cultivation of grasses, greater profits might be realized than from the cultivation of maize. It is less expensive, and as hay bears a high price in all the villages of this part of the State, *and as there is always a communication with them by water*, there can be no doubt that the profits which would arise from hay-making would considerably exceed those of corn.

But even if the State geologist is wrong, and the planters are right, nature, always generous to her favorites, has provided a substitute for clover and timothy in the succulent and highly-nutritious reed which grows spontaneously and in great abundance on the river banks and in all moist places. It is an evergreen, and cattle feed and fatten on it in winter as well as summer, acquiring such a flavor therefrom that when converted into beef they command a higher price in the Norfolk market than the best stall-fed article.

When nature furnishes the planter, without price, perennial pastures of richest food, and, at the same time, gives him a climate that requires no shelter for his stock, why should he plough deep, sow the choicest grass, and gather into huge barns? Why labor, when nature has already done the work to his hand? So reasoned the old planter, and where is the flaw in his reasoning? But the times are changed, and as new men take the places of the old, grass will grow instead of reeds, and the State geologist be proved correct. Meanwhile, if you want to raise cattle and sheep with no expense beyond their salt, hear what General Gwynn says in his report of 1867:

The natural pastures are perennial. The open swamps bear reeds in great quantity, and which afford abundant and excellent food for cattle through winter and summer. For cattle grazing and sheep husbandry, Texas only exceeds it in extent of range; but for raising hogs and fattening them almost without feeding, this portion of the State is greatly and justly valued.

Nor is the climate in any respect inferior to that of less productive regions. The short, gentle winters, and long, mild summers, give the inhabitants health and length of days. Water of the best quality can be obtained by boring through the marl, which, at different depths, underlies the whole country. The last, though by no means the least advantage which this country possesses, is cheapness. It can be bought in tracts of every size, from a hundred to ten thousand acres, at a less price than any other land within the same distance of New York.

What region of country within the limits of the United States has greater or even equal advantages?

L. S.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE BASE-BALL SEASON.

BASE-BALL was a godsend to American youth, who can no longer be reproached with distaste for athletic sports. Since the war, it has run like wildfire. Young soldiers, full of vigor, and longing for comradeship and manly exercise, found them in this game, which supplied sport in the open air, straining exercise, rivalry, friendship, and just enough of uniform, drill, discipline, and organization to revive the pleasures without the hardships of the bygone military career. Cricket has always been an exotic here; gymnasiums are indoors, and much like work; billiards and bowling are costly; rowing is limited by water privileges; horse racing and yachting are mainly sports of the rich; hunting and fishing are individual pastimes, rather than organized athletic sports. But base-ball was found to have all the elements of "a national game," and suddenly grew to be to America what cricket is to England, gymnastics to Germany, target shooting and wrestling to Switzerland.

During this present season, all athletic sports have reached their climax of favor and skill. Never were balls better played at base and wicket, boats better rowed and sailed, horses better run and trotted; and everybody knows the prowess of the Atlantics and the Athletics, of the Wards and the Harvards, of Dexter and Kentucky. The print-shop windows display photographs of champion crews and clubs, and models of bats and yachts; and ever and anon some splendidly-developed oarsman recalls the monstrous limbs and thews of a Roman gladiator, or the figure of mighty Geraint:

> The massive square of his heroic breast,
> And arms on which the standing muscle sloped
> As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
> Running too vehemently to break upon it.

While athletic sports are doing so much for physical culture, professional gamblers are putting their popularity in jeopardy. Such havoc have these gentry made of late, that hardly a great match comes off without suspicions of foul play. Base-ball is infested by blacklegs; a championship sculling match is pretty likely to be "sold;" a horse race is simply the means of betting; gamblers spread their nets over all public sports, and introduce into them the trickery of their profession. College boating, yachting, and some honorable horse racing stand out in marked contrast; but the spirit and arts of the dice-box and card-table threaten to disgust all lovers of square dealing, and to react at length against the sports themselves.

It is also to be feared that the extreme to which base-ball playing is now pushed may bring a great reaction. It is a mania. Hundreds of clubs do nothing but play, all summer and autumn. What pleasant days are not devoted to matches are spent in practice. When the "nines" are not contending with visitors, they themselves are travelling over the country, from Bangor to St. Louis. They make batting a business, and depend for money on the receipts from spectators. Where clubs are not strictly "professional" the trouble is even worse, as much time of clerks or mechanics is taken away from regular callings. Youth are attracted to this exciting career, perhaps thence to vagabond ways of earning a livelihood.

On the whole, however, we must strike a generous balance of praise in favor of the base-ball movement and of the era of physical sports. Faults, we may hope, will correct themselves, after a time; and surely the benefits are beyond measure.

QUACKERY.

SATIRISTS unjustly twit our age with being sunk extra deep in quackery: whereas charlatanism probably fares no better now than at any historic period. Thanks to the credulous streak in human nature, quacks, we should reflect, have always been plenty; but the world is given to dreaming of some past epoch of honesty and happiness, a golden age, or a good old times, compared with which the degenerate present is a sorry affair. However, as all literature, even the earliest, reveals the same outcry—whether of Aristophanes, Horace, Juvenal, Chaucer, Rabelais, Boileau, Voltaire, Swift, or Smollett—against the deceits and knaveries then extant, we may fairly conclude there never were any days of idyllic simplicity. There were humbugs before Barnum.

The chief victims of quackery in our day are quacks themselves; and business trickery costs more than it comes to. People are no shrewder, but now-a-days they have the newspaper, a freer intercourse, and a winnowing competition in all trades. We note the shams that now and again succeed, but we forget the myriads that fail. Out of a thousand plots to get money under false pretences; to start mining companies where there is no ore; to do business without capital or labor; to foist a worthless invention on the community; to make a fortune out of the credulity of people—not ten succeed. It costs as much in time and toil to launch a sham project as a genuine one; and before it amounts to anything, the sham is detected. A man projects a joint-stock operation of the Montague Tigg sort, on a basis of fraud, and delivers a lecture, in which he slily advocates the Aladdin Oil, the Salamander Fire, or Methuselah Life Company, as the case may be. But he pays for his hall, his *claqueurs*, his printing, and his puffs; and, when his pocket money is exhausted, the game is ended.

It is not difficult, probably, to suborn an underling on the city newspaper to smuggle in a column of puffery of "Our Environs," winding up with a special eulogium upon Smithville and its remarkable proximity by railroad to City Hall. The land speculator fancies this a great stroke, and hardly grudges the fee. But we all detect the "axe," and the noise of the grinding is low. The patent drugs that pay are exceptional. Even a worthless nostrum drains a long purse, and the swindle is laid bare before expenses are met. The business rule is said to be to "get a good thing and then advertise it;" but advertising without the "good thing" is usually thrown away. The great advertised successes—such as Mr. Bonner's "Ledger"—succeed because they are *not* humbugs, but, on the contrary, the best things of their kind.

The would-be rival of a Drake or a Helmbold, or of the beneficent Mrs. Winslow, thinks all he needs is a poet and a pestle. In that case, the ingredients of fortune would indeed be cheap; for many a poor poet who begins wooing the Muses in an epic is fain to end with a panegyric on Pain Paint. It is a caitiff job, to be sure, for the sensitive bard, and yet, since the epic fades with its own ink, no better than unsung, while the medical stanza charms a million readers—which, after all, is the more mortifying, the quack's puff or the neglected Iliad? But it is not enough to get possession of a balladist and a mortar, or to invent a cabalistic device, or to paper the city walls and make the very curb-stones testify that "children cry for it;" no, nor even to daub the rocks at Niagara and Newport with the solemn announcement, "It is not a dye!" We are apt to be deceived about pills and potions. The public buys them, not for what they pretend to be, but for what they are. They may be advertised as panaceas, but they are applied as specifics. One consists of very pure gin, and another of good rhubarb; this one is an approved union of ancient housewife's herbs and simples—and a fig for the "new discovery" it claims; here is a savory tooth-wash, there a safe opiate, and yonder a mild anodyne; this glue will stick, and that black dye will not turn pea-green. A gorgeous imagination revels adown the newspaper columns, concocts resurrections from the dead, edits the almanac, and glows in the rhetoric of the wrapper; but some pennyworth of special merit sustains the nostrum before its patrons. These remedies, they may argue, are brewed by the hogshead, compounded by the ton, boxed and bottled by the thousand gross,

and can be had, therefore, cheaper than the equivalent doses of the doctor who rides a mile in his gig, and the apothecary who weighs and decants single potions. And that is about the whole mystery.

Men who start any business on the theory that people are easily duped, are often the silliest of all dupes. It is a pretty safe rule that, to get money, you must give money's worth. Even the pedler of salves and straps, who makes the crowd laugh at his stories, sells his wares because "it is worth the money to hear the fellow talk." Quackery does not pay, in the long run; and a youth thinking to trick a fortune out of the world's credulity, had better adopt some safer principle, as, for instance, to sell a good thing as cheap as his neighbor, or cheaper. Even those whom we call "successful quacks" are men who have noted a universal, daily want—reading for the leisure hour, drugs for disease, glue for glass, or what not—and who supply something adequate. The fools are those who thereupon imagine mere trash can be pushed to success. Wherever a trivial or false thing succeeds, it is not by virtue of the sham in it, but in spite of it; the triumph is due to sterling qualities of enterprise, industry, or tact, which, more worthily applied, would have reaped a better harvest. Barnum always gave money's worth, and his disposition to "humbug," if he had it, could not neutralize his energy; his practice was better than his theory.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

THE great campaign opens tamely. At the West there is some hot work, with hotter in prospect; but the general field is duller, thus far, than any in thirty years, except, perhaps, the Scott campaign of 1852. Stump speakers proclaim an "uprising of the masses" like that of 1861—two uprisings, in fact, one Democratic and the other Republican—but this language is figurative.

Yet certain signs—especially the enormous vote polled in the late State elections—show there is no popular apathy regarding the issue. The difference between this and former campaigns is chiefly a surface difference—the present one lacks extraordinary excitement, but it does not lack deep-seated interest. And the lack of excitement is easily explicable. A great war has intervened in the national history, compared with whose terrible fervors all surplus political uproar is flat and unprofitable—we cannot so easily get up the wonted hullabaloo over the battle at the polls. Once, the Presidential fight used to be the greatest of public events. The Fremont campaign of 1856 and the Lincoln campaign of 1860 were intensely exciting, though their issues were no more distinct, and, so far as could be foreseen, no graver than those of to-day. But in 1864, when the flames of war and politics were united, that of the war blazed highest. The Taylor, Polk, and Harrison campaigns, with their log cabins and latch-strings, and cider, and coons, and roasted oxen, and ten miles of torches, and songs without number, supplied the highest pitch of excitement through the autumn, and October was a prolonged festal celebration. There was more hurrah in Scott and Taylor days about Monterey and Cherubusco than is now raised over the hundred fields that stretch from Shiloh to Petersburg. In 1848, "Old Whitey" reared defiant on ten thousand transparencies, and "that horse ticket" was omnipotent at the polls. Four years after, the Mexican battles were all fought over again; and, though the campaign was smothered under wet blankets for one side by the Webster defection, and for the other by the obscurity of its candidate, and though Scott gave it a ridiculous turn by "swinging around the circle" and talking as he swung, yet a cross-road skirmish was exalted then above Vicksburg or Gettysburg. But, after all, it is because we all *know* of these last by so intimate experience, that an allusion to them, or else expressive silence, is all that we need.

Those people who predicted in 1855 that a "maddening thirst for military glory and conquest" would henceforth possess America, have made a sad mistake; and so, apparently, have those who foretold that it would fall a prey to political excitements. Indeed, the war's dread experience naturally begets a public confidence that the nation did not outride that peril to be wrecked on the breakers of party politics. That this

stout faith does not produce apathy, is clear, as we have said, even from the September voting; but it keeps the people from sympathy with the croakings of political pessimists. It is felt on all hands that never were issues more momentous involved in a national election. Meanwhile, as one effect of the moderation of the canvass, we may note the comparative decency of its conduct. A few journalists, whose passion is mainly an affair of the pocket, they being vulgar and violent because the cashier makes report that "it pays," have reached a disgusting stage of political scurrility. But, in the main, public speaking and writing have thus far been unusually free from degrading personalities and the language of the drab. Whoever, vexed by the recklessness and vileness of a portion of the press, is disposed to doubt this, needs only to look over the literature of most preceding contests. He will find that, if not much has been gained to candor, some slight gain, at least, has been made to decency.

LAW AND LABOR.

THE decision in the case of Mr. H. B. Dawson's boy is particularly noteworthy, because it falls at this opportune moment of bricklayers' strikes. If any widespread good comes of it—and the case is quite capable of generalization—Mr. Dawson's belligerent "bump" will have been exercised this time to unusually good purpose. The suit was decided, to be sure, at Oyer and Terminer; but as no appeal was taken to a higher court, it carries, for the present, the weight of law. However, for that matter, the law was well settled by earlier and leading cases; and the pith of them all is, that strikers are guilty of a legal misdemeanor in combining to prevent non-strikers from working at their trades.

The New York statute against unlawful conspiracies reads that "if two or more persons shall conspire . . . to commit any act injurious to trade or commerce . . . they shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor." It is under this statute alone, probably, that the coercive measures of Trades' Unions (except, of course, where actual violence, like assault, is committed) can be reached by the hand of the law. An ordinary "Trades' Union," organized with the usual pledges and rules of mutual assistance against fellow-workmen who are non-members, is a "conspiracy"—that is to say, a combination—within the meaning of the statute; and if such a combination wilfully prevents a workman from exercising his trade, this, say the courts, is an unlawful act under the statute. It is evident, therefore, that the law broadly shields non-strikers. It only remains to determine what particular acts of the Trades' Unions will be held unlawful.

Mr. Dawson's case was certainly remarkable. He had verbally agreed with a friend, Mr. Dunham, master-bricklayer and mason, of West Farms, Westchester County, that his son should be instructed in Mr. Dunham's business, the lad to receive $1 per day, and more wages as he advanced in skill. The Bricklayers' Union of that vicinity soon made known to Messrs. Dunham and Dawson that young Dawson must be "regularly indentured," according to the Union rules, or else the Union workmen would leave Mr. Dunham's employ. Mr. Dunham's foreman *did* leave, saying that "he could not afford to pay the $15 fine" imposed by the Union for violations of its rules. Mr. Dunham accordingly sent the boy Dawson away, and on these facts, as shown in the evidence, a suit brought against the dissatisfied foreman and certain other selected members of the Union, was sustained by the verdict of the jury.

The remarkable fact, therefore, is the slightness of the "overt act" which was found necessary to convict under the statute. No violence was offered to the boy, or hinted at; he was not driven away by taunts or threats. The whole act consisted in the foreman's declining to work where young Dawson worked; and being free to leave, he left, whereupon the employer discharged the boy. At first impulse, one would say that if cause of action lay against anybody, it was against the employer, not the foreman; and, again, that a man had a right to work where he pleased. So, indeed, a man has that right—the foreman, and every individual fellow-workman. The essence of the offence did not lie in the

foreman's immediate action, but in the combination which provoked it—in the "conspiracy." And, since this is so, we may rightly conclude that the statute aims directly at the very lightest coercive practices of Trades' Unions. The foreman might individually have resigned, "because he would not work with young Dawson;" but his membership of the Union, and its rules, made that same conduct a legal offence.

Is it to be supposed that a more extreme case could be brought, or that a more trivial, a less directly compulsory influence could be exerted against a fellow-workman? Why, this very act is often the initial one in strikes, or else the habitual practice in Trades' Unions. To do *that*—namely, to refuse to work except with those whom they choose—they regard as the very least of natural rights; and the more needful, therefore, is it to publish far and wide the jealousy, as evinced in this case, wherewith the law regards all combinations to impede labor (for that is the wider sense of the inexpressive statute word "trade"), even temporarily, and in the alleged interests of workmen as a class.

THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS.

THE move of Mr. Davis to reconstruct his personal fortune by turning commission merchant, and lending his name as member of a British firm trading in American products, furnishes Mr. H. R. Pollard with an entirely new and fresh cause of grievance against the "Ex-President." He is quite wild over this unexpected temerity on Mr. Davis's part, and his rhetoric fairly stutters in its wrath, insomuch that he calls this a most "flagititious thing." "Wretch," "caitiff," "charlatan," "loafer," "bankrupt," "adventurer," "scandal of his age"—Mr. Pollard has no end of epithets to affix upon Jefferson Davis, as he appears in his new commercial *rôle;* they may all be found in "Pollard's Political Pamphlet," of which the publisher avers that "the first edition is 100,000 copies."

It is not that labor is dishonorable, declares Mr. P., in castigating his old chief magistrate, but that Mr. Davis is going to get commercial profits *without* labor, that makes up the rankness of his offence. In other words, Mr. Davis is said to be selling out, for shekels, the position and importance which were conferred on him by the Confederacy. Had he not occupied his conspicuous place as President of the Confederacy, he would be at liberty to do as he pleased, without having his action styled an "unclean thing." The point made by Mr. Pollard is peculiar, interesting, and pretty carefully guarded, too, since he fortifies it with the assertion that Mr. Davis is really to do nothing, but only to trade out his name on the Liverpool firm's signs and bill-heads, for a share in the profits.

Declining, however, to express an opinion on the merits of this somewhat intricate case—where so much depends on the facts—we may at least note that a new penalty has been added to the lot of greatness. How far a man is under moral obligations to withdraw from ordinary and vulgar mundane cares, after being elected to a very high office, begins to be, in this view, rather a serious question. If you and I are going to be compelled to give up business because we have been made great men—shall we not think twice before allowing greatness to be thrust upon us?

Now, there is something, after all, in the idea running through Mr. Pollard's brain. We have an instinctive dislike, after we have made a hero, to have him turn out a clodhopper; and when a man's chief glory has been that he is the foremost representative of a great cause, we cannot bear to see him turn and come down to the dirty arena of competitive trade, with its thousand tricks and devices. To see over a Chatham street store,

"L. KOSSUTH,
Old Clothes bought and sold;"

to have the gallant Hungarian himself offer you a "good price for the old ones you have got on" would certainly, as Holmes has it, "dock the tail of sentiment." And if the hearer ever recovered from his shock, surely the magic of Magyar eloquence would be gone. Hence we may take it for granted that there are *some* things in the way of truck and dicker that heroes may not justifiably do. And the same rule holds good of other great men who are not necessarily heroes—*e. g.*, ex-presidents, both bogus and genuine. There *is* a cer-

tain penalty in being a promontory, over being a flat. And when, in addition, you can prove (as, for example, Mr. Pollard claims that he can) that your conspicuous man is merely turning his official glory into cash, and, as it were, condensing the glitter and lustre that surrounded his office into pennyweights of gold, to make off with —you feel a kind of contempt for the humbug.

But, on the other hand, we must reflect that very much of our hero-worship is exceedingly primitive and juvenile—even if we get to be very old boys. The trappings do not make the king, nor his office the hero; nor, therefore, can the occupation mar the man. It is puerility which makes us dread reading the quiet, business, matter-of-fact life of the great character. Your true boy laments that Napoleon was not killed (or conquered) at Waterloo, and likes to have Kidd slain on his own quarter-deck—he would be disgusted to have the corsair escape, set up an oyster-stall, and use his dreaded stiletto to "open them fish" for such gentlemen as might kindly patronize his bivalves. Few novelists dare step beyond the marriage-day. We want a climax in fiction and in history, and that interesting personages should then be discreet enough to vanish forever from the scene.

The admirer of the Laura-Matilda novel and the admirer of official greatness share a common feeling in this matter, and a natural one. But the trouble is, that a man, even a great man, in our utilitarian age, cannot live on past celebrity alone. He must have bread; and, unless he is a very little sort of great man, he does not care to have the baker give him his daily loaf as a favor. Examples, doubtless, there are, where, by imitating the busy bee, the shining hours of office have been so improved that the retiring patriot has no pecuniary anxieties to distress him. Instances there are, too, where friends have handsomely come down with a house, a horse, and an annual balance at the bank. But the choice is often that of sponging on one's friends or working. Deprive a man of this choice, because it may detract from his historic dignity to work, and you treat the crime of greatness very harshly.

In truth, the natural propensity of a great man, after he is shelved by the voice of fate or the people, is to become a Turvey-drop. He is inclined to rest on his oars, and to exhibit one more model of deportment. His ambition is to avoid being commonplace, and, when he dies, to be mentioned as "the very last of the statesmen of the old school." The danger is, therefore, not in the direction of a disenchanting labor, but in the other. And, besides, need it destroy the illusion to find a man who is left alive and stranded after the tide in his affairs is at ebb, and who has conscientious objections to suicide, if we find him turning his hand to trade? Surely, the world has never so thought when agriculture was the employment, Cincinnatus even being commended for returning to the plough—and yet who dares say he did not send his spare vegetables to market?

In Mr. Davis's case (not wholly to forget it) there would seem to be less ground for anger, from the very questionable nature of the honors which he won. It may be conceded that a genuine ex-president shall retire on his laurels (unless, like John Quincy Adams, he returns to Congress), for fear of dispelling illusions. But the President of the Confederacy ought, at least, not to have that career counted against him for more than a blank.

Philip Quilibet.

LITERATURE AND ART.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

WHY some books sell, and others do not, we believe no publisher has ever been able to discover. Indeed, the greater the experience, the intelligence, and the candor of the publisher, the more freely does he admit that before making the actual experiment upon the public, he is able only to guess very vaguely and blindly as to the market value of his own wares. From this assertion there must, of course, be excepted almanacs, directories, dictionaries, books which are legislated into demand, such as school books, and special text books, and books of reference in the various departments of the useful arts and the sciences. The ignorance in question is of the reason for the public demand for books to be read —pure literature. A tolerably correct opinion as to the intrinsic worth of a book may be obtained by a publisher, if he is unwilling to trust his own judgment. But the merit of a book is found, most unhappily, to have narrow and very uncertain relations with its value as merchandise. Good books are bought, and largely, but so are bad; bad books are neglected, but so are good. Tupper's verses are better property than Tennyson's or Browning's; ——'s than Bryant's or Longfellow's; and ——'s travels are or have been worth ten times more to their author and their publisher than Sir Samuel Baker's are or will ever be. The reason for this is inscrutable; it is a "dispensation." For the same undiscoverable reason, probably, it is almost, if not quite as impossible to tell why certain passages in books take hold of the public mind and live in the world's memory. The value of the thought or the feeling expressed has, to be sure, something to do with the question; a full, strong, clear utterance of what most men recognize as truth or as beauty, will be seized upon and preserved, and used by many men, especially by those who, although they are intelligent, are not exact in thought, or ready and skilful in the use of language, and thus will take its place among familiar quotations. But it is with a sense of humiliation that we must confess that here, too, merit does not carry the day. Twaddle and jingle stick to us like burrs, while the richest fruitage of the mind drops through the crowd unheeded to the ground, where, however, it leaves its seed for the enrichment of after ages. Mr. Bartlett's admirable volume, now before us, makes all this painfully manifest.* Such a monumental book as "Don Quixote" affords him seven passages, only three of which can be justly regarded as familiar to the mass of intelligent reading people. Such another as "Gil Blas," full as it is of maxims of worldly wisdom, only one. "The Pilgrim's Progress" yields six, but two of which, however, would be recognized as old friends by most persons. Gibbon, it seems, has left us only two of these household words. But Thomas Haynes Bayly is remembered in ten! They are all as familiar to us as they were to our fathers and mothers, and the first and last are fair specimens of the whole:

> I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower.
>
> Gayly the troubadour
> Touched his guitar.

This is disgusting; but there is, *per contra*, as the accountants say, some comfort in the fact that Tupper, although he writes proverbs and philosophy—Tupperian, and although his books have sold on both sides of the water by the tens of thousands, has

* "Familiar Quotations." Being an attempt to trace to their source passages and phrases in common use. By John Bartlett. 16mo., pp. 778. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

not, according to Mr. Bartlett, produced one line that is familiarly quoted. Let us not, however, find too full a recompense and reassurance in this negative fact. Mr. Tupper's failure in this respect may be owing to the form of his "Proverbial Philosophy," which rhymes not; in which respect it is like "The Paradise Lost." For it is so manifest that it need hardly be said that the poetical form helps sense as well as nonsense to take hold upon the memory. The bulk of "Familiar Quotations" is in the form of verses, and generally of rhymed verses, although it must be confessed that "The Paradise Lost" does furnish a goodly array of familiar passages which do not rhyme. Which of us is not sometimes obliged to refresh his calendar memory by the lines beginning "Thirty days hath September?" To a perception of the value of rhyme, mere jingle, as an aid to the inculcation and preservation of even the axiomatic theological dogma of original sin, we owe the well-known passage,

> In Adam's fall
> We sinned all.

And, on the contrary, several generations must have found comfort in that touching exhibition of a bright exemplar by the same author:

> Young Obadias,
> David, Josias,
> All were pious.

These lines appear in Mr. Bartlett's collection, which, in this present fifth edition, of all works of its kind that we remember, has the widest range, and shows the fruit of the minutest research and collation. The editor has explored the whole field of literature, ancient and modern, far and near, high and low, in his search for the sources of the familiar phrases which we so constantly hear and use without a thought as to their origin. The present edition is much more voluminous than the last, which was so impudently pillaged by a London editor. That gave quotations from two hundred and fifty authors; the list of this one includes three hundred and twenty-three, and among the new names, first in the book, is Chaucer's. We must congratulate ourselves upon his appearance, which is rather late, considering that so well read and so observant a man as Mr. Bartlett plays usher. But there can be little complaint on any hand of sins of omission on his part upon his present showing. Indeed, he has run to the other, but better, extreme of including in his collection many passages which cannot be called familiar, even to people given to reading, and who live in a literary atmosphere. This is not a collection of "beauties;" and to determine what has become familiar is no easy task. But to look no further back than Mr. Bartlett's last quoted author, Mr. Lowell, we doubt that more than three of the fine passages given from Mr. Lowell's serious poems would even be recognized, except by the special admirers of their author, as ever having been heard by them before; while in the "Biglow Papers," which are passed entirely by, there is a score at least of pungent, pregnant, humorous utterances which come so pat on many occasions that they have already become household words on both sides of the water, and are "familiar quotations" even to the London newspapers. The editor's reserve in regard to these famous outcomings of Yankee humor challenges attention. Hosea Biglow is conspicuous by his absence. And, by-the-by, the phrase that we have just used, conspicuous by absence, is one of the very few of its kind which Mr. Bartlett does not give and trace to their authors. It was first used in English, we believe, by a British statesman in the latter part of the last century. But, perhaps, he remembered this passage of Tacitus, the earliest known to us in which the same thought finds expression—"*eo clariores quia imagines eorum non deferabantur.*" We remark, also, that although he gives and explains the classical phrase, "a Cadmean victory," that more frequently heard, but much more rarely understood military saying, "Caudine forks," has escaped his attention. One use of this volume is striking and much to be vaunted. It must do not a little to correct misquotations, and to preserve as their authors uttered them sayings which carelessness and dullness have degraded and love of paradox has mangled and perverted. It will also do something to reverse the order of nature and of the world, and take from those who have, to give to those who have not. For instance, Voltaire, notwithstand-

ing his voluminous writings, his wit, his satire, and his great reputation, appears in these pages only as the author of the saying about language serving to conceal thought, ("*Ils n'employent les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées.*" "*Le Chapon et la Poularde*"), which almost every one, misled by Havel, as Mr. Bartlett tells us, assigns to Talleyrand.

The fact that so little—almost nothing—of the various rhymed versions of the Psalms has taken a place among our familiar quotations, is noteworthy. This collection includes but two passages—from Tate and Brady's version. One, which, according to our observation, is more familiar than either of those that are given, and which is first among the fine worthy metrical English renderings of Hebrew poetry, is omitted.

> The Lord descended from above
> And bowed the heavens high,
> And underneath his feet he cast
> The darkness of the sky.
>
> On cherubim and seraphim
> Full royally he rode,
> And with the wings of mighty winds
> Came flying all abroad.

The most difficult part of Mr. Bartlett's task is his endeavor to find and present the origin, or, at least, the earliest record of such phrases as "A Roland for an Oliver." As to this, he gives only Warburton's explanation of its meaning and allusion. He might have found an early use of it in literature in Sir Thomas Chaloner's translation of Erasmus's "Praise of Folie," A. D. 1549. "So that now they were matchles, as if ye shold set one enchaunter against another, or an Oliver for a Rolande." So as to calling "a spade a spade," which is generally accepted as Dean Swift's phrase, he cites Aristophanes, whose word is "a fig." The earliest use of the English phrase that we remember is in Gosson's "Ephemerides of Phialo," A. D. 1579: "The pardon he craves is for his simplicitie, which hath bene somewhat homely brought up, like a rude Macedon, and taught too call a spade a spade without any glosing." In the same little book he might have found an earlier occurrence of a phrase for which he cites Peele and Shakespeare, Needs must whom the devil drives—"thou hast forgotten that he is forced to go whom the deuill drives, and that neede maketh euery man to trot." And, again, he would have found there another of like sort which he found in Tusser's "Points of Good Husbandry"—"A rowling stone gathers no moss, and a running hed will never thrive." The phrase "hold a candle," John Byrom's use of which, in the middle of the last century, he cites, occurs in Shakespeare and in the pre-Shakespearian pamphlet, "Beware of Pickpurses"—"to whom these base comparisons are not worthy to hold a candle." Spenser is his first authority for the alliterative phrase, "neither rhyme nor reason." But this is quite certainly not of English origin, and long ante-dates the "Faerie Queen." We have noticed it in a little French play, the "Farce du Vendeur des Liures," which was written early in the sixteenth century.

> *L'Homme.* Voyez la Gerine de Saine
> Estell' pas bien faicte et rimée?
> *2d Femme.* Et qui deable la imprimè
> Il ny a *rime ni raison.*

But all this sort of phrases, "Murder will out," "Out of sight out of mind," "Of two evils choose the less," "Like master like man," "Comparisons are odious," and the like, which have received the editor's attention, are folk phrases—not proverbs, but having the ancient and uncertain origin of proverbs, and having been in use probably long before the invention of printing or even the revival of learning—preserved by their fitness for the incisive expression of commonplace thoughts by people who like to lean upon authority and to have their thinking done for them. Mr. Bartlett might have left them to the collectors of proverbs and proverbial phrases without subjecting himself to the charge of neglect. This charge, indeed, will be brought against him only by the ignorant. His book is one which intelligent people of any pretensions to culture cannot well afford to do without. It is a guide to the wit and the wisdom of all the ages. Its value is greatly enhanced by its being indexed, double indexed, and cross indexed to that degree of minuteness and fullness that nothing in it can escape search.

R. G. W.

MEDUSA, AND OTHER TALES.*

The graceful style, so remarkable for its purity and vitality, the delicate irradiation of humor, the dramatic delineation of character, and passages of poetic beauty and deep sensibility that gave "A Week in a French Country-house" its wide-spread popularity, distinguish the second volume that has just appeared, bearing upon its title page the name of Adelaide Sartoris. At a time when scribbling is so much in vogue that not to have written poem, story, or novel, is a distinction rather than otherwise, and when so many writers, in a certain sense, are really good; can boast a happy faculty for composition admirably trained; when a whole army of executants —almost as numerous in literature as in music—are publishing romances that are, at least, above mediocrity, exceptional talent of a high order must be accorded also to a single story, or a single volume of stories, that separates itself at once from the host of its companions, and wins universal admiration and sympathy. The power that such a work possesses few fail to feel; although to define it is more difficult. It is the same charm that makes one actress an immortal Rachel or Fanny Kemble, while a hundred artists who utter the same words that they have uttered, who make use of the same intonations and gestures, are heard, applauded, and forgotten. It is the subtle, indefinable charm that wins generation after generation to admire the statue or picture of the great artist, while works as correct and elaborate are neglected; the life-imparting presence of genius, in the individual, a sweeter and more potent force of the spiritual nature making itself felt in the final embodiment that the soul gives itself in works of art.

The special qualities for which Mrs. Sartoris is most remarkable as a writer, are her pure, flowing, and limpid style, her sympathetic kindliness and keen humor. In her first story her humor is more forcibly, we might almost say more broadly, displayed. In the "Medusa, and other Tales" the play of this subtle quality is more ethereal and evanescent, but it is always present, and gives lightness and brilliancy to the well-drawn pictures of social life and the life of the imagination, that her pen portrays. It is almost as invidious to compare an author with himself as with a rival. For his different works—we are speaking of a writer of genius, mediocrity produces but one work in an endless variety of forms—children of opposite moods and experiences, cannot fail to possess distinct qualities, and although we may prefer one to the other, it will not be, probably, on the ground of its superior merit, but, rather, of its applicability to our individual tastes or needs. Yet in one way it is fair and right to compare an author with himself, for his successive works should indicate artistic progress, which it is always a pleasure to recognize and acknowledge.

Artistic progress Mrs. Sartoris has made in her second work. "Medusa" is not more charming or more a work of genius than "A Week in a French Country-house," but it is more highly finished, and far more carefully constructed. "Medusa," the principal story in the volume that she has just published, has merits of a very high order. It is not only graceful and attractive, but it is truly imaginative. It is remarkable for its ideality and remoteness from the commonplace, qualities that are only found in a work of the imagination; a poem, whether in prose or verse. The story is extremely original, and there is sustained power in the broad sweep of the events described, and in their tragic intensity.

All the influence of Harty's homely cheerfulness, and all the felicitous touches of the writer's pen are needed to prevent the catastrophe from being almost too painful. The heroine, poor Wanda, with her rare beauty and exquisitely sensitive organization, so wins upon our sympathies that we cannot feel reconciled to her death. The reader feels that a deep and tender love would have been all-powerful to lift the veil in which her soul was shrouded, from self-consciousness, and such a love was yearning to lead her into the sunshine of happiness. Why should she have been so nearly saved only as the preparation of a final loss? Did the Italian sky on that summer

* Loring's "Tales of the Day." "Medusa, and other Tales." By Mrs. Adelaide (Kemble) Sartoris, author of "A Week in a French Country-house." Loring, publisher: Boston.

eve flash crimson in the glory of the setting sun; did the waves of the Mediterranean glow and dance only to betray the hopes of a human heart and the life of a human soul? Why, indeed, are human hopes constantly wrecked through the influence of what would seem to be caprice or chance? It is the eternal question of the sphynx that no soul has yet answered, although many have perished of grief while endeavoring to solve the cruel enigma, and it is because the authoress of this story does not shrink from presenting a picture of the facts that nature does not shrink from forcing her *dramatis personæ* to enact, that she has written so good a book.

Besides "Medusa" there are several sketches in this little volume of distinctive interest. Madame di Montferrato, we presume, is a sketch of Catalini, who, after her brilliant public career, retired to lead a life of ideal seclusion in a charming villa on the Lake of Como. "Recollections of the Life of Joseph Heywood" contains thoughts upon music that come with authority as being the expression of the opinions of the authoress; and in a concluding essay on "Words Best Left Unsaid," Mrs. Sartoris pays a heart-felt tribute to the genius and worth of Rossini.

V. V.

LEUTZE AND ELLIOTT.

American art has sustained serious loss in the death of Emanuel Leutze and Charles Loring Elliott. Though a German by birth, and educated at a German art school, Leutze lived long enough in this country to be called an American artist, though in his habits of thought and style of working he never ceased to be a German. Most of his important works were painted in this country, and are to be found in American galleries. Leutze was remarkable for facility in composition, and, what is a rarer characteristic in artists, for untiring industry. He was always at work, and in the course of a comparatively short life produced an immense number of pictures. His best works are those in which the prevailing motive is the exhibition of robust strength and vigor. In the expression of delicacy or tenderness he always failed, and failed ignominiously. His "Lady Godiva," for instance, was as coarse in sentiment as in execution, and his picture of the dead body of Elaine, piloted by the dumb old servitor toward the palace of King Arthur, displayed his utter incapacity to sympathize with or comprehend the deep tenderness of Tennyson's description of that sorrowful voyage. On the other hand, his picture representing John Knox in his celebrated interview with Queen Mary, his "Columbus in Chains," his "Columbus before the Queen," and his "Landing of the Northmen," display his powers at their best. Pity he did not know himself more truly, so as to avoid wasting his time and genius on subjects for which there was no affinity in his mind.

Charles Loring Elliott was in every respect an American, born in this country, educated in this country, and owing little to foreign culture. He was a pupil of Trumbull and Quidor, but derived his principal guidance in the art of portrait painting from an admirable work by the celebrated Gilbert Stuart, which accidentally fell into his hands. Art very early took possession of him. When a mere boy, he locked himself in his bed-room to paint a grand picture of the "Burning of Moscow;" and at the age of fourteen, painted the portrait of a clergyman. This work, painted in black, white, and rose-pink, is still in possession of his family, and is said to give promise of the celebrity to which he afterward attained. He very early discovered that his true vocation in art was portraiture, and to this he devoted all the energy of his great genius. Slowly but constantly he advanced in knowledge of his art and in the development of his natural powers, until he reached the front rank among American artists.

Like Leutze, Elliott had more sympathy with strength than with delicacy, though many of his portraits are not wanting in refinement of feeling and execution; but he liked best to paint strongly-marked faces, with a full, ruddy complexion, and his method of handling was bold and vigorous, though never even verging on coarseness. He worshipped strength, and hated weakness and conventionality. His pictures were a true reflex of his own character—strong, robust, full of life, and not

wanting in geniality, mixed with a certain grim humor, which sometimes found its way to the surface in an unexpected and startling manner. It is related that a clergyman, sitting to him for his portrait, ventured to lecture him severely on certain faults of character and life. The painter listened without appearing to be annoyed, and the clergyman began to think his remarks had made a good impression, when Elliott suddenly took him down by saying, in an off-hand, business way, "Turn your head a little to the right, *and shut your mouth.*" The story is characteristic, if not true. Elliott's portraits are very numerous. His popularity was so great that his order book was always full, and people have waited many months to obtain the favor of a sitting. Among his last works were portraits of Dr. Chalmers, S. B. Chittenden, the eminent merchant, and John E. Williams, President of the Metropolitan Bank. A writer in the "Evening Post" says that, "from the middle of March to the eighth day of July, 1868, he had painted ten portraits (one a half-length), which incessant toil was, no doubt, the cause of his death. For these portraits he received the sum of seven thousand four hundred and fifty dollars. As soon as these were finished he returned to his home at Albany completely worn out, and never took up his pencil again." His death leaves a vacancy in American art which no portrait painter living can fill.

WOMEN ARTISTS.

SEVERAL of the English magazines owe their choicest illustrations to the genius and culture of young women who have learned to draw on wood. Many of the finest designs in "London Society" and "Belgravia" are furnished from this source, and some of the most amusing sporting pictures in "Punch" are from the pencil of a young lady who can draw and ride with equal daring and freedom. But until very recently such instances were rare in this country. Now, however, the great increase in the number of our illustrated periodicals is opening this new field for women of artistic talent and education. No one can deny that we have in this country many young women of high talent and real accomplishment as artists. The recent exhibitions of the National Academy of Design have contained evidences that American women can attain high positions in many of the departments of art. But the growing demand for book and magazine illustrations offers an easier and surer path to success. Many of the finest illustrations in the "Riverside Magazine" are from the pencil of Miss Lucy Gibbons, whose drawings evince knowledge, culture, delicate fancy, refined sentiment, and great fertility of invention. She puts her drawings on the block with the facility and firmness of a master. Miss Mary L. Stone also draws for the "Riverside," and is now engaged on a series of illustrations for a book to be published this fall by Hurd & Houghton, entitled "Tales for Little Convalescents." Miss Stone has a great deal of fancy, an excellent eye for grouping and composition, and is rarely at fault in drawing the human figure. She was for many years the pupil of Edwin White, and more recently of Professor Rimmer. The fine illustration entitled "Thridding my fingers through my hair," in THE GALAXY for August, was from the pencil of Miss Mary Hallock, a young artist whose compositions contain promise of no ordinary kind. Her imagination is sober-suited, and she has less fancy and humor than either Miss Gibbons or Miss Stone; but she has a deeper feeling for composition and light and shade. Her training, under Professor Rimmer, has been very severe, and she draws with remarkable correctness. Miss C. W. Conant is also giving attention to drawing on wood, and some of her compositions show great taste and culture.

PRANG'S CHROMOS.

MR. PRANG is a very worthy gentleman, and his enthusiastic devotion to chromo-lithography is certainly laudable. It is pleasant to see a man engage heart and soul in such an enterprise as his, and every one who wants to see the love of beautiful art spreading among the poor and uneducated will wish him success. Many of his publi-

cations are really beautiful, and will carry grace and cheerfulness into many a lowly room. But Mr. Prang, or his agent, sometimes falls into lamentable errors in the selection of pictures to be reproduced in chromo-lithography; of which the most notable instance is the recent publication of Morviller's wretched composition, entitled "A Winter Landscape." There is absolutely nothing in the picture to attract a second look. The composition is ordinary, the color bad, and there is no sentiment, no incident, to redeem the work from instant and utter condemnation. Mr. Prang must certainly avoid such mistakes if he wishes to keep up the reputation of his house.

As to the character of these chromos as "works of art," the less claimed for them the better. The best chromo ever printed is of less value than the slightest sketch from the hand of a true artist. No one who understands color, or has any feeling for its wonderfully subtle harmonies, can take the least pleasure in these mechanical combinations of tints. Good engravings are infinitely preferable to them; but as fine sensibility to color is rare in the mass of people, chromo-lithographs have their place in the lower departments of art, and the man who supplies the popular demand with the best specimens, will do the public a service. Mr. Prang claims rather too much, however, both for himself and for his publications. He wants to be considered a philanthropist, an apostle and preacher of art to the poor, when in fact he is merely a merchant of colored lithographs, who keeps the market supplied with his wares because it pays to do so. Let him avoid this nonsensical pretence, and give us no more works like the "Winter Landscape," and everybody will be glad to see him prosper.

S. S. C.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Lost Cause Regained. By Edward A. Pollard, author of "The Lost Cause," etc. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

The Moonstone. By Wilkie Collins. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Cape Cod and all along Shore Stories. By Charles Nordhoff. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Life and Public Services of General U. S. Grant, from his boyhood to the present time. And a Biographical Sketch of the Hon. Schuyler Colfax. By Charles A. Phelps, late Speaker of the Massachusetts House, and President of the Massachusetts Senate. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Medusa, and other Tales. By Mrs. Adelaide (Kemble) Sartoris, author of "A Week in a French Country-house. Boston: Loring.

Upside-Down; or, Will and Work. By Rosa Abbott. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and its relation to the History of Slavery and to the government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. Vol. IV. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By Albert Barnes, author of "Notes on the New Testament," etc. In three volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Cruise of the Dashaway; or, Katie Putnam's Voyage. By May Mannering. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

On Nurses and Nursing; with especial reference to the Management of Sick Women. By Dr. H. R. Storer. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Dolly Dimple at Home. By Sophie May, author of "Little Prudy Stories." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The New Testament History. With an introduction connecting the history of the Old and New Testaments. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. With Maps and Wood-cuts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Exploration of the Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia. By Sir S. W. Baker, M. A., F. R. G. S. Illustrated. With a Supplementary Sketch relative to the captivity and release of English subjects, and the career of the late Emperor Theodore. By the Rev. W. L. Gage. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co.

Our Standard-Bearer; or, the Life of General Ulysses S. Grant. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Ragged Dick; or, Street Life in New York with the Boot-blacks. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: Loring.

Men of our Day; or Biographical Sketches of Patriots, Orators, Statesmen, Generals, Reformers, Financiers, and Merchants, now on the stage of action; including those who in military, political, business, and social life, are the prominent leaders of the time in this country. By L. P. Brockett. Published by Zeigler, McCurdy & Co.

A Manual of Mythology, in the form of question and answer. By the Rev. George Cox, M. A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. First American from the second London edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

NEBULÆ.

— We are willing to concede to "Campaign Lives" of Presidential candidates any degree of latitude in panegyric which stops short of lunacy. We can hardly forgive Oliver Optic, however—though there is doubtless "method in his madness"—for declaring in his book called "Our Standard Bearer," that Grant is "Washington, Napoleon, Andrew Jackson, Cæsar, Wellington, Marlborough, and Scott united into one." Nor do we hold his deliberate exaggeration the more venial because it is in a "book for boys," since they can credit the existence of demigods more easily than men. In the same way, Mr. Optic, in referring to the story of the phrenologist who is said to have predicted (the same story has been told, we believe, of all Presidential candidates) of the child Ulysses that "it would not be strange if he became President"—declares that he is "provoked that he did not state the case stronger; for if there is anything at all in phrenology, the gentleman *ought to have been confident* of this result." "At West Point," says Mr. Optic, "Young Grant was *the idol* of his class," but he was "sent to the infantry, as if to place in his path more obstacles to be overcome." And so the "biography" goes on. Bah! what twaddle! It is only surpassed by the ridiculous stories told in the same book about the boyhood of Grant. In what is this sort of sycophancy less disgusting than that vile scurrility which goes to the other extreme, and proclaims that Grant is a Caligula or a Commodus? We use this little volume only by way of illustrating a general vice. Both the Seymour and the Grant literature of the campaign contain their samples of this nauseating biographical extravagance. Let us condemn as sternly as it deserves the spirit of malignant detraction and the calumny of the unscrupulous opponent; but let us not spare, also, the beslobbering flattery of friends.

— During a former "heated term" in Boston, a gentleman calling to make some purchases at a hardware store, found there a *tableau vivant*, which more expressively represented the state of the mercury than could any words. At the end of the store there were three pairs of large blacksmiths' bellows, which, when opened, will slowly collapse by their own weight. Three clerks had posted themselves before these bellows, and each, with a bellows' nose stuck up the leg of his trowsers, was allowing the breeze from the enormous wind-machine to gently blow up his leg, the while he was engaged in dipping from a common bowl of iced lager. The customer thought it was too bad to disturb so ingenious an arrangement for "raising the wind," and left the young philosophers undisturbed with their Æolian attachments.

— At one of the summer college exhibition exercises, we were struck by a phrase in the prayer with which the chaplain opened the ceremonies. He begged that all that was done might be done "decently and in order." On looking afterward at the programme, we observed it to be announced that the performers would speak "in the order of their names," so that *that* part of the invocation seemed unnecessary. As to the "decently," we trust that no slur was intended. At all events, a very decent performance followed.

— There is such a dearth of good political campaign songs in both parties, that a bard of genius has a chance of making his fame, if not his fortune, by a happy

venture in this direction. America, thanks to German singing societies and the like, is more musical to-day than ever; but the campaign clubs are overhauling old songs, and look in vain, in their repertoires, for something specially appropriate to the day. The "New York Herald" lately gave a full page of election ballads, as specimens of what both parties have thus far produced; but there was not one good popular song in the whole collection. Some were filled with general patriotic aspiration, others were mere metrical muck and mire, of the sort which the worst partisan papers daily fling in prose. The influence of the popular song is almost incredible. With a good song, a doubtful election can be carried. Harrison was fairly sung into the White House. The refrain "We'll sing a Harrison song by night and beat his foes by day," expressed the ordinary employment of the Whigs of that day during the whole campaign. A stout book of campaign songs was published, in the times of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too;" and that "Matty Van" was a "Used-up man," could be heard from every street corner and village shop. "Song charms the sense." The influence of the Berangers of any nation on its national destiny has never been overestimated. The famous saying "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws"—words attributed to many authors, and probably uttered in that exact form by none—contain a profound philosophic truth. It was Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, who, according to Bartlett, first brought out the idea, in his "Letter to the Marquis of Montrose," declaring, "I know a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." From the times of Tyrtæus to our own, the power of song in stirring up popular emotion has been unquestionable. The present dearth of stirring lyrics is attributable, doubtless, to the fact that the war called all our "poets to the front," and produced a splendid outburst of minstrelsy. By contrast, the political occasion does not so stir the muses. But that gives all the more chance for the coming balladist.

— "It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an *R* in their name to eat an oyster." So says the old volume, published in 1599, whose instructions were probably derived from centuries of tradition, as indeed they have faithfully descended in the same form to the present day. The result is comical. Exactly to the day, on the 1st of September, the oyster, which had disappeared from hotel and restaurant bills of fare four months before, resumed its wonted place, in all its wonted charms of variety, from roast to broil. What is still more amusing, on the 30th of April, an enormous quantity of oysters was done to death, while on the 1st of May the bivalves had fallen into almost universal disgrace—a man was stared at who essayed them. It may be doubted whether there is another example so vivid of the practical power, through centuries, of a popular proverb. The difference of a day in the healthfulness of this food is of course nothing; but whoever doubts the restraining efficacy of the proverb needs only to get statistics, at wholesale or retail, of the consumption of oysters on the 30th of April, as compared with that of the 1st of May, and on the 31st of August, as compared with that of the 1st of September.

— It is dimly rumored that a man has been discovered in one of the assessor's districts in New York, who has a watch that he values at more than $100, and on which accordingly he pays a $2 tax. Should this prove true, it need hardly be suggested to the new museum in New York that it would be well to secure this eccentric person forthwith.

— It is noteworthy how, in a hot political campaign, the editors draw forth from the armory where they have been stored, all the terrific artillery of polysyllables, and, choosing the most formidable words in the dictionary, discharge them full against the enemy. "Tergiversation" is one of these ponderous missiles which always turn up before election, especially in the rural press. Ordinarily, there is little use for such a tearing double-headed chain-

shot, short and blunt Saxon sufficing for daily warfare. But, when fierce battle rages, then the "abominable tergiversations and hallucinations of our respectable contemporary" are employed with great effect. And, besides, it is not often that an editor can meet the charge of "tergiversation" in a way to satisfy his readers that he is all right.

—It was probably both the ability and the cynicism (for both they have) of the "Saturday Review" essays on "The Girl of the Period" which procured their re-publication in a volume of their own. Their savage vigor is no less striking on the second reading; but, after all, it is sorry business for the ablest of weekly reviews to expend so much of its strength in this direction. To lash vices is the eminent work of the satirist; but while the "anti-woman" space in the "Saturday" is so disproportionately great, it never finds a line to spare for feminine worth. The judgment, of course, that we must pass is that it is not the critic but the detractor of womankind. In truth, the objection to "The Girl of the Period" lies at its threshold—at its first word. It is not *The* Girl of the Period that is there described, but *A* Girl of the Period. And it is in this false premise that all the bitterness lies. Undoubtedly a class of women is there described—we can see them not in London only, but in New York—in every city by winter and in summer, from Newport to Cape May. But, thank Heaven, it is so small a class! To describe this as "The Girl of the Period" or as the representative woman of fashion or of society, is either to use a slang phrase, deceptive by its slang, or a slanderous phrase, doubly unchivalric in its slander toward those women of society on whom it casts suspicion and unjustly wounds. To define the narrow limit of the class satirized would have been to rob the article of all its sensation—a blunder which an editor could not commit. But it would have made the essay more just, if less notorious.

To write over a man's fresh grave that "he hated women and America" is an act of questionable kindness; but this is the unenviable epitaph wherewith some of his own friends epitomize the career of John Douglass Cooke. It is precisely that which we would willingly *forget*, and, in its place, remember that he greatly loved, and respected, and adorned the editor's profession, and put himself at its head. To the satirist, feminine faults are as fair game as masculine; and it must be owned, too, that as great pains have been taken to discuss them in all ages, from the day of Solomon. But they have usually been treated in a way that gives no suspicion of spleen or fright, and not with that gall and venom of the "Saturday," which imply woman to be a kind of horrid monster, maintaining a mastery in the world none the less cruel because unsuspected.

The Girl of the Period is apt to be what The Boy of the Period makes her. It is hardly logical to cry out in one moment against woman's inferiority, and in the next to charge her with demoralizing a society whereof men form, at least numerically, a half. If The Boy of the Period were worthier, the Girl of the Period would possibly render herself worthier of his companionship. Scheming, icy, false-hearted, or frivolous women do not find themselves so utterly shamed by the profusion of knightly, saintly, or even freshly-ingenuous traits in the men they encounter in the drawing-room. Keen and racy Mrs. Poyser cuts very adroitly when she "does not wonder that the women are so foolish—God Almighty made them to match the men!" The Boy of the Period finds no more congenial pastime than to loll at his club window, and plaintively descant on the ills and expenses of matrimony. But the Boy has seldom more than money and social position to offer; and what is he, when he cannot give these, but a contemptible cipher? He is disgusted that the Girl of the Period is flinging herself at the heads of richer or taller people than himself; but if it be a choice between them and him, why should she choose a man of the same pattern made on a smaller scale? He rails at her arts and devices; but why, then, does he consort with her alone among women? It is only the Boy of the Period who is tied to the Girl of the Period, and is troubled by her.

The fitter retort, accordingly, to "The

Girl of the Period" would, perhaps, be a companion sketch of the "Boy" — and more than one woman in America, as well as in England, is able to draw the required *pendant*. Meanwhile, so potent always is the "Saturday's" battle cry, that a hundred gallant young knights have mounted their steeds, set their satiric pens in rest, and tilted right manfully for honor, and *against* ye ladyes. But, lacking its fierce intensity of hate, they mainly fall below their leader's mask. They descend to dreary boot-fitters' and man-milliners' statistics of "false calves," and to sermons on stays. To such pitiful ending comes their service in the "Saturday's" chivalrous crusade against woman.

To "hate women and America" is to hate what promises best for the world in the immediate future. It is the hatred of the cynic and the reactionist. In the century past, America has made more relative progress than other nations, and woman more relative progress than man—are these the objects of distrust and calumniation for the century to come?

— THE camp-meetings of the present season have illustrated more vividly than ever the great gain which the social feature in these institutions is making upon the religious. The latter, indeed, so far as figures tell the truth, holds its own or makes an advance; but the *relative* stride of the former is enormously greater, and if it keeps on, the day will soon come when much more attention will be paid to croquet than to conversions. We do not speak of this circumstance as an argument against the camp-meeting; on the contrary. We are aware, too, that the wise policy of the meeting is to surround it with such attractions of nature and society as to secure the attendance of the irreligious and the non-religious — and *then* to work upon their more serious emotions. If the young people have no amusement in prospect, it is argued, they will not come. They assemble for sport, but may get sobriety—"and those who came to scoff remained to pray." This, we say, is understood to be the theory of the meeting; meanwhile the salient fact is that the means have lately been gaining disproportionately with the end. The picnic element this year seems to have surpassed all others. The elaborate preparations for having a "good" time, the quantity of portable mechanism for amusements carried into the fields, the arrangements for fun and frolic, and the brisk competition between what leads away from the religious exercise and what draws toward it, is surely marked enough. However, the reporters on the daily press have sufficiently noted the exceedingly curious spectacle which has resulted from this fact. We do not claim that the two lines of attraction are incongruous; we know, too, that there has been a great difference between the different camp-meetings. And perhaps it will be answered that the very fact itself will draw larger crowds, and so further the grand object.

— SPEAKING of camp-meetings, an authentic incident occurs to us illustrative of the very practical and personal turn which is sometimes given to their exercises. A brother who sometimes forgot in his daily vocations the spirit which ought to animate him, was once in the midst of an exhortation, and was narrating his own religious experiences, when a blunt old neighbor rose in the assembly and called out, "I hope Brother Conant, if he feels so much better, will not sell any more milk on Sunday morning!" "No," promptly rejoined Brother Conant, who, though taken aback, was equal to the occasion, "I a'n't a going to. I'm a going to sell my cow this week." It can hardly be said that this meeting was without visible result; and some of Brother Conant's customers who see this notice, and were surprised one Sunday morning by his disappearance from the street, may know now the reason.

— ON the programme of one of the September College Commencements, we observe a performance entitled "Liberty the Offspring of Oppression. An oration of the first class. Xenophon Demosthenes Tingley, North Providence." This is one of those names that make the laborious inventions of humorists in the same direction seem clumsy, and truth stranger than fictiou. The very subject, too, is appropriate to the orator, and must have given assur-

ance to the auditors of adequate treatment. If this "oration of the first class" did not also prove a first-class oration, if the orator "chanced to fall below," etc.—as we cannot believe—at least the inspiring name was not at fault.

— If the velocipede could once become naturalized here, it would pretty surely become popular also. The boy's toy of that name has been, of course, known for twenty or thirty years, and gives a good general idea of the sort that is used in Paris; but a new American pattern employs but two wheels, one behind the other, in the same plane, and to learn to ride it without capsizing is quite an art of itself. Distressed as Americans are, on the one hand, by the lack of good, cheap, fast street conveyances, and on the other by the loss of time in walking, this invention of the velocipede should certainly be more useful here than in Paris. We hear appetizing accounts of races for wagers between horses and velocipedes—won by the latter; of races between stages and even steam engines and velocipedes—won easily by the latter. The propelling power is the feet; the steering is done by the hands; the seat is arranged with springs; and there is even a brake for down hill. At first the notion of introducing this vehicle for ordinary locomotion seems absurd; and comic draughtsmen and wits might find an inexhaustible new mine in the possible adventures. But a velocipedestrian bowling along at twelve miles an hour could afford to be laughed at by sore-footed travellers; and, as to expense, surely it would cost a mere trifle to keep a stud of such horses—only a few drops of oil a day.

— The bill introduced into the last session of Congress for taxing coats-of-arms, gave rise to many sharp and good-natured hits, in the press, against those people who have lately had armorial bearings made up to order. Among other things it was slyly hinted that the devices and mottoes selected were chosen or invented for the would-be patricians, entirely with regard to artistic effect, and not for any special appropriateness. We have lately heard a story of the same general sort, which might appear incredible but for its unquestionable authority. A man, whom we will charitably call Jones, having unexpectedly received a great deal of money by a happy turn of fortune, thought it necessary to forthwith set up his own carriage, and accordingly gave the necessary orders to the carriage maker. In due time, a magnificent equipage appeared, with Mr. and Mrs. Jones radiant within, and a magnificent *W* in the highest style of scroll work on the panel. "W?" said an astonished friend, whom the delighted owner stopped and greeted, "Why, good gracious, Jones, don't your name begin with a *J*?" "Yes, of course," replied Jones, with conscious superiority, "but then W looks so much handsomer, that I had that put on instead!"

— Hot political campaigns are apt to originate more than one bit of humor, more especially where appeals are directly made to the people as judges by rival candidates for office. Some years ago, in a certain locality, Dr. B. and Squire L. were nominated for the same position by opposing parties, and both undertook to announce their claims from the same "stump." To Dr. B.'s lot it fell to speak first. The doctor was a pompous little man, who had more conceit than brains, and who looked with an undeserved contempt on the dry old squire who was to follow him. Having finished his speech, the doctor, thinking to disconcert his opponent at the start, called out, "Now, squire, I want to hear your eloquent voice in reply. Come, I will listen patiently—I am all ears?" "*All ears!*" drawled the old squire, with his inimitable emphasis and inflection, as he coolly rose—"*All ears*—yes, that is just what the matter with you is, doctor." It is needless to add that the audience burst into a roar against the unfortunate doctor, who, we must add, was *not* elected. He retired thereafter from political life, but the nickname of "all ears" stuck to him, and, for aught we know, does to this day.

Drawn by Sol Eytinge.

"IT MUST BE AN HEIR-LOOM OF SOME OLD FAMILY," SAID HE.—Page 592.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S HAND.

THE next morning dawned clear and cold. Mr. Gillies, arising at his usual early hour, approached the window with some curiosity, and very few preconceived ideas either of the situation of Bonniemeer or of scenery in general, his experiences in this direction having been limited to half a dozen ascents to the cupola of the State House of his native city.

Fancy the revelation to such a man of a view like that lying now beneath his eyes!

At the right, miles of evergreen forest "clothed the wold and met the sky," its dense green flecked with the snow clinging to the level branches, and softened by the snake-like tracery of the naked birches fringing its margin. To the left abruptly rose a rocky headland, crag piled upon crag in majestic outline, tossing scornfully from its broad shoulders the snow which gently sought to cover it, and raising its fearless crest to meet the morning sun that paused to crown it brother monarch, while yet the valley lay in twilight.

Across the front swept the ocean, curving broadly to the horizon line, and giving the idea of limitless extent, the satisfaction of soul only to be obtained by the introduction of ocean into a picture.

The satisfaction of soul! for if the horizon closes with a mountain, a plain, a broken country, who has not felt the impulse to place himself just at the vanishing-point and see what lies beyond? It is an unfinished continuity, and excites more craving than content. But the gaze, which after traversing leagues and leagues of shining water, broken only by the grand curve of the globe itself, sinks at last into the vague brightness of the horizon line, the dissolving-point where sea is sky and sky is sea, lingers there content. Beyond lies space, eternity, God, and humanity quails from the encounter.

Behind that crag at the left hand, although Mr. Gillies did not know it, lay his future home. The wood at the right sheltered the hamlet of Carrick, and the beach lay glistening a mile from the window whence the post-office clerk took his first look at Nature.

A servant presently summoned him to breakfast. At the head of the table

sat Mrs. Rhee, and John Gillies's first impression in looking at her was, that she had shrunk farther into herself since he saw her last. Surely her eyes were not so hollow, her lips so thin, her temples so sunken, the night before. Even the hands, busy among the teacups, looked withered and pinched, and the observer noted that a ring upon the first finger, which he had watched sparkling in the lamplight at dinner-time, was now slipped round by the weight of the stone, as if it suddenly had grown too large.

The table was laid for two only, and the housekeeper, motioning Mr. Gillies to the vacant place, said, in a low voice,

"Mr. Vaughn will not come to breakfast, and the doctor has gone."

"And Mrs. Vaughn—"

"She died at midnight."

Mrs. Rhee turned away her face as she spoke, but Gillies could see the deadly pallor that overspread even the slender throat and little ear, the quiver of suppressed anguish that trembled through every curve of the graceful form, and while he looked and wondered, the phrase of the night before went sighing through his mind like the burden of a half-forgotten song.

"A terrible night to leave a happy home and go out all alone into the storm."

The meal was a silent and a slight one, Mrs. Rhee merely performing the duties of the table, while her guest, naturally abstemious, found his appetite materially lessened not only by his situation, but by the absence of his accustomed viands.

As they rose from the table, a servant entered with a message from Mr. Vaughn, desiring the housekeeper to attend him, and Gillies, awaiting her return, strode impatiently up and down the room, asking himself again and again, what concern of his was the grief and loss oppressing this household, and how or why it should become his own so much as it had done.

The servant quietly cleared the table, and he was left alone. Throwing himself into a chair beside the window, he sat drumming upon the sash, when the door opened noiselessly, and Mrs. Rhee entered. Gillies's quick glance involuntarily searched her face for the result of her interview with her master, and found it in a renewal of the strange expression he had noticed at their first interview. The same concentrated firmness about the mouth, the same painful constraint upon the brow, while the secret of the dilated eyes looked from them so eagerly, lay so close beneath the surface that John Gillies bent his brow and held his breath, waiting to see it fully revealed. But, conscious of his observation, the woman turned hastily away, and approaching the fire, held her hands so close to the blaze that it caught upon the lace about her wrists. She neither started nor made any exclamation, and when Gillies, springing toward her, caught and wrapped her hands in a cloth snatched from the table, she only murmured indifferent thanks as for a courtesy that might as well have been omitted. But the incident had diverted those searching eyes from her face, and, conscious of the relief, she spoke hastily:

"Mr. Vaughn desires me to apologize for him. He does not feel able to see any one, but hopes that you will make use of the house, the servants, and the horses at your pleasure."

"I am much obliged to Mr. Vaughn, and I should be glad of a conveyance and a guide to my own house as soon as possible, if you will order it," said Gillies, with undisguised satisfaction.

Mrs. Rhee rang the bell and gave orders that James and two horses should attend Mr. Gillies immediately.

"You will be obliged to ride, sir," said she. "The roads are not broken for a sleigh yet."

"Very well, ma'am. I came here on a horse and I presume it will not be more dangerous or disagreeable to ride to-day than it was last night. I do not like it, but can endure it," replied Gillies, reflectively.

"Mrs. Vaughn's funeral will be the day after to-morrow," continued the housekeeper, in a voice whose measured coldness betrayed the emotion it covered but did not conceal. "The woman who was found on the beach will be buried at the same time, and Mr. Vaughn will be gratified by your presence."

"By no means!" exclaimed Gillies, hastily. "I never went to a funeral in my life, and I probably never shall."

The housekeeper replied by a look of some displeasure, and Gillies abruptly inquired,

"Did the child die, also?"

The look of displeasure changed to one of surprise as Mrs. Rhee coldly inquired:

"Do you refer, sir, to Mr. Vaughn's daughter?"

"Good Heavens, no!" exclaimed Gillies. "I thought—that is to say, ma'am, I have been informed that Mr. Vaughn had no children. I was asking about the dead woman's baby."

"Mrs. Vaughn died in giving birth to an infant," said the housekeeper, fixing her ominous eyes upon him, and dropping the words from her white lips as if they had frozen them.

"But, the other child," persisted Gillies.

"Mr. Vaughn will keep it to be educated with his own daughter—he says." And with the last words the speaker's voice dropped to an accent of bitter scorn and jealousy, as incomprehensible to her listener's ear as any other of the mysteries surrounding this strange house and its inmates. He stood for a moment looking her steadily in the face, and then, glancing out of the window, said, abruptly:

"I see the man and the horses. Good morning, ma'am."

"Good morning, sir," replied the housekeeper, coldly, and with no more leave-taking, Mr. Gillies hastened to the outer air, and in reply to James's respectful salutation and remark upon the coldness of the weather, he muttered,

"Cold enough, but better than in there. Two dead women, two babies, and a witch for a housekeeper. Ugh!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"CRAGNESS, SIR."

THE new proprietor looked up, and found himself at the foot of a considerable eminence standing boldly out into the sea, which, in the high spring tides, washed three sides of it, and had year by year encroached upon its area, until now its farther advance was resisted by the solid granite foundations of the little peninsula, washed bare of all disguise, and frowning defiantly down at the waters which dashed angrily upon it, and withdrew only to return yet more vehemently.

Upon the crest of the promontory stood a low stone building of peculiar architecture, the main body of the house describing a parallelogram of no con-

siderable extent, but throwing out toward the sea a long and narrow gallery, terminating in a circular tower of only one story in height, with a domed roof.

The thick walls and narrow windows, combined with the chill air of abandonment hanging over all, gave the place a peculiarly gloomy appearance.

John Gillies sat on his horse perfectly quiet, and surveyed his inheritance and future home.

A mighty struggle was going on in his mind. This dreary house, this savage scenery, this imperative mystery, all were as diametrically opposed to any wish he had ever formed, as to any experience he had ever known. The forty prosaic and methodical years of his life rose up before him, each one summoning him to turn his back upon these strange new claims, and to return to the life that he knew, and the assured future it promised him.

On the other hand lay the obstinate pride of the man, his stubborn adherence to any course or opinion he had deliberately adopted, and with these mingled, though Heaven only knows whence in that sterile nature it had sprung, an impulse to abandon himself to this mystery so unexpectedly involving him, to plunge into the new life and new interests, alien to his habits though they were, with the same energy and dominance of will, which had for years given him the first place among those with whom he had been associated.

Two minutes John Gillies sat in the sharp north wind, staring up at the old house of Cragness, and in those two minutes he had passed the crisis of his life, and decided not only his own destiny, but that of a number of other persons.

Or was it perhaps that his destiny decided him?

James meantime had ridden up the hill, and was now knocking vigorously at a door in the back of the house.

"It's no good to go to the front, sir," said he, as Mr. Gillies drew rein beside him. "There's a door there, but it's never opened, and old Lazarus burrows this way somewhere, I believe. Here he comes."

Slow steps were heard approaching along the passage, and then the harsh cry of rusty bolts withdrawn by a feeble hand. The door presently opened, and an old man, small of stature, with long white hair, faint blue eyes, and a skin blanched as if by long exclusion from the sun and air, stood upon the threshold.

"How are you, Lazarus Graves?" said James, heartily. "Here's the new master of Cragness, Mr. Gillies, come to take possession. Stir yourself, old man, and show him in from this freezing cold."

The old man looked attentively in the groom's face until he had finished, and then said,

"Mr. Reginald is not at home to-day. You had better call again."

"Not at home! No, nor he won't be, old Lazarus. Don't you remember Mr. Robinson came down here last week, and told you he was dead, and had left the place to Mr. Gillies? This is the gentleman, and you had better let him in, and get a fire and some dinner going as fast as possible."

The dim blue eyes wandered painfully from one strange face to the other, and then suddenly overflowed with tears.

"Mr. Reginald dead!" said he. "Why, I carried him in my arms when he was a baby and I had boys of my own. O, no, he couldn't be dead, and poor old Lazarus Graves left alive."

"He's more broke than I thought, sir," said James aside to Gillies, who

stood staring perplexedly at the old man. "It's the news of his master's death has been working on him. He was quite smart before that. Hadn't you better come back to Bonniemeer, sir? I am sure Mr. Vaughn would wish it. You can't be comfortable here."

"To Bonniemeer!" repeated Gillies, quickly. "Certainly not, James. I shall do very well here, I have no doubt, if this old man can be got to let us in."

"That's easy done," said the self-assured groom, stepping into the passage and taking Lazarus by the arm.

"Come, father," said he, "take us to the fire wherever you keep it. This is the kitchen, isn't it?"

And he pushed open the door of a cavernous brick-floored apartment, in a corner of whose wide chimney a handful of fire withered away, leaving but small impression upon the sepulchral air. A broken chair, and a simmering saucepan hinted at the occupancy and uses of the place.

"Cold comfort, sir, I'm afraid," said James, standing aside for Mr. Gillies to enter. "But I suppose there isn't a spark of fire in the house besides."

"Fire! There's fire in the library. Mr. Reginald might come any time you know, so I'm always ready, and so is his dinner," interposed Lazarus, eagerly.

"Well, then, suppose he has come, that's all," said James. "Here is Mr. Reginald, a little changed by his life in foreign parts, but wanting the fire and the dinner just the same as if you remembered him."

The old man looked bewildered. Gillies, ill-pleased with the position, but hesitating how to assume his proper place in his own house and in the conversation, frowned slightly, and moved toward the fire. The eyes of the old servant followed him, and returned dissatisfied to the smiling and assured face of the groom, who, without being in the least superior to his condition of life, had the art, so useful in every condition, of organization.

"It's all right, I tell you, Lazarus," said he. "There's Mr. Reginald come back to stay awhile, and you must just go on as you used to when he was here before. Now bring us to the library."

The old man shook his white head dubiously, but turned to leave the kitchen. James approached Mr. Gillies.

"I hope you won't think me forward, sir, but I have known Lazarus Graves a good many years, and I thought perhaps I could humor him into doing as he'd ought to better than you could. He's so broken that I don't believe he really knows whether you are Mr. Reginald Vaughn or not."

"He's crazy. I don't like crazy people. It's a very irregular way of doing business to make him think I am some one else. Besides Mr. Reginald Vaughn is dead, and I don't like using a dead man's name," muttered Gillies, discontentedly, as he walked toward the door.

James shrugged his shoulders, and followed.

Pursuing the echoing foot-falls of their guide, the two men traversed a long passage, mounted some steps, and found him unlocking a small door deep sunk in the thickness of the wall.

"Hope you'll excuse me, sir, but I wouldn't let the old fellow keep the key of this door," whispered James. "He'll lock you in, and forget all about it, and may be die in a fit and leave you to starve."

Gillies nodded, and, the door being at last opened, followed the old janitor

into a dark passage, which he concluded to be the gallery noticed as connecting the rotunda with the main building.

It was pierced with several windows, closed by shutters, and admitting the light only at small openings in the form of crosses. At the end of this gallery, Lazarus Graves unlocked another door, and, throwing it open, said in a cheery voice,

"There, Mr. Reginald, I've kept it dusted and aired, and since the cold came, I've had a fire in it mostly, to keep the chill off in case you came sudden."

Without reply, Mr. Gillies passed in at the open door, and looked about him.

The room was large and lofty. As the exterior promised, the form was circular, the ceiling domed.

Walls and ceiling alike were panelled with a rich dark wood, and the floor was of oak, partially covered with a heavy Eastern carpet. In the stone fireplace smouldered a fragment of drift-wood, relic of some forgotten wreck, above it hung rusty arms surrounding an heraldic device like that holding a similar position at Bonniemeer. Opposite to the door the circular form of the room was broken by a deep bay window containing a small table, a chair, and footstool.

Approaching this window, Gillies saw that it faced, and, indeed, overhung the sea, being thrown out beyond the face of the precipice from whose verge sprung the outer wall of the tower.

"I've kept your chair in the old place, Mr. Reginald," piped Lazarus. "You didn't use to like to have it moved, so I've been careful, and that's the same book you left on the table. I'd a notion once to put it up, but thought better on it."

Gillies raised the little volume from the reading-desk beside him. It was "The Philosophy of the Supernatural." He threw it down, and shivering a little, walked toward the fire.

"I've dusted the books once in a while, but the rats have been at them some, I'm afraid," pursued old Lazarus, too much engrossed in discharging his conscience of its trust to look attentively at his recovered master. Approaching the wall, he drew back first one panel and then another, showing that the space between them and the outer wall had been finished in sunken book-cases, well filled with volumes, most of them in the dark leather or ghastly vellum of the antique bindings.

"That will do," said Mr. Gillies, speaking for the first time. "You can go now, both of you."

Lazarus Graves turned, and fixed his watery eyes upon the speaker with a startled expression, and the slow cloud of perplexity settled again upon his face. He turned to James, who, standing respectfully near the door, waited to be dismissed.

"What did you say about Mr. Reginald, young man?" asked he.

"Why," said James, slowly, "what I meant to tell you was, that Mr. Reginald isn't coming back any more, but that this gentleman is in his place. Mr. Gillies is his name."

The old man shook his head positively.

"He'll come back," said he. "His last words were, 'Keep everything just as it is, old Lazarus, and I'll be back some day before you know it.' And I've

been very careful to keep everything as it was, and he'll be back, you may depend upon it."

"Well, till he comes, he wants you to treat this gentleman just as if it were himself," said James, slightly changing his tactics. "You're to do the best you can, and treat Mr. Gillies as if he were the master."

"Did he send that word?" asked Lazarus, hesitatingly.

"Yes, just those very words," replied the groom, promptly.

"O well, then, its all right," and the cloud vanished from the troubled old face, as Lazarus hobbled out of the room, and returned to his kitchen.

"Can I do anything for you at Carrick, Mr. Gillies?" asked James, with the door in his hand. "I shall be there with Burroughs's horse this afternoon."

Mr. Gillies considered a moment, and then said, "You may ask the landlord to send me some provisions at the same time with my trunks, and you may ask if there is any person not an idiot or a lunatic who will come here and do the necessary work of the house."

"A man or woman, sir?" asked James, innocently.

"A man, of course," replied Gillies, promptly, adding, under his breath, "A woman indeed!"

"Yes, sir; I will see to it. Good-morning, sir."

"Good-morning, and here, James, is something for yourself."

"No, I thank you, sir. Mr. Vaughn pays me well, and never wants any of us to take presents. Good-morning." And James left the room with quite the air of a Brutus.

CHAPTER IX.

RUYLLYE AOL OLUDLU.

LEFT alone, Mr. Gillies's first movement was to lock the door, his second to take from his pocket-book and spread upon the table a paper docketed,

LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS FROM R. VAUGHN.

Passing over a preamble which attributed the testator's choice of an heir to some mysterious reason known only to himself, this letter continued in these words,

I have been for years estranged from my brother's family by a horrible secret, which I discovered years ago, and have ever since been hesitating whether to communicate to them or not. While hesitating, my life has exhausted itself, and I feel confident that I am soon to die. I dare not carry my secret to the grave, I dare not reveal it. I bequeath it to you in these words,

RUYLLYE AOL OLUDLU.

Guess it if you can, I charge it upon you. Make every endeavor, use every aid except the counsel of any member of the family of Vaughn. To them I forbid you to reveal even what little you yourself know. Divine this secret, I command you, and when it is your own, use it as you will. I cast upon your shoulders the terrible load of responsibility that has well-nigh crushed me into the grave.

With the secret I leave you all my earthly possessions, fettered only with these conditions: You are to make Cragness your home, and the library your principal abiding place, for it is in that room that It lies hidden.

The letter concluded with an incoherent speculation as to the future destiny of the writer's spirit, and another exhortation to John Gillies to use every pos-

sible diligence in discovering the secret, to be used, when discovered, at his own discretion.

"In this room," muttered Gillies, finishing and folding the letter. Then he rose and surveyed the room as an athlete measures the foe with whom he is about to grapple in deadly conflict. A room of mysteries, he felt. A room whose every object looked at him with wary eyes and close-shut mouth, as who should say, "I have the secret, and I shall keep it." A look answering line for line to the stubborn determination of his own face, and, indeed, as room and man stood confronted, an observer could not fail to perceive one of those subtle likenesses by no means unusual between men and things, resulting now in attraction, now in repulsion. In the present instance, the relation threatened to become antagonistic, for the stubborn and reticent man demanding the secret which the equally stubborn and reticent room refused to yield, would inevitably come to hate the thing that too successfully resisted him, and a room so personal as this library of Cragness would be at no loss for means to make itself odious to the man who defied it.

Some vague perception of this strange relation between himself and the place must have stirred in John Gillies's own mind, when, with clenched hand and frowning brow he turned his cold eyes once more to every side, and muttered,

"I'll have it yet!"

A sudden chill seemed to fall at the words from roof and walls, and in at the broad sea-window. An involuntary shiver ran through the flesh and blood which it assailed; but the man's will neither shook or faltered.

Striding to the fire-place, he threw another fragment of the old wreck upon the embers, and then standing upon the hearth, his back to the room, applied himself to seriously consider the heraldic achievement before him, an object to which he had hitherto paid but small attention. The shield was a proud one. Upon an azure field it bore a knight in golden armor, his lance couched for the the onset, his left hand guiding his sable war-horse. The crest was an argent passion-cross, upborne by angels' wings. The motto enwrought in golden letters upon a fanciful scroll was—

Dieu, le roy, et le foy du Vaughn.

The whole was surrounded by the quaint and many-colored arabesques known to the heralds as the lambrequin.

This device John Gillies examined in detail, with the same grave attention which he bestowed upon everything; but even here found cause of discontent.

"The knight has his face covered, and the motto is in a foreign language," said he, and taking a book from the mantel-shelf he resolutely began at the title-page and read until the gathering dusk warned him that night was approaching.

Then, suffering the book to fall to the floor at his feet, and, leaning back in the old chair, he allowed his mind for the first time to turn upon the strange circumstances surrounding him.

The sound of footsteps and a feeble knock at the door aroused him, and opening he found old Lazarus upon the threshold, with a broad-shouldered, awkward fellow behind him.

"There, I told you there was no one here but Mr. Reginald," said Lazarus, peevishly.

"That ain't Mr. Reginald, you old simpleton—it's Mr. Gillies, the very man I was asking for," retorted the stranger in a loud whisper; and then, stepping

forward, he said, with the mixture of awkwardness and conscious independence peculiar to the American rustic and to no other class of men beneath the sun:

"My name's Brume. I live down to Carrick, and see you last night when you came in the stage. Jim Powers, that stops to Frederic Vaughn's, was down to the tavern awhile ago, and said you wanted your things fetched up, and would like a man to stop awhile, and sort of help along a little. So I thought, as I'd nothing particular to do just now, and it's sort of tedious sitting round all day, I'd fetch up the things, and, if we suited each other, I might stop."

"As a servant?" enquired Gillies, calmly.

"O waal, cap'n, we don't need to call no names about it. I know how to take hold of most anything; been to sea for cook and steward, and are what they call a jack-of-all-trades. I'll do pretty nigh as you'd like to have me; but I can't begin, going on forty, to call any man master, or myself servant."

"So long as you perform service you are a servant," said Mr. Gillies, positively; "but the name under which you perform it makes no difference to me; if it does to you, choose what suits you best. I will make enquiries about you in Carrick, and if the answers are satisfactory I will engage you, at such wages as we may decide upon. Do you wish to stay on these conditions?"

"Well, yes, cap'n; I expect I might as well," said Reuben, rather doubtfully:

"I shall require very little of any one," added Mr. Gillies, "and shall choose to see as little as possible of any one. This old man is to stay, and be treated with consideration."

"Old Lahs'rus! Oh, sartin. He's one of the old stand-bys, and I shouldn't never think of setting up agin him," said Mr. Brume, with an approving slap upon the shoulder of the old man, who, with one withered finger at his lips, was staring uneasily from one speaker to the other, and again past them both into the library, whence he seemed to expect the momentary appearance of one who should, assuming his rightful place in the house, drive out these vexatious intruders and reëstablish the old order of things.

"At present," said Mr. Gillies, coldly, "I should like some dinner. You may see, if you please, if anything is to be found in the house."

"There, now," said Reuben, with a sudden illumination of countenance, "I guessed right for once, I'll bet a cent. Jim told me how matters wos up here, and that he didn't b'lieve Lahs'rus would make out anything of a dinner for you. So I told Burroughs he might put up a basket of vittles, and I'd fetch 'em along. Even if you'd got something, I thought they might work in handy; for I'm pretty hearty to eat, myself, and if you wasn't a mind to take 'em, why I told him I'd pay for 'em out of my own pocket. I reckon 'twouldn't break me, though I don't pretend to be a Creshus."

"You did very well, although ordinarily I do not wish any one to make purchases for me without orders," said Mr. Gillies. "I will eat here. Bring in what you have prepared, and then see about my bed and your own."

"All right, cap'n. I reck'n we'll keep her before the wind, though we be rather light-handed," said Reuben, cheerily; and, taking possession of old Lazarus, he withdrew, closing the door behind him, while his new master, returning to the fire-place, stirred the brands until a river of sparks flowed up the broad chimney, and great billows of light surged into every corner of the dark room, and flashed from the oriel-window out upon the waters, so that the bewildered mariners thought to have discovered a new Pharos upon the dangerous coast.

CHAPTER X.

THE GOLDEN SERPENT.

It was the day after the double funeral had taken its sad path from the gates of Bonniemeer, and Vaughn sat alone in his study, helpless under the sense of lonely desolation which no words can paint to him who has never known it, which no time can efface from the memory of him who has.

One of the commonest impulses of this condition of restless misery is toward flight—a flight terminating often like his of the song, who, fleeing from his household demon, heard it call to the wayfarers from the loaded wain, "Aye, we're all a-flitting!" and so turned back to wrestle with it beneath his own roof-tree, rather than in the open world.

This impulse toward flight now possessed the widowed Vaughn, and, yielding to it upon the moment, he rang a bell, and summoned Mrs. Rhee to his presence.

She came, and stood within the door, pale, haggard, wasted, her eyes faded with incessant tears, her mouth tremulous with ill-suppressed emotion.

Vaughn glanced at her, carelessly at first, then with a steady scrutiny. The housekeeper returned the look, and the Secret—THE SECRET that lay between them, spoke from eye to eye, imploring, refusing, appealing, denying, until the woman hid her face within her wasted hands, and Vaughn, springing from his seat, trod as impatiently up and down the room as though he could thus trample out of sight a past that would not be left behind.

Presently, commanding himself, he said, with measured calmness,

"Sit down, Anita. I wish to speak with you on matters of business alone."

The housekeeper mutely obeyed.

"I am going abroad, it may be for some years," pursued Vaughn, no longer looking at her, but hastening to place his resolution in words binding upon them both.

"I shall leave business matters in the hands of my lawyers, one of whom will be appointed my agent here, but to you I wish to entrust the affairs of the house and the care of the child—of Gabrielle's child. You should be a second mother to her, Anita."

He paused, and looked at her with strange significance and yet a strange reluctance.

She looked as steadily at him, and said,

"You may trust me. I will be a mother to the child of Gabrielle, and—you. I, who have no child, can pity this motherless baby, can love her in place of my own."

The unutterable pathos of her voice reached his inmost heart and roused not sympathy alone, but such a storm of conflicting emotions as swept his very soul before it and bowed him to the earth. He turned from her, hiding his face, and through the heavy silence of the room was heard a dull throbbing sound as of some hidden clepsydra. That sound was the beating of Anita's heart, as standing with her hands clasped above it, her figure inclined forward, her lips parted, her eyes glowing, her color faded to an ashy pallor, she watched the man before her—watched till the crisis should be past and the tenor of her future life declared.

Suddenly Vaughn turned and looked at her. She read his face eagerly as one might read the page of futurity held open in a wizard's hand. She read there pity, sympathy, and an inexorable resolution—a resolution based upon the

very foundations of the man's nature, and no more to be overthrown. She read, and with a bitter, bitter moan she turned away, the thin hands clasping yet more fiercely the throbbing heart whose every bound seemed like to be its last. Could she have doubted his face, the first tones of his voice would have proved to her that she had not deceived herself.

"If the future looks cold and barren to you, Anita, remember that it is to be conquered by your own effort. So far as physical well-being is concerned, I can assure it to you—the rest you must do for yourself. We all have our own fight to make in one way or another."

He waited, but she would neither speak nor look, and he went on, resolutely,

"I may be gone a long time. You will hear from me through my business agent, and I shall wish you to write, through the same medium, of matters connected with the child or the house that you may wish to communicate."

He hesitated a moment, and approached a little nearer to where she stood with drooping head and downcast eyes, one hand resting lightly upon a chair, the other hanging nervelessly beside her.

"There is one thing that you must promise me, Anita. The child must never know, must never suspect even so remotely. Can you do it?"

"I promised the same thing two years ago, when you married Gabrielle," replied the housekeeper, half scornfully. "Have I ever broken that promise?"

"Never, as I firmly believe. But now you will be alone, and you will love this little child so much that it will be hard."

"Is it the only thing in my life that is hard?" asked she, sharply.

"No. I have told you that we have all our own fight to make. If yours is a hard one through act of mine, may God and you forgive me. Do not fear that I shall not suffer the full penalty of my own misdoings. Do not doubt that my own conscience has said and will say all and more than you, or Gabrielle, or even this new-born child has a right to say. If you suffer, Anita, you do not suffer alone. And now I will have no more of this. From this moment we speak together in only our obvious relations. You quite understand my wishes in regard to the child."

"Quite, sir. Am I to address her entirely as Miss Vaughn, or will you give her a Christian name?"

Putting aside the sarcasm without notice, Vaughn replied,

"Certainly she must be named, and she shall have a name expressing her birthright. Call her Franc; it means free."

"Not Gabrielle?" asked the housekeeper, impetuously.

"No; Franc, or perhaps Francia is better. Let her be called Francia."

"Yes, sir," said the housekeeper, her voice as coldly submissive as his was coldly determined.

"Chloe, of course, will be her nurse, and you will guarantee Chloe's silence, as heretofore, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

"I believe that is all, then. I shall see you again upon some household matters not yet decided."

"What is to be done with the other little girl, sir? The child of the woman found dead on the beach."

"Ah. I had forgotten. Is she an intelligent and well-formed child, healthy and bright?"

"Yes, sir, I should judge so.

"Let her be educated with Francia, then, and precisely in the same manner. Regard her as my adopted daughter, and make no difference between them in any way. I will never commit the cruelty of rearing a child beneath my roof to a condition of dependence and sycophancy. The finest nature must become debased or crushed by such a life. Educate her in every respect as if she were Francia's sister, and let her story be kept a secret from her as long as possible. Look to this, if you please."

"Yes, sir."

"She must be named, also."

"She is named already, sir. At least the word Neria is pricked into her shoulder with Indian ink, and I take it to be her name," said Mrs. Rhee, somewhat contemptuously.

"Neria? The mermaids must have named her before they left her on the shore. Well, it is a pretty name. Let it belong to her. Was there nothing about the mother to tell who she was or where she came from?"

"Nothing, sir. She looked like a lady, although her clothes were poor and worn. She had a wedding ring, and wore a curious bracelet, but neither of them were marked, nor were any of her clothes. James has inquired at Carrick, but no one saw her pass through, except an old man, who remembers that some one asked if Mr. Vaughn lived near here, and he directed her to this house; but it stormed so that he did not notice much how she looked, or ask any questions as to where she came from, or anything."

"Probably she wanted help, and had been referred to me," said Vaughn, quietly settling in his own mind a question that should not have been so readily answered. "Where is the bracelet of which you speak?"

"Here, sir. I brought it to give into your own charge, as it appears very valuable."

She laid it in his hand as she spoke. A golden serpent, his scales delicately wrought in the old Venetian style, and so subtly jointed as to writhe at every motion with all the graceful convolutions of his kind. The flattened head was set with an emerald crest and diamond eyes, while between the distended jaws flickered a flame-like tongue carved from a single ruby.

Vaughn, who had a luxurious fancy for rare gems, looked with delight at the exquisite toy coiled upon his hand, vibrating with every throb of its pulses, and flashing back the sunlight from its diamond eyes with a cold glitter half diabolical in its life-likeness.

"It must be an heir-loom of some old family," said he. "Our paltry goldsmiths do not conceive such exquisite fancies. And the workmanship is the Venetian style of the last century—genuine, too; it is no modern imitation. Is there no mark upon it of any kind?"

"No, I believe not," replied the housekeeper, wearily, while through her mind glanced the question,

"Can he really care more for this toy than for the anguish devouring my heart!"

"Yet, but there is. See here." And unheeding the swimming eyes that sought his own, Vaughn showed where, upon the serpent's throat, one scale was marked in tiny characters with the initials "F. V., 1650." Upon the scale above was traced the outline of a crest, but so faintly that Vaughn failed to make it out by the minutest scrutiny.

"'F. V.' Why, those are my little Francia's initials," said he, musingly.

"Who knows but this precious bracelet is actually a family jewel of our own. You say the woman was inquiring for me. I must see the old man you speak of before I leave."

"He knows no more than I told you, sir. I have seen him myself. I did not suppose you would be able to speak with him so soon——"

She glanced at him half reproachfully as she spoke, and a shadow crossed his face.

"Yes, I know," said he, hurriedly, "I do not forget my loss in caring for the living. This child is now my charge, and I shall attend to her interests as carefully as to those of my own daughter. The bracelet I shall put away until Neria is old enough to wear it; and before leaving home I shall make all possible inquiries concerning her mother's story. And now, Anita, good-by. I shall not see you alone again until time has done so much for both of us that we need not fear to meet."

He took her hand, looked down into the dark eyes raised to his with such an ocean of anguish in their depths, and then, half drawn by them, half impelled by his own tender nature, he stooped and kissed her.

A vivid scarlet stained her cheeks, a wild joy lighted her eyes; and as she slowly withdrew her hand and left the room, every line of her supple figure, every motion of her graceful head, so expressed the new life burning in her veins that Vaughn, watching her, muttered, as she closed the door,

"It was folly, it was inconsistent. But it is the last. Never again, Anita, never again."

And Fate, listening, smiled a scornful smile, whispering,

"Yet once more Frederic Vaughn, yet once more, and in your own despite."

CHAPTER XI.

TIGER TAMING.

In pursuance of the intention expressed to his new retainer, Mr. Gillies took an early opportunity of ascertaining Reuben's reputation in his native village.

"O, there ain't no harm in the fellow," said Mr. Burroughs, to whom his first inquiry was addressed. "I guess the worst that's to say of him is that he's sort o' slack, and had rather luff and bear away than to keep her right up in the wind's eye. But he's handy, Reub is, and can do first rate if he's a mind to. I shouldn't wonder if he answered your purpose, Cap'n, as well as a better man. But what does Nance say about it?"

"I do not know to whom you refer," said Mr. Gillies, in his driest manner.

"Why, Reub's wife, Nancy Brume. If she hain't gi'n her consent, it won't do no good to ship him. She'll be after him, and get him, too."

Mr. Gillies looked puzzled and disgusted, but made no reply.

"Tell you what, Cap'n," pursued the good-natured publican, "why don't you jest step over there, and speak to Nance about it yourself. It seems a pity you shouldn't have Reub, and I tell you now, Nance is skipper of that concern, and is the one you've got to reckon with first or last. If you don't go and see her, she'll be up to see you before many days are over."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Gillies; and after a moment of consideration, briefly added,

"Very well, I will go. Where does she live?"

Stepping out upon the porch, Burroughs pointed to the little cottage from whose door the fish-horn had been so vigorously blown upon the evening when Mr. Gillies was first introduced to the village of Carrick.

"That's the house, and I guess you'll find her to home. Don't be scared if she's kind of rough at first, Cap'n. Her bark's worse'n her bite."

To this friendly advice, Mr. Gillies deigned no answer whatever, but stepping off the porch, walked briskly in the direction indicated.

The door of the cottage stood open, and the visitor paused a moment before it, in some doubt how best to make his presence known, when a sudden uproar arose within, and a boy, dressed in a fisherman's coarse clothes and heavy boots, fled out of the door and down the street, pursued by a tall wiry woman holding a large fish by the gills, which novel instrument of punishment she heartily applied about the boy's head and shoulders whenever she could reach him, shouting at the same time,

"I'll teach ye to fetch me a hahdock agin, ye young sculpin! Didn't I tell ye I wanted a cod, and what d'ye s'pose I care how many they took up to Fred Vaughn's. Think I'll be put off with a hahdock while other folks eats cod? Take that, and that, and that!"

And as little else than the head of the offending haddock now remained in the fair epicure's hand, she seized the lad by his shock of wiry hair, and bending his head back upon her arm, scrubbed his face with the remnant of fish, until the luckless fellow, screaming with mingled rage and terror, broke away and rushed down the street.

Mrs. Brume looked after him a moment, and then slowly turned toward home, wiping her hands upon her apron, and muttering to herself invectives, mingled with self-gratulation.

Mr. Gillies stood upon the door-step with a face of unmoved gravity.

"Does Mrs. Brume live here?" inquired he, as the virago approached.

"Yes, I'm Miss Brume," replied she, in an uncompromising manner.

"I should like to speak to you, then, for a few moments.

"Well, you can come in." And Mrs. Brume led the way into a vigorously tidy kitchen, and after setting a wooden chair for her guest, retired to a back room to remove the traces of her late encounter. While she was gone, Mr. Gillies cast an observant glance about the room. Everything was as clean, as orderly, and as uninviting, as hands could make it. The white floor was scoured and sanded, the stove blackened and polished, the windows as nearly transparent as the green and wavy glass could be made. Even the cat blinking in the sunny corner had a wan and subdued expression, as if her natural depravity, and with it her vitality had been nearly cleansed away.

Mrs. Brume returned, her face and hands red with ablution and excitement, her hair, also red, smoothed, and a clean white apron tied tightly about her waist. Seating herself in a chair opposite her guest, she opened the conversation by saying,

"Like enough you thought strange to see me so mad with that young one, but he hadn't no business to bring me a hahdock when I spoke for a cod, and I ain't one of them kind as puts up with everything and never says a word. I'm apt to speak my mind, specially if I'm a little riled, and I'd as lief one man would hear me as another."

To this ingenuous confession Mr. Gillies responded by a slight bow, and then said,

"I called to let you know, Mrs. Brume, that your husband thinks of remaining with me for the present. My name is Gillies, and I live at Cragness, the estate of the late Mr. Reginald Vaughn."

Mrs. Brume's color rose, and she twitched at the strings of her apron, but as she raised her eyes they met the cold grave look steadily bent upon her, and with a very unusual effort to suppress her rising wrath, she asked,

"How long does he think of stopping?"

"As long as I wish to employ him," returned Gillies, coolly.

"O—h!" replied Mistress Brume, slowly, while an ominous pallor settled about her lips, and her hands flew to her hips.

"And if I might ask without offence, Mr. Gillies, I'd just like to know how long you calc'late to keep a honest woman's husband away from her?"

"So long as he wishes to remain," replied Gillies, in the same imperturbable manner, and beneath that manner and that steady gaze Nancy Brume found her usually unfailing powers of invective mysteriously checked and subdued. She bravely tried to rally her forces.

"O well," said she, bridling, "I don't suppose its of no consequence to either one of you what I think about it. A poor weak woman hain't got no chance when the man as had ought to look out for her can get them as calls themselves gentlemen to back him up and help him along in trampling onto her feelings—"

But these same feelings of Nancy Brume's, denied full expression in their usual manner, found sudden vent in another form, and she burst into tears, sobbing from behind the white apron.

"I don't know, I'm sure, what I ever did to you, sir, that you should come and take away my husband this way, and then set there as cold as I don't know what, and—make from fun of me, and all."

"Make fun of you, ma'am!" exclaimed Mr. Gillies, indignantly, and indeed the phrase by which Dame Brume had sought to express the unsympathizing and unassailable manner of her guest was ludicrously inappropriate, although sufficiently significant of a jealousy almost universal in her class toward its social superiors. Nancy, unable to defend her position, with feminine quickness changed her base of operations.

"I'm sure I've been as good a wife to that man as there is in Carrick. His house has been kept tidy and his vittles has been cooked reg'lar, and if his clo's hain't always been whole and neat, it wasn't my fault, but his'n, which he wouldn't leave 'em off—"

"Mrs. Brume! will you stop and listen to me!" interrupted Mr. Gillies, so decidedly, that the white apron suddenly dropped into Nancy's lap, disclosing a scarlet but attentive face.

Mr. Gillies glanced at it and then away. Poor Nancy's beauty was not of the exceptional style to which tears are an added charm.

"What I wish to say is simply this," continued the guest, rising to depart. "I have taken your husband into my service for an indefinite period, and thinking it proper you should be informed of the fact, I called here to mention it. With your matrimonial virtues or faults I have, of course, no concern, and merely came here to-day lest you should think it necessary to seek your husband at Cragness."

"I don't know but I've been kind o' ha'sh, sometimes," pursued the wife, more attentive to her own course of thought than to the cold words of her guest,

"but I've set more by Reub than he knowed, I guess, and though I did put him out and lock the door t'other day I never thought he was going off for good. I wish't you'd let him come home and have a talk 'long o' me, Mr. Gillies, 'fore you fix it all off."

"I have no reason to suppose he wishes for such permission," said Gillies, with grim humor.

"You don't think he's give me up altogether," cried Nancy, in sudden terror, and again the white apron went over her head, and she rocked to and fro in a paroxysm of grief. The guest silently walked toward the door.

"Stop just a minit, please, sir," sobbed the deserted wife, and as Gillies reluctantly paused, she wiped her eyes, and looking up in his face with a piteous smile upon her hard mouth, said,

"I wish't you'd take me, too, sir."

Gillies recoiled.

"Take you, too!" exclaimed he, in solemn horror.

"Yes, I'd do all the work of your house, and keep it real nice and tidy, too. Reub can't do that, nor—though he can cook pretty well, he can't come up to me, and I'm a first-rate washer and ironer, too, and I'll do just as you'd like to have me. Do take me 'long o' Reub, Mr. Gillies, for it don't seem as if I could make up my mind to part with him. I'll come real cheap, too, it won't hardly cost more for both than one, and I'm awful saving about a house."

There was a pathos in the rude tones and sharp face of the wife thus pleading for leave to work at her husband's side, to which no man could have been quite insensible, and the shrewd arguments by which she supported her proposition produced their full effect upon the mind of her listener.

He considered for a moment, and then said,

"But your husband came to me with the intention of separating from you. I cannot refuse him my protection."

"O, I'll settle with Reub," said his spouse, with feminine confidence in her own conciliatory powers. "He sets by me, same as I do by him, more'n either of us let on. He kind o' calc'lates on me, too, to push him along and hold him up straight. Reub'll agree fast enough."

Gillies considered again.

"Your plan has its advantages, Mrs. Brume," said he, at length, "and if I find Reuben is satisfied with it, you may come to Cragness on trial, and under one condition, but that a stringent one."

"And what's that, sir?" asked Nancy, beamingly.

"That you shall never raise your voice above its present tones while upon my premises, and that you never scold your husband in any tones. When you find the vivacity of your temper beyond your control, I will always give you permission to come to Carrick, and expend it either upon the fisher boy or in any other manner you see fit, but while under my roof, I shall expect it to be held in perfect control. I am a quiet man, and strongly object to disturbance of any kind, especially discordant noises."

"I'll do my best, sir," said Nancy, meekly.

"That will not be sufficient, unless your best comes up to my requirements," returned Gillies, coldly. "And I wish you to come with the understanding that unless my conditions are fulfilled, I shall expect you to retire from my house, leaving your husband there so long as he wishes to stay."

"I ain't used to being beat by anything, and if I once tackle my own temper,

I reckon I can get the upper hand of it same as I would of anything else," said Nancy, with the calm confidence of a habitual conqueror.

"Then I will speak to Reuben, and, if he wishes for your society, he may come down to-night and tell you so. Good-morning, Mrs. Brume."

"Good-day, sir."

As Mr. Gillies walked away, he smiled, in his own dry fashion, and said, in his own mind,

"Surely, no man in his senses will voluntarily place himself in that woman's power, after having once escaped from it."

But, probably, Reuben Brume's ideas of sanity differed from those of his master; for the very next day saw Nancy installed in the kitchen of Cragness, and commencing an indignant but noiseless raid upon its many crypts and by-places, while Lazarus, seated beside the fire, watched her vigorous movements with dire astonishment; and Reuben obeyed her numerous mandates with cheerful alacrity.

"Looks kind o' good, arter all, to see you round, Nance, specially when you're so good-natered," said he, in the course of these operations; and Nancy, womanlike, retorted:

"Yes; and I was a big fool not to let well enough alone, and leave you to muddle along here, best way you could."

But Mrs. Brume, besides being a woman of quick temper, was a woman of powerful will, and the resolution she had taken in coming to Cragness she kept as perfectly as the faulty nature of humanity would permit; and the occasions when her husband was forced to enquire if he should "speak to Mr. Gillies" became so rare that Reuben privately blessed the day of his emancipation, and looked upon his master with the admiring awe due to a moral Van Amburgh.

END OF PART I.

THE STORY OF A HERO.

I PROPOSE some account of a true hero—a man who, although he attained near the first rank in the public service of his country, and was recently followed to the grave by a distinguished train of mourners, was yet, as I believe, not sufficiently known in his life, or sufficiently honored in his death.

We are excessively familiar with the modern type of the hero; conspicuous, over-crowded by public attentions, obvious to admiration—the result of those extraordinary facilities of notoriety in which we live. A quick appreciation and an extensive advertisement of greatness are the boasts of our enlightened age of telegrams, penny papers and cheap trumpets of fame. It is not the age of unknown and unwept heroes. But even in these garish and clamorous times it is quite possible that a man of great merits may yet be so averse to public notice, so shrinking in his modesty, so studious of privacy, so intent upon the elevated happiness of self-culture and self-approval, as to escape the praises of his co-temporaries, and even have his deeds of greatness but slightly and meagrely recorded in the abundant records of modern eulogium. There are instances in the world of men practising such reserve, not from misanthropy, or from any painful affectation of "independence"—great, kindly men of large hearts, disposed, however, to cultivate happiness within limited circles, and so averse to public demonstrations, so sensitive in their confidences, as to lose their just dues of fame, yet never sensible of the loss or embittered by neglect. Indeed, the world is constantly finding itself in debt to these comparatively obscure heroes—to men who lack self-assertion; and the debt is one but seldom paid this side of the grave.

A few weeks ago, numerous public honors were paid the memory of Henry H. Bell, Rear-Admiral in the United States Navy. The circumstances of his death were peculiar and plaintive enough. He was drowned, last January, by the upsetting of a boat off the distant coast of Japan, just as he was making his last visit to the authorities there, preparatory to setting sail for home after a three years' cruise, with the hope of a long and honored repose in the country he had served and among those he loved. Only the lifeless body of the veteran reposes near the home on the Highlands of the Hudson; and it, recovered from the distant sea, the Government transported thousands of miles, with tender solicitude, and deposited in a grave, surrounded by his comrades and marked by many public tributes of respect.

And yet there is a debt of justice due this man, and one of historical weight. I believe, in addition to whatever there has been of public encomium, the life of Admiral Bell is yet but little known, and has been but insufficiently honored; that especially its place in the history of the late war has not yet been adjusted and demonstrated, and that a tribute is due to a character which, to my mind, was a noble illustration of a true hero. His was a quiet, unobtrusive heroism that never entered into the competitions of newspaper fame, that escaped much

of public notice, yet deserving much more than the brief and uncertain commemoration it has obtained in scattered paragraphs. There is more than one page of history in his life, and there are many lessons in a character which I have already entitled as heroic. In the noisier notorieties of the war it was neglected; and it is only when some of its deeds shall be more clearly known on some future historical appeal, that we may find the name of Bell in its proper place, leading many who are now usurpers and cheap heroes on the roll of fame.

He was a distinguished man before the war. In 1855, while a captain in the navy, commanding the San Jacinto, he revenged an insult upon the American flag in China, despite the unwillingness of the commodore (Armstrong) commanding the squadron to take severe measures. The flag flying from one of our ships-of-war was fired upon from the Barrier forts in the Canton River, and Bell insisted upon making an attack in return, which was at last reluctantly allowed by the commodore. He ran over the forts at the head of a force commanded by himself and Captain Foote, and with his own hand fired the train that blew them into fragments. On returning to his country he had secured his reputation as a brave and high-spirited officer; and he was quietly residing on shore-leave, with the rank of captain, when the storm of civil war burst upon the country.

The heroic in Bell's character was a sense of duty. We hear much in ordinary conversation of that phrase—"a sense of duty;" it is a convenient stereotype, but its meanings are as various as the constitutions and tempers of men. In some cases we find it a dull, speculative acquiescence, in others a timid and faltering casuistry. In the character of Bell was found, not a weak sentimentalism, but a keen, fruitful, active sense of duty, constantly in combat with all other considerations, aggressive in its moods, executing its decrees with a sublime rapidity and decision. The struggles of such a principle are sometimes very terrible and grand, and make battle-fields in the heart. It was so in the case of Bell, when divided considerations met him at the threshold of the war and attempted to baffle his decision. Many things claimed his adhesion to the Southern Confederacy. He was a native of North Carolina. He had a large and influential kindred in that State, and to many of them he was most affectionately attached. He had married into a Virginia family which had produced several distinguished names of Southern politicians, and was connected with the leaders of secession in that State. All his blood relations were in the South, and many of them urged his accession to the Confederate cause, or treated it as a certain conclusion. He had always been a firm and unwavering Democrat in politics, and his sympathies were in entire opposition to the Anti-Slavery party.

In view of some of these considerations, I had expected Captain Bell to declare for the South, and, accordingly, visited him shortly after President Lincoln's proclamation of war. A conversation on the subject was opened, not without some hesitation and delicacy on my own part, and, I must confess, with an attempt at adroitness; but the Captain cut it short by a very quick and emphatic explanation. He said, briefly, decisively, "I have made up my mind; *I shall stand by the flag.*"

"But," I argued, "what's in a flag! There is no virtue in a piece of bunting; the flag is nothing but as representing just and beneficent principles in the Government, and when these have departed, we are not going to worship an empty symbol, a dead type."

"That may be as you think or imagine," replied the Captain. "You are a civilian; but that flag which you regard only in the light of political principles,

is to me the symbol of a sworn and solemn duty. It represents the Government that commands my services, the Government that aided my education, the Government that is to me both master and benefactor. I have my own political opinions, and as much freedom in them as any other citizen; but when the Government once gives the *word of command*, all questions of politics stop there for me, and I must do my duty." He paused as if collecting his thoughts, and the writer precisely remembers the expression that succeeded, as it was somewhat remarkable for the elevation of its words in an ordinary conversation. He said, "I cannot, shall not make of my duty as an officer, a question of moral casuistry; if so, there would be no Government."

Whatever I may have thought of the logical value of this argument, I am sure it was inspired by a generous feeling in the breast of Bell, unsullied by a trace of selfishness, and breathing a spirit of loftiest devotion. Bell was a man who would have done his duty with a steady countenance, although the strings of his heart were snapping under the oppression of the task. His was an antique heroism, and from it proceeded that steady courage which, owing nothing to the inflation of circumstances, could be trusted in every situation, and counted upon in the direst extremity.

His first important service in the war was at New Orleans. If Farragut was historically the captor of this city, Bell was its dramatic hero. Here he performed one of the most remarkable actions of the war, accounts of which have been curiously neglected in our present attempts at history, considering, too, the fondness of those making these attempts for dramatic situations and conspicuous figures. There is certainly no more striking and theatrical attitude in the war than that of Bell lifting into the broad naked sky the flag of the United States over the Custom House of New Orleans, in the presence of a populace of thousands of angered and desperate men. As the fleet captain, he was selected by Farragut to take symbolical possession of New Orleans by taking from the Custom House the flag which Mumford had erected there, and raising, in its stead, the Stars and Stripes. He was accompanied only by a file of marines. He marched to the building through a turbulent mob, blocking his way and threatening his life; and it was almost certain that when he appeared on the Custom House, a fair and single mark for the assassin, his life would be the forfeit of the adventure. But he marched steadily through the streets. On all sides threats and execrations assailed him. But one word of comfort reached him. An Irishman pressed close to him in the throng, and whispered, "Sir, your life is in danger; but there are *friends watching for you*."

Captain Bell found at the Custom House the mayor of the city and some other of the municipal authorities. They surrendered the keys of the building, but they refused to show him the way to the roof. "There is not a man, woman or child in New Orleans," said Mayor Monroe, "who will take down that flag; you must risk it yourself." Captain Bell, accompanied only by his cockswain, groped his way to the roof, and in a moment his commanding figure stood between the crowd and the sky, uplifting the Federal flag in calm, lofty defiance. The brave officer stood in the face of death, with his resolution erect and the blood surging in his veins. A dead silence fell upon the crowd that, a few moments before, had been rent with commotion and clamor; and without a word of challenge, in the face of dumb and motionless thousands, the Stars and Stripes rose into the sky and swelled on the breeze.

There is a magnetism in courage. It is not only that it overawes, or that it

produces sudden admiration and sympathy; it gives rise to the most various feelings. Only the veriest caitiff can kill a truly brave man in the performance of a brave deed. Bell, on the top of the New Orleans Custom House, saved his life by a grand exhibition of courage. A moment's hesitation or a single balk would have been the signal of the assassin's bullet. But no man in that vast and furious crowd had the heart to stay one who so promptly and proudly accepted the position of martyrdom, and so grandly saluted the death that threatened him. It was one of the most sublime and memorable scenes of the war, the dramatization of a great event, the attitude of a true hero.

Mr. Headley, whose graphic appreciation of events in history all admit, thus writes of the neglected incident in the capture of New Orleans:

> Nothing could exceed the moral grandeur of the act—it would make the subject of a great picture. The national ships at the levee, with their guns bearing on the city; the heaving, turbulent mass blocking all the streets; the little band of marines, with firm-set front, standing across the door-way; the tall, erect form of Bell pictured against the sky from the top of the custom-house, as he slowly sends the national colors up the flag-staff, form a group of objects from which some artist will yet give us a great historical painting.

After the events of New Orleans, Captain Bell assisted in the operations on the Mississippi River, including the siege and bombardment of Vicksburg. He was subsequently put in command of the squadron in the Gulf, Farragut having been relieved, and Admiral Porter having command of the western waters above New Orleans; and here his blockading fleet was stretched, with intervals, from Mobile to Galveston.

In the last year of the war, he was ordered North to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. His various services were rewarded by promotion to the rank of commodore, and again to that of rear-admiral; and after the war, he was appointed, in the latter rank, to command the Asiatic squadron in the China seas, using the old battered Hartford for his flag-ship. The Government thus measurably appreciated his services; but surely no truer or more devoted patriot had served it in the war.

It is a rare thing to find patriotism in undress—indulging in simple and heartfelt expressions; and the exhibition is peculiarly delightful. It is for this curious and refreshing interest that I venture to make some extracts from letters of Admiral Bell, which, on an occasion of intimate friendship, I have been permitted to read—letters written to his young son, a boy of thirteen, and intended only for his familiar instruction or guidance. It is a precious legacy to the boy. The style is reduced to the comprehension of one so young, but it has gained from this a charming simplicity and heartiness that must affect any degree of age or intelligence, and convince every reader that this man assuredly and truly loved his country. It is the interesting exhibition of an aged officer, grown grey in the service of his country, decked with public honors, giving private lessons of patriotism to his son, and carefully instilling into his youthful heart the love of country. The reader will not be offended at the simplicity of these letters. They are not only models of epistolary writing to a young boy, but such pure, single tokens of the patriotic sentiment of a veteran, honored in the service of his country, that the mind must, indeed, be without appreciation, and the heart without sympathy, that would treat them either with critical levity or a flippant neglect.

The letters are written from that proud old vessel, the Hartford, carrying the flag in distant seas, while the Admiral's son is in Europe, travelling with his

mother, and awaiting the return of his father to re-establish once more his loved home on the banks of the Hudson:

U. S. Steamer Hartford, Macao, China, March 20, 1866.

My Dear Son: The little picture of yourself, holding on to your country's flag, the emblem of her sovereignty and power, always hangs by the side of my dressing-glass, and I thus behold you every morning, and become reconciled in some degree to my separation from your dear mother and yourself. Wheresoever you may be, to whatsoever land you may wander, the glorious folds of this flag are sufficient to protect you against wrong or oppression; and so long as your country remains united and prosperous, no nation will dare to inflict on you any such cruelty as that which you wrote about, and which made the Castle of Chillon famous in poetry. You will now understand, my son, that a great meaning is expressed by your clinging to the flag of your country, as in this picture, which was taken at a time when bad men were trying to break up our great country, and to divide it out into petty States, like "Suisse" and those of Germany, and that your being covered by your country's flag is no fiction or mere fancy, but a glorious reality. It protects every countryman of yours, however humble he may be, as he wanders over the world, doing nothing wrong. It is to make distant nations feel this that your country sends her fleets to every distant sea, and that I am now far away from you, my son. As a weak, petty State, we could not do this; therefore, my son, we will *cling together*, and conquer all opposition to our country's greatness and prosperity. It is a proud thing for a man to feel that his country is great, powerful, and happy, and protects him in his rights. But you must not always be flaunting your flag in the faces of other people, as I fear you are inclined to do, for, with all its power, it is a friendly flag, promising peace and good will to all men. If you do, men will hate you and your flag. You will bear this in mind when Charley visits you in Europe; for it will take some time for our American boys to learn the proprieties of Europe, and it will not be polite for you two to act as if you were in Newburg. It is necessary to respect the authorities wherever you may be. Your flag will not protect you in wrong-doing.

. . . . . .

Never forget your country, my son. Stand up for her at all times, particularly when she is reviled. You must glory in being called "a Yank" when you are in a foreign land; it is your father's name in derision, and he has helped to uphold it in honor. Cling, as you do in your picture, to the folds of the Yankee flag. I am bearing it abroad at this time to give protection to our countrymen among distant nations. Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue!

U. S. Steamer Hartford, Shanghai, July 5, 1867.

My Dear Little Patriot: We had a merry time yesterday. Yankees were proud as peacocks. They hoisted flags, fired guns, burned crackers, paraded, and ended with a great dinner, commencing at 8:30 in the evening and closing at 3 o'clock next morning (that is, this morning). The officers of the Hartford were guests; toasts were drunk, speeches made, songs sung, and patriotism ran high. "Secesh" and all joined hands and hearts there, leaving by-gones as by-gones.

Now, my dear son, I'll tell you something of *patriotism*, which few persons seem to understand. It is this: that in foreign lands, living far from home, those people belonging to nations having no navies or commerce, manifest very little love or pride of country, because they see no emblems or tokens of her power, such as ships of war, steamers, and merchant vessels. They have no power to protect them against cruel wrongs from nations or others; they must submit to everything. Not so with Americans, English, French, and Russians; these manifest more patriotism and spirit than other people, because their governments sent out fleets from home, to protect and defend them against outrages of every description. The people of these countries, when they see their national flags in the breeze near them, look up and thank God that they have a country able, willing, and prepared to protect them in their rights. In the course of our rebellion, the Americans

living in these parts sometimes feared that they should have no country. They heard of battles lost, the destruction of merchant ships by the Alabama, and they saw no more of their country's ships, and her flag coming and going as before the war. They felt their crown of glory had passed away. But when Lee gave in, their hearts were lifted up. English and French, and even the petty Germans, used to jeer and sneer at them, as if their humiliation was a sure thing. Now, you may know how Americans felt, when they saw their country's arms spread out over them as of old; when they knew they had a home and a country, restored and powerful, and bidding fair to withstand the shock of all her foes. It was feeling thus that our countrymen made a proud thing of it yesterday, intending that the people who wished them evil before should witness their triumph now. The enclosed were two of the songs sung last night, with loud applause.

U. S. Steamer Hartford, Shanghai, July 23, 1867.

My Darling Boy: Yesterday I received two letters from you. Both were written at Venice. One came enclosed with your dear mother's, and the other came alone to my address, superscribed in your own handwriting. Now, does it not seem strange that a piece of paper should travel so far, and go so straight to the person it was meant for! Could the little boy who wrote the direction on this letter have gone so directly and safely himself, with that little head on his shoulders, to his papa, over so many lands, through so many seas, in so many steamers, without being lost? I am sure he might do it with more certainty if he knew geography well, and if he would *keep his head.* Knowledge and self-possession, my son, enable one to accomplish great things; while, without them, one would go astray all the days of his life. To whom, think you, is the world indebted for the conveniences for sending such bits of paper from one part of the globe to another with so much certainty and celerity? I will tell you: To England, France, and the United States of America, and to no other nations, my son. These three fill the front rank of nations. Ours is young yet, and has great use for her money at home; but she is growing rich, and will do things in bigger style by the time you get to be a man, if we don't break up into beggarly little States, by rebellion and secession, or don't become exhausted by wars at home, like poor Mexico. If secession had succeeded, our prosperity would have been checked, and our soaring wings have been clipped for many years to come. We should then have been far behind the front rank of nations, and there would be no flag flying over you in every foreign country, as now, to protect you in your rights of life, liberty, and property. Therefore, let your motto be, "One Country, one Constitution, one Destiny."

. . . . . .

When your boyish wanderings are over, and you step again on the soil of America, the first thing to strike you will be the vast difference in the appearance of your countrymen and of those people you left behind in Europe. Every other man or woman will not be a beggar. You will see, at the first glance, how much better off your countrymen are than any persons you saw in Europe of the same class, and you will then feel a greater pride in your country, and in being known as an American. Stand by your country, my son!

The following is a letter of religious lesson and of general advice; but we think the reader will thank us for not omitting it:

U. S. Steamer Hartford, Hong Kong, April 23, 1866

My Dear Son: Yesterday you were eleven years of age; and ten years from now you will be a man, twenty-one years old. If you would be "every inch a man," as I desire you to be, you must first decide in your own mind *what kind* of a man to be. To do so, it will be necessary to remember that He who made the beautiful heavens and the earth "made man after his own image," and thus indicated what man should be. But Adam fell; and next, God sent His own son into the world, the very image of Himself. He, my dear boy, is, therefore, the most perfect model of a man that the world has ever

known. He lived among us; we know all about his life and his manner of living. It is true he had not where to lay his head; but, being the manifestation of the Father, he was above human weaknesses, and meant thereby to rebuke the sins of covetousness and of vanity, which fill the hearts of men to this day. He was gentle, patient, forbearing; kind and loving to the poor and suffering; was charitable to all men, as if they were his brothers; thinking of no human being unkindly or contemptuously. Study to be like him, and to please him, and you, my son, will live a happy man.

But to fulfil well your part, you should study diligently to become a man of knowledge. An ignorant man can only be a sheep in the fold; he cannot become a shepherd. . . . . Be not misled, my son, by the talk you have heard of painters and sculptors. Generally, they have been profligates. They have never attained to the grandeur or usefulness of the philosopher, statesman, divine, or even of the poet. Fashionable people love to talk about them and musicians, and all the unclean things pertaining to them. In other words, my son, they are not models for your imitation.

So you have worn the cap and brandished the sword of Alexandre Farnese. Ah, my dear son, I trust in God you may never be called upon to anoint yourself for war, and that you did not find the helmet and the sword *to fit* any better than, or half so well as my old hats and boots, which you were wont to try on in old times.

I have transcribed a pretty verse for you, my dear boy, to commit to memory, and to repeat every night in prayer, for my sake:

Sleep is a death—O, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die!
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
However I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at least with Thee!

'I think of your mamma and you every morning and night.

Admiral Bell had one unfailing test of a great nature. He had the reputation of one of the severest disciplinarians in the navy, and, at the same time, that of one of its most honored and beloved officers. The mediocre, ordinary commander, who attempts severe discipline, generally sinks to the martinet, and succeeds only in making himself superlatively odious. Bell commanded with an iron hand, and yet was tenderly loved by his officers and men. It is only a noble and generous nature that can work such miracles in the affections of men—a nature that disclaims all selfishness, and is true to all its professions. It is the mark of a great commander to exercise a severe discipline and yet retain the admiration and love of his men; and no officer in our navy more perfectly realized this happy accommodation than Admiral Bell. Once, returning from a three-years' cruise, after he had anchored his vessel in the harbor of New York, he refused permission for any of his officers or men to leave the ship on any account until she was righted and put in complete order for the discharge of the crew. His own wife was within half a mile of him, in a house in the city, and for two days he denied himself seeing her, until the whole ship's company were ready to leave for their homes. Jack, no doubt, thought it very hard that, after an absence of so many years, he should be confined to his ship within stone's throw of New York, and was naturally disposed to grumble. But his comrade was likely to answer him, "Don't you see the captain is doing the same by himself"—practising the same denial of his own feelings and desires. Indeed, it is this identification of the commander with his men that explains that discipline that enforces appreciation, and commands, in every exigency, respect and affection.

The circumstances of Admiral Bell's death have not yet been fully reported.

There has only been a general statement in the newspapers that he was drowned by the capsizing of a boat on the bar of Osaca, Japan. I am able to add some details, and to supply the first complete narrative of the sad event. It has been intimated or imagined that the Admiral was rash in attempting to force a landing through a high sea, and that he was the victim of a reckless or too daring enterprise. There is no truth in this. There was no trace of imprudence in the adventure.

On the 11th of January, 1868, the Admiral, accompanied by his flag-lieutenant (Reed), left the Hartford, and pulled for the bar, attempting to enter the Osaca River, for the purpose of visiting the American minister, General Van Valkenburgh, preparatory to the departure of his fleet for home. A few days before, the Pacific mail had brought him direct intelligence from the Secretary of the Navy of the immediate sailing of his relief from the United States, and he was to meet the new admiral at Singapore early in March. He was full of hope and spirits at the prospect of the termination of his cruise, and anxious to make his final visit to the Japanese shore. For some days a heavy wind had set in, and rendered the bar impassable; but, on the morning of the 11th of January, the wind had decreased, and the admiral noticed, from the deck of the Hartford, that a number of Japanese boats had safely crossed the bar. He naturally concluded to attempt it. As he buckled on his sword, he said, playfully, "I'll take this off when we are near the bar, and be ready for a swim;" and then, with his habitually firm step, he strode to the gangway, and walked over the side of the noble old ship that had so long and so often carried him safely through storm and battle.

As the boat approached the bar, the Admiral, true to his promise, threw off his sword, and Lieutenant Reed followed his example. The danger was not, apparently, great; but, in a moment, three heavy rollers dashed, in quick succession, over the boat, the last of which broached her, and threw her bottom up. The Admiral, Lieutenant Reed, and three of the crew succeeded in regaining the boat, and, clambering up on her, clung to the keel. But one survivor was taken from the frail wreck. He (one of the crew) reported that the others had fallen off, one by one, before relief could reach them, and that the Admiral, from the infirmities of his age, had been the first to quit his hold. It was intensely cold; the blast of the billows was deafening, and not a word was uttered in the last vague and benumbed struggle of these men for life. The hoarse bellow of death was constantly in their ears, drowning every utterance but the irrepressible prayer to God—those fewest words, which no storm, or clamor, or convulsion can silence or intercept in their passage to the skies. The Admiral clung but a few moments to the keel of the boat, and then his brave form vanished beneath the billows, and was lost in the mist of the storm. His body was afterward recovered, cold and stark, on one of the low flats at the mouth of the river. He was in his sixty-seventh year when he died.

Thus perished dismally, on an obscure coast, in an indifferent adventure, and, apparently, by the merest accident, one of the most useful officers in our navy, one of the bravest spirits in the late war, and one of the true Christian heroes of modern times.

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

LONDON BEGGARS.

EVERYBODY in London knows Billy Bottom. Four times up and four times down does he make and has he made for six-and-twenty years, his daily circuit of Regent street, starting from the Piccadilly Circus and turning to retrace his steps at the south-east corner of Oxford street; and though constantly under the feet of the vast crowd that forever flows through the thoroughfare, or threading his way among the thousands of carriages that, from two P. M. to six of every day of the season, make it the gayest concourse in Europe, he has never but once been injured, and then not seriously. Billy is a strong-built man, with brawny chest and muscular arms, his head phrenologically good, and his face fresh as an Englishman's should be, in that equable climate, at the age of forty-six; but he stands, or sits rather, for he was born without legs, only twenty-seven and a half inches high. Strapped to a square board, just large enough for a seat (and which becomes part of himself), by means of two clamps, one in each hand, he secures the means of safe, if not rapid locomotion. He is as much a part of Regent street, is Billy, as is the lion of Northumberland House, or the Monument on Fish street hill.

Billy is rich. Of that there is no doubt. And then he is the Beggars' King. Once every year, on the fourth day of Christmas, or 29th of December—for then, if ever, what with Christmas-boxes, what with annual savings, the street-sweeps, tramps, vagrants, cadgers, and prigs, are all well-to-do—at the great gathering at the "Crossed Stockings," St. Giles's, where a meeting is held of the mendicant fraternity within the metropolis for the adoption of rules to govern begging for the succeeding year, which meeting is followed by a dinner, Mr. William Bottom presides, makes the introductory speech after the cloth is removed, keeps strictest order, and names the persons who are to respond to the various toasts.

Billy has held this position since 1856, when Sam Sloane, his predecessor, the Charing Cross crossing-sweeper, was killed by a run-away fire-engine team, leaving to his heirs, as his will at Doctors' Commons shows, between £7,000 and £8,000. Sam had been Beggars' King for thirty-one years. Billy succeeded him, not so much for reputed wealth, as for an address in the profession, which achieves wonderful success, and which furnishes a store of anecdote for the usual weekly gatherings of the Beggars' Club. He has just met a gentleman and lady among the thousands hurrying past. They are Americans. He has caught the lady's eye. She stops to ask him a question. His point is gained. He has read her sympathies at once. And whether they are moved by philanthropy or piety, or sorrow or Christian charity, he interprets them instantly, and becomes to his almoner the exponent of just what her gentle nature needs. He never plays the *rôle* of Canning's "Needy Knife Grinder"—

> Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir,

but has at hand a character and tale so suited to the occasion that the unwary

never detect the imposture. Besides, he is the most courteous of petitioners for alms, never importunate, and from the "Thank you" for ha'pence, "Thank you, much obliged to you," for sixpence, to the "Thank you, sir! Much obliged to you, sir! God repay you, sir!" for a shilling, is the best bred of beggars.

I have introduced Billy Bottom because he stands the acknowledged head of more than sixty thousand professed beggars in London. He is wise. He does not drink. He assumes no disguise. He has a wife and family whom he supports respectably. In fact, he is not unlike, save in the misfortune of being born without legs, his great predecessor, John Yardley Vernon, who died many years ago in Broad street. Vernon left more than £100,000. But he made it by speculating with the proceeds of his begging. Though never appearing in public, save in his rags, he left several sons who took care of his gains.

Henry Mayhew, the eccentric philanthropist, classifies London beggars into nine distinct species, but even these fail to include them all. In his endeavors to benefit the London poor, he called a meeting of mendicants, advertising it at Seven Dials, and promising that no policeman should be present. More than one hundred and fifty attended. It was a spectacle of squalor, rags, and wretchedness. Some were young men, some middle-aged, and some children. One who styled himself a "cadger" was only six, and several who confessed to being "prigs" were under ten. At first the meeting was noisy, and howls, cat-calls, brays, and yells threatened to render all attempts at order abortive. One whinnied like a horse, and immediately the whole hundred and fifty whinnied in concert. Another crowed like a cock, whereupon the room echoed with a hundred and fifty cock-crows. It was a menagerie at feeding-time. A black boy entered, and a hundred voices cried out, "Sweep O"—a blind fiddler followed, and "Strike up, catgut," "Flare up, never-sweat," resounded through the place, amid peals of laughter. The answers as to the number of imprisonments each had suffered produced silence for a time, but when one vagabond of fourteen confessed to twenty-nine convictions, the clapping of hands, cat-calls, and shouts of "bray-vo" lasted for several minutes. More than a hundred had read "Jack Sheppard" and the "Newgate Calendar," and in answer to the question as to what they thought of Jack Sheppard the answer was universal, "He's a brick." A ballad writer who was present, made the following curious confession:

> The little knowledge I have, I have picked up bit by bit, so that I hardly know how I have come by it. I certainly knew my letters before I left home, and I have got the rest off the walls. I write Newgate ballads for the printers at the Dials. I got a shilling for a "copy of verses written by the wretched culprit the night before he was hung." I wrote Courvoisier's lamentation, and called it "A woice from the Gaol." I wrote a pathetic ballad on the respite of Annette Meyers. I did the helegy, too, on Rush's execution; it was supposed, like the rest, to be written by the culprit himself, and was particularly penitent. I didn't write that to horder—I knew they would want it. The publisher read it over, and said, "That's the thing for the street." I only got a shilling for Rush. Indeed, they are all the same price, no matter how popular they may be. I wrote the life of Manning in verse. Besides these, I have written the lament of Calcraft, the hangman, on the decline of his trade.

"The Rookery," where this meeting was held, is a dense mass of houses in the neighborhood of St. Giles, through which curve tortuous lanes, from which again diverge close courts—one great maze, as if the houses had been originally of one block of stone, eaten by slugs into numberless small chambers and connecting passages. The lanes are thronged with loiterers, and the air poisoned

with stagnant gutters and piles of garbage. Wisps of straw, old hats, and lumps of bed-ticking alternate in the windows with shivered panes of glass; the walls are dingy with soot; and doors are half-fallen from worm-eaten posts and broken hinges. It is here and in the neighboring streets that vagrants and thieves, scavengers and char-women, sharpers and prostitutes, make their homes and hold their nightly revels.

I once went through several courts of the Seven Dials on Monday. It was washing day. The natural gloom was deepened by every imaginable species of ragged napery hung upon lines stretched from window to window, story above story. The corners were thronged by men, driven out by the steaming suds, while dirty-faced, unkempt children rioted in the filthy thoroughfares. Passing an arched passage that led, after a few hundred feet, into a green "square" surrounded by houses of trades-people—for poverty and wealth are in fearful contiguity all over the great metropolis—I heard addressed to a lean, yellow-skinned boy just before me, the salutation,

"Halloo, Shanks! Got anything to eat?"

"No," replied the boy, qualifying the answer with an oath. "Give us something."

"I'm hard up meself," returned the first speaker; "ax Mother McFinn."

"She give me a dinner," says Shanks, "for cleaning out her cellar 'isterday, and 'taint like she's going to grub me every day."

"Give Brassy a chance, then."

"No, I shan't. Brassy sets his dog on me."

"The thief of the wurruld! But you had a raal dinner yesterday, thin?"

"You bet on that. And now I must wait, I s'pose, till I gets a job."

The speakers by this time had emerged from the alley, and were passing a little parlor window, when the sash flew up, and a white hand was thrust forth, holding a three-penny bit, and a woman's voice said,

"Go and buy bread, poor boy!"

Shanks snatched at the coin, pulled his acknowledgment at his thatch of hair, and saw the window down.

"Shanks," said the Irishman, "you're in for a buster this time, anyhow! Long life to the lady! Sure the gentle blood's the thing!"

Begging in England, although forbidden by statute, is followed as a trade in London more systematically than in any other European capital. The number of professional beggars considerably exceeds sixty thousand. Of course one meets them constantly and in every variety.

An American gentlemen, hurrying with a friend, also an American, to a dinner some years ago, passed through Belgrave square. A woman, decently clad in widow's weeds, sat weeping upon the door-steps of a palatial mansion. The friends had passed her, giving a glance only, when one said to the other, "Did you see that woman? She appeared respectable, and seemed to be in distress. It will take but a minute to inquire into the case. Let us go back."

They did so. The woman, though weeping bitterly, was reluctant to speak, and endeavored to get away. By kind words and an explanation of their motives, coupled with an apology for addressing her, she was induced to confess that she was indeed in great trouble—her husband had been dead two years, her resources were all spent, her landlord that afternoon had turned her and her three children into the street, and she had just found that Lady George Bentine,

who knew her and her father's family, and who owed her a considerable sum of money, was absent on the Continent.

"And have you no home to go to, my good woman?"

"None in the wide world. My children are at a neighbor's. Will you come with me, please, and see them?"

"That we cannot do. We do not doubt you. How much do you owe your landlord?"

"Two pounds, ten. But, then, gentlemen, I do not want the money until you come and see me. I am no beggar. It is only temporary relief I need until Lady Bentine returns."

It appeared to be a case of real distress, and the gentlemen made up the money. In less than a week afterward, the same woman was met under precisely similar circumstances by the late Charles Goodyear, telling the same story, and was relieved in a still larger sum; and that, too, within one hour of the late Charles Morey's having given her, on the door-step of his boarding-house, two pounds sterling upon the same plea.

This case belonged to the class of respectable beggars, represented by broken tradesmen, distressed authors, poor ushers, tidy widows, usually with children in white pinafores, and superannuated clergymen. I once met one of the last in the Edgeware road. He was dressed in black, with bands; his shoes patched, but clean; his coat threadbare, but spotless of dust; his neckcloth and linen scrupulously white; his hat old, but carefully brushed; his face smooth-shaven; his white hair, which fell in long locks on his neck, and his trembling limbs, all making an irresistible appeal—through the senses—to the heart. He said not a word, stood removed from observation, made neither gesture nor movement, and held out in his tremulous hand a slip of paper, on which, in clerical chirography, were written these words,

I AM STARVING.

Let the reader bring the whole scene before him, and he will see that, so long as there is a chance, be it one in a million, that it may be a case of genuine suffering worthy of relief, so long the fraud will be more or less successful.

The vigilance of the police has failed to suppress street begging in London. The exposure of its frauds by the press, in the pulpit, and upon the stage, has been equally unsuccessful. An association, styled the "Missing Link," which, for a time, promised better results, has also failed. One of the street missionaries describes the difficulties to be encountered by the following example:

"I met," he writes, "five-and-thirty cadgers in a room of their own selection, and at their own appointment. They gave me a rough, but hearty welcome. The leading man introduced me.

"'The kind gemmun what comes to talk to we poor people about summut better, is here. I should like you to hear the old buffer, Buster,' addressing a man sitting in a chair, ''cause you know a thing or two. It's regular stunnin', it is; and, what's more, it's cuttin', too. Come, mister, oblige me by giving these gents a stave. Let's hear summut about that young rascal what bolted away from his poor old governor. That's a reg'lar good thing, damme—that is, Buster! Come, my infant, hand over the cushion!'

"The chair was passed to me, and, as I opened my Bible, the Buster remarked,

"'Mum's the word, coveys. Smoke your pipes and listen to the gemmun!'

"I said that our friend had spoken of the Prodigal Son. He says he would

like you to hear about him. I will read the story, and then explain it. They listened attentively. Eyes glistened as I went on. They were quiet and orderly. And when I prayed, kneeling in their midst, not a word of interruption occurred. But, when I endeavored to make personal application of the truth, Buster said, 'Lord bless you, mister, how can the likes of us repent? Why, we can't get wittles to eat, let alone things to kiver us—and what's the use?'"

Among the well-known classes of beggars may be named the naval and and military beggars, distressed operative beggars, disaster beggars (as shipwrecked mariners, blown-up miners, and burnt-out tradesmen); bodily-afflicted beggars (such as those who are crippled, maimed, paralyzed, deformed, blind, deaf-and-dumb, or playing the "shallow cove," *i. e.*, appearing half-clad in the streets); foreign beggars, who stop you, and request to know if you speak French; petty-trading beggars, who sell tracts, lucifer-matches, and boot-laces; musical beggars, who sing, or play on some instrument, as a cloak for begging; and screevers, who write "slums" (letters) and "fakements" (petitions) for others to use.

There are individuals, however, who will not be classified; men and women, who, by some dexterity of hand or trick of speech, accomplish their ends outside of rules. I met one of this character several years ago in St. John's Wood, a suburb of the West End. Walking rapidly toward home, after the close of business, I noticed a young man keeping along at my side, asking alms. Without either looking at him or slackening my pace, I replied to every application he made, "No! No! No!" when, at once, without any incivility, he brought his face directly in front of mine, and, in a tone which it is utterly impossible to describe, more like what one would suppose a drowning man would unconsciously use in his last appeal for help, than anything else, asked,

"And what *am* I to do, sir?"

I turned upon him, stopped, and noticing his eagerness, replied,

"I am sure I don't know what you are to do. I don't think Providence expects *me* to take care of you."

"So everybody has said to-day," he rejoined. "I never asked help before. I am a carpenter, just discharged from St. Luke's—look at my arm, healed of a nasty cut; and I can't go back to my job without clothes. Come and see my wife and babies; it is not two blocks off. Indeed, sir, I am no impostor. Here's my "character," for more than six years. It's very hard, sir—indeed it is—to be kept from work simply because I have no clothes."

I looked at him, hesitated a moment, felt almost sure I was wrong; but finally told him to follow me. Arrived at home, I gave him a suit of cast-off clothing, a pair of shirts and stockings. He was very grateful, and promised to come back and see me as soon as he was fairly at his work again.

"Come," I said, "and if it turns out that you are what you profess to be, I will be your friend."

It is needless to say that he never came. As time passed on, I had nearly forgotten the matter, when, upon alighting from an omnibus one wet, cold evening in February, more than two years afterward, a man followed me as I hastened up the square, my umbrella being held close down for shelter, and persisted in asking for charity. I said, in my usual way, "No! No! No!" when a face appeared under my umbrella, directly in front of mine, asking the question of despair—

"And what *am* I to do, sir?"

"Oho!" said I, for I recognized the tones instantly, "I have found you, have I?" but, before I had time to call a policeman, the man, discovering his mistake, had taken to his legs. Here was a case where, by a simple trick of speech, stumbled upon accidentally, no doubt, at first, and then afterward adopted systematically, a rogue probably obtained a first-rate livelihood.

The Jews, who number within the metropolis more than sixty thousand souls, and who are to be found in every grade of life, from the Premier to the old-clothes' man, take care of their own poor, and their schools, hospitals, and asylums are numerous. You see poor Jews everywhere, but never a Jewish beggar. From Aldgate to the Barbican, through dark lanes, strips of roadway and stumbling courts, where costermongers and bone-grubbers find their homes, and musty furniture and half-decayed peltry stifle the air, you may see the Jew utilizing everything. He buys and sells, cheats and lies, steals, and receives stolen goods; but never asks alms.

It is perhaps at night, near twelve o'clock, during the three months of winter, that the hideous aspect of London poverty is best seen. The hum of life has ceased. The shops are closed. The gin-palaces have thrust out their beastly crowd, some to seek shelter under the benches in the parks, others in the niches of the public buildings, and others still in the litter of the markets. The only living creatures that still haunt the streets are the wretched magdalens. On door-steps crouch homeless children. In the dust-heaps are burrowed the rag-pickers. And, where the main is being mended and the gas flaunts its ragged flame, a crowd of shivering wretches are stretched among piles of stone and mounds of earth. In Playhouse Yard, where the "Refuge" gives gratuitously to each of the first six hundred applicants, after Bow Bells has gone midnight, a bed for rest and a loaf for breakfast, more than twice that number is assembled. The blue, shoeless feet of children; pale infants at the breasts of half-starved mothers; the wrangling of greedy men and boys for places nearest the bars that guard the door; beggars of every race and every craft and calling—the friendless and penniless, the impostor and unfortunate, the Lascar and the Pole, seeking eleemosynary shelter and bread with the savage craving of starving wolves—are events as certain to come as midnight.

Addison speaks in No. 340 of "The Spectator" as if London were "an aggregate of various nations." The great metropolis at that day contained 280,000 souls. It numbers now 3,340,000. If what he wrote were true in 1715, what shall we say of 1868? Of the judge at Westminster and the Jew "fence" at Petticoat lane? Of the pet ritualistic parson and the Mile End prize-fighter? Of the fair daughter of Grosvenor House, and the fluffy-haired woman of Crocodile court? What but that London is an incongruous chaos of riches and poverty, charity and crime, ambition and despair, where the very best and the very worst types of civilization obtain, and where, while there is more philanthropy, perhaps, there is more suffering than in any other spot in the world.

N. S. Dodge.

THE PICTURE OF THE WORLD.

ONE morning of a summer's day,
Upon a painter's easel lay
The picture of a child at play:
A form of laughing life and grace,
And finished, all except the place
Left empty for the untouched face.
In nodding violets, half asleep,
The dancing feet were ankle deep:
One rounded arm was heaping up
With clover-bloom and buttercup;
The other tossed a blossom high
To lure a hovering butterfly.
'Twas easy to imagine there,
In that round frame of rippled hair,
The wanting face, all bright and fair.

A sadder artist came that day,
Looked on the picture where it lay,
And, sitting in the painter's place,
He painted in the missing face.
From his own heart the hues he took—
Lo! what a wan and woeful look!
Under that mocking wreath of flowers,
A brow worn old with weary hours:
A face, once seen, one still must see;
Wise, awful eyes' solemnity,
Lips long ago too tired to hide
The torture-lines where love had died;
The look of a despair too late,
Too dead, to even be desperate:
A face for which so far away
The struggle and the protest lay,
No memory of it more could stay.
Repulsed and reckless, withered, wild,
It stared above that dancing child.

At night a musing poet came,
And shuddering, wrote beneath its name.

E. R. SILL.

A TALK WITH MR. BURLINGAME ABOUT CHINA.

THE presence among us of the most unique and remarkable embassy of modern days, if not of all time, has created a widespread popular interest in China and Chinese affairs. On the arrival of Mr. Burlingame in Washington, I commenced to gather materials for an article on this subject. These, thanks to the courtesy of the chief of the embassy and his accomplished secretaries of legation, Messrs. Brown and Deschamps, have grown far beyond the ordinary limits of a magazine article. I shall, therefore, in this paper, confine myself to transcribing a few of the notes I had taken of conversations with these gentlemen.

It will be but a few years—it may be less than a score—before the mutual commercial relations between the United States and China, Japan, and the islands of the Indian Ocean will be of more importance to us than the trade we now carry on with the nations of Europe. That this is not an idle fancy—a figment of the imagination—will perhaps be seen when it is considered that on either shore of the two continents washed by the waves of the Pacific Ocean, there dwells nearly, if not quite one-half of the estimated population of the globe. Human imagination can hardly conceive the rapid growth in power and population which the year 1950 will find realized on the American shores of that great ocean.

To the majority of those who read the treaty recently made between the Chinese Plenipotentiaries and our Government, a feeling of disappointment at what appeared to be the non-important character of its provisions, was doubtless uppermost. The formal recognition of the Chinese Empire as one of the family of nations, may not seem to us to be of very great importance, but to the Chinese government and people, the treaty embodies vast results. It means to that nation the preservation of its character, integrity, and political autonomy, against that rapacity for conquest and possession of other lands, which seems to be the chief characteristic of all European dealings with Asiatic peoples. To the Chinese themselves, the policy established by the treaty will surely open the door to the amelioration of the condition of the masses of their population; to an increase of prosperity; a wide extension of knowledge; a large development of travel and emigration, and a consequently rapid melting away of traditions and prejudices, which, existing for many centuries among them, have on the one hand largely aided the remarkable stability of their institutions, and yet on the other, have as greatly hindered them, especially during the last century, when commerce, the civilizer, has been, rather rudely it must be confessed, forcing its way into the more secluded portions of the earth.

The following brief and clear epitome of the treaty is presented here as a starting point:

This treaty with China comprises eight articles. The first recognizes her right of eminent domain over all her territory, even where occupied by foreign traders. The second gives her the sole power over internal navigation, against claims set up and put in

force by Great Britain and France. The third gives the right of appointing consuls in America, equal in rank and power with those of Great Britain and Russia. The fourth grants absolute freedom and protection to all religions and to cemeteries. The fifth endorses the rights of naturalization, and forbids the coolie trade. The sixth bestows upon all citizens of China equal rights in travel or residence with our own citizens, and *vice versa*. The seventh opens all the schools of each country to the children of either nationality residing therein. The eighth reserves the right to the Emperor of making his own internal improvements unobstructed by foreign interference.

The fact of the necessity of a great nation like the Chinese having in these latter days to provide, by formal recognition, for the guaranteeing of its own sovereign rights, is in itself a remarkable proof of how our so-called "civilized nations" had come to regard the Flowery Kingdom. The spirit in which the English and French have dealt with it seems to have been—modified, it is true, by the difference in time and the Christian spirit which has slowly but surely been making itself felt—paralleled only by the ideas Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake, and their *confrères* held of the right of English buccaneers to spoil the Spaniard in America. They may have had something of the justification which those hardy and enterprising leaders had against the Spaniard.

By those who, either from observation or reading, know the characteristics of the Chinese, and who, also, are in the habit of measuring acts by the scope and force of their probable results, the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh articles of the Chinese treaty will be regarded as of the greatest interest. To Americans, jealous of the good name of their land, and desirous of seeing its Republican ideal as fully embodied in the public law as is possible, the fifth article will have especial interest. Under it the unjust local laws and oppressive customs which bear so hard upon the seventy thousand industrious and useful Chinamen, who now perform for very moderate wages much of the hard labor and drudgery of the Pacific States, will be swept away by the strong arm of the general government. The treaty is a wise one, both in a narrow selfish sense, and in the broader humanitarian one. No statesman of the old school could have managed more shrewdly for himself than "John Chinaman" has done in this important document; at the same time it is certain, also, that the wisest "servants of civilization," who work for the world as well as their own nations, could not have acted more wisely and comprehensively for the interests of man. If Mr. Burlingame and associates succeed in obtaining the same favorable though formal declarations from England, Russia and France, they will not only have outwitted all the usual policy and practice of those empires, and won for the government they represent what no Asiatic nationality has ever before succeeded in securing —equal international recognition and rights; but they will also have introduced a new element into the world's history. An effectual stop, so far as Asiatic policy is concerned, will be put to the policy of absorption. The recent Chinese treaty stays the process of Asiatic dissolution, and will ere long bear fruit in the presence of a power strong enough, under the energizing influences of modern and material civilization, to stay the progress of Russia on the one side and of England on the other. France need hardly be counted. Although at present possessed of so strong a foothold in Siam, and rapidly impinging on Cochin China, she never could colonize, though often a conqueror. Some one else, sooner or later, reaps the results of her labors—in that direction. If maintained at all, it will be as naval and military stations, rather than colonial possessions, in the proper sense of the term.

The first thing that strikes one in China, especially when regarded from the new stand point offered by the Burlingame embassy, is the vastness of its population. According to the latest census, made for purposes of taxation, the population is returned at four hundred and fifteen millions, one-third of the estimated population of the world. This is probably understated. Several years since, Sir John Bowring considered the population of the Empire to be nearly four hundred millions. The increase from 1792 to 1812—twenty years—was 54,122,679, not quite one per cent. per annum for the period named.

Mr. Burlingame put the vastness of this population in a striking light when, in the happy, if florid, reply he made to Speaker Colfax's formal reception of the embassy for the House of Representatives, he spoke of the Government represented by himself and associates as coming here for peace, and "not with the beat of drum, or the martial tread, though representing the latent power of eighty millions of men." Many persons doubtless regarded this as rhodomontade—Attorney-General Evarts certainly did, if we judge him by the singular speech he made at the New York banquet—but those who have made themselves acquainted with the history and character of that small Chinese force—drilled, disciplined, and, until the introduction of the policy known as the "co-operative" in diplomatic relations with China, led by foreign officers, which the necessities of the great Taeping Rebellion caused the Imperial government to create—will by no means be ready to treat with a sneer the military character of a people who have proved themselves capable of being made excellent soldiers when well armed, disciplined and commanded.

Among the results of the cooperative policy, is the gradual formation of a Chinese naval and military force, sufficient at least to do police duty on its own waters, to suppress piracy on its coast, and, it is believed, soon to be effective enough to suppress the remains of the great rebellion now continually manifesting itself in the Northern and Western provinces of the Empire. Such is the peaceable character of the Chinese masses, that a small effective force, once thoroughly organized, could perform the necessary repressive police duties. The existence of this force is now felt, by the liberal statesmen, who, under the regency of Prince Kung, are seeking to lead China into a broader and firmer national life, to be essential to the repression, not only of marauding, but of corruption and tendencies to disintegration within the Empire itself.

Reference has been made to the existence of a Chinese military force drilled in our Western tactics. This army was organized by the American General Ward, who raised and commanded it under an imperial commission. Ward's skill and courage inspired his men. Killed while leading an assault, he was succeeded by General Burgevine, another American, who, however, was made the victim of intrigues created by Chinese hatred of foreigners, and the jealousy of officials of other nationalities, who feared his growing popularity and evident ability. He joined the rebels, but died of the effects of a serious wound; otherwise, the results of the rebellion might have been different.

Just here I am reminded of a decision once formed by a very prominent public man in the United States, which, if it had been carried out, would have left vacant a remarkable place in our recent annals; but, in all probability, would have filled a greater one in the history of China. I refer to General Benjamin F. Butler, who, not many months since, told this writer that he, when comparatively a young man, with some dozen other gentlemen of intellect and energy, restless under the restraints of our then comparative dead-level of life, and

probably inspired thereto by Caleb Cushing's animated descriptions and defence of China and Chinese character, determined to go to that country and offer their services to the Imperial government. Their plans included the creation of a military force, such as General Ward afterward commanded. If I am not mistaken, either Ward or Burgevine was included with Mr. Butler among the adventurous party referred to. But two of them finally sailed to China. One or both met death there. It would be a curious speculation to endeavor to realize what would have followed the advent in China, at the beginning of its vast civil war, of a body of young and able adventurers, of whom General Butler would have been a leading, if not the master spirit. The General is to-day an earnest defender of Chinese civilization and character, and delights to talk on the principal features of China's administrative polity, with the details of which he is exceedingly well acquainted.

But this is a digression, though not inappropriate, from the organization of a drilled army in China. Since 1861, that force has been, so far as its organization is concerned, under the direction of an English officer, Major Gordon, who is permitted by his own government to serve the Imperial government. Acting under the advice of Mr. Burlingame, when serving as our minister at Pekin, the Imperial administration retains the direct leadership of these troops in the hands of Tartar and Chinese officers.

The Chinese government has established at Foo-choo, one of the treaty ports, a navy-yard and arsenal, both well equipped, and yearly becoming more extensive. The arsenal is under the superintendency of Mr. Falls, an American engineer. A large majority of the workmen are native. There is another navy-yard at Shanghai. Large amounts of manufactured metal are imported by the government, for use in the arsenal. At Shanghai, seven small gunboats have been built by the Imperial administration, and five by the province in which that great commercial city—second only, as a port, to Calcutta—is situated. Two small gunboats are stationed in the province of Fuh Kien.

Some idea of the War "Board" or department activity may be gathered from the returns of arms it imported at the port of Shanghai alone, which I find entered in the Imperial customs returns for the years named.* In 1865, 29,747 muskets and rifles, 32 pieces of cannon for the field and fortifications, and 3,240 revolvers were entered. In 1866, 29,407 muskets and rifles, 42 pieces of artillery, 4,396 revolvers, 9,000 shot and shell, more than 160,000,000 percussion caps, 3,250,000 cartridges, and 2,500,000 pounds of gunpowder. These importations are but specimens of what has been going on for several years past, and is still continued. It is understood that a number of gentlemen who served in our army have quite recently gone, in various capacities, to China, though not, probably, in direct connection with its government. I may add that many inventions relating to the "arts destructive" have been offered for its consideration.

There are several ship-yards at Shanghai and Canton; also similar establishments at Ning-po, belonging to French residents there, and probably others at different treaty ports. Six ship-yards at Shanghai are owned and controlled by Americans. The French government has built some gunboats at Ning-po.

* I am greatly indebted to the courtesy of Monsieur Deschamps, second secretary of the Chinese Embassy, for placing at my disposal the exceedingly interesting reports of the Foreign Customs Commissioners to the authorities at Pekin. They are printed in English, French, and Chinese.

The Chinese are building gunboats, intended for service against pirates, at Foochoo.

The native merchants are not allowed to enter directly into the foreign shipping trade. The Chinese flag is not allowed to float above foreign ships. Investments are, however, made through foreign houses by the Chinese. There are a few vessels built at Chinese ports on foreign models, including some river steamers on American models.

The coastwise trade of China is very great. Of that which is entered at the native customs (a separate system is maintained for the foreign trade) no account can be obtained. A large proportion of this trade is in the hands of German merchants, who employ a considerable steam fleet. The trade is largely on the increase. The revenue from opium alone was stated, in the last returns I have seen, at two million taels.* The total duties from foreign and coastwise trade are estimated at nine million taels per annum.

As before stated, Shanghai, near the mouth of the great Chinese river, the Yang-tse, now navigated by regular American river steamers for 600 miles, is the largest port in the empire. It is the chief point for American trade, and the headquarters of the foreign customs system. The foreign city covers ten miles square. The land is leased from the government to the Treaty Powers. Our so-called Christian nationalities always have insisted upon the principle of extra-territoriality for their own citizens residing in countries like China, Turkey, Persia, etc., while, at the same time, rigidly exacting obedience to their own laws and submission to their tribunals from any unfortunate natives of those lands who may be residing in Christian countries. How well the latter are treated is exemplified by the horrors of the Chinese and Hindoo coolie trade the world over, and our own brutal oppression of the Chinese in California. The foreign reservations at the treaty ports are governed by municipal governments provided for by the Treaty Powers, while each nationality has its consular court, for protection of person and property and the prevention of crime.

Shanghai—the foreign concession—has nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, who are mostly Chinese. There are eighty-eight foreign houses of business, eleven banks, thirteen brokers, the same number of commission stores, and fourteen ordinary stores. All the banks but one, and fifty-eight of the business houses are English. They have also three docks, one ship building, and two repairing yards. The Germans have fifteen business houses, this being the centre of their coastwise trade, and the French have but five houses and one bank. In 1861, they had ten leading commercial firms. The Americans have six business houses and several ship-yards. They carry off the palm in the latter business. Three lines of ocean mail steamers have their terminus at Shanghai. They are the British Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the French Messageries Imperiales, and the American Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Besides these, there is a tri-yearly line (Holt's steamships) from Liverpool. A daily line plies between Shanghai and Ning-po. The Shanghai Steam Navigation Company's vessels go tri-weekly up and down the River Yang-tse for 600 miles; and, except in winter, also have a steam line to Tien-tsin and other ports to the north. At Foo-choo there are four coast steamers, and three between it and Shanghai, regularly employed. At Amoy, the most northerly port, the customs reports for 1866 give 265 steamers as arriving

* A tael is $1 40 in silver.

and leaving there during the year. Three regular lines ply between it and other treaty ports.

Of late years great interest has been aroused with regard to the extent, value, and development of the coal fields of China. The largest proportion of the coal used by steamboats engaged in the coastwise and interior river trade, is brought from Great Britain direct, or the various depots in the Indian Archipelago, which the foresight of that power long since established. Japan has, within two or three years, furnished some portion, while small quantities are exported from Australia and Labuan. Surface coal veins have long been worked in China. They are, however, of an indifferent quality, while the manner of working them is clumsy and expensive. Coal of a superior quality was known to exist in great abundance. Mr. Burlingame early sought to induce the Imperial government to have the coal fields thoroughly surveyed. In November, 1864, he procured the appointment of an American geologist, Mr. Raphael Pumpelly, of Owego, New York, to make such an exploration in the country contiguous to Pekin. Mr. Pumpelly had previously been at work for the Japanese government, and was at the time of his appointment by the Chinese government, on his way home, *via* Mongolia and Russian Asia. He is thoroughly competent, having been educated for the purpose in Germany, and previously been engaged in elaborate geological surveys in Arizona and the Island of Yedo. The appointment was first suggested by Sir Frederick Bruce. The commercial importance of the suggestion can be arrived at when it is known that more than 400,000 tons of coal are estimated to be used in the coastwise trade alone. Most of this is brought from England—a water carriage of 15,000 miles. The cost is about four million taels. A tael is valued at $1 40 in silver, so that the coal imported into China for the coasting trade costs considerably more than six million dollars in our currency.

In an early report to the Chinese officials, Mr. Pumpelly says:

> China has an extent of coal fields hardly, if at all surpassed by those of any one country in the world. It is in the power of the Chinese government, by properly developing a few mines, to place the whole of this trade in the hands of the Chinese subjects, with great profit to themselves and much benefit to foreigners.

An English geologist, Mr. Kingsmill, whose attention has been directed to the extent and value of the coal fields in Northern China alone, thus estimates their area in four of its provinces:

	Square miles.
Shensi	9,000
Shansi	28,000
Chihli, extending to Mongolia	30,000
Shingking and Southern Manchooria	20,000
In all	87,000

The whole of the region named, extending from Shensi to the borders of Corea, may be considered as one vast coal bed, covering an area of over fifteen degrees of latitude. The vastness of these deposits may be realized when it is considered that the total of other known coal fields in the world is only 154,200 square miles. Coal is also known to exist in the province of Kansuh. In character, it is both bituminous and anthracite, the latter of a middling good quality. Very little else but surface mining has yet been done. Some foreign mining companies have been formed, but the local authorities are still hampered by the prejudices against "outside barbarians," and not much has been accom-

plished. Operations near Ching-kiang, which were under direction of foreign capitalists, have recently been suspended by direction of the Viceroy. Recent advices from Hankow state that a French exploring party which left Cochin China in 1866, are reported to be nearing that treaty port. They have made discoveries, it is reported, of both gold and coal mines.

The Shanghai "News Letter" of April 17 estimates the annual importation of coal into Shanghai alone, from foreign countries, at about 120,000 tons for the current year. Its cost ranges from $8 to $19 a ton. Fifty per cent. of all that is needed might, within a short time, be supplied by China itself.

The Empire is known to be extremely rich in all the metals. Abundant indications are found of every valuable ore, except platinum. Of copper, iron, and lead veins, the northern provinces are prolific. These metals have been worked for centuries by the Chinese, but there is plenty of room for improvement and development. The Imperial Maritime Customs Report, containing most valuable and interesting papers from the foreign officials of the Chinese government employed in this branch of the service, contains, among other subjects, statements relating to the resources, mineral and agricultural, of the extreme northern sea coast provinces of China; also of Manchooria and Corea. It is very evident from these statements, that all that region is extremely rich in the most useful ores. This fact, with the accompanying one of extensive coal deposits, indicates the future prosperity and importance of this great country; a future, too, not so far distant, when Western material civilization and energy shall be wedded to the subtle Eastern intellect, and together we shall see, as Walt Whitman says in his picturesque and suggestive "Broadway Pageant,"

> Commerce opening—the sleep of ages having done its work—races, reborn, refreshed;
> Lives, works, resumed. The object I know not; but the old—the Asiatic, resumed, as it must be,
> Commencing from this day, surrounded by the world.

In view of the established extent of the coal fields in Northern China, it is gratifying to learn from Mr. Raphael Pumpelly himself, that the treatment of foreigners in that portion of the Empire is very much better than in the southern part. Mr. Pumpelly says in the "North American" for April, "that all who travelled that part of the Empire will bear witness to the friendliness of the people."

In an earlier portion of the same article, he gives some facts which probably explain this greater friendliness. Speaking of the advance of the allied forces against Pekin in 1856, Mr. Pumpelly says that Sir Frederick Bruce (the wisest diplomat England ever sent to China, as the results of his policy are rapidly proving) "who had succeeded his brother, Lord Elgin, turned his attention toward relieving the people from any participation in the sufferings of war, and aiming the blow solely at the government. . . The effect of this humane course, so directly opposite to the Chinese mode of warfare, and, indeed, to the previous action of foreign armies in the East, was immediately apparent in the treatment which the inhabitants of Pekin and its environs, without exception, gave to unprotected foreigners. And at present there are few countries in the world where one can travel with more safety than in Northern China."

A good deal of the active ill feeling prevailing still in the southern provinces is owing, doubtless, to a more lively and intelligent appreciation of the (hitherto) aggressive and essentially brutal character of their treatment by Western nations, more especially by the subjects of that Empire which John Mitchell once

so aptly characterized as the "Anglo-Saxon bully that strides the world like a Colossus," and seeks to make every one pay tribute to its greatness.

A great many efforts have been made to obtain from the Imperial government authority to build telegraph and railway lines, but hitherto without success. Too many prejudices have to be overcome. The customs and traditions of more than twenty centuries do not vanish in one or two decades, and it is not much farther back since the Chinese government began to bend to the forces leading it toward international relations, and into the broadest currents of modern life. Mr. Burlingame secured, in 1864, authority for an American company to lay a submarine cable connecting all the treaty ports. This will be about nine hundred miles in length. The only attempt made at land telegraphy has been by an American house, that of the Messrs. Russell, at Shanghai, who have built a short line along the water front, connecting their warehouses and docks with the *hong* or office of the firm. It is a source of constant wonder to the untravelled Chinese. Their countrymen in California, however, make great use of the wires.

The capitalists who projected the East India Telegraph Company originated an enterprise of much greater magnitude, but have for the present abandoned it. They proposed a telegraph system by which all the principal cities of China were to be united by the electric wire, and a junction ultimately secured with the British East Indian lines. Dr. Macgowan, their commissioner, failed to secure from the Imperial Foreign Office the needed concessions. It will go no further than to allow the submarine line already indicated. Dr. Macgowan, who is an accomplished Chinese scholar, and has invented a system of telegraph writing in which the Chinese characters are used, is engaged, through a series of articles published in the Chinese newspaper of Shanghai, in the removal of the prejudices against and misapprehension of the electric telegraphic system.

In all probability the first direct telegraphic communication the Chinese will have with the "outside barbarians" of the West, will be through Siberia. The Russian government is actively engaged in pushing forward to the Pacific the great intercontinental line which is to connect St. Petersburg and the mouth of the Amoor River, lying but a short distance from the most southerly of our newly-acquired Pacific possessions—the Aleutian Islands. An enterprising Scotchman, C. Mitchell Grant, has already established an express line for the transmission of dispatches to Europe, *via* Kiachta, in Russian Asia. Kiachta is the seat of the famous mart at which all the trade between Russia and China is conducted, and through which is conveyed the famous "brick tea," a luxury as necessary to the Russian as the article in its ordinary form is to the Chinese. Telegrams have been received at Shanghai from London, *via* Kiachta and Pekin, in eighteen days. A bi-weekly mail has recently been started between Pekin and St. Petersburg.

There are but two Chinese papers, properly so-called, in the Empire. One is the "Gazette," published at Pekin, and used as an official means of communicating decrees, orders, etc. It is, in fact, the Chinese "Moniteur." Of its character more will be said hereafter. The other is a newspaper, in the proper sense of the term. The "Supreme Court and Consular Gazette" is a tri-weekly, printed in Chinese characters, and published at Shanghai. It is considered to be very well edited, is quite a large sheet, and if the copy before me is evidence of its general appearance, its typographical execution is very neat. Both these papers are printed from modern movable types, and not on blocks, in the older

Chinese style. The Shanghai paper has quite a large circulation among the native population. It is owned and edited by an English firm, who also publish other papers.

The official organ, "The Pekin Gazette," is prepared in a manner rather amusing to our notions. There is in one of the departments or "boards" of the government a copying office for the promulgation of official matter. A large number of copyists are employed therein. Besides the copies of decrees required to be made, to be sent officially to all the higher mandarins throughout the Empire, the clerks are allowed to make copies for persons who desire to obtain them on the day of their publication, in this manner. Most of the embassies and foreign residents of Pekin subscribe to these copies, which are really the official gazette. Mr. Burlingame's secretaries inform me that, in all, not more than ninety persons thus subscribe. The subscription price for the manuscript copies is seven dollars per month. They are issued daily. The price obtained is really a perquisite of the copying office. Thousands of persons are employed throughout the provinces in making copies, in whole or part, of the contents of this organ. The printers of the "Gazette" obtain their copy from the office, and publish the same always two days after its publication in the manuscript form. Officially, nobody is supposed to know how the printer gets his matter, yet, at the same time, its publication is accepted as an official promulgation wherever received. Copies of the "Gazette" are made, by permission of the proper official, by printers in the large cities of different provinces. The "Gazette" office, as well as the provincial printing offices, occasionally issue bulletin slips containing some news regarding the rebellion, or similar matter, which is always bought with avidity by the people. The subscription price to the "Pekin Gazette" is about a half dollar in silver per month.

The "Official Gazette" has become a potent and useful auxiliary of the Imperial government, and every effort is made to increase its influence. An examination of its pages for any stated period will curiously illustrate the methods by which the Manchoo dynasty, as well as the Chinese administrative system, such as it is, has been able to maintain itself so long. It is a so-called paternal autocracy, tempered by criticism of its abuses. The traditions of the people authorize and demand this, and the safety of the dynasty compels its attention. Wendell Phillips will find his plainest words outdone by the censures and complaints which are continually sent to Pekin against the provincial and other local authorities. These are inserted in the "Gazette," and sent over the Empire to be met and confuted or proved, as the case may be. The actions of the Imperial dynasty, or the reigning member thereof, with his counsellors, by no means escape this censorious and critical spirit. It is a powerful manifestation of public opinion which the administration cannot ignore. These criticisms, as a rule, come from some member of the literary class, *i. e.*, of those who, having passed the necessary examinations, have not thereafter availed themselves of the right thus given to enter on an administrative career, but who, living as private citizens, have, by virtue of their recognized abilities, acquired the personal character which justifies them in the voluntary exercise of the censor's functions.

It must not be supposed, however, that there is anything like political discussions among the Chinese. One of Mr. Burlingame's suite curiously illustrated the absence of this, by relating that a traveller, on his first arrival in China, being exceedingly anxious to know what the people themselves thought about their

own affairs, took every opportunity of introducing political inquiries into his conversation with the intelligent Chinese he met. His efforts were not crowned with success. They always avoided the inquiries he made, or ignored the subjects he desired to talk on. At last, one intelligent gentleman, with whom he became tolerably well acquainted, said to him:

"I observe that you always try to talk politics with us. That's a subject, my dear sir, in which we have no interest, and never talk about. We leave all that to our officials. They are paid to attend to it by the Emperor."

At the various treaty ports, papers are published, intended chiefly for the dissemination of commercial news, and for the use of the foreign residents and the Chinese merchants engaged in trade with them. There is a large English-speaking population at nearly all the treaty ports. That people have been longest in commercial relations with China, and, consequently, have by far the lion's share of the trade. At Shanghai, there are six English newspapers, two of which are dailies—the "North China News" and the "Recorder;" one bi-weekly—the "Friend of China." This latter is bitterly opposed to the American influence, derides the diplomatic mission of which Mr. Burlingame is the head, and supports the worst phases of that spirit toward other nations which has made the British name detestable among Eastern peoples. The office from which the Chinese "Supreme Court Gazette" is issued, also publishes the "North China Herald," a handsome and well-filled weekly. Besides these, which are more or less in the interest of the British trade, there is the "Shanghai News Letter," published for transmission to the United States per the Pacific Mail steamers. It is the pioneer American paper, and is a pretty little sheet. The numbers before me are well arranged, and filled with interesting items. There is also a "Fortnightly Market Report," printed in Chinese.

There are several papers, both daily and weekly, published at Canton. Hankow has the "Times," a weekly, I believe. In all, there must be twenty newspapers, or thereabouts, printed in English and published in China. The foreign population at Hong Kong and the fourteen treaty ports cannot be less than 25,000 souls, probably more. The papers they patronize give every evidence of familiar customs closely followed. At Shanghai, one is informed of the arrival of an Italian opera troupe, also of the advent of a travelling dramatic company. Concerts and amateur theatricals are announced. It is very evident that our friends in China understand the art of living well. Among other items of literary interest is the monthly periodical, "Notes and Queries on China and Japan," published at Hong Kong, which is modelled after its London namesake, and is full of interesting matter. A monthly magazine, with photographic illustrations, is also announced. Hong Kong boasts also of a China "Punch," a feeble as well as far-off imitation of its famous London prototype. "Notes and Queries" is very interesting, and ought to be on file in every good public library in this country. It is edited by N. B. Dennis.

These random notes should not close without some brief mention of the Chinese foreign customs system, and the character of its staff. At the present time, it is under the direct control of Robert Hart, an able Irishman, who holds the office of inspector-general. Under him there are twelve commissioners, one at each of twelve treaty ports—there are fourteen open ports in all. There are fourteen sub-establishments or branch custom-houses in all. As commissioners and clerks, there are ninety persons of foreign birth employed, and as tide-waiters and surveyors, some three hundred in all. These nationalities are Eng-

lish, French, Americans, Germans, Danes, Belgians, Spaniards, and Portuguese. The force employed at Shanghai will give a fair idea of the division among the nationalities of these officers: English, 39; Prussian, 9; French and American, 6 each; 1 each to Austria, Denmark, and Sweden. In all, there are 1,000 Chinese employed by the maritime customs, as linguists, accountants, copyists, examiners, watchers, and boatmen. Fifty of the English officials speak and write Chinese, and the same number of native employés speak and write English. It is difficult to obtain Americans who know anything of the language, and the Imperial government offers fair inducements for our young men to enter their service. They ensure them $1,000 per year while at Pekin for two years learning the language, and will then place them in the customs at good salaries and rapid promotion.

This article has grown voluminous under my hand. There is much more to say, that would be of interest; but I must stop. I do so in the hope, however, of presenting, at an early day, some interesting facts and statistics relating to our past and present commercial relations with China, and also the conclusions I have reached as to the vast increase that may be expected in the near future, and the great changes in China, and results to the United States, which must flow from the near and almost fraternal relations these two great and diverse nationalities are to hold to each other.

RICHARD J. HINTON.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S BLOODHOUND.

I.

THE King's bloodhound in the court-yard lies,
With slackened limbs and sleepy eyes,
Till the King's black steed from the stall is led,
Then he turns him on his flag-stone bed.

II.

But when the King's foot-fall he hears,
He ups and flaps his leathery ears,
For he knows that the King comes forth to ride,
And his joy is to run by his master's side.

III.

And when the King comes down the steps,
The stately hound to meet him leaps,
And whines with glee when the royal hand
Is gently laid on his head so grand.

IV.

But what ails the old bloodhound to-day,
And why no joy does he betray
As down the steps the King comes ringing,
Booted and spurred, and gaily singing?

V.

And why to the lord by the stirrup who stands
And meekly waits the King's commands,
Does the fawning bloodhound grovel and glide
Nor leap to run by his master's side?

VI.

"There's treason floating in the air,
Yon omen whispers me 'beware!'
To-night the traitor's chains shall ring,
To-morrow his head shall fall," says the King.

VII.

Then forth he spurs his fiery steed,
With pallid cheek and angry speed,
No love-song now upon his lips
As down the valley road he dips.

VIII.

And when at the old stone bridge he stops,
A shot rings out from the alder copse,
A heavy fall and a piercing cry,
And the lord is king ere the sun rides high.

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

MIDGE.

IT was near Dedham, Massachusetts, thirty years ago. I visited the place in 1859, and found the premises vacant and neglected. The old house was then standing, a short distance south of what has been the Readville camping ground. The threshold was crossed by only bugs and creeping things; and a rose-bush, planted in other days to make sweet the doorway, had become a bramble, and had torn the soft wool off an unwary lamb. The rotten well-sweep had fallen, and had so lodged in the limbs of a scraggy fruit tree as to resemble a rude gallows. The hearth was cold and dusty. Stinging wasps buzzed by the chimney side. Even the hornets' tattered nest upon the gable looked so blue and melancholy that the schoolboys had no heart to smash it.

This had been the home of one John Maccamic, and here was born his daughter Mary. Here also lived with him a widowed sister, named Rebecca Kramer, who died in 1849. He was considered an upright man in character, and possessed much sturdy virtue and much will. His daughter strongly resembled him; and I, who was a young lad when she became a young woman, remember her as the finest-looking girl in the neighborhood—affectionate and honest, never vain or vulgar, although her country education was poor enough.

A stalwart young carpenter of Dedham had asked to marry her, and her father seemed well enough pleased with her choice. But her lover died very suddenly, a month before his marriage was to be. At my visit to the place alluded to above, I wandered into the burial-ground, whose gate was fastened by what had been a halter passing over a post. A neglected foot-path led from the gate straight to the further side; and near the path was the grave of the carpenter. Brushing aside the lichen, I read on the low head-stone,

DEPARTED THIS LIFE JUNE 17, 1838.

These people bore an excellent reputation in their neighborhood up to the time of which I speak; but in a few months after her lover's death poor Mary became a mother, and not a wife. Whether her father banished her from his house was never known; but it was believed by many that he did so. She left her home a few days after the death of her intended husband, and visited her married brother, who was a fisherman, near Marblehead; and there her child was born.

From her brother's cottage there was little to be seen except the ocean; and on every sunny day Mary pleased her fancy by watching the shifting lines of silver dancing and chasing each other on the water. She afterward spoke of this as having been her only pleasurable occupation during her stay by the sea-side. Her sister-in-law was an unsympathetic and coarse woman, and her brother was constantly away in his boat, which, a year or two after, was capsized and lost, with all on board. Lonely, and oppressed by her humiliating situation, Mary longed for each bright day, that she might sit near the beach and see the sunbeams play upon the brine. The condition of her mind became peculiarly

related to and dependent on the condition of the heavens, and her face was literally and spiritually bright or shadowy, as she saw sun or cloud above her. I pass by the passion, shame, and grief, which underlay the foregoing facts, which attended the betrothal, death, and birth, and divided this poor family. These suggest themselves to the observers of human life.

Miss Maccamic very soon returned to Dedham, and passed several weeks with a distant relative of mine, in whose family she had formerly sewed, and with whom I also lived. She appeared then more prepossessing than ever. Her face was paler than usual, and more expressive of feeling; and, what was most singular, her clear eyes seemed to have changed their color. When they kindled with the unspeakable tenderness she lavished on her child, they were certainly a shade darker than they had ever been before. The baby was a chubby little girl, with large eyes like the mother's.

One morning, Miss Maccamic appeared less at ease than usual, while she dressed herself with care, and wrapped her infant in nearly all the clothing it possessed. The last thing she was observed to do was to fasten her collar with a breastpin given her by her late lover, and which she had worn but little, by reason of her repugnance to its design, but which had pleased the ruder fancy of the carpenter. The setting of the pin was a golden serpent, which formed a hoop by having its tail issuing from or entering its mouth—the antique symbol of eternity. The young mother, with the infant in her arms, remarked that she would spend the day at a friend's near the village, took the road to Dedham Centre, and was seen no more.

A rumor reached the place that she had removed to the West with an emigrant family whom she knew, and that she had married a pioneer and settled near the Wabash. This rumor seemed to have grown out of another, that her aunt had received a letter or two; but no one else ever saw the letters, and it was generally believed that no authentic information of Miss Maccamic was ever obtained by her family after her departure.

Old John Maccamic's prosperity declined after his daughter went away. His crops were poor, his wife died, his health failed. And many elderly people of Dedham, who were living there twenty years ago, still remember him as a small-sized, broken old man, with bent shoulders and coarse, white hair, who cut wood and did odd jobs about the town for whomsoever would employ him. He never spoke willingly of his daughter, and gave irrelevant answers when questioned concerning her. On one or two subjects he became a harmless monomaniac, and died at last in the almshouse, some time between 1847 and 1850. He did not, for many years, look into a mirror, but would always shave himself without one. He had been heard to express the notion—which was probably original with him—that, when a murder is committed in a room where hangs a mirror, a reflection of the scene may be observed in the glass, under certain conditions of light, forever after.

I passed the summer of 1852 in Vermont, visiting a friend on his farm, near the hamlet of Blood's Tavern. Escaping for a few weeks from office work, I was content to spend the time in idling among such hills and woods as suggested anything new or picturesque, catching trout—or trying to catch them—in such streams as I chanced to find, and listening with patience, if not much interest, to the talk of the garrulous old men and women whom I met, concerning the history and inhabitants of that section.

One afternoon—it was in August, 1852—when, returning from a ramble, I

strolled along a spur of wooded hills, regardless of the valley road and the farmers' paths, until my course was arrested by a thicket, to avoid which I turned aside into a rocky glen. While picking my way among the boulders, and through the still gloom of the birches, I was a little startled by a shrill cry or laugh, I knew not which, and glancing quickly aside, fancied I saw a movement of the thick bushes a few yards from me; and in another moment I heard distinctly the patter of light retreating footsteps. I was not sure whether the cry I had heard was that of a human being or not. I was sure there could be, so near the cultivated lands, no catamount or other wild beast which could utter such a sound; and I was equally sure no human being could pass so easily and rapidly through the tangled brushwood as had done the object in question. Going forward in the direction of the disturbance, I came upon a mass of primitive rock at which some person had been working; and on the ground lay a nodule split asunder, revealing some fine quartz crystals, a few of them delicately colored by the metallic oxides they imprisoned. I detached the best specimen, dropped it into my coat pocket, and proceeded homeward.

On my way, I paused to rest under a chestnut tree beside the path, wondering while I rested how many bright crystals were hidden away in the ugly and sharp rocks which I had trodden under foot. This tree to which my feet had strayed, appeared to be dying because it had been smitten by some hewer of wood, although when the act was done, no doubt the author of the mischief intended to make a good use of the timber. From the base of the diseased trunk, by reason of the wound, there had sprung a vigorous sapling which might soon be fruitful, and which, though misdirected by the crooked parent stem, had outgrown its early impediments and shot toward heaven, beckoning with leafy arms the singing birds into its bosom.

I retired early after tea, and thought no more of my adventure. I threw my clothes on a chair standing between the open window and my bed, and was soon asleep, but in a short time was aroused by what seemed a sardonic chuckle by my bedside; and as I peered into the darkness, I imagined a faint rustle at the window. Somehow I felt impressed that I had been awakened by the same voice which had so puzzled me in the afternoon, but in a moment was convinced that I had been dreaming. The strange cry had repeated itself in my dream, and the rustle at the window was caused by a light wind in the eglantine that clambered round the casement.

At breakfast, I said that I had brought home a pretty crystal, and that it was a finer one than I had ever seen in the basket of Old Molly, the woman who sold trinkets at the tavern to the passengers by the Windsor stage-coach. But when asked to show it, I discovered that my precious stone was gone from my pocket, and was not to be found on the floor of my room. In climbing over the rocks, or lounging under the chestnut, I had lost it from my coat.

I had heard considerable gossip, and some singular statements, about this "Old Molly" and her devil of a daughter, who was called Midge; although no one could tell whether this was the child's real name, and no one knew the true name of the mother. She was an eccentric woman, whose first appearance in the neighborhood no one could quite remember. Her dwelling had been built for a corn-house, and in payment for occasional household services, had been made habitable by the owner of the land, and given to her for a home. She got a few pennies by selling trifles at the tavern, and earned a few more with her

needle, which income, with that from the garden she cultivated, was enough for the wants of such a life as hers, and sufficient to send Midge to school.

Some of the countrymen believed the woman to be crazy, others thought her a simpleton, and others still, had they not feared being laughed at, would have insisted that she was a witch. And the last class did cite some strange facts concerning the accidents which happened to those who thoughtlessly or maliciously interfered with her. No schoolboy ever stoned her chickens without soon after mourning for a broken toy. No loafer at the tavern ever treated her to ribald talk but his whiskey made him very sick soon after, or in driving home on some dark night, his linchpin came out, or harness broke, in the most unaccountable way.

She had the remains of a good face, and by no means a weak one, but it was contradictory. Her eyes especially looked bright and young, and, notwithstanding the name she bore, and the deep lines on her cheeks and brow, I doubted whether she was forty years of age, I overtook her on one occasion when she was bound for the Windsor coach, and, as usual, peeped into her basket to see what curiosities she had. Among others was a rock crystal which appeared exactly like the one that I had lost. I bought it, and found the resemblance so complete that I was convinced she had followed my path through the woods, and found the crystal under the tree where I had lain to rest.

Her daughter, Midge, had a face more perplexing and peculiar, and whether she was a full-sized girl of nine or ten, or an under-sized maiden of fifteen, it was difficult to tell. She had a shrewd, secretive look, and while her countenance showed a high degree of intelligence, it made one doubt if the intelligence were not of a questionable kind. No boy in school could run so fast as she, or climb rocks so inaccessible, or imitate so perfectly whatever sound she heard, from the cry of the bantam and cur of the farm yard to that of the owl and wild-cat of the mountains. At the district school she led her class, and the rapidity with which she learned hard lessons seemed to increase the distrust and dislike with which she was regarded by her schoolmates.

But her eyes were Midge's remarkable feature, and I was gravely assured by all who knew her that these "changed with the weather." The old tavern-keeper's wife in particular insisted that the girl's eyes, on cloudy or rainy days, were not remarkable for brightness, but when the sun shone they exhibited such wonderful effects of light and shade and motion, that she knew Midge to be possessed of an evil spirit, which could be exorcised only by a clouded sky.

I took occasion to test the accuracy of this story, and found it to be absolutely true, except as to the "evil spirit," in which I never did believe. I was profoundly interested in so extraordinary a physical phenomenon, and no discoverer was ever more enthusiastic in following up his information and advantages than I became in my investigation and study of this marvel. By kindness and trifling gifts, I so obtained the confidence and regard of little Midge, that I was better enabled to examine her eyes than any one else had ever done. I found that whenever the sun shone clearly, and so long as it continued to shine, the eyes danced and shimmered, and literally rippled, whether the child's face was shaded or exposed! But this was only a beginning of the wonders that awaited me.

It was on a changeable day, soon after my attention became thus excited, and when the sky was filled with floating clouds, that my careful observation made a certainty of what had been a fancy once or twice before, and was still more as-

tonishing. I saw distinctly, when the sun was suddenly obscured, that there remained for an instant in the child's darkening eyes, as their unnatural light and motion vanished, the picture of two human figures—the reflection of two forms not themselves visible—always there at such moments, whatever was in the natural range of vision. The shadowy figures were of two men, the larger one recumbent, while over him bent the smaller and apparently the elder one; and these were as certainly outlined, my reader, as was ever the picture of your own face in the eye of a mother or wife or child. They grew and faded like the phantoms seen on walls by children—in the well-known parlor amusement—after gazing for twenty seconds on a printed spectre.

Of course the picture I saw was infinitesimal in its proportions, and so delicate that I should not have been sure of it but for the extreme sharpness and clearness of its outlines. The pupil of a human eye, however, was too small a field for a wide observation, and I sought artificial means of extending it. I obtained a sun-glass of considerable magnifying power, and as it mattered little what objects were in the natural line of vision at the auspicious moment, I placed my subject in a favorable position, and renewed my efforts whenever a cloud came drifting toward the sun. The result justified my pains. The exquisite images appeared as before, and now so highly magnified that my discernment was complete, and extended to the minutest particulars. So perfect was now the view, that I saw much which was before unnoticed. The prostrate figure was seen first, and the slight one approached unsteadily, extended an arm, and then stealthily withdrew. The first remained an instant longer, and seemed to pass from sight in a struggle.

I also applied my glass while the sun was shining, and when the eyes were in that shimmering state which first attracted attention. Although the result was not wholly satisfactory, yet I still saw wonders as incomprehensible as were the miniature phantoms. I beheld exquisite but unnatural scenery, pervaded and seen by an amber light, like that which falls through water and lights the bottom of the deep. There were tiny, beautiful forests of coral, and delicate castles of spar, and shaded lawns, and fields of dulse which floated with inimitable grace above what might be shells or dead men's bones. I say there were these things, because what I looked on could be compared to nothing else. But whatever the character of these objects, there was no doubt or uncertainty about the fantoccini, which I watched repeatedly, and always with the same result. I could but notice, however, that the action of the phantoms was more marked whenever Midge was mentally excited; and it was when she was recovering from a fit of anger that I detected a further movement of the minute spectres than was at first apparent. The smaller image, instead of simply extending his arm, moved it toward the head of the reclining one, whose arm also uprose. The phantoms seemed to be shaking hands! It must not be supposed that I witnessed all this as coolly as I now tell it. I became at length so excited that I would see no more, for the longer I gazed the more was I confounded. I closed the glass and dashed it against a stone.

What did all this mean? The question came to haunt me night and day. A hundred times I dismissed it with the convenient phrase, "A freak of nature." But a hundred times returned the answer, There is no such thing as a freak of nature. I knew there was inexorable law for all things natural, and no chance in material phenomena. At first, I was too much bewildered by the wonders I had viewed to think coherently of anything, but I felt that there was a meaning

in these sights and a natural cause for them. I sometimes smiled and wondered at the feverish state of mind my discoveries threw me into when I gave up my thoughts to them. Had I not been incredulous as to evil spirits, I should have believed myself possessed of one, whose business was to cause me unrest by constantly presenting to my imagination some vague but fearful significance attaching to what I saw, and pressing me on in my futile efforts to understand the secret so marvellously revealed, or rather suggested. Nothing in my medical reading or experience could give me any aid, and I strove to banish the whole subject from my mind; but still there attended me everywhere the recollection of the arcanum I had looked on.

I had seen neither mother nor child for several days, when, one clear morning, the elfish little Midge, with her bare, brown ankles, and her close-shut mouth, and her restless, bright eyes, came hastily into the office of the old country doctor near the tavern, and told him that her mother was ill, and that, if he would attend to the case, she would spend the vacation in digging for him elecampane and sassafras, and such medicinal roots. I assented to the old gentleman's invitation to go with him across the fields. The morning fog was not entirely gone from the valley. One fantastic wreath, like a ghost, clung, with outstretched arms, to the hillsides, and floated before us, until it melted into the sky above the cottage of the sick woman, whither we were going.

In a practice of twenty years at the place, the doctor had never attended the solitary couple but once before. He knew no more about them than I had already learned, and to him the child's haunted eyes were as great a mystery as to myself. He, however, believed that the mother was not entirely sane. The active Midge was there before us, and met us at the door with a pair of cheap shoes on her brown feet and great tears in her tremulous, quick-glancing eyes. The house contained two rooms, and only the coarsest furniture. The walls, however, and the ceiling were hung with fresh boughs, and ground-pine, and ivy, as if decorated for a Christmas. This was the work of Midge, who kept the decaying walls covered with living green.

The mother we found quite low with a congestive fever; and the strange child was beside herself with grief and anxiety, although I had thought her the last creature to be moved by either affection or fear. She now clung to the physician's hand, and turned her inexplicable eyes beseechingly to me. The window over my shoulder, and the white curtain depending from it, were a miniature sea and a fairy sail when mirrored in those eyes; and in their liquid pupils flashed and faded the reflection of my own face, like that of a pale diver sinking into unknown depths.

Midge had brought to the bedside everything their meagre pantry afforded to tempt her mother's appetite. She ran to the spring, and fetched a fractured pitcher with cool water. She hid her face in the coarse bed-clothes and sobbed; she clung silently around her mother's neck; she hugged the dying woman's hand. I have never seen a more touching scene than the parting of these friendless creatures, each knowing that she was the only being in the world who was dear to the other.

When it was known in the neighborhood that Midge and her mother were suffering, they received attention and assistance; but too late to help the latter. A pine coffin, followed by the clergyman, by one mourner, by myself, and half a dozen others, was carried into the briery grave-yard, and into the most neglected corner. We listened to a few words at the open grave, and then went home to

our dinners. The burial service was shortened by omitting the usual hymn; but a brown thrush, from a near maple, poured a song so glad and good, that, if it did not reach the woman's closed ears under ground, it followed her spirit to the gates of heaven.

The personal effects of the deceased were trifling, with the exception of two old letters, which were found wrapped in a tattered bit of newspaper and laid carefully away, and which I have still in my possession. That these worn missives, after the lapse of fourteen years, should fall, at last, into my hands, and in such a manner, was a fact so strange as to excite in me, at that time, the deepest nervous feeling. They were a key most unexpected, startling. They were written on coarse paper, with poor ink, and, as was the case before envelopes came into general use, each bore the post-mark and superscription, and red wafer on a blank part of the sheet. The first is dated at Dedham, October 21, 1838, and is evidently an answer to a letter received by the writer. Together with two pages of gossip not pertinent to this history, it contains the following passage:

I don't see what difference it makes to the Stevens wether you was marrid or not. They said they wanted you to go to indianay with them, and you said you'd go, and I am glad you partid at Springfiel; but I don't know wether you ever find your uncle in Canaday or not. You said you would stay in North Hamton till you hear from me; but I have no news to rite, excep John feels clear down, and don't say mutch. Fokes talk some about you; but everbody is sorry, and don't like to talk mutch.

The next letter is dated six weeks later, and contains the following:

John has ackted strainge ever sens you went. I never said a word what I thought to anybody; but I think so more and more that John did do it, and I beleive he did. When I mended his jacket, I found the stuff in his watch pocket, and I thoght it might be pison, and I kep it to just send to you anyhow.

Enclosed in this letter, was a bit of paper, which appeared to be a leaf torn from the account-book of an illiterate person. On one side is a memorandum of work done by some laborer; and from the other it appears that somebody's account was "paid in full this day, June 13, 1838"—four days before the date of death on the tomb-stone of the carpenter in the Dedham grave-yard. Closely wrapped in this paper were a few grains of a white crystalline substance, which, on examination, I found to be corrosive sublimate. The first of these letters is directed to "Mary Maccamic, North hampton, Hamden Co.,* Massachusetts." The next is directed to the same, at "Winsor, Vermont," and both are signed by "Rebecca Kramer."

I never knew whether "Stevens" was the name of the family with whom Mary Maccamic removed from Eastern Massachusetts; but "John," mentioned in the letters, could have been no other than her father, the brother of the writer. The life of the unfortunate and probably demented Mary, for the several years between her being addressed at Windsor and known at Blood's Tavern, must remain a matter of conjecture—I could learn only the facts I have given as to her career. The letters, however, show clearly enough that she left her companions at Springfield, and attempted to reach a relative in Canada. But there was now revealed a point of more interest and importance than the identity of the woman and child, or their adventures.

Rebecca Kramer alludes to some unexplained act, of which she believes her

* Northampton is in Hampshire County, adjoining Hampden.

brother to have been the author. She finds in his pocket a poison; his personal appearance and habits undergo a change; he becomes so soon and so far a monomaniac as to make doubtful the real soundness of his mind in 1838; although considered austerely virtuous, he possessed strong passions and will; he must have been angered toward his daughter and intended son-in-law, by reason of their indiscretion; the town record states that the latter died of cholera morbus; symptoms of that disease would attend corrosive poisoning. In 1859, I could find but one individual—an old lady—who had personal knowledge of the carpenter's sickness. She remembered that the disease appeared to be a slight derangement of the stomach and bowels; that the doctor was called; that his horse had cast a shoe, and he came on foot, bringing, as was customary then, his "saddle-bags" of medicine; that he overtook John Maccamic, also on a visit to the sick man, at the foot of the hill; that Maccamic relieved the doctor of the saddle-bags, and bore them on his own arm when the two reached the house; that the doctor stayed to tea, leaving a simple dose for the patient; that Maccamic, after the doctor was gone, assisted in preparing the medicine, administered it himself, and immediately left for home; and that a sudden relapse and death followed. When I hinted my suspicions, and my purpose in questioning her, the old lady shook her head, and said she never suspected anything wrong, and thought Maccamic was not capable of a criminal act. Yet all these circumstances, in the absence of aught to rebut them, are evidence that Midge's grandfather, before her birth, caused the death of her father. While the physician was taking his tea in another room, Maccamic might easily have filched the poison from the leathern medicine case, torn a leaf from his memorandum-book, and replaced in his vest pocket so much of the poison as was not mixed with the medicine.

Yet, to me, the strongest proof was such as could not be received under common rules of evidence. When I became certain of the identity of Mary Maccamic, recalled the events of her early life, and saw the eyes of her strange child dance, and shimmer, and literally ripple under the sunlight, I knew those perfect living mirrors reflected the flashing sea at Marblehead, as the mother's longing, pleased eyes had done in the first days of her loneliness and sorrow. And, seeing this, it was impossible to escape the conviction, which many thoughtful considerations of the subject during sixteen years have but made stronger, that there was also revealed in those mysterious eyes, as in a wizard's glass, another scene, which might have been actually witnessed by the mother, but which, if not witnessed, must have been vividly before her excited imagination—the scene of this unnatural murder.

Mary's visit to Marblehead was attributed to the natural desire of avoiding the observation of her friends, and her subsequent emigration was attributed to the same sensitiveness. This motive, however, was assigned because no other was apparent. Rebecca Kramer's letter indicates that she had not positive knowledge of the suspected crime, and she would hardly charge her own brother with it openly, except on positive knowledge. But had Mary known the whole, filial affection and a sense of her own criminality might have sealed her lips, and led her footsteps where they could not be traced. This was probably not the first communication between the two women on this subject, and it is also probable that Mary's facilities for knowing the truth were far better than her aunt's.

Considering all this, who can doubt that when Mary watched the glittering

waves at Marblehead, she knew or suspected the dreadful fact? With what intensity of feeling must she have conjured up the tragic scene—her slight father stealthily poisoning her stalwart lover! What pictures of the act must have filled her dreams, and crowded her throbbing brain! The images of the two men were before her in a fearful connection. Their shadows were a part of every scene she looked on. They stole between the sunshine and the sparkling brine, and followed the vanishing brightness of the water, to reappear and follow still the vanishing brightness of the ripples in eyes as yet unborn; to return like spectral witnesses revisiting the tainted spot where crime is done; to rise from the abyss where shadows live and re-enact each day their horrid pantomime in the eyes of one who must inherit, with the blood of the two men, the consequences of their acts. The faces of the mimes seen in the child's eyes could not be recognized, but their forms and movements, as before described, perfectly accorded with my hypothesis. What at first seemed most against it was the fact that I had distinctly seen the phantoms, as I then supposed, shake hands; but when, in 1859, I learned the fuller particulars, this stumbling-block became a stepping-stone to my conclusion. This action showed, more likely, the reclining figure receiving from the other's hand something too small to be distinguished in the diminutive reflex—a wine-glass, perhaps, containing the poisoned medicine.

The inscrutable law, by which this most secret deed in all the life of an elderly man was photographed on a retina that had not known the light—this let the physiologist explain, when he explains the many similar phenomena of mind and matter which elude his firmest grasp, and baffle the subtlest thought. The whim of old Maccamic about the tell-tale mirror—was it not more than a fantasy after all?

Midge was taken home by my friend, who promised to keep her in his family until she should be able to support herself. A few years later, he obtained for her a situation as teacher in a public school at the West. Of her subsequent life I have lost all trace. Knowing that a publication of the foregoing facts could serve no purpose of justice at the late date of their discovery, I have heretofore hesitated to write this sketch; but knowing, also, that the poor girl, if living, does not bear her mother's name, and believing that the remarkable facts described would not be uninteresting to the scientific reader, I have finally thought best to put this singular case of crime and its results on record.

I left Blood's Tavern late in September, 1852, and have not been there since. Midge acknowledged before I went that she tried to frighten me in the woods, and entered at my bed-room window to regain the crystal from my pocket. She added, too, that no one ever stoned her chickens or insulted her mother, without receiving such punishment as her hands could give. She accompanied me down the lane to meet the Windsor stage, fastening a scarf about her shoulders, as she went, with a worn pin she had removed from her late mother's kerchief; and as I bade her good-by at the coach a tear from her haunted eyes fell on the glittering serpent at her breast.

CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

BEECHDALE.

By Marian Harland.

CHAPTER XVII.

Spring was forward that year. Mrs. Baxter, walking on the presidential portico at noon of a bright day in the third week of April, complimented the extraordinary benignity of that usually coy month by sporting the first white dress of the season.

A knot of irreverent students collected about the window of one of the college dormitories, catching glimpses of her snowy draperies fluttering from pillar to pillar of the porch, made merry over profane pleasantries, touching "flourishing almond trees" and "antique angels."

"Wonder if she wears that red flannel night-cap to ward off the rheumatism!" said one, directing his puny arrow of wit at the "individualizing" scarlet scarf, now wound turban-wise about her classic head, the silken fringes sweeping her shoulder.

"It is a piratical flag!" rejoined another. "And, there! she is signalling some poor wretch on to his doom!"

The lady president had waved her handkerchief to some one in or near the college, and halted at the top of the front steps to receive him.

"Who is the latest victim?" asked those in the rear of the party, as the foremost craned his neck to peer down upon the campus.

"One who is able to take care of himself," was the response. "No less a personage than his royal highness!"

This sobriquet, let me explain, was applied to Professor Fordham in no unkind or depreciatory spirit by his classes. Originally intended as a play upon his Christian name, it grew into popular esteem as descriptive of their pride in his manly carriage and knightly demeanor. The quintette at the window watched him with interest and admiration now, as he strode along the gravel road leading to the president's house.

"He would march up to the cannon's mouth in the same style," commented the chief speaker. "Did you ever see better shoulders?"

"Did you ever see a better *man?*" interrogated the fifth of the group—a grave senior, who had not spoken before.

And to the honor of the watchers as of the watched, be it recorded, that a hearty acquiescence in his verdict followed the question.

The goodly man found abundant favor, likewise, in Mrs. Baxter's eyes, as she invited him to enter her abode.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly,

Sang one of the graceless rascals in the dormitory, as a commentary upon the, to them, dumb show.

It was to Roy anything but dumb. Mrs. Baxter was excruciatingly voluble in excusing herself for "what you must, I am *certain*, consider an *unparalleled* liberty, my dear professor!" she continued, when he was seated.

"But my own mind being ill at ease, I could not resist the impulse to waylay you and unburden—" making as though she would clutch her heart—then sprawling both hands, her arms widely-divergent lines from her heaving bust—"un*burden* myself to you, as the person most likely to sympathize with and to ameliorate my anxieties. I had nearly said, my maternal anxieties. And, indeed, Mr. Fordham, I could hardly love your sweet wife more if she were, in truth, my child. Dear to me as the representative of the beloved friend of my youth, she has enhanced that partiality a thousand-fold by her own worth and loveliness."

The polite interest with which her auditor had received her prefatory remarks was replaced by uneasiness, instant and intense. He had made a motion to arise, when the words, "your sweet wife," passed her writhing lips. She hindered him with the outspread hands.

"Not that there is any cause for new and immediate alarm," she went on to assure him. "But I was there, this morning. She keeps up bravely when you are at home, I dare say?"

"She never complains. I have had my apprehensions lest the untimely heat of the weather had been prejudicial to her strength. She has little appetite, and is paler than formerly, but I attributed—"

"Yes! of course!" interrupted Mrs. Baxter, hastily. "I taxed her to-day, with having deceived you as to the extent of her lassitude and depression. I surprised her lying upon the sofa in her room, with the stains of fresh and copious tears upon her cheeks. She tried to laugh me out of my fears by talk of nervousness and hysteria, but Mr. Fordham, her precise likeness in look and manner at that moment to her sainted mother, sent a poignant fear through my soul. I have always maintained that my precious Ginevra's life might have been prolonged had her husband consulted with those who were familiar with her idiosyncracies. Although—I will reveal to you, my dear sir, what I have never lisped to her child—my cousin carried a blighted heart to Beechdale when she went thither as Mr. Kirke's bride. An unfortunate misunderstanding had alienated her from her early love. She had neither seen nor heard from him for two years—indeed, believed him to be the husband of another, when she accepted Mr. Kirke. Upon the eve of her bridal, the man on whom she had really bestowed her affections returned, and sought an interview. What should she have done?"

"Confessed all to her promised husband!" came low and sternly from the man's heart. "He would have resigned her to her early lover without a word of rebuke. I knew Mr. Kirke well. I do not speak unadvisedly."

"Such was my counsel. But she would not heed it. She refused to look again upon the face of him whose heart was breaking with love and vain regrets, and went right on to her bridal. And her daughter, if subjected to a like test, would act as she did."

"You say Jessie is not well?" said Roy, abruptly.

There were limits even to his staunch fortitude. He could not hear other lips tell what would be Jessie's action were an abhorrent marriage forced upon her by conscience or honor.

"In my estimation, she is very *far*—" arms again divergent—"*very* far from

well, even taking into consideration the provocatives to languor you alluded to just now. Furthermore—and I *beg* you to receive this intimation in the spirit in which I offer it! she is homesick for Beechdale and her sister. I adverted to them casually, to assure myself that my suspicions were correct, and her eyes filled again directly. But when I said, 'I wish Eunice could pay you a visit! You must often be lonely,' the loyal wife took alarm. 'Indeed, Cousin Jane, no one could take kinder care of me than Roy does,' she said, warmly. 'He spoils me to death, and when he is at home, I desire no other society.' Nevertheless, Mr. Fordham, she does need change of air and scene, her mother pined herself into an untimely grave in her longing for a sight of her old home and the faces of beloved ones."

Roy was silent—his eyes downcast, his lips whitening with the pressure this story had brought to bear upon him. It was not so much the knowledge that in sending his wife away he would rob his life of repression and self-denial of the little sunshine left to it, as the thought that she was sickening of his companionship; could not live and grow in his shadow. This was the naked truth, disguise it as she might from her cousin; deny it as she probably did to herself. In every point of Mrs. Baxter's description he recognized this terrible sense of bondage, crushing spirit and life; heard even in her tribute to his loving watchfulness over her health and bodily comfort, the plaint set to rhythm in the poem he had learned by heart at one reading.

> Like a chained thing caressed
> By the hand it knows the best,
> By the hand which, day by day,
> Visits its imprisoned stay,
> Bringing gifts of fruit and blossom
> From the green earth's plenteous bosom:
> All but that for which it pines,
> In these narrow, close confines,
> With a sad and ceaseless sigh—
> Wild and winged Liberty!"

With a deep inspiration that was the farewell to more hopeful dreams than he knew until then he had nursed, he collected his senses to reply,

"It was my intention to take Jessie to Beechdale in June, at the beginning of my vacation. She set the time herself, I can see now, out of consideration for me. But she shall go at once. I thank you for your more than friendly concern for her, your frank dealing with me."

Mrs. Baxter attended him to the portico, disclaiming, cautioning and thanking him, gesticulating through it all—as the wickedest of the wicked quintette of observers had it—"like a lunatic windmill." They espied no change in the professor's gait or air. He walked firmly, head erect and countenance composed, and their distance from him was too great to allow them to note the want of color in his complexion.

He entered his own house more slowly than he had trodden the pavement. Jessie came to the sitting-room door while he was hanging up his hat and dusting his boots in the hall.

"Your step sounds weary!" she said. "It is very warm to-day, is it not?"

During his brief answer he surveyed her narrowly, the dread that had been gnawing his heart all the way home sharpening his vision in the search for signs of debility and disease.

She, too, wore a white dress, but a black grenadine shawl was folded over her chest, and Roy's eye rested aghast upon the thin hand that held it together.

What had he been thinking of, not to discern the inroads of the destroyer in this and in the finer oval of her face, in the slight cough that succeeded her question, and the hurried breathing he heard as he approached her? If his awakening should have come too late!

"I believe I have the spring fever," he said, affecting to suppress a yawn. "This weather puts one in mind of country delights; makes him crave the secret of the fresh earth, and the sight of green and growing things?"

"Then take a look at my conservatory," she returned, smilingly, leading the way to the open bay-window.

The sill, within and without, was crowded with plants. She had been at work among them for an hour, and they were in their freshest trim. The pruning scissors lay upon the shelf, and taking them up, she clipped a sprig of heliotrope, another of mignonette, a rosebud, and a bit of citron-aloe, bound them together, and offered them playfully to her husband.

"Thank you! They are very sweet, very beautiful! How does the jessamine thrive?"

"Not so well as it should—the ungrateful little thing! I am afraid it cannot flourish in this high latitude. It needs warmer earth—less fitful sunshine," said Jessie, shaking her head pensively.

Roy detected another meaning in her thoughtfulness. Ungenial influences were sapping her vitality, and the analogy between her lot and that of her fading favorite wore upon her imagination.

"We will try again!"

He had to clear his throat before he spoke again. Jessie smiled slightly, with no suspicion of the communication that awaited her. She even stooped to pick off a few dead leaves that had previously escaped her notice. The two were side by side within the recess—so near together that the warm breeze blew the light folds of the wife's dress over the husband's arm; but she recked no more of the wretchedness kept down by his strong will than if a thousand ocean leagues had divided them.

"I have been thinking seriously to-day of taking you to Beechdale, and leaving you in Eunice's charge for a time," continued Roy, presently. "You are not so rosy and blithe here as you were among the mountains."

"I am very well—entirely contented!" she interposed, reddening vividly.

"You are kind to say so," gratefully. "But there are other reasons why you should anticipate the date originally set for your visit to your old home. Eunice has been very self-denying and patient, and she should have her reward. While you are regaining health and strength, you can accumulate a plentiful supply of seeds, cuttings and roots of all descriptions, beside studying floriculture with your sister. For, in your absence, I shall have a real conservatory built back of this room, and our long-talked-of oriel run out here. The work will be done better if I am on the ground to overlook operations, and it would not be pleasant for you to remain in the house while it is in confusion. It will be a convenience all around, you see."

Jessie had turned her face quite away, and seemed to be gazing at some object in the street.

"I see," she said, finally, "when do you wish me to go?"

"Whenever it suits your convenience. If you desire my escort, we had best leave Hamilton on Saturday of this or the next week."

"I can travel alone easily, if it is not convenient for you to leave your classes.

If you go on Saturday, you lose Monday also. This is Tuesday. I can be ready by Thursday morning."

Roy pinched the succulent stems of his flowers until the perfume grew hot and sickly. How anxious she was to be gone! She had gasped when he opened this door of escape from her cage, as if she already saw "wild and winged liberty" beyond.

"You do not think it necessary to notify Eunice of your coming, then?" he asked.

"I do not. She is always at home, and always ready to see me. If you think differently you can telegraph on Thursday morning, when I am fairly gone."

And thus the question was settled.

Jessie began to pack that afternoon, worked so diligently that she was wan and appetiteless by tea-time. Roy had met Fanny Provost on the street, and asked her to drop in in the evening, since his wife's departure was so near. Her brother and Selina Bradley came with her, and the young hostess revived visibly in their society. Her eyes and color were brilliant; her laugh ready; her repartee pointed and felicitous. She was like another being in the near prospect of liberation—"heartlessly cheerful," said Selina, with her usual aptitude for making unlucky observations.

"One would think you were tired of each other already—you two!" she subjoined. "And you haven't been married half a year!"

The weather changed on the morrow. Coming home at night-fall, Roy found Jessie standing at the western window, surveying sorrowfully the unfavorable aspect of the heavens.

"It will be very unpleasant travelling in the rain!" she said, as he entered. "The sun went down behind a portentous bank of clouds."

It was evident that the possibility of a single day's delay made her restless and uneasy.

You may soon run out of the storm into the region of blue skies and milder air," he encouraged her to believe. "If not, I think you may venture to go all the same. You will be sheltered and dry in the cars."

"True!" she answered, musingly, returning to her survey of the unpromising horizon.

She was perturbed, still, and unusually taciturn while they were at supper; dull and spiritless during the two hours they spent together in the sitting-room; arousing herself with painful effort to reply to his remarks, and rarely offering one of her own accord. Roy's attempts at cheerful conversation were less evenly sustained than was customary with him in her presence. It was not his intention that this last evening should be one of gloomy constraint; but it approximated this more nearly every moment. Both were abstracted, and each was unwilling that the other should divine the direction of that abstraction. So the pauses in the sluggish flow of talk became more and more frequent until, at half-past nine, Jessie arose, with a sigh of relief.

"I must get a good night's rest, if I am to travel to-morrow. Will you excuse me if I go up-stairs thus early?"

"Do not let me detain you a moment! Is there nothing I can do to assist you?"

"Nothing—thank you! There will be time to strap my trunks in the

morning. You still think I had better go—whatever may be the weather?" stopping with the door in her hand.

"I do—certainly—if you are well enough."

"Very well. I have ordered breakfast at half-past six. Good night."

The cold, indifferent accents sunk to the bottom of his heart like lead. What a mill-stone about this woman's neck was her marriage vow! His endeavors to make it lighter and her existence endurable—the work to which he had given his best energies and wisest deliberations—the self-abnegation and prayerful struggle he had accepted as the penalty of his grievous indiscretion, had proved futile. He had guarded eye, tongue, and action for five months; drilled them in friendly looks, words and deeds, lest a glimmer of the affection that glowed—a pent, but consuming fire in his soul—should dismay or offend her, had ministered to her with a lover's constancy and tenderness without hope of love's reward. And this was the end! Her constitution—physical and spiritual—had succumbed to the attrition of duty against womanly instinct. With vain care he had kept her shackles out of view. She had never forgotten that she was a slave. The untamable heart was beating itself to death against the prison walls. She had not loved him when she married him, had written to him while the right of free speech remained to her, of the "months of doubt and suffering" which had driven her to confess this. What were these to the horrors of her present bondage! "From which I cannot release her!" he repeated for the thousandth time.

His habit was to go to the library when she left him for the night, but he lingered this evening in the apartment he had fitted up for her with such fond pride—which she had consecrated forever to him by her abiding. There was a cruel pleasure in noting the tokens of her recent presence, in inhaling the odor of the flowers she had tended, touching the books she had handled. She could never be more to him than she was now. He had admitted that persuasion months ago. He believed now, that she must hereafter be less; that the solace of her friendship would be denied him. Else, why her anxiety to be rid of him? her chafing at the threatened delay of a day in her flight back to the only real home she had ever known? Was the memory of the evanescent phantasy of her girlhood—the brief space during which she had deluded herself into the belief that she loved him, so hateful that she would shun the sight of one who kept it in continual remembrance? And in the face of these frightful odds, could it be true that he, a sane man, had cherished a lurking fancy—hardly so definite as a hope, that he might yet win her back to preference for his society?

A loud ring at the door-bell startled him into consciousness of the hour and place. The only servant of the small household had gone up to bed; and the master went himself, to admit the unseasonable visitor.

"Good-evening!" said a familiar voice, when the door was unclosed, and Dr. Baxter walked in naturally and coolly as if it were not ten o'clock at night, and he plentifully besprinkled with rain. "I was out thinking—and walking after the hot day—and chancing to observe that I was at your door, I stopped to say 'Good-by' to Jessie—to your wife. Mrs. Baxter mentioned to-night at tea, that she was going to Beechdale to-morrow."

He had obeyed Roy's impulse in the direction of the sitting-room, but declined to take a chair. His cravat was a damp string, the handkerchief twisted about his left hand bore marks of terrific usage, and when he removed his hat,

every one of his stiff grey hairs appeared to have gone into business on its own account, so distinct was its independent existence. His eyes were like those of a partially awakened somnambulist, and his voice had dreamy inflections. Had his own mood been less sad, Roy must have smiled at the grotesque apparition, uncouth even to one so familiar with the peculiarities of the good man as was his coadjutor in the business of his life. As it was, he appreciated gratefully the love the old scholar bore his former ward, and the new proof of this evinced by his stepping without the charmed circle of metaphysical or scientific lucubrations to pay this, for him, rare visit of neighborly courtesy and affectionate interest.

"I am sorry Jessie has retired," he said, sincerely. "She would have been happy to see you. But, in view of her journey, she went up to her chamber nearly an hour ago."

The doctor shook himself out of a menacing relapse.

"Eh! asleep, is she? Ah, well! that is as it should be. Don't disturb her! I merely called to bid her 'God speed!' She is a dear and a good girl. She carries our love and best wishes with her into her retirement. Since she is not up, I'll leave my message with you"—with an ominous twitch of the creased handkerchief, and a dreamier accent. "We shall hardly see her again until autumn, I suppose? I infer as much from what Mrs. Baxter has told me of her plans."

"There has been no definite time set for her return," said Roy, evasively, his heart heavier than before, if possible, at the thought that Jessie had intimated to her cousin her desire for a long sojourn in the country.

"You will be lonely without her!" the worthy president observed—something in the aspect of this, her especial apartment—conveying to his straying wits an indistinct perception of the void her absence would make in the daily existence of the man before him. In his own way, he missed his restless and faithful Jane when she was not at home.

"I shall!"

Not another word before the lips were closely sealed.

The doctor looked at him quickly and keenly, then put out his hand to pat his shoulder.

"Keep up a brave heart, my lad! Nothing cheats time of heaviness like work and hope. One you will find here. The second will culminate in fruition when you are reunited to the beloved one, and, please God—in the blessedness of a father's love and delight when your first-born is given into your arms. It is a joy He has seen fit to deny me. His will be done! But I have not, on that account, the less sympathy with you at this juncture. Say to Jessie from me that my prayers will follow her. You will go to her at the beginning of vacation, of course. And should you wish to run down to her for a day or two each week during term-time, I will gladly take your classes. You can recompense me by letting me christen the heir"—a fatherly smile overspreading the dry face. "The advent is expected about the middle of July, Mrs. Baxter says. I hope all will go well."

Conscious that in the drunkenness of his astonishment, he returned a lame and seemingly ungracious reply to offer and congratulations, Roy made no movement to detain the eccentric guest, when he, after another musing look around the apartment, as wondering how he had got there, espied the door, and approached it with the briefest of "Good-nights." While the master of the

house stood rooted to the floor, the visitant accomplished his exit, unchallenged and unattended. Another man would have taken mortal offence at the lack of respectful notice. The doctor, in his semi-trance, had not an idea of the commotion he had excited.

"I am not surprised that I am an offence in her sight!" muttered the husband, at length, passing a shaking hand over his pale forehead. "She ought to hate me! She would if she were not an angel! Poor child! And she has borne it all in silence!"

He was sitting, his arms crossed upon the table, and his head laid upon them, when Jessie glided in stealthily. Over her white wrapper she had thrown a crimson shawl, and her long hair was loose upon her shoulders. Whatever resolve had drained her cheeks and lips of bloom, and lighted the steady flame in her eyes, had been acted upon with precipitation, lest her nerve should fail.

She halted upon the threshold on seeing the bowed figure; then advanced more rapidly, but without noise.

"Roy! are you awake?"

"Yes!"

But he did not lift his face.

"Can you listen to me for a few moments?"

"As long as you wish."

His voice was hollow and tremulous to plaintiveness; but she took heart from its exceeding, if mournful gentleness.

"I cannot sleep to-night," she commenced, hurriedly; "still less can I leave you to-morrow without expressing to you, however feebly, my sense of the goodness and mercy you have shown me from the hour I entered this house until now. I may have appeared unobservant and unthankful, may have seemed to accept your benefits as if they were my due, when in reality I was unworthy of the least of them all; but it was because I did not know in what form to express my gratitude. If, in my acquiescence in your proposal that I should go to my sister for a season, I have used few words, have not thanked you for this new proof of your delicate watchfulness over my comfort and happiness, I beg you to attribute my short-comings to other reasons than insensibility or misconstruction of your motives. I was entirely unprepared for the suggestion, and I had dared to believe that you would see fit to let me remain here, until we could go to Beechdale together."

Standing on the other side of the table, she saw a slight, but eager change in the expression of the mute form. It was as if his hearing were strained for her next utterance, but the features were still concealed.

On the roof of the bay-window the soft drops of the April shower were beginning to fall in musical whispers.

Jessie put out a hand upon the marble-top of the table to steady herself as she resumed. There was something in this continued silence that awed and made her incoherent. It was unlike Roy's usual reception of her advances, his ready and indulgent courtesy.

"I know you so well—your purity of purpose, the standard of excellence you set for your motive and deed, your earnest desire to make me happy—that I fear you will, when I am gone, accuse yourself of want of skill or judgment in your treatment of me. I want you to remember then that I broke through the reserve we have heretofore aided one another to maintain, to assure you that, in no one particular would I have had your action different from what it has

been—that in language and demeanor you have been alike noble. Deserving your reprobation, I have received tender respect; having forfeited, by my fickleness and falsehood, all claim to kindness, I have been cherished as the truest wife in the land might hope to be. Something tells me that, when we part to-morrow, it will be to meet no more in time. It may be the presentiment is born of my own distempered imagination; but it has drawn my whole soul out in a longing I cannot frame into speech to be at peace with you; to feel your hand again upon my head; to hear you call me once, just once more, by the holy name of 'wife.' For I am your wife, Roy! Unworthy as I am of the title, it is the only glory I have. Until yesterday, I had hoped to say this to you in very different language and circumstances. It is just that this expectation should be disappointed. I do not appeal from my sentence of exile; but, by the memory of the love you once had for me—and I was faulty then as now—do not send me away unforgiven, and starving for your affection—my husband!"

When he looked up, she was kneeling at his side, her eyes streaming with the tears that had choked her speech.

Without a word, he drew her to him; put back the hair from her face, every line of his own astir with a passion of pity and adoration she hardly dared look upon. It was a minute before he could articulate; then, the tense lips were moved into womanly softness.

"You can forgive *me*, then! my wife! Thank GOD!"

He laid his cheek to hers, and she felt the great sobs of the breast against which she leaned.

But for a long time there was nothing more said.

Except by the rain-drops whispering over their heads, broken now and then by the wind into little gushes that sounded like laughter, happy to tearfulness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the plenitude of her cousinly compassion for the lonely husband, Mrs. Baxter coaxed her spouse into escorting her to Mr. Fordham's on Thursday evening. The day had been unpleasant, and the clouds were still dripping at irregular intervals. "But it is an act of common humanity to visit the poor fellow in his solitude, my dear, while the sense of desolation is fresh upon him," she sighed, sympathetically.

"Mr. Fordham was in the library," said the servant, and to the library door the lady accordingly tripped, with soundless foot-fall and countenance robed in decent pensiveness. Her light tap was unanswered, and entering bouncingly, as was her wont, she surprised Jessie sitting upon her husband's knee, one hand buried in his dark hair, the other clutching his beard, in a fashion at once eminently undignified and saucy. Both were laughing so heartily that the knock of the would-be comforter had been unheard.

When the confusion of mutual exclamations was over, Mrs. Baxter learned, to her astonishment, that the journey to Beechdale was postponed until after the College Commencement.

"I *wouldn't* go when I found Roy wanted to get rid of me," said the transformed wife. "When I put him into the confessional, he owned who was his fellow-conspirator in the scheme for my banishment. For shame, Cousin Jane! I have long suspected you of a weakness for the handsome professor; but you

stand convicted of a deliberate attempt to remove him from the guardianship of his legal protector, that your designs upon his heart might be more vigorously prosecuted. And no sooner is the coast clear, as you suppose, than you present yourself, arrayed in your best dress and choicest smiles, to make sure of your game. I shall never trust in human friendship again!"

"You are ungenerous to triumph over me so openly—and in the poor, dear doctor's hearing!" returned her cousin, holding her fan before her face, with a theatrical show of detected guilt.

"I ought to have some compensation for the excruciating anguish the discovery cost me," retorted Jessie. "Tongue cannot describe the tremendous struggle I went through before I could bring myself to undertake the investigation of your perfidy and his susceptibility. I know just how Esther felt when she screwed her courage to the sticking-point, and made up her mind and her toilette to face Ahasuerus and a possible gallows."

Roy was pretending to listen to the doctor's elaborate disquisition upon an important political question; but he stole a sidelong glance at the sparkling face across the room, and smiled, in gladness of content.

She was his blithe, lovesome witch again. The baleful enchantment that had ensnared her fancy and distracted her thoughts from dwelling upon him and his love—he refused to believe that he had ever lost her heart—was destroyed, and by him remembered no more as a thing of dread. More to spare him pain than to shield Orrin, Jessie had not entered into the particulars of her estrangement, or revealed who was the chief agent in bringing it about. Orrin's name was not hinted at by either.

"I had a bad, wild dream"—she thus explained her defection. "A dream that made me doubt you—heaven, myself, everything! that robbed me of love and hope, with faith. I was susceptible, giddy, undisciplined; and I was grievously tempted by an evil spirit. Maybe"—humbly—" I am no better or wiser now; but I am ready and thankful to give myself up to your guidance. I ought to be a good woman in future; for I have been dealt with very tenderly by my Heavenly Father—and by you, my best earthly friend!"

Roy had no fear. His second wooing was, he felt, crowned with more enduring, if more hardly-earned success than the first had been. He cared not to ask, or to surmise, by whose arts his image had been once clouded over, since he saw it now clearly mirrored in a heart tried by refining fires.

The christening feast was not held until December, at which date Master Kirke Lanneau Fordham was four months and a half old.

Eunice had taken her school and the cottage for a year, and the interesting *fête* could not be appointed until she could make her arrangements to be with her sister. Work for the good of others, and wholesome meditation, had brought to her, as they must to all healthy, God-fearing souls, healing and peace during the months she had spent in her new domicile. With the July vacation had come Jessie and her husband; and when the little claimant upon their love and care arrived, the lonely woman, who had put thoughts of her own wifehood and maternity far from her forever when she turned the key upon the souvenirs of her own love-dream, opened her heart and took in, with the babe, comfort and hope that were to her fresh and beautiful life. What Roy's arguments and Jessie's entreaties could not accomplish, the innocent young eyes and clinging baby-fingers effected within a month after her nephew's birth. If Kirke went to

Hamilton, she would follow, she promised, and early December saw her domesticated in the Fordham household.

"I wish Orrin Wyllys and his wife were not coming this evening!" said Jessie, confidentially, to her sister, as they were arraying the boy for the grand occasion.

Eunice looked in no wise surprised at the impetuous exclamation, albeit it was the first avowal of dislike of Roy's relative she had ever heard from Jessie's lips.

"It would not have been expedient to omit them from your list of invitations, my dear," she returned, with her slow, bright smile. "For Roy's sake, you must disguise you antipathy."

"Antipathy isn't too strong a word, Euna! You cannot understand what reason I have to distrust that man—to despise both himself and his wife! And papa's boy's *début* ought to be all brightness to mamma!" suspending the process of the toilette to strangle him with caresses.

"He cannot hurt you now, love. Even poisonous breath soon passes from finely-tempered steel."

The look and tone silenced the other. Eunice's insight of the tempter's real character was deeper than she had imagined. Even she never dreamed how, and at what cost the knowledge had been gained.

Miss Kirke was an attractive feature of the assembly that night. Many thought her far handsomer than her more lively sister. There was not one present who would not have ridiculed the idea of a comparison between her classic beauty and Mrs. Wyllys's shrewish physiognomy. Once, these two ladies talked together for five minutes near the centre of the front parlor, the light from the chandelier streaming over both. Eunice was dressed with her usual just taste, in a lustreless silk trimmed with crape, a tiny illusion ruff enhancing the fairness of neck and face, her abundant hair arranged simply, without ornament. She possessed the rare accomplishment of standing still without stiffness, and no nervous play of fingers or features marred the exquisite repose of her bearing as she hearkened or replied to her companion.

Hester was in the full glory of brocade, diamonds and point lace, with French flowers twisted in her pale tresses, and trailing bramble-wise down her back. She fidgetted incessantly; her skin was muddy with biliousness and discontent; she perked her faint eyebrows into a frown every other minute; her very laugh was forced, and the viscid tones had a twang of pain or ill-humor. She was getting very tired of keeping up the appearance of conjugal felicity with so little assistance from her lord; growing bitterly suspicious of the motives that had impelled him to the uncongenial marriage, and disposed to eye jealously every woman to whom he paid the most trifling attention.

"I presume you are baby-mad, like the rest," she said, pulling viciously at the golden chain of her bouquet-holder. "I am in a deplorable minority here to-night. Christening parties are always bores to me. I am so sincere, you know, so apt to say what I think, that I can never go into raptures over the little monkeys, as everybody else does. I suppose, now, that is considered rather a fine child, isn't it?"

"We think him a noble little fellow; but we do not require the rest of the world to agree with us," replied Eunice, with unruffled politeness.

"I detest children—babies especially! I wouldn't have one for a kingdom.

And Orrin cares no more for them than I do, although he is making a fool of himself over that bundle of lace, lawn and flannel in yonder."

Eunice, inwardly provoked at the irreverent description of the royal cherub, could yet respond, with apparent composure,

"He does it from a sense of duty, or a desire for popularity, probably."

Then she turned to follow the direction of the wife's scornful eyes.

The folding doors were open, and through the archway they had a fair view of the mother, tempting her boy with a flower she had plucked from a bouquet near by, laughing at his open mouth, starting eyes and fluttering arms, as he tried to seize it. Orrin had approached her while his wife was speaking—addressed her before she was aware of his vicinity. His remark, delivered with his most insinuating smile, and in his inimitable manner, was evidently a compliment to the beauty of the child; but she met it with lightness bordering upon contempt. Dropping the flower to the floor, she lifted the babe from his temporary throne—the centre-table—and walked away.

Mrs. Wyllys tittered shrilly, and clapped her hands.

"A decided rebuff!" she sneered, more loudly than good breeding warranted. "It is strange, Miss Kirke, that your lady-killer is always so slow to learn the mortifying fact that he ceases to be irresistible when he has been guilty of the weakness of matrimony."

Orrin, nervously sensitive to her tones, heard and saw her, while he seemed to do neither; saw, moreover, by whom she was standing, and that she showed beside her neighbor as a tawdry artificial rose, faded and tumbled, does when near a stately, living lily.

Seeing and admitting all this, he heaved an inaudible sigh that did not touch his eyes or chasten his careless smile. His inward moan was not, "Me miserable!" or, "Fool that I was!" or anything else poetical or tragic; but—"If I could have afforded it!"

Men of his moral fibre and habits are not given to extravaganzas of repentance; regarding such as disagreeable and unprofitable. They prefer, instead, to preserve the balance of self-complacency by making the best of the situation, and believing they have done all in their power to advance and secure their own interests.

"The fair Euna will wear better than *mia cara sposa!*" he owned, candidly. "But money outlasts beauty, and is more necessary to man's happiness. Love is only a luxury—an indulgence too costly for the enjoyment of most wedded pairs."

He owed Eunice no grudge; found gentle satisfaction in reviewing their intercourse, akin to that he experienced in the contemplation of a fine mezzotint engraving, or a moonlight landscape. But Jessie irritated and piqued him. If her gay insensibility were bravado, he would yet make her drop the mask. His wife was right in affirming that the passion for conquest was not extinct after a year of married bliss.

"And she did worship me in those olden days," he ruminated. "Worshipped me madly and entirely—as few men are loved—as few women are capable of loving."

Lounging in a desultory way through the rooms, bowing to this, and exchanging a pleasant word with that one of the friends collected to do honor to the infant scion of the house, he contrived to waylay Jessie in the hall. She had transferred the baby to the nurse's care, and was returning to her guests. A

fierce impulse possessed him as he marked her happy face, flushed by excitement into loveliness that had never been hers in her girlhood. She was passing him with a slight and careless nod, when he stopped her.

"Can I speak with you for a moment?"

"Now?" she said, dubiously, looking toward the parlors.

"*Now!* I can wait no longer! Is any one in the library?"

Before she could reply he had pushed the door back and led her in. The room was not needed for the use of the company, and was unlighted, except by the low fire in the grate.

"I will light the gas," said Jessie, trying to withdraw her hand from his clutch.

He tightened the grasp. If he ever regained his lost influence, it must be by a *coup d'etat*—by threats rather than by flattery. A desperate expedient, but the case was not a hopeful one.

"What affectation of prudery is this?" he said, roughly. "Time was when you were less scrupulous about granting me interviews in the firelight. Do you imagine, silly child, that your over-acted farce of wifely devotion blinds me as it does the fools you have called together to-night to witness this pretty display of domestic felicity? Or," his tone changing suddenly, "that any amount of coldness and cruelty can extinguish my love for you—the love you once confessed—in my arms, was reciprocated by yourself—then the betrothed of him who now believes you his loyal consort? You have found it an easy task to deceive him, because it is not in him to worship you as I do. You may struggle to escape from me, but you know I am speaking solemn truths. Don't drive me to distraction, Jessie, or I shall divulge that which your husband, with all his phlegmatic philosophy, may resent. Resent possibly upon me—certainly upon you—in treatment you will find it hard to bear. I have warned you before, that generous forgiveness of an offence to his dignity and self-love is a height of virtue unknown to Roy Fordham."

"This is a specimen of the superior manliness, the lofty magnanimity you vaunt as your characteristics, is it?"

She had wrested her hand from him by this. The faint red glare revealed the outlines of a figure drawn up to its extreme height, and instinct with anger and defiance. The clear accents were stinging hail-stones.

"I am not afraid of you, if I do shrink from your touch. I am glad you have given me this opportunity to say what you ought to know. You played upon my inexperience and loneliness when I was committed—a too-trustful child—to your care by my betrothed and my father. You tampered with my active imagination and my credulity until you wrought in my mind distempered views of life; suspicions—which you *knew* were groundless—of Roy Fordham's honor and fidelity to myself."

"I suggested no suspicions," he interrupted.

"You nourished the germs planted by Hester Sanford's slander. And when I did not know where I stood; when my brain was teeming with unhealthy fancies, and my heart sick with fever and thirst, you offered me what you called love—dragged from me the admission that I returned it."

"Since perfect frankness is the order of the day, allow me to observe that the 'dragging' was not a difficult process," interjected Orrin, offensively.

"I am willing to allow your amendment—if you will consent to have me repeat this story in detail to all those assembled in the other room," she returned,

undaunted. "I should enjoy the task, because it would pave the way to an avowal I should exult in publishing to the universe. It is that I value the least hair of my husband's head more than I ever did you—body, soul, and what you denominate your heart; that I had rather serve him as a bond-slave—and never receive a word or glance of affection, if only I might live near and for him—than to reign an empress by your side; that I never comprehend the height, depth and fulness of his condescension and love as when I reflect that these are bestowed upon a woman who was once misled into the conviction that you were a true man, and that she cared for you. I stand ready to say all this—and more. I am no weak girl, now, to be terrified by bug-bears. There is a perfectness, even of human love, that casteth out fear. You forgot this when you threatened me with my husband's displeasure."

She laughed, and all the corners of the quiet room caught up the mirthful echoes.

"Why, if Roy stood where you do, I could tell him all you have said without a blush or tremor. I wish he knew everything!"

"I think he does!"

While she was speaking, a shape had loomed into motion from the further end of the library, and was now at her side. As her husband's voice greeted her astonished ears, she felt his supporting arm about her.

"Hush, my darling!" he said, at her stifled scream. "I came in for a book just before you entered. After hearing Mr. Wyllys's preliminary remark, I thought it best to let you vindicate yourself without my help. Not that I needed to hear your justification, but I meant that he should. We will go back to our friends now. Shall I tell Mrs. Wyllys that you are waiting to take her home"—to Orrin?

"If you please," was the equally formal reply.

A week later, Selina Bradley brought Mrs. Baxter a piece of startling news.

"It is certainly true!" she insisted, as the other looked her incredulity. "The house and furniture are offered for sale. It is uncertain when they will return. They may reside abroad for years. Mr. Wyllys affects to treat the plan as one they meditated long ago, but there are queer stories afloat. Hester is indiscreet, you know. The most unlikely—but a popular rumor is that she was furiously jealous of his attentions to Mrs. Fordham—or her sister—at the christening party."

"You may well say 'unlikely!'" Mrs. Baxter said, uneasily eyeing the doctor, who had, until now, been buried in a book at a distant window. "They are going to Paris, you say?"

The doctor had let go his cravat and pushed up his spectacles.

"Yes; and if they like it as well as they think they shall, they will make that city their home for some months."

"Humph!" snorted the doctor. "They could not choose more wisely. Paris is the world's repertory of gilded shams!"

THE END.

THE ATTEMPT AT STRASBOURG,

As Described by Louis Napoleon in a Letter to his Mother.

IN October, 1836, Prince Louis Napoleon, then twenty-eight years of age, was residing with his mother, Queen Hortense, in the beautiful chateau of Arenemberg, on the banks of Lake Constance, in Switzerland. On the 25th of the month, he took leave of his mother, and set out, in his private carriage, ostensibly to visit some friends. He was an exile from France, and could not enter the French territory but at the peril of his life. The object, however, of his journey, which was not revealed to his mother, was to penetrate France at Strasbourg, to rouse the garrison there in his favor, many of whose officers he had already enlisted in his behalf, and with their aid to introduce a revolution which should overthrow the throne of Louis Philippe, and reinstate the empire of Napoleon, under the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's only son and heir, who was then a captive in Vienna. The enterprise failed. Louis Napoleon was taken a prisoner, and, without being allowed a trial, was sent, in a French ship-of-war, to Rio Janeiro, and thence to the United States. While on shipboard, on his long voyage, he wrote the following letter to his mother, giving a detailed account of the adventure:

My Mother: To give you a detailed recital of my misfortunes is to renew your griefs and my own; and yet it is, at the same time, a consolation both to you and to me to make you acquainted with all the impressions which I have experienced, and with all the emotions which have agitated me since the end of October. You know what was the pretext which I gave at my departure from Arenemberg; but you do not know that which was then passing in my heart. Strong in my conviction, which led me to contemplate the Napoleonic cause as the only national cause in France, as the only civilizing cause in Europe, proud of the nobleness and the purity of my intentions, I had fully decided to reinstate the imperial eagle, or to fall a victim to my political faith.

I left, taking in my carriage the same road which I had followed three months before, to visit Unkirch and Baden. Everything was the same around me; but how great the difference in the impressions with which I was animated. I was then cheerful and serene as the day which illumined my path; now, sad and thoughtful, my spirit had taken the tinge of the humid and chilly air with which I was surrounded. I may be asked, what could have induced me to abandon a happy existence to run the risk of a hazardous enterprise? I should reply, that a secret voice urged me on, and that for nothing in the world should I have been willing to postpone to another epoch, an experiment which appeared to me to present so many chances of success.

And that which is most painful of all for me to think of is, that now that reality has taken the place of supposition, I am firm in the belief that, if I had followed the plan I had first traced out, instead of being now under the equator

I should be in my own country. Of what importance to me are those vulgar cries which call me insane because I have not succeeded, and which would have exaggerated my merit had I triumphed. I take upon myself all the responsibility of the event; for I have acted from my own conviction, and not from the suggestion of others. Alas! were I the only victim I should have nothing to deplore. I have found in my friends devotion without bounds, and have not a reproach to make against any one.

On the 27th, I arrived at Lahr, a small town in the grand duchy of Baden, where I expected news. When near that place, the axle of my carriage broke, which compelled me to remain there for a day. On the morning of the 28th, I left Lahr, and, retracing my steps, passed through Fribourg, Neubirsach, and Colmar, and arrived, at eleven o'clock in the evening, at Strasbourg, without the least obstruction. My carriage stopped at the Hotel de la Fleur, while I went to pass the night in a small chamber which had been engaged for me in the Rue de la Fontaine.

There I saw, on the 29th, Colonel Vaudrey,* and submitted to him the plan of operations which I had sketched. But the colonel, whose noble and generous sentiments deserved a better fate, said:

"There is no occasion here for a conflict with arms. Your cause is too French and too pure to sully it by spilling French blood. There is only one means of acting which is worthy of you; for it will avoid all collision. When you are at the head of my regiment, we will march together to the house of General Voirol.† An old soldier will never resist the sight of you, or of the imperial eagle, so soon as he knows that the garrison follows you."

I approved of his reasons, and everything was decided upon for the following morning. A house had been taken in a street in the neighborhood of the Quarter of Austerlitz, where we were all to meet, to proceed thence to those barracks as soon as the regiment of artillery should be assembled.

That same night, the 29th, at eleven o'clock, one of my friends came to the Rue de la Fontaine to bring me to the general rendezvous. We passed across the whole city together. A bright moon illumined the streets. I took this fine night as a favorable omen for the next day. I attentively observed the places through which I passed. The silence which reigned there made an impression upon me. By what shall this calm be replaced to-morrow!

"Nevertheless," I said to my companion, "there shall be no disorder if I succeed; for it is especially to prevent the troubles which frequently accompany popular movements that I have wished to attempt the revolution through the army. But," I added, "what confidence, what a profound conviction, must we have in the nobleness of our cause, to face, not merely the dangers which we are about to encounter, but that public opinion which will so severely condemn us—which will cover us with reproaches, if we do not succeed. And yet, I take God to witness that it is not to satisfy a personal ambition, but because I believe I have a mission to fulfil, that I risk what is dearer to me than life—the esteem of my fellow citizens."

* Colonel Vaudrey was, at that time, in command of the Fourth regiment of artillery, which was stationed at Strasbourg. It so happened that this was the same regiment with which Napoleon I. commenced his career at Toulon, and which received him with so much enthusiasm at Grenoble, on his return from Elba. Colonel Vaudrey had much renown as a brave man, and from his frank and cordial manners and devotion to the memory of the Emperor, was exceedingly popular with both the soldiers and citizens of Strasbourg.

† General Voirol, who was an ancient soldier of the empire, was in command of the division of troops stationed at Strasbourg.

On arriving at the house in the Rue des Orphelins, I found my friends assembled in two rooms on the ground floor. I thanked them for the devotion which they manifested for my cause, and said to them that, from that moment, we would share together good as evil fortune. One of the officers brought forward an eagle. It was that which had belonged to the Seventh regiment of the line. "The eagle of Labédoyère!"* they exclaimed, and each of us pressed it to his heart with lively emotion. All the officers were in full uniform. I had put on the artillery uniform, and upon my head the hat of a staff officer.

The night appeared to us very long. I passed it in writing my proclamations, which I had not wished to print in advance, for fear of indiscretion. It was arranged that we should remain in this house until the colonel should send me word to proceed to the barracks. We counted the hours, the minutes, the seconds. Six o'clock in the morning was the appointed moment. How difficult it is to express what we feel under such circumstances; for to live, is to make use of our organs, of our senses, of our faculties, of all the parts of ourselves which give us the sentiment of our existence. And in these critical moments, our faculties, our organs, our senses, exalted to the highest degree, are concentrated on a single point. It is the hour which is to decide our whole destiny. One is strong when he can say to himself, "to-morrow I shall be the liberator of my country or I shall be dead." Greatly is he to be pitied when circumstances have been such that he can neither be the one nor the other.

Notwithstanding my precautions, the noise which a certain number of persons meeting together must make, awoke the people over head. We heard them get up and open the windows. It was five o'clock. We redoubled our caution and they went back to their beds.

At last six o'clock was struck. Never did the tones of a clock vibrate so violently in my heart. But a moment after, the trumpet from the Quarter of Austerlitz came still more to accelerate its throbbings. The eventful moment drew near. A very considerable tumult was heard in the streets. Soldiers passed shouting. Horsemen upon the full gallop clattered by our windows. I sent an officer to ascertain the cause of this uproar. Had the commander of the place been informed of our projects? Had we been discovered?

He soon returned to tell me that the noise came from the soldiers whom the colonel had sent to fetch their horses which were outside the barracks. A few minutes more passed away, and a person came to tell me that the colonel was waiting for me. Full of hope, I rush into the street. M. Parquin,† in the uni-

* The Gallic cock, in the days of the Bourbons, crowned the French banners. Napoleon introduced instead the eagle of the empire. Upon the downfall of Napoleon, the Bourbons discarded the eagle and restored the Gallic cock. Colonel Labédoyère, a young man of illustrious family and of very elegant figure and manners, had been an officer under Napoleon. Upon the Emperor's banishment to Elba, Labédoyère, as an officer under the Bourbons, was entrusted with the command of the Seventh regiment of the line, which included the Fourth artillery. His regiment was stationed at Grenoble. When the Emperor appeared before him, on his return from Elba, the sight of his old commander led him to forget his obligations to the Bourbons. Taking from his pocket a silver eagle, he wrenched from the flag-staff the Gallic cock, and replaced it with the eagle. His troops greeted it with the wildest shouts of joy, and rushed to the arms of the Emperor. After Waterloo, Labédoyère was arrested, tried, condemned for treason, and shot. It was this silver eagle of Labédoyère which, it is said, was now presented to the regiment which retained the most affectionate remembrance of its lost commander.

† M. Parquin was one of the most intimate friends of Louis Napoleon. He had married Mademoiselle Cochelet, the reader of Queen Hortense at Arenemberg, and had purchased the chateau of Wolfberg, but a few minutes walk from the one inhabited by Hortense and her son. He resided in wealthy leisure in his beautiful chateau, frequently meeting Louis Napoleon in social interviews. Upon his trial, when reproached with having broken his oath of fidelity to Louis Philippe, he replied:

form of a general of brigade, and a commander of a battalion, bearing the eagle in his hand, are at my side; about a dozen officers follow me.

The distance is short. The regiment was drawn up in form of battle in the barrack yard, inside of the railing. Upon the lawn there were stationed forty of the horse artillery.

My mother, judge of the happiness I experienced at that moment. After twenty years of exile, I touched, at last, the sacred soil of my country; I found myself with Frenchmen whom the memory of the Emperor was again to electrify.

Colonel Vaudrey was alone in the middle of the court. I directed my steps toward him. Immediately the colonel, whose tall and well-proportioned figure had at that moment something of the sublime, drew his sabre and exclaimed,

"Soldiers of the Fourth regiment of artillery; a great revolution is being accomplished at this moment. You see before you the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. He comes to reconquer the rights of the people. The people and the army can rely upon him. It is around him that all should rally who love the glory and the liberty of France. Soldiers! you must feel, as does your chief, all the grandeur of the enterprise which you are about to attempt, all the sacredness of the cause which you are about to defend. Soldiers! Can the nephew of the Emperor rely upon you?"

His voice was instantly drowned by the unanimous cries of "*Vive Napoléon! Vive l'Empereur!*" I then addressed them in these terms,

"Resolve to conquer or die for the cause of the French people. It is to you first that I wish to present myself, because between you and me there exist grand souvenirs. It was in your regiment that the Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, served as captain. It was with you that he became illustrious, and again, it was your brave regiment which opened to him the gates of Grenoble upon his return from the Isle of Elba. Soldiers! new destinies are reserved for you. To you belongs the glory of commencing a grand enterprise; to you the honor to be the first to salute the eagle of Austerlitz and of Wagram."

I then seized the eagle-surmounted banner which M. de Querelles, one of my officers bore, and, presenting it to them, continued,

"Soldiers! behold the symbol of French glory; destined to become also the emblem of French liberty. During fifteen years, it conducted our fathers to liberty. It has glittered upon all the fields of battle. Soldiers, will you not rally around this noble standard which I confide to your honor and your courage? Will you not march with me against the traitors and oppressors of your country, to the cry of *Vive la France! Vive la liberté!*"

A thousand affirmative shouts responded to me. We then commenced our march, with a band of music at our head. Joy and hope beamed from every countenance. The plan was, to hasten to the house of the general, and to present to him, not a pistol at his throat, but the eagle before his eyes, to influence him to join us. It was necessary, in order to reach his residence, that we should pass through the whole city. While accomplishing this march, I sent an officer, with a guard, to publish my proclamation; another to the mayor to arrest him; in fine, six officers received special missions, so that when I arrived at the house of the general, I had parted with considerable of my force. But had I any need

"Thirty-three years ago, as a citizen and a soldier, I took the oath to Napoleon and his dynasty. The day on which the nephew of Napoleon came to remind me of the oath which I had given to his uncle, I considered myself pledged, and I devoted myself to him, body and soul. It was on the 4th of December, 1804, that I took the oath of fidelity to the Emperor and his dynasty, and I feel bound to keep it."

to surround myself with so many soldiers? Did I not rely upon the participation of the people; and, in truth, whatever may be said, along the whole route which I traversed, I received unequivocal proofs of the sympathy of the population. I had only to contend against the vehemence of the marks of interest which were lavished upon me; and the variety of cries which greeted me, showed that there was no party which did not sympathize with my heart.

When we arrived at the hotel of the general, I ascended the stairs, followed by Messrs. Vaudrey, Parquin, and two officers. The general was not yet dressed. I said to him:

"General, I come to you as a friend. I should be sorry to raise our old tricolor flag without the concurrence of a brave soldier like you. The garrison is for me. Decide and follow me."

We presented to him the eagle. He repelled it, saying,

"Prince, they have deceived you, and I will instantly prove this to you."

I then departed, and gave orders to leave a file of men to guard him. The general soon after presented himself to his soldiers to induce them to return to obedience. The artillerymen, under the order of M. Parquin, disregarded his authority, and only responded to him, by reiterated cries, of *Vive l'Empereur!* A little later, the general succeeded in escaping from his house by a back door.

When I left the residence of the general, I was greeted with the same acclamations of *Vive l'Empereur.* But already this first check had keenly affected me. I was not prepared for it, having been convinced that the sight of the eagle alone would re-enkindle in the bosom of the general the old memories of glory, and would lead him to follow us.

We again resumed our march, and, leaving the main street, entered the barrack of Finckmatt by the narrow street which conducts to it. This barrack is a large building constructed in a place from which there is no other outlet. The space in front is too narrow for a regiment to be drawn up in line of battle. Seeing myself thus hemmed in, I perceived that the plan agreed upon had not been followed out. Upon our arrival, the soldiers eagerly gathered around us. I addressed them. The greater part ran to get their arms, and returned to rally around me, testifying their sympathy for me by their acclamations.

However, seeing the manifestation of a sudden hesitation, caused by the report spread by certain officers, who endeavored to inspire them with doubts of my identity,* and as, moreover, we were losing precious time in an unfavor-

* At the trial of Colonel Vaudrey, the following facts were very distinctly brought to light. The Forty-sixth regiment of infantry occupied the barracks of Finckmatt. When the prince reached that place, everything seemed to promise the successful result of the enterprise. Nearly all the city authorities who could oppose him were in custody. One entire regiment and detachments of others had declared in his favor.

"The inhabitants," says Alison, "roused from their slumbers by the loud shouts at that early hour, looked fearfully out of their houses, and, when they saw what was going on, offered up ardent prayers for the success of the enterprise. The Third regiment of artillery joined the insurgents. The entire pontoon corps followed the example. Cries of '*Vive l'Empereur*' were heard on all sides. The throne of Louis Philippe hung by a thread. It required only one other regiment to declare in his favor, and the whole garrison of Strasbourg would have followed the example; and Louis Napoleon's march to Paris would have been as bloodless and triumphant as that of his immortal predecessor from Cannes had been."

By some misunderstanding in the line of march, the Prince found himself hemmed in before the barracks of Finckmatt, with but four hundred men. The soldiers of the Forty-sixth were in their rooms. They rushed out to ascertain the cause of the tumult, gathered around the Prince, who briefly addressed them, and they instantly fraternized with his cause, shouting *Vive l'Empereur.*

Just then, Mr. Taillandier, the colonel of the regiment, who had great influence with his men, appeared, and, in loud and angry tones, said to the soldiers:

"The man before you is not the nephew of the Emperor. He is a deceiver, a base impostor. I know

able position instead of hastening at once to the other regiments which were expecting us, I gave direction to the colonel to depart. He entreated me to remain a little longer. A few minutes afterward it was too late.

Some officers of infantry arrived, closed the gates, and severely rebuked the soldiers. The soldiers still hesitated. I wished them to arrest the officers; their soldiers rescued them. Then confusion spread everywhere. The space was so narrow that each one of us was lost in the crowd. The people who had clambered upon the wall, threw stones at the infantry. The cannoneers wished to use their arms, but we prevented them. It would evidently have caused the death of many persons. I saw the colonel in turn arrested by the infantry and rescued by his soldiers. I was myself about to fall in the midst of a crowd of men, who, recognizing me, crossed bayonets upon me. I was parrying their blows with my sabre while endeavoring to appease them, when the cannoneers came and rescued me from their guns, and placed me in the midst of themselves.

I then rushed forward toward the mounted cannoneers to seize a horse. All the infantry followed me. I found myself hemmed in between the horses and the wall, without power to move. Then the soldiers arriving from all parts, seized me, and conducted me into the guard-room. Upon entering, I found there M. Parquin. I gave him my hand. He said to me in reply, with an air calm and resigned,

"Prince, we shall be shot, but we shall die worthily."

"Yes," I responded to him. "We have failed in a great and noble enterprise."

Soon after General Voirol arrived, he said to me upon entering, "Prince, you have found but one traitor in the French army."

"Say rather general," I replied, "that I have found a Labédoyère."

Some carriages were brought, and we were carried to the new prison. Behold me, then, between four walls, with barred windows, in the abode of criminals. Ah! those who know what it is to pass instantly from an excess of happiness, which the noblest illusions have caused, to the depths of misery, where there is no longer a hope, and to leap this immense gulf without a moment to prepare one's self for it, can comprehend what was passing in my heart. We all met in the clerk's office. M. de Querelles, while pressing my hand, said to me, with a loud voice,

"Prince, notwithstanding our defeat, I am still proud of what I have done."

They subjected me to an interrogation. I was calm and resigned. They proposed to me the following questions:

"What has induced you to do as you have done?"

"My political opinions," I replied, "and my desire to revisit my country from which foreign invasion has banished me. In 1830, I demanded to be treated as a simple citizen. They treated me as a pretender. Well, I have acted the part of a pretender."

"Did you wish to establish a military government?"

"I wished to establish a government founded upon popular election."

"What would you have done had you been successful?"

him well. He is a nephew of Colonel Vaudrey. This plot is not in favor of the Emperor. It is to restore Charles X."

Others came up reiterating these declarations. The soldiers were bewildered, hesitated, and the cause was lost. Upon such trivial events do the destinies of empires depend.

"I would have assembled a national congress."

I then declared that, as I alone had organized everything; that as I alone had induced others to join me, upon my head alone, all the responsibility should fall. Reconducted into prison, I threw myself upon a bed which had been prepared for me, and notwithstanding my anguish, sleep, which soothes sufferings by giving a respite to the griefs of the soul, came to calm my senses. Repose does not abandon the unfortunate; it is only him who is suffering from remorse whom it leaves. But how frightful was my awaking. I thought myself to have had a horrible nightmare.

The fate of the persons who were compromised was that which gave me the greatest grief and anxiety. I wrote to General Voirol to say to him that his honor bound him to interest himself in behalf of General Vaudrey; for it was, perhaps, the attachment of the colonel for him, and the regard with which he had treated him, which had caused the failure of my enterprise. I closed in imploring that all the rigor of the laws might fall upon me, saying that I was the most guilty, and the only one to be feared.

The general came to see me, and was very affectionate. He said to me, on entering,

"Prince, when I was your prisoner I found only hard words to say to you. Now, that you are mine, I have only words of consolation to offer."

Colonel Vaudrey and I were conducted to the citadel, where I, at least, was much better off than in prison. But the civil power claimed us, and at the end of twenty-four hours we were conveyed back into our former abode. The jailor and the director of the prison at Strasbourg did their duty, but endeavored to alleviate as much as possible my situation; while a certain M. Lebel, whom they had sent from Paris, wishing to show his authority, prevented me from opening my windows to breathe the fresh air; took from me my watch, which he did not restore to me till my departure; and, in fine, even commanded blinds to be put up to intercept the light.

On the 9th, in the evening, I was told that I was to be transferred to another prison. I went out, and I found the general and the prefect, who took me in their carriage, without telling me where they were to conduct me. I insisted that they should leave me with my companions in misfortune; but the government had decided otherwise. When we arrived at the hotel of the prefecture, I found two post-chaises. I was placed in one of them, with M. Cuynat, commandant of the *gendarmerie* of the Seine, and Lieutenant Thiboutot. In the other were four sub-officers.

When I saw that I must leave Strasbourg, and that my lot was to be separated from the other accused, I experienced grief difficult to be described. Behold me, then, forced to abandon the men who had devoted themselves to me; behold me also deprived of the means of making known, in my defence, my ideas and my intentions; behold me receiving a so-called favor from the one to whom I had wished to do the greatest injury. I vented my sorrow in complaints and regrets. I could only protest.

The two officers who conducted me were both officers of the Empire, intimate friends of M. Parquin. They, therefore, treated me with the utmost kindness. I could have imagined that I was travelling with friends. The 11th, at two o'clock in the morning, I arrived in Paris, at the hotel of the prefecture of police. M. Delessert was very polite to me. He informed me that you had come to France to implore, in my favor, the clemency of the king, and that I was to

leave in two hours for Lorient; and that thence I was to sail for the United States in a French frigate.

I said to the prefect that I was in despair in not sharing the fate of my companions in misfortune; that being thus taken from prison before being subjected to a general examination (the first had been but summary), I was deprived of the opportunity of testifying to many facts which were in favor of the accused. But my protestations being unavailing, I decided to write to the King. And I said to him that, having been cast into prison after taking arms against his government, I had but one thing to dread, and that was his generosity, since it might deprive me of the most precious consolation—the possibility of sharing the fate of my companions in misfortune. I added that life to me was of but little value; but that my gratitude to him would be great if he would spare the lives of veteran soldiers, the remains of our old army, who had been influenced by me, and seduced by glorious recollections.

At the same I wrote to M. Odillon Barrot to assume the defence of the accused, and in particular of Colonel Vaudrey. I added:

"Notwithstanding my desire to remain with my companions in misfortune, and to share their fate, notwithstanding my entreaties upon that subject, the King, in his clemency, has ordered that I should be conducted to Lorient, to pass from that place to America. Touched, as I ought to be, with the generosity of the King, I am profoundly afflicted in leaving my co-accused, from the thought that, could I be present at the bar, my depositions in their favor would have influence upon the jury, and would enlighten them in their behalf. Deprived of the consolation of being useful to the men whom I have lured to their ruin, I am obliged to confide to an advocate that which I cannot say myself before the court.

"On the part of the co-accused there was no conspiracy. There was with them but the allurement of the moment. I alone combined all. I alone made the necessary preparations. I had already seen Colonel Vaudrey before the 30th of October; but he had not conspired with me. On the 29th, at eight o'clock in the evening, no one knew, except I, that the movement was to take place the next day. I did not see Colonel Vaudrey until after that hour. M. Parquin had come to Strasbourg upon private business. It was not until the evening of the 29th that I appealed to him. The other persons knew of my presence in France, but were ignorant of the motive which brought me there.

"It was not until the evening of the 29th that I brought together the persons who are now accused; and it was not till then that I made them acquainted with my intentions. Colonel Vaudrey was not present. The officers of the engineers joined us, ignorant, at first, of what was about to transpire. Surely, we are all guilty, in the eyes of the established government, of having taken up arms against it; but I am of all the most guilty. It was I who, for a long time meditating a revolution, had come suddenly to allure these men from an honorable social position to deliver them to all the hazards of a popular movement. In the view of the laws, my companions in misfortunes are guilty of allowing themselves to be led away. But never were there more extenuating circumstances in the eyes of the country than in their case. I addressed to Colonel Vaudrey and to the other persons, when I saw them on the evening of the 29th, the following language.

"'GENTLEMEN: You know all the grievances of the nation toward the government of the 9th of August. But you also know that there is no party existing

to-day which is strong enough to overthrow it; none powerful enough to unite all Frenchmen, even if one of those parties should succeed in attaining power. This feebleness of the government, as also this feebleness of the parties, results from the fact that each represents only the interests of a single class in society. Some rely on the clergy and nobility, others upon the middle class aristocracy, and others upon the common people alone.

"'In this state of things there is but one flag which can rally all parties, because it is the flag of France, and not that of a faction. It is the eagle of the Empire. Under that banner, which recalls so many glorious memories, there is no class excluded. It represents the interests and the rights of all. The Emperor Napoleon held his power from the French people. Four times his authority received the popular sanction. In the year 1804, hereditary right, in the family of the Emperor, was recognized by four millions of votes.

"'As the oldest of the nephews of Napoleon, I can then consider myself as the representative of popular election. I will not say of the Empire, because, in the lapse of twenty years, the ideas and the necessities of France must have changed. But a principle can never be annulled by facts. It can only be annulled by another principle. Now, it cannot be that twelve hundred thousand foreigners in 1815; it cannot be that the Chamber of two hundred and twenty-one members in 1830, can render null the principle of election of 1804. The Napoleonic system consists in advancing civilization without discord and without excess; in giving impulse to ideas by developing material interests; in strengthening power, by rendering it respectable; in disciplining the masses according to their intellectual faculties; in short, in uniting around the altar of the country, French of all parties, by giving them, as motives of action, honor and renown. Let us restore,' I said to them, 'the people to their rights and stability to our institutions. What,' I exclaimed, in conclusion, 'shall the princes of divine right find many men who will die for them in the endeavor to re-establish abuses and privileges; and shall I, whose name represents glory, honor, and the rights of the people, die alone in exile?' 'No,' my brave companions in misfortune replied to me, 'you shall not die alone; we will die with you, or we will conquer together for the cause of the French people.'

"You see thus, sir, that it is I who have led them on, in speaking to them of all that which could most deeply move French hearts. They spoke to me of their oaths, but I replied to them 'that they had taken the oath to Napoleon II. and his dynasty. Invasion alone has released you from that oath. Very well, force can reestablish what force alone has been able to destroy. I went even so far as to speak to them, while we were conversing, of the death of the King. (I inserted this, my mother, as you will understand, in order to be useful to them). You will see how culpable I was in the eyes of the government.

"Well, the government has been generous toward me. It has understood that my position of exile, that my love for my country, that my relationship with the great man, were extenuating causes. The jury, will it not follow in the footsteps of the government? Will it not find extenuating causes much stronger in favor of my accomplices, in the recollections of the Empire, in the intimate relations of many among them with me; in the allurement of the moment; in the example of Labédoyère; in short, in that sentiment of generosity which caused that, soldiers of the Empire, they could not see the eagle without emotion; that, soldiers of the Empire, they preferred to sacrifice their lives rather than abandon the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon, than to deliver him to

his executioners, for we were far from thinking of any mercy in case of failure."

IN SIGHT OF MADEIRA, 12th December, 1836.

I remained ten days at the citadel of Port Louis. Every morning I received a visit from the sub-prefect of Lorient, the commandant of the place, and of the colonel of the *gendarmerie*. They were all very kind to me, and never ceased to speak to me of their attachment to the Emperor. The commandant, Cuynat, and Lieutenant Thiboutot were marked in their generous actions and attentions to me. I could even believe myself in the midst of my friends, and the thought that they were in a position hostile to mine, caused me much pain. The wind for sometime proved contrary, and prevented the frigate from leaving port. At last a steamer towed out the frigate. The sub-prefect came to tell me that I was to go. The drawbridge of the citadel was lowered. I went forth, accompanied by the sub-prefect, the commandant of the place, and the officer of the *gendarmerie* of the place, and also by the officers and sub-officers who had conducted me there. I passed through two files of soldiers who kept back the crowd of the curious, who had gathered to see me. We all entered the boats to be rowed out to the frigate, which awaited us outside the harbor. I bade adieu to these gentlemen with cordiality ; I ascended the ladder and saw, with anguish of heart, the shores of France disappear from my view.

I must now give you a detailed account of the frigate. The commander has given me a state-room in the stern of the ship, where I sleep. I dine with him, his son, the second in command, and the aide-de-camp. The commandant, captain of the vessel, Henry Villeneuve, is an excellent man, frank and loyal as an old sailor. He treats me with every attention. You see that I have much less to complain of than my friends. The other officers of the frigate are also very kind to me. There are besides, two passengers, who are two peculiar men ; one, M. D., is a scholar, twenty-six years of age, who has much intelligence and imagination, blended with a little eccentricity. For example, he believes in foretelling the future, and undertakes to predict himself, to each one, his future lot. To this he adds profound faith in magnetism, and has told me that a somnambulist had predicted to him two years ago, that a member of the family of the Emperor would return to France, and would dethrone Louis Philippe. He is going to Brazil to make some experiments in electricity.

The other passenger is a former librarian of Don Pedro, who has preserved all the manners of the ancient court. Badly treated in Brazil, in consequence of his attachment to the Emperor, he returns there to obtain redress.

The first fortnight of the voyage was very disagreeable. We were continually tossed about by gales, and by contrary winds, which drove us back even to the entrance of the British Channel. It was impossible during all that time to take a step without grasping at whatever came within one's reach.

We did not not know, until within a few days, that our destination is changed. The commander had sealed orders which he has opened, and which tell him to go to Rio, and to remain there as long as is necessary to renew his provisions ; to retain me on board during all the time that he shall remain in the harbor, and then to convey me to New York. Now, this frigate is ordered to go to the Southern Ocean, where she will remain stationed for two years. Thus she is compelled to make an addition of three thousand leagues to her voyage, for from New York she will be obliged to return to Rio, by a long detour to the east, to avail herself of the trade winds.

In sight of the Canaries, 14th December, 1836.

Every man carries within him a world composed of all that which he has seen and loved, and to which he recurs continually, even when he is travelling over a foreign land. At such times I do not know which is the most afflictive, the memory of the misfortunes which have befallen us, or that of the happy days which are no more.

We have passed through the winter, and are again in summer. The trade-winds have succeeded the tempest, and that enables me to spend most of my time upon deck. Seated upon the poop, I reflect upon all that has happened to me, and I think of you and of Arenemberg. Our situations depend upon the affections we cherish. Two months ago, I only asked that I might never return to Switzerland. Now, if I should surrender myself to my impressions, I should have no other desire than to find myself in my little chamber in that beautiful country, where it seems to me I ought to be so happy. Alas! when one has a soul which feels keenly, he must be destined to pass his days, either in the languor of inaction or in the convulsions of painful situations. When I returned a few months ago from conducting Mathilde,* in entering the park, I found a tree broken by the storm, and I said to myself, "Our marriage will be broken by fate." That which I vaguely imagined is realized. Have I then exhausted in 1836 all the share of happiness which was destined for me?

Do not accuse me of weakness if I permit myself to give you an account of all my impressions. One can regret that which he has lost without repenting of that which he has done. Besides, our sensations are not so independent of mental causes that our ideas should not be always somewhat modified by the objects which surround us. The sunshine or the direction of the wind has a great influence upon our moral condition. When the weather is fine, as it is to-day, when the ocean is calm as the Lake of Constance when we walked on its banks in the evening, when the moon, the same moon shines over us, with the same pensive light, when, in fine, the atmosphere is as mild as in the month of August in Europe, then I am more sad than usual. All memories pleasant and painful fall with the same weight upon my heart. Fine weather expands the heart and makes it more impressionable, while bad weather shuts it up. The passions alone are independent of the inclemencies of the seasons. When we left the barrack of Austerlitz, a flurry of snow fell upon us. Colonel Vaudrey, to whom I remarked this, said to me, "notwithstanding this squall, the day will be a beautiful one."

December 29th.

We passed the line yesterday. The usual ceremony was enacted. The commandant, who is always very polite to me, exempted me from the baptism. It is a very ancient usage, but which is none the more sensible for that, to celebrate the passage of the line by throwing one's self into the water and aping a divine office. The heat was intense.

I have found on board enough books not to have the time pass heavily. I have read again the works of M. de Chateaubriand, and of J. J. Rousseau. Nevertheless the motion of the ship renders all occupation fatiguing.

* The Princess Mathilde was the daughter of Jerome. It is said that Louis Napoleon formed a strong early attachment for his cousin. The supposition seems to be confirmed by this paragraph. Mathilde subsequently married a very wealthy Russian noble. She did not, however, live happily with him, and a separation took place She has long been one of the ornaments of the court of Napoleon III.

January 1st, 1837.

My Dear Mamma (*Ma chère Maman*): It is the first day of the year. I am fifteen hundred leagues from you, and in another hemisphere. Happily, thought traverses all that space in less than a second. I am near you. I express to you all my regrets for all the sufferings which I have occasioned you. I renew to you the expression of my tenderness and of my gratitude.

This morning the officers came in a body to wish me a happy a new year. I was much touched by this attention on their part. At half-past four o'clock we were at the table. As we were seventeen degrees of longitude west from Constance, it was at the same time seven o'clock at Arenemberg. You were probably at dinner. I drank, in the thought, to your health. Perhaps you did the same for me. At least I gratified myself in believing it at that moment. I thought also of my companions in misfortune. Alas! I think of them continually. I thought that they were more unhappy than I.

Present my most tender regards to good Madame Salvage; to the young ladies; to that poor little Claire; to M. Cottrau, and to Arsène.

January 5th, 1837.

We had yesterday a squall, which fell upon us with extreme violence. If the sails had not been torn to pieces by the wind, the frigate would have been in danger. The rain fell so impetuously that the sea was entirely white with foam. To-day the sky is as beautiful as usual. The damages are all repaired, and the bad weather is already forgotten. But it is not so with the storms of life.

Speaking of the frigate, the commandant told me that the one which formerly bore your name is now in the Southern Ocean, and is called the Flora.

January 10th.

We have just arrived at Rio Janeiro. The *coup d'œil* of the harbor is superb. To-morrow I shall make a sketch of it. I hope that this letter will soon reach you. Do not think of coming to join me. I do not know as yet where I shall settle. Perhaps I shall find more inducements to live in South America; the labor to which the uncertainty of my fate will oblige me to devote myself will be the only consolation which I can enjoy.

Adieu, my mother. Remember me to our old servants, and to our friends of Thurgovia and of Constance.

I am very well. Your tender and respectful son,

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

After a short tarry at Rio Janeiro, during which time, according to the instructions given, the Prince was not permitted to go on shore, the frigate again set sail, and, on the 30th of March, cast anchor at Norfolk, Virginia. He was now at liberty, though he could not return to France under penalty of death. So great was the terror of the dynasties of the popularity of his name with the masses, that he was also excluded from many of the other countries on the Continent of Europe. The Prince repaired immediately to New York. He had been there but seven weeks, devoting himself earnestly to the study of American institutions, when he received the following letter from his mother:

Arenemberg, April 3, 1837.

My Dear Son: I am about to submit to an operation which has become absolutely necessary. If it is not successful, I send you, by this letter, my blessing. We shall meet again—shall we not?—in a better world, where may

you come to join me as late as possible. In leaving this world, I have but one regret. It is to leave you and your affectionate tenderness—the greatest charm of my existence here. It will be a consolation to you, my dear child, to reflect that, by your attentions, you have rendered your mother as happy as it was possible for her, in her circumstances, to be. Think that a loving and watchful eye still rests on the dear ones we leave behind, and that we shall surely meet again. Cling to this sweet idea. It is too necessary not to be true. I press you to my heart, my dear son. I am very calm and resigned; and I hope that we shall meet again in this world. The will of God be done.

Your affectionate mother,

HORTENSE.

The prince immediately took ship for London, having spent but seven weeks in this country. Through many difficulties he reached Arenemberg, just in time to receive his mother's blessing, and to close her eyes in death. He was thus left alone in the world, without mother, sister, or brother. His father was a confirmed invalid, immersed in gloom, and residing for the most of his time in Florence. Unfortunately for the reputation of Prince Louis in this country, there was another Prince Bonaparte visiting the United States about the same time, now thirty years ago, who was a wild, reckless young man. He was the son of Lucien. His character and acts have been, by a very natural mistake, attributed to the thoughtful, studious, pensive Louis Napoleon, who was, in all respects, a very different man.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

DEMOCRATIC DEITIES.

THE ancients sacrificed upon altars of bronze and marble and gold to personal gods ; they made hymns and statues in honor of individual deities. The courts of temples, the cool shining corridors, the niches, columns, friezes, and pedestals, gleamed with the gilded marble, and were beautiful with sculptured forms of the great immortals. The whole Olympian group, each intact and expressive in his personality ; and happy mortals, famous or beautiful, who were elected to a place among them, shone upon men, admonishing them to rise above the common or average life, promising them the immortality of great individualities.

It has remained for us to divinize the collective and common life, and to find the sanction of our actions in the general opinion, or the average mind. It is not the grand and beautiful Olympian god, or the sublime and terrible Jehovah to whom we sacrifice. It is to the Absolute Average, it is to the Common Sentiment, to the General Mind, that we immolate all that is personal and all that should be private. If we had been an æsthetic people, and had a race of plastic artists, we should have made images of the gods of *our* mythology. But the very myths of common sentiment and public opinion are too vague and changing to admit of a concrete representation. They can exist only in newspapers and in the hearts of my countrymen.

We are too far from the beautiful facts and imposing circumstances of the classic world ; we have listened too much to pulpit orators who could find the antithesis of their Christian ideal only in a misrepresentation of the best estate of the antique life. They draw their picture from the debased hour of Paganism. But Greece should mean, to a sectarian people, something besides an anti-spiritual religion ; and Greek art can teach us something besides the beauty of form.

The characteristic art of the Greeks was the most individualizing and distinguishing of all the arts. I mean sculpture. It, more than painting, withholds itself from the collective life ; it maintains itself supreme in persons, not in masses, in man, and not in crowds. Its highest work is a Venus, a Jove, or an Apollo, and not any subject that subordinates the one to the many. The finest ethic and æsthetic expression of the Greeks ignored the general life, but superbly and immortally embraced the individual.

Our democratic art, which is the indiscriminating and vulgarizing photograph, is no respecter of persons. It is applied with the same success to every form of life, and gives us images drained of the vital and sympathetic and personal spirit, which is so precious in painting, so intelligible and manifest in men and things.

Our vice of giving the supreme value to, and our satisfaction in accepting as final, the judgment of the average mind, robs us of all that usually comes from the purely personal—induces commonplace and inertia. We have made the mistake of introducing a political idea and a political fact into the domain of the social and æsthetic. The average product is worthless in poetry and painting,

however valuable it may be in law or politics. Yet our whole theory of life exalts the average, and reduces the special man to a subject state. We assume a general and comprehensive censorship; we speak in the name of public opinion, and pronounce against the personal. The only infallible, is the general mind; the only sensible, is the average man!

The only thing that really has weight and influence with us is the press—the organ of the common mind—which is the impersonal. If we can say the press says so and so, we respect it. The most powerful journals, like the "London Times" and "Saturday Review," in England, derive their influence from the fact that the public cannot attach their articles to particular writers. When we wish to belittle the "Tribune," we say "Horace Greeley's paper." When we wish to invoke it as an authority, we say "The Tribune." Our favorite papers are impersonal; and yet it is obvious that they are the utterance of individual minds. We say "The Post," when, to express its best character, we should say Bryant and Godwin; we say "The Tribune," when, to express its patriotic hope and vital and sincere benevolence, we should have said Horace Greeley; we say "The World," when, to express its brilliant play of expression and unscrupulous *persifleur* spirit, we should say W. H. Hurlbut.

If we listen at our clubs, if we read the newspapers, we soon learn that men are patronized or censured just in proportion to the degree of their publicity. The club talker, with his airs of a fine gentleman, and the newspaper critic, with his vast oblivion and sectarian knowledge, become the voice of the average sentiment, the utterance of public opinion, and the sayer of the general conviction. And how, on that great basis, they dispense alms to generals, poets, essayists, and painters! They patronize or censure all contemporary names as though *they* came from the thigh of Jupiter, were taught by the Muses, and carried Apollo's lyre! I said they censure or patronize all; but I must correct myself. The names of professors and pedants hold them in awe by the obvious forms of the mechanical mind—a familiarity with the customary evidences of knowledge is a salutary check to their garrulity; then they are content to listen and submit. No doubt Emerson was patronized and dreaded by the club men of Boston twenty years ago; no doubt Hawthorne's stories were thought to be "promising," and his "Scarlet Letter" "a great improvement;" no doubt Thoreau was a name ignored by the babblers of social anecdotes and parlor frivolities; for none of these men broke bread or drank wine in honor of our average god, in honor of our common worship, which is the general opinion. Average Thought and General Opinion are two overgrown and dull deities, who are dreadful, imposing, effective because they are often invoked but never seen; yet their shadow is over us; they are the final appeal of every one who wishes to protect himself from the precious or strong influence of an individual. But I cannot see what we have gained by substituting an invisible and fluctuating tyrant for a visible and personal one. Is Absolute Average better than Absolute Cæsar?

It seems to me that Absolute Average never gave us anything but war and subsistence. It seems to me that absolute man has given us everything. The poets and sages and painters and inventors have always been opposed to Absolute Average, have never assented to the general sentiment. Poetry, art, and science have been the gift of individuals.

Our faith in majorities belittles man, reduces him to a mere collective and industrial *rôle*, and makes us fatal to all specially organized and exceptionally

endowed men. A survey of history fixes our attention upon a few great men. Looking at our own, I discover that all our masters, who have made more than a local reputation, that is to say, all the men who shed lustre upon us, have arrayed themselves against our general life, and have not been exponents of the average sentiment. They have stigmatized and worried us.

An assenting mind gives nothing to its time. I discover that all the vital writers have *provoked* the common mind. I discover that they have been the accusers of their generation. Burke found no occasion to chime his splendid diction to official policy; Mirabeau, representative of the people, was a *frondeur;* Thackeray depicted his countrymen as a race of snobs; Taine satirizes Frenchmen; Emerson and Thoreau arrayed themselves against a dominant sectarianism; Parker fulminated, with his masculine mind, against us; and shall we sit supine, depreciate aggressive writers and invoke the average mind to-day? Those who boast of our war must not forget that it was the result of a noble political dissatisfaction which had been first stimulated, then justified, by a few great persons of our epoch.

Meantime, we distrust now as we distrusted then, our accusers, and we would sacrifice them to our absolute average mind, which we believe is the object of our institutions, the reason of our being, the end of our development!

O Democracy! is it to this poor figure that you have come at last? And is the average man your only claim upon our gratitude? Your advocate and poet, Walt Whitman, is *not* an average man. He is a superb illustration of, and an exception in, your life. Yet only upon your strong bosom, nursed in your generous and universal life, could he have been grown.

It is not the special business of Democracy to bear and nurse the average man. He is produced by all societies. It is the boast of Democracy that she has made the average man better and higher in the scale of civilization than the average man of any other society. It is her reproach that she has delegated a power to him that in the nature of things he cannot intelligently exercise; that she encourages him to babble about things for which neither birth nor experience have qualified him. Walt Whitman may tenderly and grandly celebrate his humanity and comprehensive solicitude; but he must be kept out of the pulpit, the studio, and the magazine, for in them we want special individual men —men "called by the spirit" of their profession, endowed to teach us particular truths, quick to signal a vicious custom, or unmask a social and political pretension.

Reacting as we have against European society, struck with admiration at the patience and suffering of its people, impressed with the grand and Christian idea of our common brotherhood, we have forgotten that all literary and artistic glory is not derived from our general life, but is the gift of a few great and devoted men.

Our generous and just political doctrine proves restrictive and fatal in literature and art; fatal because it immolates all that is personal and peculiar to the general, whereas literature and art depend exclusively upon the personal gift and the peculiar expression. It is so much so that it has been said nothing suffices for the immortality of a book if it lacks *style*—that is, the man. Assuredly it is style that we admire in all the masters.

We are too much pleased with our society and our age. We need a vivid conception of an admirable epoch. We need to be told that when the people supplanted the gods, they lost great types of force and beauty. Praise To-day as "a king in disguise" who may—I will celebrate Yesterday; for the present

is a word upon the lips of every one, and we ignore the charm, the grace, the ideal of an anterior time. I like to imagine a different social life from that which now about us restrains so much of our natural and legitimate development. Better I like to imagine a life under a tender and soft sky, upon a generous soil, among a people who thought elegance, grace, and health of body the first and last to cultivate in women. Slender maidens in delicate and flowing garments of linen, with bare or sandalled feet, and bracelets and necklaces of unburnished and exquisitely wrought gold, with vase or wreath or distaff, went through the simple duties of a simple life, dedicated to joy. Like beautiful houris, they moved about the existence of man. Under the grape, the olive and the laurel they drew their peaceful breath. They were exquisitely feminine and marvellously elegant. No cruel traces of their life remain upon the earth. No circus, no amphitheatre! A few images of their free life and wanton joy are all we have to know that they lived. In museums we see and touch the vases that they held, the trinkets that they wore. The exquisite illustration of their harmless life charms us. The Etruscan maiden seems to me to have had a more beautiful existence than the American girl at Newport or Saratoga. Certainly she was more chastely and simply dressed. The costume of an American or Parisian girl, compared with that of an Etruscan, is as absurd and arbitrary as a Japanese costume is to us. Furthermore, it is a remarkable fact, that the most over-dressed epochs of civilization have been the most licentious. Witness the epoch of Louis Quatorze in France, and Charles II. in England. While we sacrifice so much literary and artistic expression to our democratic deities, Public Opinion and Common Propriety, and ask for the decent draperies of tradition to cover our defects, we should at least be reminded that healthy and natural epochs of civilization were not so much clothed as our own, and admitted far greater liberty to individuals.

The truth is, we are in the midst of democratic distress, and our democratic deities cannot save us. The "North American Review," with Mr. Godkin's pen, has stated our trouble, in clear and thoughtful phrases, and without declamation; and yet, let me also say, without *fervor*. Mr. Godkin expressed the thinking and feeling of most disinterested Americans in his arraignment of our society. We may boast of and magnify our works, and by an exclusive consideration of our manifest devotion to the sentiment of *humanity*, persuade ourselves that we have fulfilled or are fulfilling the whole duty of a civilized people. But this thing which we have done does not release us, as civilized agents, from the obligation of doing things that we have left undone.

We have a fatal passion—the love of display; we have a fatal belief—that one man is as good as another. Our love of display, unilluminated by the artistic, makes us vulgar; our belief (in politics, our humane and beautiful truth), which should be limited to social and political rights, makes us familiar with our superiors. To be good democrats I see no reason why we should deny the ascendency of character, or nullify natural distinctions, such as those made by beauty and genius. The declaration of the rights of man does not warrant our publicity, our display, or our familiarity.

I am only at the beginning of a long sermon upon the times, addressed to a brawling Democracy that sacrifices to fatal gods; gods who encourage the desire of luxury, and hush the protest of the unbought censors of its life. We can hardly listen to the expression of the disgust and despondency of our most liberal minds. We cannot read their reflections upon our domestic disorders and general vulgarity of life without making frantic outcries of wounded vanity.

Our newspapers, which burn so much cheap incense to our democratic deities, were highly shocked at "the snobbish temerity of the 'North American Review,'" in its accusations of our society. But let us have done with this duet of popular and pleasing words, and look at things as they are. Ours is not a perfect society; our least ideal minds, our most practical writers, have not been able to escape the saddening sense of the evil of particular facts of our society. The "North American Review" tells us that the pulpit and press have lost, or are losing, their power, through *iteration*. It seems to me otherwise. I think they have lost, and are losing, their power, because of their *disbelief* in the good of highest things. The pulpit and the press, preach what they may, are convinced of the sufficient good of wealth and success. They do not tell us, as Emerson told us several years ago, we should *love poverty* as a bride; they do not deprecate with hearty conviction the ascendency of the *business mind* in our country. It is not *iteration* which destroys the effect of the sermons of laymen and priests against our democratic deities; it is the want of those convictions of ideal good which belittle material success, but which make poetry, art, and philosophy the gods of our life.

We have science and business, instead of art and nature, for our homage; we have "dry goods and churches," instead of glory and honor to evoke all the forces of our society.

It is poor consolation to tell the present generation that "we have instruments of reform lying unused;" that "those who are most despondent about the future of society may find comfort in the assurance afforded by a careful reading of history," etc.

What consolation could the actual workers, who witnessed the breaking of old bonds, of old habits, of old traditions, have had in the midst of the moral anarchy of the Eighteenth Century in France?

All sensitive and profound men have been struck with a mortal sadness at the spectacle of the slow march, and, sometimes, dreadful evolution of human society. Their hope was clouded; they could not resist the conviction that the generations of men were as cheap as any material in the universe; that they were apparently debased and squandered upon time; that the only enduring and mighty thing is our common humanity, which is the noblest worship of the democratic spirit, which we reverence, and sacrifice to, and are zealous for, night and day. Our worship is the worship of humanity, which has practically supplanted the gods of Paganism and Puritanism. Our hope and our strength is that we are parts of that progressing whole which rolls over us, uses us, crushes us like a vast Juggernaut. But already the wise have taken the alarm and protested; already they begin to hedge the *individual* with something sacred and inviolable; and it is to the preciousness of the individual (his social, literary, and artistic life as opposed to the general or common life) that certain of our poets and sages have tried and are trying to bring us.

We must weaken the influence of our democratic deities, and while we share the people's enthusiasm for humanity, make them know the whole sacredness and beauty of their belief is the sanctity and value it gives to the individual, lifting him out of the reach of all despotisms; not only of Church and State, but of those tyrannical deities of our newspapers called the Average Mind, and Public Opinion and Common Propriety, to which we sacrifice so much that is personal in letters, so much that should be private in life.

EUGENE BENSON.

BY RAIL TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE Missouri River divides the Continent midway between ocean and ocean. Yet, though Plymouth Rock took its place in history two and a half centuries ago, it is only within the past few years that the atlases have ventured to indicate more of the vast unexplored region that stretched away from its western shores to the far Pacific, than did those old maps of Africa, where

> Geographers, on vacant downs,
> Put elephants in place of towns.

A buffalo, an Indian, a range of mountains, the words "Great American Desert," stood for all that range of country, which, till the wonderful exodus from Nauvoo, only a few scouts and trappers ever penetrated. An unknown land of mystery and romance.

To-day, the geographer may supplant all former symbols by the four letters "U. P. R. R.;" initials as potent on a line of a thousand miles west of the Missouri as were ever S. P. Q. R. in Rome's palmiest days; initials which have so substituted themselves for "U. S." that they forcibly suggest the possible danger that the Republic may repeat the history of some of the individual States, and submit to the irresponsible tyranny of monopolies. When reconstruction, and the financial derangement caused by the Rebellion, have been settled, one great practical political question will be, whether individual liberty and a republican form of government can coexist with these mammoth railroad corporations? A question worthy the immediate consideration of those philosophers who, in their closets, map out the politics of the future.

A government that rules a large extent of territory must have the means of rapid communication throughout its dominions. The Romans understood this, and so followed their conquering armies with broad, enduring highways, that, throughout the civilized world, it passed into a proverb that "all roads lead to Rome."

Twenty years ago, Thomas H. Benton, the great Senator of the West, realizing the necessity of more rapid transit, if the Pacific coast was to be held, proposed the building of a national railroad to the Pacific, "where practicable," deeming the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras impassable.

On the very day of the passage of the ordinance of secession by South Carolina—the 20th of December, 1860—the House of Representatives passed the first bill authorizing the building of a railroad to the Pacific.

Its passage, on this day, was largely owing to the strenuous exertions of the distinguished publicist, Samuel B. Ruggles, of New York, who urged the members to signalize the day by this evidence of their confidence in the perpetuity of the Republic; and, also, at this first moment of danger, to begin at once the work, which would create new bonds of union between the different parts of the country.

A stately Corinthian column of the temple of constitutional liberty trembled to its fall; but the watchful curators of the building, nowise dismayed,

threw out a mighty buttress, which should strengthen the walls and bind the masonry. In this fact was hid the whole story of the result. A people who, calm amid the confusion of tottering States, could plan such a colossal enterprise, must needs be invincible to any attack of plotting traitors.

Too many of the secessionists then lingered in the Senate to permit the passage of the bill, and the road—the conception of enlightened patriotism, delayed, but not defeated, by the enemies—owes its creation to the same patriotic zeal which shrank from no sacrifice to preserve that common country, of which this great work is at once evidence and security.

The imperative need of a connecting road with the Pacific slope induced the offer of such terms as, in fact, makes the country the real builder of the road and entitled to the credit of its construction, without, however, detracting from the credit due to the actual managers and executors of the enterprise, or the courage, energy, and ability, they have so conspicuously shown; but for these qualities, the aid of the Government, munificent as it was, would have been useless. I have no space to detail the story of their trials and triumphs. Suffice it to say, they have triumphed. A well-built railroad, well supplied with rolling stock, and having substantial depots and repair shops at needed points, runs now from Omaha to a point between seven and eight hundred miles west. It has already crossed the Rocky Mountains, and, on meeting the Central Road, running east from Stockton, California, will open for through traffic to the Pacific; and much sooner than is generally anticipated.

The Union Pacific Railroad, having, in accordance with the conditions, first reached the 100th parallel of latitude west, became entitled to the grants which had been offered to the competing roads. First, the right of way and all lands needed for buildings; second, each alternate section of land, twenty miles on each side the track, as a free gift. This is equal, in territory, to a continuous belt twenty miles wide to the Pacific, and amounts to fourteen millions and eighty thousand acres of land. For three hundred miles west of the Missouri, the road runs through a country as fertile as any the sun smiles on. Among the mountains, the mineral treasures are believed to be vast; coal, of good quality, has been found in abundance. In addition, the bonds of the Government are loaned to the road—in all, amounting to $29,328,000 for 1,100 miles. These bonds are advanced on the completion and acceptance by Government commissioners of each twenty miles of the road. Government permits the company to issue first mortgage bonds to an equal amount, taking itself a second mortgage. It pays for all Government transportation one-half in cash, crediting the other half toward the loan of the bonds.

The amount *saved* to Government during 1867 in the difference between the cheaper transportation by rail and the contract wagon prices, amounted, according to the quartermaster's report, to $1,925,839. National soldiers guard the road against Indian attacks.

To form a just idea of the real magnitude of this undertaking at the beginning, it must be remembered that the country itself supplied neither workmen nor material; it was unexplored and full of hostile Indians. There was no railroad west of Des Moines, Iowa. Everything had to be wagoned from there, one hundred and fifty miles to the Missouri, and then, as now, ferried across the river. All the workmen, all the machinery, all the material, had to be brought from the far distant East; while, pushing west, the surveying parties were harassed and sometimes killed by the Indians.

Men have wondered how the Egyptians transported the material for their pyramids and obelisks, and it took France, with all her resources, many months to bring one of the smallest of these obelisks from the Nile to the Seine. Yet here, quietly, within the past three years, Americans have done a more wonderful and far grander work. So quietly none knew of it till the difficulties had been overcome, and the incredulity of the country was startled by the statement that, out in the Rocky Mountains, the Union Pacific Company was building a railroad at the wonderful speed of three miles a day!

Here will be the first experiment of organized emigration—if we except the partial, but highly successful efforts of the Mormons. Civilization was wont to make slow progress, creeping along in emigrant wagons on the trail of trappers and hunters, and leaving behind her more valuable possessions, as too cumbersome; and so, by slow degress, has moved, cautiously and painfully, over half the Continent. Now a new era begins. The locomotive, pushing out into the new country, bears with it all the essentials of civilization; and towns and cities rise up in a day; States spring forth full panoplied! Nebraska sets her star upon the flag, and Wyoming steps forth, the youngest of the territories.

"U. P. R. R." is seen on the signs in the street, on the mules and horses, on cars and depots; and "U. P. R. R." occupies the thoughts and employs the energies of almost every earnest man west of the Missouri. Soon it will write its magic sign along the shores of the Pacific, and bring back the spoils of the Orient; seizing, in its strong grasp, the prize nations have contended for—the trade of the East. Reaching with its branches to Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, it will carve out new States, and control their destinies. It will soon have it in its power to control the election of twenty Senators.

Said I not truly that the geographer might well substitute upon his map, its initials, for the vague symbols with which he made ignorance picturesque?

Thirteen years ago, the Indian title to the land on the west bank of the Missouri was extinguished. At the spot opposite Council Bluffs, the Mormons crossed, and struck westward over the Plains. The emigrant trail took the same route—the path the Indians had always taken—along the valley of the Platte, and by degrees a settlement grew up on the river bank to supply the needs of the emigrants.

The situation is so lovely, that it seems as if nature had foreseen the day when civilization should come and demand of her a place for settlement, and had prepared this site for the future city. On the Iowa side, the bluffs are some five miles back from the river's edge, and the stream makes a grand sweep around the meadows. On the west bank, there are two plateaux, one lifted by a steep rise of some fifty feet, both affording ample room for all business purposes. A mile back, the bluffs rise abruptly about a hundred feet above the river, and trending south-east, strike the river boldly some two or three miles below, thus encircling the town like an amphitheatre, and offering the finest sites for private residences, some of which are already nestled along their wooded slopes.

The view from the top of the bluff, near the old capitol building, is very extensive; looking north the eye can trace the river, far-sweeping with majestic curves, and the distant bluffs, with bare ravines looking seamed and time-worn, and having the effect of high mountains seen at a great distance, there being nothing to contrast them with, but the prairie meadows from which they abruptly rise.

The winding river, the beautiful meadows, the gradually receding bluffs, the houses crowning them, and the town stretching down at our feet; the near and the distant view, all combine and harmonize into a scene very rare in this flat western country, and one which recalled in many of its features one of the loveliest in the land, the view from Round Hill, Northampton, Mass.

Only in the modern style of the better class of dwellings, and in the smallness of the cottonwood trees which fringe every door-yard, do you get any idea of the newness of the place. It looks very like an eastern town of the same size; has handsome blocks of stores equal to those of any city, and some very substantial and elegant private residences. It counts sixteen thousand inhabitants, though three years ago there were but three thousand—its growth in ten years.

We have come to see the Union Pacific Railroad, and here is its starting point; and this City of Omaha is its creation. It is a promising, prosperous little city, full of activity and hope. It can send steamers from its levees two thousand miles north, and two thousand miles south to the Gulf; it will have railroad communication with the Pacific and the Atlantic. It already numbers seven railroads—three finished, and four in process of completion, which, centering on the opposite bank, it proposes to absorb. Indeed, as the initial point of the Union Pacific Railroad, it seems to get more of growth out of these other roads than does its neighbor, Council Bluffs, where they centre. This town as yet numbers only six thousand inhabitants.

Omaha is a live place; has churches, stores, hotels, and everything on an Eastern scale; horses as fine as can be found anywhere, and carriages to match. Its citizens are hospitable and intelligent, and we bore away many pleasant memories of their courtesy and kindness.

The Company employs a thousand men in its works here, which works we duly inspected. They make all their rolling stock, with the exception of the locomotives, of which they have ninety in use and one hundred and seven contracted for.

They propose hereafter to construct their own locomotives. The workshops and depot buildings are all large, well built, and well appointed. It is only the fact that they, as well as the city about them, have been created in so short a time, and under such disadvantageous conditions, that makes them of any special interest to the mere traveller. We felt far more of interest in the five hundred Mormon emigrants we found scattered about under the shade of the cars, and wherever they could find shelter from the scorching rays of the sun.

They seemed to be divided into family groups. A bread cart had just come from the city, and the men were busy about it buying supplies, and showed plenty of greenbacks. They were all soon busy eating their frugal meal, and it looked like a gypsy party or a picnic on a large scale. Although worn and dirty from their emigrant journey (they had been just a month from Liverpool to Omaha), they seemed generally bright and respectable persons. Among them were some women, whose great age and feebleness would have deterred any but religious enthusiasts from subjecting them to such hardships.

They were mostly from England—from London, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire. The Yorkshire dialect and the cockney elision of the "H," were very perceptible. All seemed to have a great idea of the energy of the Americans, and to look forward very hopefully to their new home. There were three or

four really pretty faces among them, but as a whole, they were far from possessing the royal dower of beauty.

Asking several of the women—unmarried ones and married—what inducement led them to leave their homes, the reply always was, that "they had come in obedience to the Lord's will, and that they would be perfectly willing to pass through the same, and far heavier hardships, to render that obedience." They seemed earnest and sincere, and of average intelligence. They complained much of the cars without springs—cattle cars—in which they were transported through Canada, six of their number having died from the fatigue and heat.

One strong woman, who had been helping her husband move the luggage, was then prostrate from the heat, and they were striving in their simple way to help her, but in vain, as we afterward learned.

I have rarely seen so touching a sight as the bewildered look of the husband as he stood there beholding his wife so mysteriously stricken down in the midst of perfect health, and trying in every way to aid her. There seemed to be no provision for any medical assistance for them; in this case, it was plain nothing could avail.

The poor emigrants, ignorant of the danger of exposure to the sun, and with no provision made for their protection, fall easy victims to this unknown foe. This is especially the case with the Norwegian emigrants, who pass through Chicago in large numbers.

I was much surprised to find among them a group, whose bright eyes, dark hair, and olive cheeks, spoke unmistakably of sunny Italy; the little three-year old "Catterina" was as beautiful, with her large dark speaking eyes, as any of the innocents Raffaelle delighted to picture. They were from Turin, a family of eight, father, mother, one son, and five daughters, "Protestants"—"Vaudois." They told me they were "Mormons" now, and that there were some seventy Italians at Salt Lake. I had not before known that Brigham had found any disciples beyond the Alps.

What strange power of attraction it is which has enabled these despised ones to go to this distant desert among the mountains, and call in workers from all the world; to come across sea and land, and then face the thousand miles of of desert that lie between them and the last limit of civilization, and there to make the wilderness literally "to blossom like the rose." The bald statement of the fact is like a story out of the Eastern wonder book. It seems to have been left for the West to realize, and to put into actual being, the most wonderful imaginings of the dreamers of the East. Nothing in the "Arabian Nights" exceeds in romance the story of Salt Lake, or the magical building of this railroad here, which is to take these emigrants so many hundred miles on their way to that other wonder. Truly the "old men" of the East "have dreamed dreams," but the "young men" of the West "see visions."

Three thousand emigrants are expected to arrive soon. The men will go to work at once on the railroad, for sixty miles of which Brigham Young has a contract. The emigrants make already a large portion of the business of the road, and also furnish labor for its construction. The Mormons are very anxious to have it finished to Salt Lake, so as to avoid the long journeys by teams. They expect large and rapid accessions when it is completed.

An hour's ride from Omaha brings us to the Valley of the Platte. It opens before us, first, like a little inlet pushing back among the hills, then, broadening out suddenly, we are in the grassy sea. Far as the eye can reach, north and

west, the treeless, green expanse—a boundless plain of verdure—stretches away. On the south is the Platte, with its fringe of trees and its picturesque islands, which form a singular and beautiful feature of the river, scattered along like beads upon a rosary. Beyond the river, the sea of grass again, and, at some distance, low rolling hills.

We are now upon the old emigrant trail across the Continent. On the river bank are cultivated farms, and large, brown, comfortable-looking houses, seated among the luxuriant fields, like grey old rocks jutting up out of this dark green sea of growing corn, whose "laughing waves" are edged with the foam of whitening wheat fields.

Surely one sight of these harvest-fields would settle all doubts as to the agricultural possibilities of Nebraska. The valley here is forty miles from north to south, and stretches away before us to the Rocky Mountains.

For more than two hundred miles westward the soil is as fertile and productive as here. These farmers—"ranch men," as they are called, who had a sort of vested interest in the "emigrant trail"—gave no welcome to the railroad, even though it promised a market at Omaha. Heretofore their market has been a sure one at their own doors, and the emigrants were forced to pay whatever the farmers chose to ask, and to exchange their tired teams for fresh ones at rates highly profitable to the settlers.

Ninety miles from Omaha is Columbus. Two or three board shanties near the station, set down in the flat prairie, are all the present indications of the coming greatness of George Francis Train's proposed and prophesied new capital city of the United States. Its eligibility is not apparent to common eyes. It is claimed, I think, as the geographical centre from ocean to ocean. But railroads and telegraphs have diminished the importance of merely "geographical centres," and though there is, at the west, some real feeling in regard to moving the Capitol, the inevitable discussion as to its new position will, let us trust, permit the white dome to crown the hill where Washington placed it, for generations!

Sixty miles beyond, one hundred and fifty miles west of Omaha, at Grand Island Station, we made our first acquaintance with antelopes, prairie dogs and rattlesnakes, the peculiar denizens of the prairie, kept as pets by some of the company's men, of whom two or three hundred are here employed. The antelopes look like large rabbits on stilts, and are far less graceful in form than their Indian namesake, but have the same lustrous eye and wonderful speed. They are easily domesticated. The prairie dogs are curious little animals, something between a grey squirrel and a woodchuck. The rattlesnakes, of which we saw two venomous specimens, are said to inhabit their holes and to make a happy family party.

We met here a bright Yankee machinist, who took great pride in showing us the little house he had built himself in his spare hours, without fit tools, for it was his first attempt to work in wood. A cosy, pleasant-looking little house it was. A glimpse of the wife within it showed that he had something more to live for than the thousands of lonely men who, on the far frontiers, form the skirmish lines of the advancing hosts of civilization. Our friend, who is building another house "to let," is a true type of the best class of western men—a genuine, intelligent, industrious Yankee, set in the prairie with ample room to grow! With such stock in such soil, why should not "the West" do great things—and she is doing them.

In New York, our city life is so absorbing, so concentred, that we are in danger of unconsciously limiting our views by the boundaries of Manhattan Island, forgetting that New York is but the pier at which these people of the West load the ships they send over all the oceans laden with food for a world.

Leaving Grand Island, we plunge in again through the unending plains, the river and its islands lending the only variety to the scene. The Platte is a broad, pretentious looking river, but held in no esteem, and spoken of with contempt as a treacherous deception, full of quicksands, useless for navigation, and a dangerous obstacle to travel. All western streams miss the one element of beauty which makes the smallest mountain brook in New England a delight and a joy—the element of purity. It is not easy to get poetical over the muddy, discolored waters of the West.

At dusk we cross the Platte on a trestle bridge three thousand feet long—recalling that over the Gunpowder River near Baltimore—and stop for supper at a large hotel at North Platte Station, two hundred and ninety miles from Omaha. We get an excellent meal, and our first intimation that we are not in a settled community—the waiter at our table taking the opportunity while going for a cup of coffee to have a "scrimmage" and fire a revolver at one of his fellows while in the kitchen; at his place again in a moment, a little excited, but going on with his duties. A sign on a drinking shop indicated two "specialties"—the "Spotted Tail Keg House." Spotted Tail is the great Indian chief of this vicinity, and a Keg House is a variety of bar-room popular in these Cities of the Plain. The liquor is kept in small varnished kegs. The customer pays his quarter—the universal price of a drink here—takes his tumbler and draws his own dram. This freedom from supervision is so agreeable that the keg houses are fast driving out the elaborate bars with their cut-glass decanters and showy mirrors.

At Hillsdale, a little station some four hundred and ninety-six miles from Omaha, we stop for water, and, seeing two graves alone in the prairie, we go to them. The wooden head-boards show that one was that of a child, the other of a man who accidentally shot himself a few weeks since. Murder and accident are the diseases that kill most men here, and there are many deaths.

This station was named in memory of Mr. Hill, one of the Company's best civil engineers, who was killed by the Indians when surveying in company with Mr. Archer. Hill was killed after a running fight of two miles; Archer, though wounded, escaped.

West of the Missouri, the Indian question is a live question. Men's eyes flash, and their tongues grow emphatic, for they live in constant danger. No one of them but has some story of friend or relative barbarously murdered. Their only appellation for them is "red devils." All admit that they have been systematically defrauded by the Indian agents, but the provocation they have, in violated treaties, is no apology for the indiscriminate murders by which they seek to avenge their wrongs and the barbarous mutilations they inflict.

I heard one man—and but one man—raise his voice in eloquent and indignant denunciation of the wrongs and systematic spoliation inflicted on these poor creatures by those who are placed as their special guardians; but even he admitted that matters had reached such a pass now that they must be made to feel and respect the power of the United States before any peace would be practicable.

The opinion that they should be under the care of the War Department is general; and Harney's success with them is constantly referred to.

The guards of United States soldiers that present arms at every station, the little adobe fortlets beside their tents, show that there is some real danger to be guarded against.

Fortunately, the Indians have a superstitious fear of the train, and have attacked but one, and that a freight train. They threw it off the track at night, but did not venture to approach till daylight. They killed most of the men, broke open the goods, and finding pieces of gay colored calico, twined them about their ponies and themselves, and tying long pieces to their ponies' tails as streamers, went careering over the prairie like mad.

If they ever get over this superstitious fear of the road, it will make travelling on it a little unpleasant for timid people. The feeling is very general that there will be trouble with the Indians this fall. On our return to Omaha, we found at the hotel two men suffering from arrow wounds, who had been attacked by Indians and their companions killed.

We have seen as yet no Indians, except a few Omaha Indians, naked, but for the red blankets around their waists. They are not of a character to increase our estimate of the noble red man. We are looking anxiously for buffalo; they are announced as having come up to the south side of the Platte. The road crosses their path, for they have their immemorial highways over these trackless plains, and last year the train was forced to wait for hours while the multitudinous herds slowly passed.

It is said the Indians direct their course by burning the grass in those places where they do not wish them to go, and so drive these untamed herds whither they will. Strange, wild herdsmen who hunt, not house their flocks.

Now and then we have seen a train of emigrant wagons slowly making their way westward, and yesterday the conductor pointed out to me the last house.

It was a pleasant farm house, with barn and ricks gathered about it as becomes a thrifty farmer. It stands on a knoll overlooking a little stream in the valley below; it seems as if it might have been lifted up from a New England hillside, and set down here in the prairie.

There was nothing tragic or startling about it, but it had been for years the last house of civilization. The emigrant trains, however, kept it *en rapport* with the world, and our conductor told me of his surprise on going to the house two years ago to find first-rate "lager-bier," and a little brewery operating in the cellar.

A short distance from Hillsdale, we come upon Dogtown, the home of the prairie dogs, and stop for a few minutes. Over the prairie, every few yards, are scattered their holes; and we could see the little creatures running from one to another, or sitting gravely upon their haunches looking at the strangers; the pop of a rifle, and a bit of white tail and a flash of twinkling feet was all the result, and pretty soon the saucy little creatures were taking observations again. We deployed quite a little army on the plain; but, I am glad to say, caused no mourning in any of the homes of Dogtown!

The railroad crosses their tract for about seven miles, and it is said to stretch north and south three hundred miles! Figures are all so large out here that one hesitates to repeat them.

I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

We are hardly seated in the cars again when some one exclaims "The mountains!" All is excitement, as when the cry of "Land!" is heard at sea; and there, on our right, against the far horizon, rise the first outlines of the

Black Hills—the beautiful blue mountains! looking here about as high as Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke; and not unlike them in general outline, only showing longer ranges—one, two, three groups of them, rising up as we rush forward. Do you know what the sight of a mountain is to one born among them? It is home, friends, country, all in one! After these days of endless plains—however beautiful with their ripening harvests, however grand and sublime in their native freedom—it was glorious to look again upon the mountains—God's own altars, set up for man's need of worship. Our course was a little west of south; these hills were due west. Fifteen minutes later, in the south-east, we caught our first sight of the snowy range of Colorado: one hundred and ten miles away; 14,000 feet high! The snow lay on their sides like silver fretwork on dark purple enamel—they lay beautiful and cloudlike, shimmering in the morning sunlight. The clear air on these high plains, higher than most mountains, quickens every sense, and the pleasure of this first sight of the hills was well worth all the fatigues of the long journey.

They differ from the snowy Alps in that the latter are capped with snow, and their pure white peaks are sometimes almost indistinguishable from the white clouds that encircle them; but these hills are seamed with snow, and the purple and white show to the very summit. The effect is, therefore, less grand than that of those mountains whose heads are wrapped in eternal snows; but nothing could be more beautiful than the scene about us. We are still in the grassy sea; every moment, as we sweep along, the mountains on our right rise up more distinctly; the country becomes rolling; we pass through some cuts fifteen or twenty feet deep, and, coming out, run on an embankment as high through an intervening valley; and the mountains begin to spread their welcoming arms farther and farther around us. Emerging from one of these cuts, we come on the one scene needed to complete the picture. First, we pass scattered groups of ponies; then a large Indian encampment, two hundred lodges at least; and beyond it hundreds of ponies feeding. The plains, the mountains, the smoky lodges—it was the ideal scene we expected to find; and visions of many a similar scene, as we approach the mountain, and of interviews with the noble red man among his own wigwams, flitted before our minds. While we looked and dreamed the encampment was left far behind; and that was the last of our Indians—our one sole glimpse. The Indians had gone out of all this Western country: and these had, it proved, only kindly staid for us to catch one glimpse of them. They were a band of Arrapahoes. The citizens assure us "'tis *distance* lends enchantment to the view."

In a few minutes we are in sight of Cheyenne ("Shy Ann," as the natives pronounce it), looking like an "encampment"—only of shanties and civilization, and, therefore, not half as picturesque as that of the Indians. The road circles about it, so that you get a very complete view of the town before you are finally run into it, and deposited at the depot. It is set down in the prairie, and comprises a few streets, running at right angles, filled with board houses and shanties, with two new churches nearly finished, a very respectable hotel, a bank, many stores, a population of some 2,500, and stores and appliances for at least 10,000 people. The tent dwellers—the floating population, who hover ever in advance of the road, and in turn have made each of its termini hideous with their orgies—have flitted on, and, having given Laramie a bad name, are now founding the town of Benton. Cheyenne, which commenced a year ago, and developed a population of 8,000 people so rapidly as to be called the Magic City,

has shrunk down to its number of respectable inhabitants; and gives indication of having now a substantial population, and of developing a healthy growth. The railroad company intend placing large shops here, as this will be the beginning of the mountain division, where the heavy grades commence. Fort D. A. Russell—a fourteen company post, the distributing post of all this section—is only two miles distant. A school-house, costing $9,000, has been put up, and two hundred and fifty pupils are attending—the proportion of children in population is smaller here than East.

We are 516 miles west of Omaha, and 5,000 feet higher, and yet we have come all the way over an apparent dead level. There are no trees here. The soil is said to be good, but needs irrigation. It is proposed to bring water from Crow Creek, some seven miles distant, by digging a ditch ten feet wide and two feet deep. It is said one foot of water can be brought; and the example of Salt Lake City is held here to demonstrate the productiveness of this soil, and the inhabitants believe that, with this irrigation, trees and crops can be raised. At present, all their supplies come from abroad. We tasted here, at the hotel, a great delicacy—antelope steaks; a delightful compromise between venison and mutton, juicy, tender, and delicious—to be cooked like venison and eaten with jelly.

In estimating their future prospects, the Cheyennese dwell largely upon the fact that an iron mountain has been discovered at the head waters of Chag River, some thirty miles distant.

The plains here are covered with grass. Herds feed out all winter. They seem to think irrigation is all that is needed to make abundant crops. In irrigating, shallow ditches, one foot in width and about thirty feet apart, are used. The water is let into these ditches at morning and evening. Some seem to think that as the country settles there will be sufficient rain. More rain is said to have fallen the past year in Cheyenne than was ever before known; and this is said to be an invariable rule—that settlement produces rain. I saw a plot of potatoes, a little out of the city, giving good promise. The branch railroad to Denver City is to start from here. So that Cheyenne seems to have several elements of permanency and growth.

We are soon pushing on our way again. Clumps of white flowers begin to be scattered over the plain; they prove to be a species of thistle, with a single white blossom like a wild rose. We begin now to ascend. The plain on either side is covered with beautiful larkspurs. The white thistle blooms in clusters, and has a bright-yellow blossom, somewhat resembling a marigold.

Seven miles from Cheyenne the heavy grades commence. The change in the atmosphere is very rapid, and winter clothes come into instant requisition. The grade is about eighty feet to the mile. In going twenty-eight miles the road rises 2,200 feet, and then we are at the summit, 2,260 feet above the top of Mount Washington.

At Granite Cañon, nineteen miles from Cheyenne, the mountain scenery begins. You look back down valleys and over hills to further valleys beyond, and realize at last that you have begun to ascend. We have been ascending in a ravine, and so shut out from getting any view. The fields are one vast parterre, beautiful with flowers. The masses of larkspur color the ground with its exquisite hue. About us, here and there, are the red "buttes"—fantastic piles of red rock, bare cliffs, like the Palisades, shooting abruptly out of the turf. In the distance, and all about us, are ranges of mountains—we are, rather, among

mountains, on a level with the bases of high hills rising in the distance, than upon heights ourselves. In the windings of the cañon up which the track has come, all view of the plains is shut off; but human sight is too limited to give any adequate view. A mountain whose sides begin to slope up five hundred miles away, is incomprehensible.

The Rocky Mountains, thus far, give us no view comparable for grandeur to those of the White Mountains—nothing to be mentioned with the view from Mount Washington. They have, however, a beauty and fascination all their own. There is something in this dry, clear, western atmosphere so transparent, that the eye, trained to measure distance in our grosser air, finds itself wholly at fault, and one hears incredulously the statement of the distance of objects. A mountain a quarter of a mile off is pronounced six miles away. Others five or six miles distant, are said to be thirty miles. Your informant is supposed to be truthful, but the statement is simply incredible.

At Sherman, the summit of the pass, 548 miles west of Omaha, and 8,262 feet above the level of the sea, we stop. It is the summit of the Rocky Mountains—the highest point in the world yet reached by the locomotive. And here, for the first time, I felt an indication of our great altitude, in the consequent rarification of the air, and in a slight sensation of suffocation, which made rapid motion out of the question.

We descend rapidly through the great Laramie Plains, pass Laramie "City," pass Benton, pass the 700th mile post, and a few miles further on the cars stop at the end of a cutting. We clamber up the hill at the side, and look down on a busy, inspiriting scene. Before us is a plateau of about a mile, through the centre of which runs a line of embankment, ending in a cut like the one at which we stopped. Over on the left is an encampment of tents, and a train of white-covered wagons moving leisurely along. All about are sloping hills, like rolling waves suddenly arrested and fixed forever; and as barren as they. Not a tree or shrub is in sight, not even a single bush. The ground is covered with little stones of all colors and sizes, as if some day there had been a hail storm here of crystals more lasting than ice. Around, at greater or less distance, mountains. The sun beats down pitilessly from a cloudless sky, yet there is no feeling of oppressive heat. The clear, stimulating air drives away all lassitude.

So much for the surroundings—the setting of the picture; that which gave all its life and interest to the scene, and which had brought us so far to view it. Clustered all over that embankment—tugging, working, moving with all their might, now running ahead, now falling back, some far in advance—almost alone, others gathered about a platform car which runs to the very end of the last rail, and almost as by magic, it seemed, found a new rail to run on; a man on a fiery little horse, now galloping like mad from one end of the field to the other, now still as a statue, and anon directing, by gesture, a body of men. It was a scene of apparently inextricable confusion. But, watching it long, close at hand, and in detail, it became evident that whatever of confusion there might be about it, was in the spectator, not in the scene. No crack company of soldiers on dress parade ever moved with greater facility or precision.

Far ahead, along the sides of the embankment, were scattered ties. Nearly a mile ahead of the main body were five men, who were placing ties about twenty feet apart, and carefully adjusting and levelling them. Immediately behind them were as many men as could work to advantage, busy putting the intermediate ties in their places. It was surprising to watch the skill and rapidity of

their work. No one stopped, no one hurried, but all worked with a vim I never saw any workmen East show, and which, in that climate, could not be kept up. In the rear, a platform car—having two horses, one on either side, galloping along the sides of the embankment—comes up at full speed loaded with rails, fish plates and bolts. Four men stand on each side and seize a rail, lifting it on two rollers which are in the top of the car, running it rapidly over them; the end is dropped just in front of the forward wheel, the rail laid in its place, the car drives immediately over it. Two men on the car meanwhile throw off the fish plates and necessary bolts—this process is repeated in less time than I write this—until the car is empty. It is then thrown off the track, while another loaded car, driven up at full speed, takes its place. The empty car is lifted back on the rail, and the horses literally run back with it. It looks like killing work, but the horses we saw had drawn all the rails from Omaha, more than seven hundred miles away.

Close to the car come two men with sledge hammers, who drive in a spike at each end of the rail to steady it; they keep close to the car. Others follow them, who place the fish plates, shift the ties under the joints, put in the bolts, screw on the nuts, drive down additional spikes along the rails, each one doing just as much as he can do to the best advantage, and rushing on to repeat the same operation on the rail ahead. The division and sub-division of labor applied in the well-known instance of making a pin, in the old days when pins were made by hand, is applied here. This wise application of means and ends, this division of labor, applied equally in every department by this great corporation, is what has enabled them thus to distance all competitors and to astonish the world. We saw about four hundred men at work. To enable these four hundred men to lay the rail as rapidly and as securely as we saw them doing it, twelve thousand other men in the company's service are as busy as they. A hundred miles ahead laborers are cutting through the hills, running embankments across the valleys, putting in culverts, throwing bridges across the ravines, while in among the mountains the cliffs echo to the strange music of the woodman's axe, and the tall cedars leave their solitude to aid in pushing on the great work. Far to the front, slowly move the long supply trains, for that unsettled, inhospitable country furnishes neither food nor shelter. Slowly along the embankment the long ox teams drag their load of ties, and tumble them off, to be in readiness for the advancing track-layers. Twelve hundred miles away, to the rear, on the shores of Lake Michigan, is the point of departure from which all the material is sent forward. The base from whence those supplies are drawn reaches a thousand miles north—to the forests where the wood-cutters and the mills are busily building the bridges over which the locomotive is to cross the deep gorges and mountain torrents of the Rocky Mountains; and a thousand miles south—to where the rolling mills of Pennsylvania are turning out the iron rails we see so deftly handled along these Pacific slopes.

Hour after hour goes by as we watch the steady, unintermitting work of this machine, the click, click of each rail as it falls into place marking the pendulum beats of the clock, whose dial indicates a nation's progress!

Three hours have passed, and another finished mile has been addded to the road.

And now we reluctantly turn back, and set our faces once more toward the Atlantic.

I. Edwards Clarke.

TWO FRENCH EDITORS.

Emile de Girardin and Henri Rochefort.

AT a time when the hereditary monarchs of Europe, almost without an exception, have lost the substance of their power, and have been compelled to struggle desperately even to retain the poor shadow of authority that is represented by forms, ceremonies, and titles, Louis Napoleon conceived the daring idea of establishing a genuine, *bona fide* despotism in a country that claims to be the freest and most progressive in the Old World. In this task, in which he was preordained to defeat, his opponents have been the editors of Paris who have espoused the people's cause. The press, in modern times, gives utterance to the voice of the people, and in spite of prohibitions and censorships, it is by the newspapers of Paris that the Emperor's power has been undermined. Two of the editors who have been most active in the ranks of the opposition stand out as representatives of their class, and these are Emile de Girardin and Henri Rochefort.

Girardin was made for an editor, and the debt that the French people owe him can never be estimated, for it was he who established in Paris the modern newspaper; a newspaper cheap enough to be purchased by the mass of the people. Emile was an illegitimate child, son of General Count Alexander de Girardin and Adelaide Marie Taquan, the wife of Monsieur Dupuy, the Counsellor of the Court of Appeals at Paris, and beautiful original of the well-known picture painted by Greuze, the "*jeune fille à la colombe.*" He was born on the 22d of July, in 1806, and until he became of age, when he was acknowledged by his father before the Commissioners of the Chambers of Deputies, bore the name of Emile de Lamothe, under which his birth was registered. He was tenderly cherished by his parents until the marriage of his father in his ninth year, from which time he seems to have been treated with entire neglect, and, upon the part of his mother, even with aversion. He was sent from Paris, and so meanly surrounded, that it was evidently Madame Dupuy's intention to extinguish in his mind all recollections of the past; a desire that was baffled by the child's precocious intelligence and sensibility. In 1822—thanks to the influence of the Viscountess Semonnes—he obtained some trifling office at court, but soon lost it, in consequence of a change of ministry. He had a little property settled upon him by his parents, and concluded to go into business with a commission merchant, with whom he remained associated until he had lost about half that he owned. Emile was now twenty years old, and had still at his command six thousand five hundred francs. He tried to enter the army, but the physicians pronounced him too delicate for a soldier, and his application was rejected.

And now, to while away the time more than for any other purpose—for, after his repeated failures, he scarcely hoped to find a publisher—he wrote his first work, "Emile," in which he gives a pathetic account of the misery that had been so unjustly inflicted upon him by his father's coldness and pride and his mother's

hatred. "Emile," contrary to Girardin's expectations, was published, and proved successful; it introduced the author to literary people, and rendered him the still more important service of revealing to him the secret of his own power. He did not pursue authorship, but became an editor from that time. His first paper was the "Voleur," a journal which boldly announced its design of stealing its contents from other papers, a plan that enabled the editor to sell it at a cheap rate. As soon as the success of the "Voleur" was established, he assumed the control of the "Mode," and it was in the columns of this paper that Eugene Sue, Balsac, and George Sand published their first works.

The July Revolution, soon after Girardin's marriage to the beautiful and *spirituel* Delphine Gay, in 1830, compelled him to sell out his interest in both the journals he had been conducting, and in this emergency he came forward with a plan which the government of Louis XVI. rejected as impracticable; although scarcely thirty years later it was eagerly adopted by the keener-witted administration of Napoleon. He proposed, namely, to Casimir Périer to purchase the "Moniteur Universel" for the government, and to reduce the subscriptions of the official sheet from eighty to eighteen francs; the cost of a single number being five centimes. To prove the wisdom of his scheme, he issued the "Journal des Connaissances Utiles" at a cost of four francs a year; and in the course of a single year had gained a subscription list of 280,000. Nor was this the only enterprise in which he was engaged. At this very time he was endeavoring to establish a uniform postage currency; he was publishing the "Pantheon Littéraire," consisting of a hundred volumes of cheap novels and small hand-books; and was occupied, besides, with various private speculations, in which he proved uniformly successful.

In 1834, Girardin was sent by the District of Bourganeuf (Department Creuze) to the Chamber of Deputies, where he joined the "*tiers parti*," or more characteristically, the "Impartials." He now felt himself strong enough to undertake the important measure of establishing the "Presse," a daily political paper, at the yearly cost of forty francs.

Girardin clearly perceived that the revenue of a paper should depend upon its paying advertisements, which will bear a direct proportion to the number of its subscribers, and he felt no fear, therefore, of diminishing the price of his paper, since, by so doing, he was sure of increasing his subscription list; but it is impossible to imagine the commotion excited among the editorial corps by his daring innovations. The material interests of all the other papers suffered from his opposition, with which they were not prepared to cope; and the editors persuaded themselves that their *honor* (a Frenchman's conscience) was wounded by Girardin's sensible and progressive schemes. These intellectual aristocrats made the sudden discovery that one of their number was degrading himself by attending to business. The delinquent was violently assailed; and as he met scorn with scorn, or rather with cold indifference, their anger was increased. The result of the quarrel was a duel between Girardin and Armand Carrel, the editor of the "National;" a melancholy affair that was a bitter satire upon the pretensions of the most progressive French thinkers, showing, as it did, how useless the mere talk of liberty is, however brilliant the orators may be, before its principles are comprehended.

Armand Carrel, one of the foremost of the French Republicans, whose pride and boast was that he was establishing in France *freedom as it is understood in the United States*—this man of brilliant genius and progressive views, challenged

Emile Girardin, the first "French-Yankee," for pursuing the career that pleased him in his own way.

In 1836, on the 22d of July, the editors of the "National" and "Presse" met, with a deadly purpose that was only too effectually executed. Girardin was wounded, and Armand Carrel was killed.

After this duel, Girardin was assailed more violently than ever by the friends of his victim. The most outrageous calumnies were circulated against him, and he was loudly accused of having committed grave misdemeanors before his election to the Chamber of Deputies. In the meanwhile, the District of Bourganeuf continued to send him to the Bourbon palace; and, as he had no talent as an orator, he was driven, at last, to take a pen into his hand instead of a sword (the nobler weapon), to defend his character and advocate his opinions. Hitherto, Girardin's connection with the various papers that he had established had been that of publisher rather than editor, but at this crisis, when he was in his fortieth year, he entered the arena as a writer, and began to make use of his journal as his *tribune*. He wrote a series of articles that were no less remarkable for their judgment, penetration, and good sense, than for their judicious selection, practical applicability, and sharp, vigorous, and incisive style. These articles attracted universal attention, and exerted an immense influence.

Girardin, better than any politician of the day, comprehended the events of the year 1847, out of which the revolution of February was preparing to emerge, but neither the majority nor the opposition would accept the guidance of the leader of the "*parti des conservateurs progressists.*" He found himself overlooked, and in 1848, on the 14th of February, concluded to resign. He thus explains his determination: "Between an intolerant majority and an inconsequential minority is no place for one who does not understand authority without movement and progress, opposition without strength and logic."

On the morning of the 24th of February, he went to the Tuileries to enlighten the king as to the importance of the approaching crisis. He was met by Thiers, at that time the President of the Council Chamber, who begged him to allow a proclamation just prepared by the people to be published in his paper. Girardin hastened to comply with his request, but the proclamation was scarcely read; it was torn by the people with shouts of scorn and derision. He immediately ordered another edition of the paper to be struck off, containing the following announcement in four lines: Abdication of Louis Philippe; Regency of the Duchess of Orleans; Dissolution of the Chamber; Universal Amnesty. He carried the paper to the king, and Louis Philippe consented to abdicate, and commissioned Girardin to acquaint the people with the fact; but it was then too late.

The voice of the editor was drowned by the firing of the municipal guard. He hastened back to the Bourbon palace, and arrived just in time to lead the Duchess of Orleans from her dangerous position, under the protection of a three-colored flag that he had snatched from one of the assailants. Having fulfilled this duty, he was still in time to assist at the installation of the provisional government. The next day the "Presse" published its renowned article "*Confiance! Confiance!*" From the warlike journal of the opposition it became the "*journal conservateur de la République.*" For several days Girardin preserved tranquillity by a series of articles entitled "*Une Idée par Jour*," written to sustain the Republic. But only too soon he became alarmed by the insatiable demands of the people, and the extraordinary weakness of the distin-

guished writers at the head of the government. He selected a new watchword for the "Presse," "*Résistance! Résistance!*" and entered into an active opposition. By pursuing this course he lost his previous popularity and endangered his life; but nothing could induce him to deny his convictions, or to keep silent in regard to them. In the month of June, 1848, the Republic gained strength to avenge itself, and did not fail to assert its power. Girardin was arrested by the order of General Cavaignac, and, most unwarrantably, was retained a prisoner for eleven days. The "Presse" was suppressed, and did not appear for six weeks; and then began a series of articles—"*Le Général Cavaignac devant la Commission d'Enquête*"—which culminated on the 24th of October in Girardin's nomination of Louis Napoleon as a candidate for president.

The effect of this powerful support in securing the success of the prince is only too well known; but it is idle, therefore, to accuse Girardin of a leaning to despotism. To exculpate him from this charge it is only necessary to remember that the editor of the "Presse" has refused repeatedly important offices—that of prefect of the police of Paris, of general director of the post-office, of ambassador to the court of the Two Sicilies, and others, with the contemptuous assurance that he would accept no position in which he would be unable to express and apply his principles. How different a record from that of Billaut, Rouher, Baroche, Troplong, etc. The fact is, that Girardin, like Lamartine, Cavaignac, and so many other of the important men of the hour, was deceived by Louis Napoleon's apparent good faith. No better proof of this is needed than the fact that he openly confessed the mistake that he had made, in the columns of the "Presse" (in his frank honesty in the editorial chair Girardin resembles Greeley), as soon as he became convinced of Louis Napoleon's treachery; and from that hour endeavored to retrieve his error, by joining the party who opposed him. His repentance came too late; and it cannot be denied that it was through his influence that Louis Napoleon obtained the position that enabled him to grasp imperial power; that power which he has wielded only to involve his country in irretrievable disasters.

The Prince-President did not relish the scathing attacks of his whilom protector, and Girardin, with other of the deputies, was banished from France. Recalled to Paris, he was again deceived, during the days of March, 1852, by Napoleon's cry, "*Conservons la République!*" His delusion, however, lasted only a brief period, and his hostility to the President and Emperor has continued unabated from that time up to the present hour.

Girardin's political errors have arisen principally from his overweening confidence in the good sense of the people and the honesty of rulers (a noble fault); and from his arrogance and inflexibility. His logic is invincible, and his plans and opinions he pursues arbitrarily, or endeavors to do so, to their logical conclusion, without allowing for the disturbing influence of human passion; hence his frequent disappointments and mistakes, which he has always had the manliness to acknowledge. He is paradoxical and extravagant, and, by his frequent changes of opinion, diminishes his influence. And yet his most extravagant statements are based upon principle, and the remark of the poet of the Harmonies, "*Chez Girardin le paradox; c'est la verité vue à distance*," is true and beautiful. How frequently the justice of ideas that he has been ridiculed for advocating has been universally acknowledged at a later period. Girardin has never been the leader of a party, and could not be so for any length of time; but the very qualities that make his association with others an impossibility have

given him a position of extreme importance in Paris, during the political agitations of the last thirty years. The party that he has represented is himself; and his opinion, on several occasions, has determined the rise and fall of the political scale in situations of the gravest importance. In spite of his defects, there are few politicians who have rendered France services of greater value; there is no editor in the country who unites so many of the qualities of a first-rate journalist, and no other man who has exerted an equal influence in giving the newspapers of Paris their present character.

In 1862, Girardin was compelled to withdraw from his association with the press, in order to prevent it from being suppressed upon his account. Not long after, he started the "Liberté" at his own cost; and in conducting this journal, has displayed even more than his usual extravagance and caprice. And yet, very frequently, articles appear in the columns of the "Liberté" that could only have flowed from the pen of the veteran journalist—articles remarkable for the freshness, power and charm which distinguished Girardin's finest efforts in former years.

Several years after the death of the gifted Delphine Gay, which occurred on the 29th of June, 1855, Girardin married, for a second time, Minna Brunold, Countess of Tiefenbach, a German lady of rare beauty and accomplishments, with whom he is still living; and who presides over one of the most elegant and hospitable *salons* in Paris.

The chief peculiarity in the Imperial Government established by Louis Napoleon, is its unreality. Belonging to a past age, having no relations to the present age, it has taken no root in the existing order of things; and, indeed, has no existence excepting in the mind of the man by whom it was organized. Louis Napoleon, his ministers and officers, his wife and son, and the ministers and courtiers that surround them, play their parts like so many puppets, and are so mechanical and without vitality, that to the outside world it would not seem surprising if the whole exhibition, at the signal of some unseen magician, should vanish at any moment into naught. Louis Napoleon evidently intended to make himself the representative man of the age. He believed that the greatness, the wisdom, and the progressive views of their Emperor would atone to the French people for the loss of their own independence, while their obedience and conformity would enable him to give them the forms of liberty in lieu of its substance. But events have proved too strong for him. The monarch who once begins to glide down the steep precipice of absolutism, has no more power to direct his course or to predict what the end will be of his fatal descent—however fond his dream may be of uniting devotion to the interests of his people to his devotion to his own interests—than the traveller who loses his footing on the fatal glacier. All the grand schemes—military, political, philanthropic and literary—by which Napoleon has sought to unite himself to the age, have failed in their effect, and he has been driven back, step by step, through an inevitable reaction, into the open assertion of his tyranny; he has been compelled to violate even the forms of liberty, to desecrate the sanctity of the law, and *write himself down*, in ineffaceable characters, the most petty, ignoble and arbitrary of tyrants. For many years the sole support of Louis Napoleon's Empire has been the immense army which he has drained the resources of the people to build up in order to secure his own safety; while as for his popularity, that pleasing delusion he has almost ceased to labor to maintain. An occasional speech, a visit to a hospital, an appeal to Providence, a smile from the Empress,

the display of his son and appointed heir; acts of condescension which would have been greeted with enthusiasm when monarchs were regarded as divine, but that can scarcely be regarded otherwise than with contempt and ridicule by a great people, to whom they are offered as a recompense for their independence; these petty artifices, tricks of the trade—the trade of being an emperor—are the only means left the third Napoleon to win back the love and respect of his people which he has so justly forfeited.

The task of Henri Rochefort has been to expose the unfathomable weakness of Louis Napoleon's government. From the time of Girardin, all the principal editors of Paris, excepting those who have sold themselves to the Empire, have been on the side of the *opposition;* but Rochefort's attack has been different from theirs, vigorous and well aimed as they have been, and has produced a different effect. They have attacked the Empire, the subordinate officers, the ministers of the government. Much as they may have hated and despised Napoleon as the actual reigning head of the government, they have not dared make him the object of personal invective. Rochefort has done what Victor Hugo did in "Napoleon le Petit." Comprehending that there was no power anywhere, no Empire, excepting through the will and in the personality of the Emperor, he has selected him as his adversary. The deadly arrows of his immitigable satire he has shot directly into the Imperial breast. And by so doing he placed Louis Napoleon in a position of the most extreme difficulty. He could not silence his subtle and keen-witted opponent arbitrarily without breaking his own laws, which even a tyrant is bound to respect; and he was compelled, therefore, either to bear his assault, or to put a stop to it by an illegal and unpopular measure that would have been an acknowledgment of his actual defeat. He pursued the most dignified, and, what must have seemed, the wisest course—that of treating Rochefort with silent contempt. But, by so doing, he gave the editor time to cause him to be laughed at (the most unpardonable of all offences, especially to a Frenchman) throughout France, and, indeed, throughout Europe and this country, and to expose the unsurpassed corruption and servility of his court as it never before had been exposed. Rochefort's success was too much for the Emperor's patience, and he ordered his paper to be suppressed. This he could scarcely avoid doing, and yet this order was a complete confession of his weakness, while his agents took pains that he should be attended by a fatality of defeat, even in the minutest details of the affair. Half the edition of the first number of the "Lanterne"—that was seized in Paris, as is well known—was in circulation before the police got ready to execute their master's commands; and then the strange spectacle was exhibited to the world of the officers of a great Emperor running about the streets seizing single copies of a paper from harmless individuals, while the author of the confusion was allowed to escape into a foreign country.

Rochefort now is in the enviable position of Iago when he congratulates himself upon the fact that his dupes, whatever they do, cannot fail to act so as to ensure his advantage.

> Now whether he kill Cassio,
> Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
> Every way makes my gain.

His present intention is undoubtedly, to publish his paper abroad until the fall elections, when, if he is elected as deputy by several of the departments —and this will probably occur—the government will be compelled, either to

allow him to carry the war that he has waged so successfully with his pen into the Chamber of Deputies, or to suppress him illegally; for his election will abrogate the sentence of his imprisonment. In either case, whether he is allowed to stimulate the people by exercising his talents, or whether their indignation is aroused by beholding him persecuted, every way will make Rochefort's gain, since it will make the gain of the party of freedom. He has struck his blow, and the working out of its effects are in the hand of a higher power.

Thus we find that Napoleon secured his power through the influence of the press; an influence exerted in his behalf under the impression that he was sincere in advocating republican principles. Having betrayed the trust confided to him, and founded the mockery of an empire, wholly opposed to the true interests of the French people, and having no hold on their affections, the newspapers, representing the intellect of France, became the one deadly enemy whom he has been ceaselessly compelled to fight against, until, finally, one of the ablest and most courageous of the brilliant corps of editors of the opposition has risen up as the people's champion, and has given him a blow, which, at all events, has revealed the abject weakness of his position, by proving that he has completely lost the respect and confidence of the French people. Girardin and Rochefort stand at the beginning and end of his career as Emperor, and the support of the one rapidly changing to opposition, and the terrible defiance of the other, sustained by the entire nation, show, respectively, the calibre of the two men, and Napoleon's position in regard to them and to the country.

Rochefort is one of a school of editors whom Girardin has trained, and may almost be said to have originated. He is a man of genius and high courage. His satire is keen, brilliant, and irresistible, and when thoroughly aroused, he does not content himself with a play of wit that disables his antagonist by causing a laugh at his expense, but strikes cruel and deadly blows, with a hand equally fearless and unfaltering. Witness the burst of passion with which he concludes a reference in No. 12 of the "Lanterne," to young Cavaignac, and the popular demonstrations made in his favor.

All the arrests in the world will not weaken the effect of the lesson received at the Tuileries. What *idle hasardeuse* possessed you to send the hope of your France (not of mine) to be indirectly hissed by the students? You should have known that you were particularly unpopular among the young. Had you consulted me, never would you have committed such a mistake, that is, *unless it was a provocation upon your part; unless you are cherishing the project of re-enacting the Second of December with children, under the pretext that you have already succeeded with grown men.* Your system is so sympathetic that you have found means to cause even infancy to rebel, and it will be necessary for you now to build a prison Masas for insurgents of three years and a half.

It is only lately that Rochefort has achieved a world-wide reputation, and very naturally so, since the force and sincerity of his convictions, and his rare powers of expression have made it impossible for him to find a vehicle in which he could express his opinions with freedom—no journal in France would have dared allow him to be as "witty as he could" in its columns—until he became master of an organ of his own; but for many years he has been the idol of young France. He has the qualities which are developed in individuals by the reaction against tyranny, and, which, under a despotic government, are the greatest virtues; courage, amounting to audacity, perfect *sang froid*, indifference to life, a keen and ready intellect, and intense patriotism. Rochefort is never para-

doxical, and however violent he may be, his natural good sense guards him from extravagance. In political affairs he has the keen eye of a practised swordsman. A blow of his never fails in producing its effect, for he comprehends the whole situation, and strikes directly at his enemy's most vulnerable part. He is thirty-five years of age, and his appearance is exceedingly distinguished. He is tall and slender; his hair is black and very abundant; his eyes are dark, deep set, and full of fire and intelligence; his forehead is prominent, and his face, which is pale and slightly marked by the small-pox, is remarkable for an expression of mingled vivacity, energy, and sweetness.

Rochefort has not shown himself superior to the other literary men of France by refusing to countenance a practice which is one of the signs of the degradation of his country. Under the present government it may be that it would be impossible to dispense with this relic of feudalism. Last winter he fought a duel with M. Paul de Cassagnac, the servile creature of the government, but without a fatal result. This lion of the day, who is still young, and who has achieved a sudden popularity, for a tenth part of which Louis Napoleon, probably, would be willing to resign his life, has had the misfortune to lose his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. He is the father of two children of rare talents and beauty, and is said to be as affectionate and tender in domestic life as he is audacious and terrible in public.

Rochefort's position at the present time is a dangerous and precarious one. He is a fugitive from his native country, an exile, and an outcast; while his antagonist, whom he has defied to single combat, and wounded so desperately as to put himself beyond the hope of pardon, is at the head of an empire, and an army of 800,000 men. Rochefort, however, is strong in the love of his countrymen, and in his ability to wield the intellectual thunderbolts of modern Jove.

It is quite possible, in spite of the prestige and power of the Emperor, that he will be successful, backed as he is by the sympathy of France, in the conflict between them. But, on the other hand, the life of an individual is as a straw in the swift current of revolutionary events, and only by a revolution can the organization that sustains Louis Napoleon be overthrown during his lifetime; for he has succeeded in making the army identify itself with his interests—and at any moment he may fall a victim to his own audacity and the hatred of his powerful foe. Whether his career is about to close, or whether a future of distinction and celebrity is awaiting him, it is impossible to say; but we know at least that he has already rendered France an important service, and that his name will be remembered as one of the great men who have been most successful in redeeming the failure of a disastrous epoch.

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

MISUSED WORDS CONCLUDED. WORDS THAT ARE NOT WORDS.

THE style which is too common in newspapers and which is so generally found in the reporter's columns that it has been called Reporter's English, has been so frequently censured in these articles that it gives me pleasure to make the following passage the occasion of saying that although it is distinguished, it is not alone as an example of excellence. Most of our newspaper reporting is as bad as can be in tone, in style, and in English; but once in a while a report is printed which appears to have been written by a man of sense, who saw what passed before him, and who told what he saw in clear and simple English. The writer of the report from which I quote the following passage, and which appeared in the New York "Times" of September 18th, has done more than give his readers the mere essentials of a good, plain account of the scene he describes. He has transferred to his paper, with a clear and certain touch, the principal figure in the scene that he has described, and he has done it without any affectation or apparent effort, and so with fine effect. I do not know, of course, whose work I am venturing to approve. I may be perfuming the rose of the reporter's table, or painting the lily of Park Row; but, if so, I heartily ask pardon.

At the Court of Special Sessions yesterday, Jacob Elkins was arraigned, charged with the pettiest of petty thefts. He had stolen a little butter-plate, valued at thirty cents, from a street crockery stand. He was a striking object as he stood at the bar, grasping the prisoners' rail with both hands, and leaning forward in an attitude of extreme humility. His tall, meagre frame was habited in a loosely-fitting garment of Chatham-street texture and cut, which had grown soiled and glazed from long use. But the eye quickly left the figure to dwell upon the surmounting face and head. The *habitués* of criminal courts were at first sure they had seen that face scores of times before, but were at last convinced that it was only its general resemblance to the facial outline of other noted thieves that had caused the mistake. This was the face of a man grown old in cunning crime. It had protruding eyes of an indistinct color, a retreating forehead and a heavy under-jaw. It was sprinkled with a beard of two days' growth and of uncertain grey hue, and the little hair which years had left upon the head was matted and tangled, and long a stranger to comb or brush. But his manner and his words, rather than his *physique*, attracted attention. Leaning far forward, and speaking in a quavering voice, he pleaded guilty, and beseeched the mercy of the Court; it was his first offence, and he had been driven to crime by poverty.

I call that a good piece of work, and the rest of the report has almost equal merit.

And now I shall venture to show to this reporter's friends how they may point out to him that his report might have been improved in half a dozen places, and how, therefore, it is very much over-rated in my feeble commendation. The second sentence might be made even freer and clearer than it is, by a slight transposition, thus—

"He had stolen from a street crockery-stand a little butter-plate valued at thirty cents."

This arrangement is the simplest which the narration of all the facts mentioned in the sentence admits, and it avoids a parenthetical construction, by which the verb "stolen" is separated from its dependent clause beginning "from." In the fourth sentence "habited" might well yield its place to *clad;* and "which had grown soiled and glazed" would be better without that misuse of *grow*, which often leads to the phrase *grow smaller!* Here, the right word is *become;* but even this is superfluous; it is in every way better to say "which *was* soiled and glazed by long use." Farther on, *frequenters* should have been used instead of *habitués*, and in the last sentence but one, *physique* means no more than *figure* or *person* would have fully expressed. *Physique* should be abandoned to the use of those women who pronounce it *feezeec* or *physic*. In the last sentence, "beseeched" is a strange mistake for *besought*. The former belongs to fine ladies of the last century and to elderly pioneers in this.

Veracity.—It is newspaper English to say, as now-a-days is often said, that a man is a man of truth and veracity. *Veracity* is merely an anglicized Latin synonyme of truthfulness. Truth *and* veracity is a weak pleonasm. But *veracity* is properly applied to persons, truth to things. A story is or is not true; a man is or is not veracious—if truthful is too plain a word. We may doubt the truth of a story because we doubt the veracity or, better, the truthfulness of the teller.

Initiate is one of the long pretentious words which are coming into vogue among those who would be fine. It means begin; no more, no less. It may be more elegant to say The kettle took the initiative, than to use the homelier phrase to which our ears have been accustomed; but I have not been able to make the discovery. And I may as well here dispatch a rabble of such words, all of kindred origin and pretentious seeming. Unless a man is a crown prince, or other important public functionary, it is well for him to have a house and a home, where he lives, not a place of *residence* where he *resides*. From this let him and his household go to church or to meeting, if they like to do so; but let not the *inmates proceed* to the *sanctuary*. And if being able and willing to do good, he gives something to the parson for the needy, let him send his cheque, and not *transmit* it. Let him oversee his household and his business, not *supervise* them. Let him reject, disown, refuse, or condemn what he does not like, but not *repudiate* it, unless he expects to cause shame or to suffer it in consequence of his action; and what he likes let him like or approve or uphold, but not *endorse;* and indeed as to endorsing, let him do as little of that as possible. I have got from pretension into the shop, and therefore I add that if he is informed upon a subject, has learned all about it, knows it, and understands it, let him say so, not that he is *well posted* on it. He will say what he means, simply, clearly, and forcibly rather than pretentiously, vulgarly, and feebly. It is noteworthy and significant that the man who will say that he is posted up on this or that subject is the very one who will use such foolish, useless, pretentious word as *recuperate* instead of *recover*. Thus the Washington correspondent of a leading journal wrote a few days ago that General Grant and Mr. Speaker Colfax expected to start for Colorado on the 1st of July, and that their trip is "for the sole purpose of recuperating their health." If the writer had omitted five of the eight words which he used to express the purpose of the travellers, and said the trip is "for health only," his sentence would have been bettered inversely as the square of

the number of words omitted. But it will not do to be so very exacting as to ask people not to use many more words than are necessary, and so all that can be reasonably hoped for is that *recuperate* may be shown to the door by those who have been weak enough to admit him. He is a mere pompous impostor. At most and best *recuperate* means recover; not a jot more or less. *Recover* came to us English through our Norman-French kinsfolk, and sometime conquerors. It is merely their *recouvrer* domesticated in our household. They got it from the Latin *recuperare*. But why we should go to that word to make another from it, which is simply a travesty of *recover*, passes reasonable understanding. But I must have done with such minute and particular criticism of verbal extravagance, having written thus much only by way of suggestion, remonstrance, and illustration. If I could gather all such words as those of which I have just treated under one head, to be struck off at a blow by those who would like to do execution on them, it would be well; and I may hereafter make the attempt.

EXPECT is very widely misused on both sides of the water in the sense of suppose, think, guess. *E. g.*, "I expect you had a pretty hard time of it yesterday." *Expect* refers only to that which is to come, and which, therefore, is looked for (*ex*—out, and *spectare*—to look). You cannot expect backward.

DIVINE.—The use of this adjective as a noun, meaning a clergyman, a minister of the Gospel, is supported by long usage and high authority. In "Richard III." Buckingham points out to the Mayor of London the hypocritical Gloster "meditating with two deep divines." Yet I cannot but regard this use of the word as at variance with reason, as fantastic and extravagant. Think it over a little, and say it over a few times—a divine, *a* divine, A divine—meaning a sort of man! It might be more blasphemous to leave out the article and call the man divine; but would it be quite as absurd? This use of this adjective, as a noun, has a parallel in the calling philosopher "a philosophic," which is done in a newspaper article before me; in the more common designation of a child as "juvenile," and even of books for children as "juveniles;" in the phrase "an obituary," meaning an obituary article; and in the name "monthly" which is sometimes given to a magazine; all of which are equally at variance with reason and with good taste. It would be just as proper, for instance, to call "The Evening Post" "The Evening" as it is to call that excellent publication The Atlantic Magazine "The Atlantic Monthly." In either case the thing is deprived of its substantive name, and designated by an unessential, accidental quality.

PROPOSE.—A distinction between this word and *purpose* is much insisted upon by some people who are exceedingly nice in their speaking. But I am inclined to the opinion that the distinction is based upon no real difference of meaning, and can be supported by no considerable authority or long usage. Certainly it has no etymological foundation. Both words, if, indeed, they are two words, are formed from the Latin *propono*, *propositum*, which means place before; and both come to us without any French or Italian modification of the prefix. The French for *purpose* is *propos*. And yet it is maintained that *propose* means to set before others, and *purpose* to set before ourselves. Reason for this does not appear, and is all the more likely to be lacking that *purpose* in this sense is, as a verb, a mere synonyme of *intend*, and as a noun, of course, a mere synonyme of *intent* or *intention*—at once poor and exact, and, therefore, superfluous. *Purpose* appears in the Bible both as verb and substantive; *propose* does not appear, and is not missed. Shakespeare uses *propose* as a substantive. Ogilvie, in his

excellent etymological dictionary (London, 1865), marks *purpose* as a verb, in the sense of intend, design, resolve, as out of use, and gives as its primary meaning, *propose*. It thus seems that the best usage is conforming to etymological requirement, and is detaching this superfluity from the language. *Purpose* will probably remain as the substantive of *propose*.

ARTIST is a much abused word, and one class of men misuse it to their own injury—the painters. But *artist* has been beaten out so thin that it covers almost the whole field of human endeavor. A girl who turns herself upside down upon the stage is an artist; a cook is an artist; so is a barber; and Goldsmith soberly calls a cobbler an artist. The word has been so pulled and hauled that it is shapeless, and has no peculiar fitness to any craft or profession; its vagueness deprives it of any special meaning. Its only value now is in the acknowledgment of the expression of an esthetic purpose, or, rather, of any excellence beyond that which is merely utilitarian. The painters say that they assume it lest they should be confounded with house painters. The excuse is as weak as water. If they are liable to such confusion, or fear it, so much the worse for them. Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Titian, were content to be called painters. True, *they were* decorative house painters. But the same name satisfied Rubens, Vandyke, Reynolds and Stuart, who did not paint houses.

MILITATE.—Who concocted this word we do not know; he might have been engaged in better business. It is rarely misused, except that any use of it is misuse, and it belongs rather among words which are not words. It does not appear in "Johnson's Dictionary," and is of comparatively recent introduction. What could be more absurd than the making of the Latin *milito* into an English word to take the place of *oppose, contend, be at variance with!* The absurdity is the greater because it is usually a supposition, or a theory, or something quite as incorporeal that is *militated against*. The use of this word is, however, not a question of right or wrong, but one of taste. It belongs to a bad family, of which are *necessitate, ratiocinate, effectuate* and *eventuate*, which, with their substantives—*necessitation, ratiocination, effectuation* and *eventuation* (who must be received with their parent verbs)—should not be recognized as members of good English society.

AFFABLE.—A use of this word, which has a very ludicrous effect to those for whom it has the signification given to it by the best English usage, is becoming somewhat common in newspaper correspondence and accounts of what are therein called "receptions" and "ovations." It means, literally, ready to speak, easily approachable in conversation. But by the usage of the best writers and speakers, and by common consent, it has been limited to the expression of an easy, courteous, and considerate manner on the part of persons of superior position to their inferiors. A king may be affable, as Charles II. was to his attendants, and so nobleman to a laborer. Dr. Johnson in the height of his career might have been affable to a penny-a-liner, but he wasn't. General Washington was not affable, but Aaron Burr was. Milton calls Raphael "the affable archangel," and makes Adam say to him, as he is about departing heavenward,

> Gentle to me and affable hath been
> Thy condescension, and shall be honor'd ever
> With grateful memory.

But in American newspapers we now read of affable hotel-keepers and steamboat captains; and we are told that Mrs. Bullions, at her "elegant and *recherché* reception," although moving in a blaze of diamonds, tempered by a cloud of

point de Venise lace (for particulars see the *Evening Female*), was "very affable to her guests." Far be it from me to suppose that there may be a difference between a hotel-keeper and an archangel, or to hint that the true sense of the word may be preserved in this usage by there being the same distance between a steamboat captain and a reporter that there was between Raphael and Adam. That suggestion is made by the reporters themselves. Perhaps this usage is one of the signs of the levelling power of democracy, and affability is about passing away among the vanished graces.

I shall now discontinue, for the present at least, my remarks upon misused words: not because the list is exhausted, although my memorandums are nearly so, but because it is high time that I should turn to other branches of my subject. It would give me pleasure, however, if any of my readers should direct my attention to striking instances of the misuse of words that I may have passed over. Among the topics which I shall hereafter consider, are—Words that are not Words, Idioms, "Being Done," Prepositions and their Construction, Name-giving, Dictionaries, and Grammars.

WORDS THAT ARE NOT WORDS.

To know what are words that are not words, we must first know what are words that are words.

What is a word? Everybody knows. The most ignorant child, if it can speak, needs no definition of *word*. Probably no word in the language is so rarely referred to in dictionaries as this. I admit that until I began to write this article, and had framed a definition of *word* for myself, I had never seen or heard one that I remember. Yet let any reader shut this book here, and try to tell exactly what a word is, and write down his definition before he goes on with this article, and he may find that the task is not so easy as he may have supposed it to be. Dr. Johnson's definition is "a single part of speech," at the limited view and schoolmasterish style of which we may be inclined at first to smile. Richardson's first definition is "anything spoken or told." But this applies equally to a speech or a story. His second is "an articulate utterance of the voice," which is really the same as Worcester's "an articulate sound." But this will not do; for *baclomipivit* is an articulate sound, but it is not a word, and I hope never will be one in my language; and *I* and *you* are not articulate sounds, and yet they are words. Webster's definitions is:

"An articulate or vocal sound, or a combination of articulate and vocal sounds uttered by the human voice, and by custom expressing an idea or ideas."

Here plainly, fulness and accuracy of definition have been sought, but they have not been attained. The definition, considering its design, is superfluous, inexact, and incomplete. The whole of the first part of it, making a distinction between articulate and vocal sounds, and between such sounds and a combination of them, is needless and from the purpose. The latter part of the definition uses "custom" vaguely; and in the word *idea* fails to include all that is required. My own definition, above referred to, is—"An utterance of the human voice which in any community expresses a thought or a thing." If there is a village or a hamlet where *ee* expresses I love, or any other thought, and *kikit* means bread, or anything else, then for that community *ee* and *kikit* are words. But words, generally, are utterances which express thoughts or things to a race, a people. Custom is not an essential condition of wordship. Howells, in one of his letters, (Book I., Letter 12) says of an Italian town: "There

are few places this side the Alps better built and so well *streeted* as this." *Streeted* was probably never used before, and has probably never been used since Howells used it two hundred and forty years ago. But it expressed his thought perfectly then to all English speaking people, and does so now, and is a participial adjective correctly formed. It is unknown to custom, but it has all the conditions of wordship, and is a much better English word than very many in "Webster's Dictionary." And, after all, Johnson's definition covers the ground. We must dismiss from our minds our grammar-class notion of a sort of things, prepositions, nouns, adverbs, and articles, the name of which is part-of-speech, and think of a single part of speech. Whatever is a single part of any speech is a word. But as there are books that are not books, so there are words that are not words. Most of them are usurpers, interlopers, or vulgar pretenders; some are deformed creatures with only half a life in them; but some of them are legitimate enough in their pretensions, although oppressive, intolerable, useless. Words that are not words sometimes die spontaneously; but many linger, living a precarious life on the outskirts of society, uncertain of their position, and a cause of great discomfort to all right thinking, straightforward people.

PRESIDENTIAL.—This adjective, which is used among us now more frequently than any other, not vituperative, laudatory, or boastful, is not a legitimate word. Carelessness or ignorance has saddled it with an *i*, which is upon the wrong horse. It belongs to a sort of adjectives which are formed from substantives by the addition of *al*. For example, *incident, incidental; orient, oriental; regiment, regimental; experiment, experimental.* When the noun ends in *ce*, euphony and ease of utterance require the modification of the sound of *al* into that of *ial;* as *office, official; consequence, consequential; commerce, commercial.* But we might as well say *parential, monumential, and governmential* as *presidential.* The proper form is *presidental. Presidential campaign* is a blatant Americanism for *presidental canvass.*

JEOPARDIZE is a foolish and intolerable word, which has no rightful place in the language, although even such a writer as Charles Reade thus uses it:

> He drew in the horns of speculation, and went on in the old safe routine; and to the restless activity that had jeopardized the firm succeeded a strange torpidity.

Certain verbs have been formed from nouns and adjectives by the addition of *ise*, or properly *ize;* as, for example, *equal, equalize; civil, civilize; patron, patronize.* But *jeopardize* has no such claims to toleration or respect. It is formed by adding *ize* to a *verb* of long standing in the language, and which means to put in peril; and *jeopardize*, if it means anything, means nothing more or less. Richardson is all wrong upon this word. He gives *jeopard* as a noun and *jeopardize* as a verb, by inadvertence, perhaps, for all his examples are to the contrary.

EXPERIMENTALIZE is a word of the same character as the foregoing. It has no rightful place in the language, and is both uncouth and pretentious. The termination *ize*, which we have borrowed from the Greek, is not to be tacked indiscriminately to any word in the language, verbs and adverbs as well as adjectives and nouns, for the purpose of making new verbs that are not needed. It has a meaning, and that meaning seems to be continuity of action; certainly action, and action which is not momentary. Thus, *equalize*—to make equal;

naturalize—to make as natural; *civilize*—to make civil; so *moralize*, *legalize*, *humanize*, etc. But the people who use *experimentalize*, use it, meaning, to try experiments. *Experiment*, however, is both noun and verb, and will serve all purposes not better served by *try* and *trial*.

CONTROVERSIALIST and CONVERSATIONALIST, too frequently heard, are inadmissible for like reasons to those given against *experimentalize*. *Ist* is the substantive form of the verbal *ize*. The proper words are *controvertist* and *conversationist*. The others have no place in the language.*

PREVENTATIVE, CASUALITY, and AGRICULTURALIST receive a passing notice, only because they are heard so often instead of *preventive*, *casualty*, and *agriculturist*. They ought to be, but I fear that they are not, evidences of an utter want of education and a low grade of intelligence.

DONATE.—I need hardly say, I hope, to any reader of these articles, that this word is utterly abominable—one that any lover of simple, honest English cannot hear with patience and without offence. It has been formed by some presuming and ignorant person from *donation*, and is much such a word as *vocate* would be from *vocation*, *orate* from *oration*, or *gradate* from *gradation*; and this, when we have *give*, *present*, *grant*, *confer*, *endow*, *bequeath*, *devise*, with which to express the act of transferring possession in all its possible varieties. The first of these will answer the purpose in most cases better than either of the others, and *donation* itself is not among our best words. If any man thinks that he and his gift are made to seem more imposing because the latter is called a donation which he donates, let him remember that when Antonio requires that the wealthy Shylock shall leave all he dies possessed of to Lorenzo and Jessica, he stipulates that "he do record a gift" of it, and that Portia in consequence says, "Clerk, draw a deed of gift;" and more, that the writers of the simplest and noblest English that has been written called the Omnipotent "the giver of every good and perfect gift."

GENT and PANTS.—Let these words go together like the things they signify. The one always wears the other.

RESURRECTED.—This amazing combination has lately appeared in some of our newspapers, one of them edited by a man who has been Clerk of the Senate. What is it intended to mean? Possibly the same act which people who speak English mean when they say that Lazarus was raised from the dead. The formation of *resurrect* from *resurrection* is just of a piece with the formation of *donate* from *donation*. But it is somewhat worse; for *resurrected* is used to mean raised, and *resurrection* does not mean raising, but rising. Thus we speak of the raising of Lazarus, but of the resurrection of Christ; of God's raising the dead, but of the resurrection of the dead.

* See these spurious words expatiated upon in an entertaining and instructive manner by Mr. Edward S. Gould in his sound book, "Good English." Mr. Gould adheres to the form of sound words by writing *experimentalize*, and so forth. I weakly yield to the levelling rush for uniformity which uses *ize* for *baptize* and *advise* alike, regardless of the fact that the last syllable of the former represents the Greek ζω, and that of the latter the Latin *visum*.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

From a painting by C. C. Griswold.

NORTH LOOKING SEAWARD AT SUNSET

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

NEWPORT AT SUNSET.

WE present the readers of THE GALAXY this month with a fine engraving of Mr. C. C. Griswold's picture of "Newport, Looking Seaward, at Sunset," which was exhibited last season at the National Academy of Design. Striking in composition and bold in treatment, the picture attracted much attention, and was generally conceded to be the best work yet exhibited by the artist. From the artist's point of view, the spectator looks over a narrow stretch of low, damp meadow lands, left in cool shadow by the descending sun, upon a bold ridge of rocks that rises through and above the shadow into glowing sunlight. Beyond this ridge is seen the dark blue expanse of ocean water, in strong contrast with the warm hues of the middle distance. Much of this effect is wanting in the engraving, as must always be the case where an attempt is made to translate color into black and white; but enough remains to show the artist's design, and to suggest the richness of the color-effect in the painting. Mr. Griswold is a young artist, with fame yet to be won; but, as he has undoubted talent for landscape art, and is a faithful, persevering, and conscientious student of nature, he can hardly fail of achieving success. His pictures exhibit every year the most decided advance in imaginative power and mastery over the materials of his art. He is on the right path; and has only to pursue it as faithfully in the future as in the past, to arrive at the goal of his ambition.

Mr. Griswold could not easily have selected a more appropriate spot, or one richer in romantic and picturesque sites for a landscape artist, than Newport. There is scarcely a spot of ground surrounding its beautiful bay that does not afford suggestion and material for the exercise of the landscape painter's art. Newport has also the advantage of being one of the oldest cities of New England, and is rich in historical associations, which even the fashionable life of more modern days cannot wholly destroy. She was, at one time, the rival of New York, and her ships were seen in every harbor of the world. Her ante-Revolutionary memories still exert a powerful influence on the imagination of the artist. He regards the beauties of her beautiful landscape through an imaginative atmosphere of association, kindred to the charm that attracts us to the Rhine and other rivers of romantic story.

Whatever antiquarians may say of the old round tower in Touro Park, the fact that no one really knows who built it, allows the imagination full play in regard to its age and origin; and no one who is not wholly devoid of fancy, can look upon its crumbling walls and not repeople the scene with the forms of the old Norsemen who have been named as its founders. The theory that it was erected by Governor Benedict Arnold, as a grist-mill, is resented as an impertinence unworthy of a moment's thought. The whole region shares in its venerable antiquity; and we associate with the gloomy chasm, miscalled "Purgatory," the "Hanging Rocks," and other well known localities, the legend of that advent-

urous band of Scandinavians that anticipated Columbus in the discovery of the New World. The beautiful scenery becomes more beautiful in the light of imaginative thought, and is endowed with subtler inspiration for the artist mind. Mr. Griswold's picture exerts the same influence over one's thoughts. The dreamy, tranquil effect of evening light, the quietude of the scene, and the absence of modern associations, tend to awaken thoughts of the olden time; and, as we gaze, our imaginations carry us far back beyond the landing of the Pilgrims on our shores, beyond the reach of oldest Indian traditions, to the time of which only vaguest legends speak, when the Northmen came to the New World to die and leave the story of their wanderings untold.

THE DEVIL OF INDIGESTION.

WAS Luther mad? This question has of late been discussed in several American and foreign medical and psychological journals. Some have contended that the illusions from which Luther suffered were momentary and fugitive eccentricities, while others have believed that they were fixed and abiding impressions, indicative of unsoundness of mind.

In the month of May, 1530, the "great Reformer" wrote: "When I try to work, my head becomes filled with all sorts of whizzing, buzzing, and thundering noises, and if I did not leave off on the instant I should faint away. For the last three days I have not been able to look at a letter."

At another time he said: "Once, in my monastery at Wittenberg, I distinctly heard the devil make a noise. I was beginning to read the Psalms, after having celebrated matins, when, interrupting my studies, the devil came into my cell, and thrice made a noise behind the stove, just as though he were dragging some wooden measure along the floor. As I found he was going to begin again, I gathered together my books and got into bed. . . . Another time, in the night, I heard him above my cell, walking in the cloister; but, as I knew it was the devil, I paid no attention to him, and went to sleep. . . . When the devil comes to me in the night, I say to him, 'Devil, I must now sleep, for it is the command and ordinance of God that we labor by day and sleep by night.' If he goes on with the old story, accusing me of sin, I say to him, to vex him, 'Holy spirit Satan, pray for me!'"

In November, 1543, Luther said: "I take it that my malady is made up, first, of the ordinary weakness of advanced age; secondly, of the results of my long labors and habitual tension of thought; thirdly, above all, of the blows of Satan. If this be so, there is no medicine in the world that will cure me."

Mr. Coleridge, in his "Friend," gives the following natural and rational account of the origin of Luther's visions: "Had Luther been himself a prince, he could have desired no better treatment than he received during eight months' stay in the Wartzburg; and, in consequence of a more luxurious diet than he had been accustomed to, he was plagued with temptations both from the 'flesh and the devil.' It is evident from his letters that he suffered under great irritability of his nervous system, the common effect of deranged digestion in men

of sedentary habits, who are at the same time intense thinkers; and this irritability, adding to and vivifying the impressions made upon him in early life, and fostered by the theological systems of his manhood, is abundantly sufficient to explain all his apparitions and all his mighty combats with evil spirits."

At the present time we think that intelligent people generally are more awake to the importance of good digestion than they used to be. The organ to which this function belongs is seen to have no slight influence over a man's success or usefulness in life, whether serving in a private or public capacity; and quite recently we heard that a certain learned clergyman was not called to take the charge of a church not many miles distant from New York City, simply because he was a dyspeptic!

Many ancient philosophers, and such distinguished modern metaphysicians and anatomists as Van Helmont, Hartley, and Sœmmering, considered the stomach to be so important a part of the body that they believed the seat of the soul to be in this region; and, however incorrect this view may be, there can be no doubt that this organ constantly influences, either directly or indirectly, every bodily function. Its own healthful or diseased condition permeates and gives character to the whole physical and spiritual man; and the intelligent physician never loses sight of this fact in dealing with his patients. He is charitable where others are intolerant, and often has occasion to perceive that rational and cheerful views of life are closely connected with good digestion.

These and other similar reflections have led us to consider the importance of this function, and the manner in which it is performed generally, in the animal kingdom.

Till quite recently, a stomach has been held to be one of the characteristics of animals, distinguishing them from plants, which have no special organ for the reception and digestion of food, but prepare nourishment for assimilation, in various parts of their structures, under the influence of light, air, and heat. As a general rule this distinction is true; but the progress of investigation has shown that not only the simplest forms of animals, but even many of a high organization, are destitute of a special digestive cavity. The nature of the food consumed, and the manner of rendering it fit for assimilation, serve as a much better guide for distinguishing the members of these two grand divisions of created living things from one another.

It has long been known that in man the process of digestion is exceedingly complicated; and the experiments of Reaumur, Spallanzani, and Stevens showed that the food is broken down, or liquified in the stomach, not through constant trituration, as some supposed, reasoning from the presence of a gizzard in birds, but by the action of a certain fluid which this organ secretes. Later investigators have been busy with the products of the various stages of digestion, as chyme and chyle; with the effects of the secretions of the liver and pancreas on these; and with the nature of the gastric juice itself.

The food taken by man, it is found, is not ready for assimilation, or the repairing of the waste occasioned by mental and bodily activity, till it has passed from the stomach through the lacteals, thoracic duct, heart, and lungs, and has entered the arterial system.

Such is the process of digestion at one end of the scale of development; let us now pass to the other—to the lowest known forms.

There is an animal (though none but a naturalist would ever think of calling it so) found plentifully distributed in shallow pools, adhering to dead leaves or

green confervoid algæ, which is subject to protean changes, being at one time spherical, at another perfectly flat, and at another of a very irregular outline, with its exterior carried out, here and there, in the form of branches. It is composed of a jelly-like substance, as transparent and as structureless as glass; and, as it varies in size from one-five-hundredths to one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter, can only be studied by the aid of the microscope. When any nutritious body, whether dead or alive, animal or plant, of its own kind or different, comes in contact with the tentacles, or pseudo-podia, as they are called, which are only prolongations of any portions of the exterior, at the will of the animal, it becomes adherent, through some power not yet clearly understood, and is immediately seized and surrounded by the neighboring tentacles. By the shortening of these it is brought to the surface of the body, where a shallow depression is soon formed, which becomes deeper and deeper, till at last the minute animal, if such it chance to be, sinks completely into the jelly-like mass. Digestion may now be watched through all the stages of the breaking down and solution of the nutritious portions, and finally the egesta, or non-nutritious parts, may be seen working their way outward in much the same manner as they were taken in.

This kind of life appears to be very insignificant, and yet the chalk beds, found in various parts of the world, often hundreds of feet in thickness, are the formation of animals differing essentially from this amœba in no respect, except that they have the power of secreting, and are contained within a calcareous or chalky shell.

Above these in the scale of development, we meet with beings having a cellular structure, but capturing and digesting food after the manner of the amœba; and still higher, we come to the trumpet-shaped hydra, of fresh and salt water, which has not only cellular structure, but a mouth. Here the specialization of functions seems to stop, for Tremberly has shown that this little creature may be turned inside out and yet digestion will be resumed within the cavity of the body; and that any portion of the animal is capable of reproducing or growing up to the perfect hydra form.

The actiniæ and coral-reef building animals advance a step further, and have hanging within the cavity of the body a sack, in which digestion is carried on, and from which the non-nutritious materials are cast out through the mouth. Even among some of these a still greater specialization of parts is found, the nervous, circulatory, and reproductive systems being more or less developed.

As we go higher, this division of labor becomes more and more sharply defined, and the different functions of the body are restricted to certain organs, as they are called.

It is thus evident that, though most animals have a digestive cavity or stomach, it is not an unfailing characteristic; and the process of digestion, together with the taking of crude food into the body, seems to furnish better grounds for distinguishing animals from plants. But if we look a little further, we shall see that even this test is not perfectly reliable. We will not instance certain insects which, in the perfect, or butterfly state, take no food, and have neither a mouth nor a well-developed digestive cavity; for these live on that which they have prepared and laid up in the earlier stages of their existence; but the little notommata, described by Dalrimple, in the Transactions of the Royal Society, is to the point. The male of this animal is destitute of a mouth and a

stomach, and receives no nourishment from the time of its cell or egg condition, till it dies.

The tape-worm, which has a comparatively high organization, has no mouth, and takes in food already prepared for it through its entire surface. What it lives on is first digested by the animal in which it happens to be located, and it thrives as a parasite through the activity of an organ not its own.

We must now go still further, and say that neither the presence of a stomach nor the existence of that process which we call digestion, is characteristic of all animals; but that the two grand divisions of all created living forms are distinguished from one another by the nature of the food which contributes to their growth and maintenance.

The higher animals in the embryonic condition pass through stages of development which are the mature permanent states of those lower in the scale; and, as the grade of an animal is in a great measure determined by the degree of specialization of its parts, it is to be expected that the lower we descend the fewer will be the organs devoted to certain functions, till we reach the simplest forms in which the whole body is equally endowed with nervous, circulatory, digestive, and reproductive powers.

Thus much on the existence in animals of a stomach and of digestion; we now have a few words to add on the nature of the latter.

In the higher animals this is quite a complicated process, calling in the aid of the mouth, teeth, pharynx, œsophagus, stomach, intestines, pancreas, liver, mucous follicles, salivary glands, lungs, and heart; whereas, in the lowest animals, the power or function exerted by all these parts combined, seems to reside in every granule or individual cell. The gastric fluid, which we have already mentioned in connection with the names of Reaumur, Spallanzani, and others, and through the action of which digestion is chiefly accomplished, is of so complicated a nature that chemists and physiologists are not yet fully agreed as to its composition. For some time muriatic acid was believed to give to it its acidity; but at present it is quite generally conceded that the free acid in this secretion is of quite a different nature, namely, lactic acid, and that when free muriatic acid is found to be present, it results from the method of analysis employed.

An organic substance, called pepsin, is held to be an essential ingredient of the gastric juice, and various salts of soda, potash, lime, ammonia, magnesia, and iron contribute to its complicated nature.

Beaumont, who made a series of interesting experiments on a man who had a permanent gastric fistula, or opening through his left side into the stomach, caused by a gunshot wound, has shown that digestion in man goes on at a temperature of about 100° Fahrenheit, and that when pieces of ice are introduced into the stomach this process is checked.

Whether the amœbæ and other similar animals secrete a digestive fluid or not, we have no direct means of deciding; but the food on which they live has been seen, by the aid of the microscope, to slowly disappear without the exercise of any triturating or mechanical action, and the non-nutritious portions, as shells, to work their way out of the body. We are thus, it would seem, justified in concluding that digestion is carried on in them by means of some fluid secreted by their jelly-like substance, though it is quite probable that it differs greatly in composition from the gastric juice of the higher animals; for many of these minute beings live and flourish in water which has a temperature of

less than 40° Fahrenheit (this is the temperature of the ocean over the whole globe below a depth of two or three hundred fathoms), and digestion, of course, proceeds at the same temperature.

In man the action of the stomach is influenced by yet other causes. No part of the body is more freely supplied with nerves, or more easily affected by their condition. An important requisite to healthy digestion is a healthy nervous influence, for if this is abnormal, the movements of the stomach become disordered, and the secretion of gastric fluid is checked or altered in nature.

The mind and this organ react upon one another; and disease of the one is pretty sure to be followed by disturbance of the other. Mental emotions excite or depress digestion. A mind at ease, or under the influence of joyous feelings, reacts favorably on this function, and there is much truth in the homely expression, "Laugh and grow fat."

On the other hand, grief or sadness often exert an unfavorable influence, and digestion, as every one has experienced, is sometimes entirely checked by bad news or a serious accident. So decided is this connection, that at one time digestion was believed to be essentially a nervous operation; and because of the close connection between this function and the condition of the mind, the stomach, as we have stated, has been at various times held by many to be the seat of the soul.

Diseased or disturbed digestion reacts on the mind, and moroseness, gloomy views of life, and visitations by ghosts and apparitions, may all be due to such derangement. Dyspeptic hypochondriacs, unfortunately, are numerous in all civilized communities, whose gloomy forebodings and apprehensions of coming evils too truly reflect their own inner life.

The nature of a man depends in no small degree on what he takes in at the mouth, and on his ability to properly dispose of it. To account for his present condition, his views of things in general, and his bearing toward others, the soundness of his digestive powers must not be left out of the consideration. This organized living machine not only wastes and consumes itself in being and doing, but at the same time is equally busy in repairing the constant loss. Food and air, we will not say, are the potential man; but the nature of these, and the manner of using them for the bodily wants, are no unimportant matters. What he is, physically and mentally, receives character from what he eats and assimilates.

Children inherit the peculiarities of the parents, and fairly represent their modes of living and thinking. Health and vigor are no more sure of transmission to posterity than are weakness and disease; hence we expect incapacity and inefficiency to be followed by their like, and we find no difficulty, generally, in accounting for whole families of nervous, dyspeptic hypochondriacs.

It is, therefore, in a sense true, that not only that which goeth out of the mouth, but also that which goeth in, defileth the man, and we cannot too highly prize and cultivate the perfect working of that organ, which is designed to receive and prepare the food sent out into the remotest parts of the system, to supply the waste which existence and exertion necessitate. We cannot consider too carefully what sort of appropriations we make for the growth of the body, or for the replacing of that which is consumed.

We are constantly at work tearing down and building up, and, fortunately for those who are the victims of inherited evils, a proper regard for the rules of health may often greatly mollify objectionable transmitted tendencies. Poor

material may not infrequently be replaced by that which is better; but tastes and appetites, vitiated either through inheritance or otherwise, it must be confessed, are not easily controlled; and nature seems almost to have intended that when once the wrong course in bodily development has been taken, the evil should rapidly increase by transmission, and the degenerate race speedily run out. If human errors were susceptible of indefinite continuance, man, we fear, would soon become, both bodily and mentally, lower than the brutes. Through his superior intelligence he has it in his power to call to his aid the teachings of experience in the elevation of the race; and as the mind works through the body and in accordance with its conditions, and is incapable of otherwise manifesting itself, it is evident that all efforts for the high and progressive development of the former must rely on a continued and preceding improvement of the latter.

T. E. Clark, M. D.

EAGRE IN A FINGER-BOWL.

THE eighteenth of November, last year, was a pleasant day at the Danish island of St. Thomas. The trade-wind, which blows there pretty steadily from the northward and eastward, had died away, and a breeze had come out from the southward. The Susquehanna, riding head to wind, like the rest of the shipping, headed toward the entrance of the harbor, which opens southerly. This brought the sun on her starboard side early in the afternoon, and its rays peeped under the awning and invaded the sanctum of the officer of the deck; and, as the day was warm, that officer was much disgusted thereat, and involuntarily glanced often at the clock as he paced up and down, with a secret longing to hear eight bells strike.

The ship lay thus quietly at anchor, when suddenly she shuddered violently, alow and aloft, in every timber and every spar. Especially the deck seemed to shiver; a fearful ague seized everybody's feet, and something in the water, or under it, or over it, or nowhere in particular, gave out a deep, long, half-smothered, grumbling sound. Blue-jackets adoze between the guns got up hastily; officers rushed on deck from below; men seemed to want to look somewhere, and knew not where to look. This was the first shock of the earthquake, and was far the heaviest of all.

Presently some one sang out, "Breakers on the port bow!" Breakers, plain enough, five miles to seaward, right and left, as wide as the mouth of the harbor gives an outlook. It is "all hands" now, and everyone jumps to his station. Another anchor splashes into the water; they veer on both chains and hurry up the sheet chains the best they can. Some rats of apprentice boys get up on the rail to see the wave come, but are ordered down in a jiffy.

It was a grand thing to see. A great high wall of water, stretching across the entrance, with an even ridge of frosty foam to mark the top off on the sky. Solemn, majestic, looking fatherly down on a troop of happy little white-caps that hopped along merrily in front of it. The hither face seems nearly up and down, is perhaps twenty-five feet high, and is coming square in with the speed

of a race-horse. Veer away the chains, veer! veer! There is a little steamer just in front of it, with a dozen men on board. . . . . God pity their wives and sweethearts. A large bark jumps on her beam-ends. But the rocks near the entrance are breaking the force of the great wave; it is a high swell now—nothing more. An eddy precedes it; the ships tail round, and it strikes them on the quarter.

The De Soto gets badly treated; her chains snap like whip-cord; she sweeps over a rock, knocks a hole in herself, buries a great iron spile in her ribs, and drifts about the harbor wildly. The flag-ship takes it next; drags a little, but brings up short of danger. More waves pass; the ships swirl about; at last the swells are gone. But for a long time after the water ebbs and flows at short intervals. Old sea-god Eagre is quite exhausted, and catches for breath.

At Santa Cruz, thirty miles southward, they have fared more roughly. The Monongahela, a steam sloop of fourteen hundred tons, went right up into the town, knocking down such houses as she met on the way; paused in the first street, retreated, and finally selected a snug berth high and dry on the beach. It was, without any doubt, an ill-omened way of planting our flag on these new possessions. The Susquehanna's sailors declared the whole thing—earthquake, eagre and all—was only a Yankee trick to cheapen the price of the islands.

It is a question of interest, what was the cause of the eagre? How came the sea to tumble in on the land in these huge waves? In consequence of the earthquake, no doubt, but how? A few words can hardly make out an answer. But a few words are enough to indicate the outline of a theory which, as it seems to me, must sooner than any other have suggested itself to every observer inclined to a general belief that nature produces many varying and complicated effects from very few and simple causes.

Some who witnessed it, imagine a great upheaving of the bed of the ocean at some one place whence the waves radiated in every direction—reversedly as when a pebble drops into any liquid. Others suppose the shock created a great fissure at the bottom of the sea, and that an immense volume of steam, generated by admission of water to the subterraneous fires, expanded upward, and hove oft the superincumbent mass of water. These two theories have a general resemblance in that they assign a special cause. At St. Thomas, the waves came in from south-south-west; at Santa Cruz, from the westward. From these data there have been attempts to deduce the point of original disturbance, by taking the two directions as radii, and producing them convergingly to a centre.

But the merest young one that ever got a wet foot picking up shells at the seaside can divine that the direction of the waves' motion was in each case due solely to the lay of the land where they began to break. If the shelving of a beach is square to the path of an advancing billow, then the breaker formed from it will have its path in the same line as that of the billow. But if the bottom shelves in such a direction that the wave strikes diagonally upon the shallowing, then the part of the wave that first meets resistance is retarded; while the part still free to advance maintains its speed, until it in turn begins to be "brought up." Thus the whole wave, in converting itself into a breaker, executes, or partly executes, a "right-wheel" or a "left-wheel," as the case may be. We may conclude that a comparison of the directions the waves pursued at the two islands, throws no light on the location of the primary disturbance.

If that disturbance had any one position, if any eruption or upheaving oc-

curred at but one place in the bed of the ocean, then the violence of its effects would have been found greater at that central spot than at any remote locality. It seems, however, that although the waves came in at both St. Thomas and Santa Cruz, a French bark at sea in a right line between those islands, and in open sight from the harbor of St. Thomas, for which she was making, experienced no waves. The reason is simple. When a "bore," or eagre, comes travelling up a river, its havoc near the banks is sometimes frightful; but in the middle of the stream it is less formidable. The difference is due mainly to the difference in depth along the bank and in mid-stream. The French bark had deeper water. Where the breakers appeared, the water was shallower.

Earthquakes are of different kinds. There are concussory shocks, and vortical shocks, and undulatory shocks. The quake in the West Indies seemed to belong to the last class.

Having then in view an undulation, let us picture a swiftly-advancing tremor along the bed of the ocean, progressing in a certain direction. The tremor consists of little hills of elevation rolling forward rapidly. There is water in front of every elevation, and since each elevation is in motion, the water in front also must acquire motion. Part travels right along in its own plane before the undulation; part is displaced upwardly, and the undulation passes under it. But all the water displaced simultaneously displaces more. Where it is very shallow, as in a small pond, the observer of an earthquake would see the surface of the water undulating in almost the same kind of waves in which the ground undulates. But in very deep water, the effect of each distinct undulation of the bed is lost *as a separate effect*. Where a shallow brook runs swiftly over a rough bottom, the ripples on the surface are well marked. But if the stream is very deep, the ripples will not show—even though the river were rapid enough to have a swift motion in the section next its bed, which, strictly speaking, never is the case. If, however, even the particles next the bed moved rapidly, while the elevations and depressions of the bed stood fast, the particles of water would acquire vertical motion through following the varying plane of the bed. The tremor of an earthquake creates at the bottom of the sea a state of things like that in such imaginary river; only it is the elevations and depressions of bed that are in progressive motion, and the water it is that rests. And if the great depth of water—all save a very shallow horizontal section next the bottom—were removed, then we should see ripples like those of the brook just mentioned. Suppose another horizontal section to be overlaid; then each waving particle in the lower section will impart motion to other particles in the section above—motion to more than one particle, but less to each one than itself possesses. And with increasing layers, this change of form in the movement—this diminution of motion in each particle, but extension of it radiatingly to a greater number of particles—will constantly increase, until, when the whole profundity of the ocean is superadded, the vertical motion of particles will be very slight indeed; but an immense number of particles, or a wide spread of water, will partake of it. And the effects of every little hill of undulation will, in radiation upward, unite with those of the hills before and behind, so that the distinctness of little undulations will, at the surface, be annihilated. Moreover, if the undulations of the bed of the sea are not of equal height, but some slight and some intense, and if they vary gradually in intensity from a light shiver to a violent shudder—if, in other words, the earthquake passes, so to speak, in *thrills*—then the more violent throbbings will be coming by themselves, and the milder tre-

mors by themselves, and the degree of commotion will now increase to intensity, and now sink almost into quietude, rising and falling by turns. And these swellings and subsidings, in the propagation of motion toward the distant surface, with change of form in advancing thither as described above, will become waves when they reach it. Waves very low, indeed, by reason of the small extent of vertical motion which each particle at the surface undergoes; but waves very long—long enough to prevent their being perceptible as such, even independently of their lowness. And the number of waves that pass any spot will be equal to the number of *thrills* that pass it; and the waves will extend as far along the sea as the shock extends, unless where the ocean's bed is very uneven, so that the effects of undulation partly counteract each other; and each wave, though very low, will, since very long, contain a considerable bulk of water.

But when such a wave reaches a shallow spot, the part in front will be impeded by the shoaling of the bottom, while the unimpaired part behind will continue its course till similarly impeded—thus will gain upon and overtake and mount upon the part preceding. And thus the wave, before long and low, will pile itself up at that shallow place, and will shortly become a breaker short and high. It was in such shoaler water that the great breakers at St. Thomas occurred; and it was outside of these, in the deeper soundings, that the French bark was sailing quietly along.

An after-dinner idleness shall be my illustration. Around the rim of a half-filled finger-bowl pass a wetted finger, until the bowl begins to "sing." If a fly is walking on the side of the bowl as it vibrates, he is sensible of an earthquake. In the singing noise produced by vibration we hear a piping imitation of the terrific rumble which accompanies the shock, and the little waves of water are plain enough inside. If we built a vessel of the right shape—deep in one part and shelving so as to be very shallow in another; and if we scraped the bottom of the deep part into strong vibration, we could hardly see any waves immediately above; but where the water shoaled we should see tiny breakers piling themselves up, and these breakers would be like the eagre at St. Thomas.

MARSTON NILES.

THE FOUR NATIONS.

BY the Four Nations we mean the four divisions into which the greater part of the civilized world can be divided; divisions whose boundaries are real, though impalpable, sharply drawn, and yet beyond the grasp of map-makers. And these are the Bohemians, the Belgravians, the Peorians, and the Philistines. Divide men into these four nationalities, and beside Chinamen and such like, you will have no remainder, except a class of people devoid of character and individuality.

Probably you will dispute this proposition, and assert that facts prove its falsity. By all means do so if you like, but do not delude yourself into the belief that you have destroyed the power of a theory by proving its falsity. What

can be more unreasonable than to expect a man to abandon a favorite theory, merely because a few impertinent and obstinate facts have the offensive rudeness to contradict it. What energetic and earnest reformer abandons his particular scheme for regenerating the world because facts show it to be impracticable? However, in the present instance we claim that experience proves our classification to be, in the main, correct. There are, of course, half-breeds; men, for example, who are partly Belgravian and partly Bohemian, but one or the other nationality will predominate and indicate where their true citizenship properly belongs.

Turn to "Quentin Durward" and you will find the key to the origin of the now well-understood name, Bohemian. There is mentioned in that novel a certain Gypsy, who is usually termed "the Bohemian." Here is evidence—and it is abundant elsewhere—that the Gypsies were formerly known as Bohemians. The two names, Gypsy and Bohemian, were once synonymous.

We all know what a lawless, roving, living-by-one's-wits kind of existence characterizes the Gypsy. He is a thorough cosmopolitan. He is at once at home and an exile wherever he may be. The ordinary rules of civilization do not apply to him. He ignores the laws of religion and of morality. To him the world is simply a place made to get a living in, and mankind are made only to be lived upon. He is bound by no prejudices, and is as free as his four-footed kindred of the forest.

So when in time there grew to be a class of men in Paris, who possessed the lawlessness, the practical cynicism, the vagabondage of the gypsies; who gloried in their emancipation from the trammels of faith and prejudice and custom, it came to pass that some man, blessed with an inspiration of epithet, called these civilized vagabonds "Gypsies," "Bohemians." The fitness of the name brought it at once into popularity. Young writers, who from taste or habit shared the Bohemian nature, adopted the name, wrote about Bohemianism, glorified their new citizenship in glorifying themselves. Soon Henri Mürger perceived that this Bohemian phase of Parisian life was a new field, untouched by novelists. He wrote the inimitable "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême." He crystallized into permanent form the floating, and, as yet, vaguely-defined idea of the new Bohemia. He thus created a nation, and displayed its flag—his romance—in every capital and town of Europe. The republic of letters promptly recognized the new nation, and Bohemians thenceforth had a name and, occasionally, a local habitation.

As now understood, the inhabitants of Bohemia are numerous. Bound together only by their common tie of allegiance to nothing, they comprise men and women of a dozen different grades and occupations. Every man or woman who, by force of circumstances or from choice, lives in disregard of or in opposition to the conventional proprieties of life, the established customs of "respectability," is, *prima facie*, a Bohemian. Actors and actresses, and the various members of the theatrical profession, are, with rare exceptions, Bohemians by virtue of their position in the world, for they usually lack the anti-Bohemian test of holding a place in society, such as respectability demands should be held and maintained. Painters and professional musicians are generally Bohemians by nature, for they love the emancipation from conventionalism which they fancy belongs of right to the children of art. Writers, who write to live from day to day, and not for fame or to influence their fellows; who regard literature as a trade, and who sell their brains to the highest bidder, are preëminently Bohe-

mians. Then the great company of gamblers and characterless adventurers—men and women who live by their worst and sharpest wits—make up the lower and more disreputable strata of Bohemian life; and finally there belongs legitimately to Bohemia any wandering, reckless fellow, who values the present moment of pleasure beyond the possibilities of the future, and who lightly defies the dictates of conventionalism whenever they come in conflict with the whim of the moment.

Every one has met, more or less frequently, the sons of Bohemia. They are found in fiction as well as in real life. Dickens knew Bohemia well, for it is there that he must have met the delightful and disreputable Richard Swiveller. Mr. Alfred Jingle, of the many aliases, is another strongly-marked Bohemian; and Mr. Micawber, even if he had gone into respectability and coals (Mrs. Micawber knew that he had a genius for coals, and only lacked the capital, in order to become the leading coal merchant of England) could never have put off his buoyant Bohemian nature. Thackeray, too, has given us Fred Bayham, perhaps the most perfect exponent of Bohemianism in its best aspect that can be found; and Colonel Altamont, a fair specimen of a more disreputable class. Thackeray himself, when an artist at Rome, lived in Bohemia, and haunted the "Greco" and the "Lepri." What an honest, frank, jovial prince of Bohemia he must have been!

Bohemianism, though everywhere essentially the same, changes somewhat its external appearance with every change of climate. In Rome, for example, the Bohemian community consists almost exclusively of artists and of those directly connected with art. The Roman Bohemian is the pleasantest, the most happy, the most innocent citizen of Bohemia. He is almost of necessity poor; for when a man becomes rich, he leaves Bohemia, and emigrates to the more congenial climate of Belgravia or Philistia. He is rarely dissolute, for the pure, fresh Roman breezes dull the zest and dissipate the glamour of wine. He is universally kind-hearted, and is nearly always happy. Belonging to a community that shares its good things in common, selfishness or meanness are rarely his abiding guests. Is he invited to a party? Enquiry is at once instituted as to who has Jack's dress-coat, for no true colony of Bohemians possesses a plurality of dress-coats; and if it is not already borrowed, he borrows it, and goes to his party, happy in an obliviousness of the misfit or obsolete fashion of the coat. Has he sold a picture? He pays his debts, and straightway dines sumptuously every day at the prodigal expense of thirty cents, and lends his endless wealth in small sums to less fortunate men. Has he made no sales? He breakfasts, lunches, and dines upon the sum of fifteen cents, and supplements his scanty meals with continuous pipes. Kind, happy, careless, generous fellows! There are some of us, who having "touched upon Bohemia" at Rome, will never cease to regret the happy time when painting and sketching, and days on the breezy Campagna, and nights in the smoky depths of the "Greco," made up the brightest and best and most useless period of our thoughtless, graceless, careless youth.

The Roman "models" belong to the Bohemian nationality, and constitute one of its peculiar features. These young girls (some of them have been "young girls" for twenty years) cast wholly into the society of lawless young men, develop a free, manly independence of speech and action, not precisely in accordance with the popular idea of feminine propriety. And yet they are by no means universally immoral, or necessarily immodest. Who that has known Rome

within the last decade does not remember the large-eyed, serious-faced Stella—she who for years has been the Madonna of countless pictures? There rests no rust of scandal on her fair fame. Her beauty must have faded long ago, but her true, kind, womanly heart can never have grown old. And queenly, superb Nana, and wicked, piquante, cross-eyed Teresa! How often has the young artist gazed in your black eyes as you sat motionless upon the pedestal, and working thoughtfully at his painting, forgotten your very presence as a living, sentient woman, until the outstretched hand, claiming the five pauls for your two hours' sitting, has suddenly brought him back from the land of artist-dreams into the prosaic realities of his bare and smoky studio.

In Paris, Bohemianism means pipes (it means that everywhere, though) and theatres, a fondness for absinthe, and an irrepressible disgust at paying debts. It is not so moral a province as the Roman Bohemia. It is inhabited, too, by countless grisettes, and by coryphées and figurantes of the ballet without number. These are the divinities of the Parisian Bohemian, and he is naturally no better than his gods, or rather goddesses, and usually a good deal worse. He lives to enjoy life—which phrase, to his mind, means taking Fantine or Olympe to the Mabille or the Chaumière, or possibly to a Sunday fête at Versailles. He writes or paints in order to be able to pay for his absinthe, his pipes, and his more disreputable pleasures. He is a cynical profligate, a polite and yet impudent swindler. Like every corrupt thing, he is more hopelessly corrupt in Paris than he would be elsewhere.

If he is not a writer or an artist, he may be a student. If so, he differs from his brothers of the quill and the brush only in the fact that he is supported by some remote and provincial relative. Always pipes and absinthe, and noisy political and literary discussions—always Fantine and Olympe. The Parisian Bohemian is always essentially the same. He is wholly earthly; made not only of the dust, but of the impure dust and mire of the Paris streets.

London Bohemianism, again, is more decent in its outer belongings, if not in reality. The English Bohemian drinks beer in preference to absinthe or brandy. He is either an honest, hard-working painter or writer, or he is an unredeemed blackleg. In London there is not the close mingling of vice and virtue, of swindling and honor, that characterizes the Parisian Bohemia. You may usually trust the London Bohemian; for either he is an honest, good fellow—in which case he deserves your confidence—or else he is obtrusively scoundrelly; in which case he may be safely trusted to rob you if he can. The London Bohemia is "a pleasant land," says Thackeray; "a land where men call each other by their Christian names, where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where, if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more tenderly and carefully than other folks their youthful spirits and the delightful capacity to be idle. I have lost my way to Bohemia now, but it is certain that Prague is the most picturesque city in the world."

In New York, Bohemianism partakes in a measure of the American national intensity. It usually means strong tobacco, whiskey, and a general fierce demonstrativeness of hostility to respectability. New York contains numerous pretenders to Bohemianism; young men who have read Mürger, and think it the correct thing to affect Bohemianism. We have no *fête* days here, no Mabille, in effect, no *coulisses de l'opéra*. If we do not pay our debts there are a hundred hungry lawyers anxious to be on our track. Tradesmen do not meekly suffer themselves to be cheated, and boarding-house keepers are persistently

earnest in their demands for payment. These are practical difficulties in the path of the would-be Bohemian; and so he feels it necessary to support his Bohemian pretensions by an excess of tobacco and alcoholic accessories, and by a swaggering cynicism and an obtrusively-flaunted disbelief in virtue, and truth, and principle. Yet let it not be understood that of such are all the citizens of our New York Bohemia; for there are as kind and honest Bohemians here as in Rome or London. Certain it is, however, that the better class of Bohemians do not find a congenial home among us. Bohemia is careless of her children here. Her climate is excessively unwholesome, and those who reside permanently in it do not live out half their days. There are now but few literary men in New York who properly belong to Bohemia; and Bohemians as a class have exercised but little influence upon the tone of literature here. Few of our writers who are worthy of the name, and few of our better class of artists, have ever dwelt in Bohemia. And yet it need not be forgotten that Bohemia furnished us with the most musical, the most tender, the most pathetic of our lesser poets. The brightest name in New York Bohemianism is that of poor George Arnold, whose kind, sunny face looks down upon us from the wall as we write these lines.

There are no wives in Bohemia. When a man marries he gives hostages to respectability, and straightway Bohemia casts him out. Bohemia cares not for marriage. It must be confessed that the Bohemian standard of morality is not a very high one. Bohemia is an excellent missionary field, only the missionary would probably reap but a small harvest.

Enough of Bohemia. Let us turn our attention to a more aristocratic nation.

Belgrave square was, some years since, the Faubourg St. Germain, the Madison avenue of London. To dwell within its sacred limits was to be fashionable, if not noble. Consequently, some one who had noted the wide comprehensiveness, the exceeding fitness of the term Bohemia, hit upon the idea of comprehending the whole world of nobility and fashion in the single word "Belgravia."

Belgravia is probably not a whit more moral than is Bohemia. The Belgravian cares more for the externalities of life than does the Bohemian. To be known and recognized as a Belgravian is the end and aim of his existence. He usually smokes choice Havanas and drinks Château Lafitte—not so much because he likes them as because they are more truly Belgravian than are pipes and beer. He is irreproachable in his dress. His chief anxiety is to do nothing that can injure his position as a Belgravian; for a man's Belgravian citizenship is of a precarious tenure, and may be easily forfeited. There are doubtless scores of good fellows in Belgravia, but they are little known outside of their own nation.

In the American Belgravia, the inhabitants are not of as pure blood as in Europe. In fact, many of the Madison avenue and Fifth avenue Belgravians would not be recognized as men and brethren by their European countrymen. They are, at best, but adopted citizens, and few possess a well-authenticated roll of ancient Belgravian ancestors.

A few years since, a young writer of New York—generally held to be a Bohemian—invented the name Peorian, as a common designation for the unsophisticated, unworldly, rural type of man. Of course we have all heard of the actual Illinoisan Peoria, known to the post-office authorities, but the geographical situation of that thriving town has nothing to do with the meaning of the

term Peorian, as used in the present instance. The Western man, *par excellence*, is seldom a Peorian, and his sharp, eager habits would ill accord with the peaceful mildness of the true Peorian. The choice of this particular name as descriptive of the unsophisticated portion of the community, was determined, probably, by the fact that it had the same termination as Bohemia and Belgravia, and also by the vague idea of flowers and clover, that is suggested by the sound of the smooth-flowing vowels. At least Peoria always brings clover to *our* mind, although, very possibly, the association of ideas is a purely arbitrary one. Though little known outside of New York, this symbolic meaning of Peoria is perfectly well understood here.

We all have a large acquaintance with the Peorians. An army of them, gathered from the remote rural districts, invades and takes possession of the city during anniversary week. They have an exceeding fondness for menageries and temperance lectures, and devoutly believe in Barnum's Museum. They go to hear Beecher preach, and search out the site of the Broadway Tabernacle. The city is a wonder and a mystery to them. They shudder somewhat at the fierce wickedness of the beast, but wonderingly admire the shining beauty of its bright-hued coat.

The Peorians of the city greatly resemble their fellows from the country. They are a pleasant, simple-minded folk. The odor of tobacco is an offence to them, and they know not the subtle distinction between bourbon and rye. They believe in the honesty of politicians, and accept, with unwavering faith, the assertions of their favorite newspaper. Peoria is usually orthodox in religion, and patriotic and consistent in politics. There is a strong national dislike of French novels and French philosophy among the Peorians, and they have a certain old-fashioned faith in the honesty of men and the virtue of women. The Peorian world may be narrow and unattractive, yet most of us would prefer a Peorian wife, and we all firmly believe that our mothers were Peorians. Was there ever a braver, truer gentleman than Colonel Newcomb, and a more simple-hearted, honest soul than Sir Roger de Coverley? Can we find a better, nobler man than Major Dobbin? Well, they were all born and bred in Peoria, whence they never emigrated, and where they died. Arcadia was simply an ancient province of Peoria, and the old Greek poets, wise, simple people, were never tired of singing its praises.

We have plenty of Philistines, but, curiously enough, no one has yet mentioned Philistia, which must, of course, be their native country. We therefore take the liberty of placing Philistia in the list of ideal kingdoms. It is, beyond question, the most powerful and populous of the Four Nations.

The German students have, from time immemorial, been accustomed to divide men into students and Philistines. For a long time the word Philistines had this exclusively German-student signification, and it is only within a few years that the English writers of the "Saturday Review" and the "Pall Mall Gazette" have adopted the term and obtained for it a general acceptation.

"On the side of beauty and taste, vulgarity; on the side of morals and feeling, coarseness; on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence—this is Philistinism." So writes Matthew Arnold. But, more than this, the Philistine is one whose object in life is to be "respectable." Unlike the Belgravian, he does not care so much whether or not his appearance be fashionable, but, at all hazards, he must avoid eccentricity and general unorthodox conduct. Philistia is the only one of the Four Nations that is ruled by an absolute despot. Mrs. Grundy is

the queen of Philistia. To avoid offending that lady's delicate sense of propriety, is the solemn duty of the Philistine. Whatever his queen may frown at, he strives to trample out. It is only necessary for him to know that Mrs. Grundy disapproves of anything, and from that moment his duty as a Philistine is plain.

The Philistine is the personification of conservatism, and vehemently opposes change of every kind. He firmly believes in his superiority to the rest of the world, and declines to listen if it is called in question. He prides himself on his blunt, straightforward frankness, and cordially detests sentiment and poetry and such like unmanly nonsense. A radical in any sense is an abomination to him. Usually he is exceedingly obstinate, and given to cherishing his own prejudices. Altogether the Philistine is an unspeakable delight to himself, and an unmitigated nuisance to the rest of the world.

Mr. Dombey was a Philistine of the purest blood, a perfect type of Philistinism. So, too, was Mrs. Mackenzie, the campaigner. The Philistines of fiction are as unpleasant as those of reality. To fall into the hands of the Philistines is as great a calamity to-day as it was in the days of the rebellious Jews. They may have pity, but they rarely show it. If Mrs. Grundy but lifts her finger, they will massacre their nearest kindred as coolly as the fiercest Dominican of the old days of the Inquisition.

Besides these Four Nations, there are, as has been already said, certain half-breeds whom we occasionally meet. A Belgravian or a Peorian may have a few drops of Bohemian blood in him. Usually it is the ruin of him. He shares the short-lived fate of all mixed races. With a reverence for respectability, and a hankering after vagabondage drawing him in opposite directions, he frequently goes to ruin in the effort to reconcile two opposing elements—to serve two masters. Such a man should strive to dwell in one or the other estate. To attempt to join what cannot be united will be a disastrous failure.

The Peorian alone seems to have any belief in a future state. The Philistine, and usually the Belgravian, prefers a strong attachment to the proper sort of church, but it is absurd to pretend that they really believe in any life other than the present one. Else why should they make their appearance and reputation here their chief and dearest care? As for the Bohemian, he believes in present beer and tobacco; and he gets them, and is satisfied. Perhaps there is no future life for the Bohemian. Certainly he would be sadly out of place in a world without a theatre or a ballet, and where pipes and whiskey never come.

But in Peoria, the fresh winds blow away the dusty clouds that dim our toilsome lives. The Peorian sees that the blue heavens upon which he gazes —not through the smoke and heat of vast unwholesome cities—are bright with countless stars. Looking up, as he thus does, he has ideas and hopes that the other nations know not of. It may be pleasant to linger in Bohemia; Belgravia, too, may charm us for a time; even middle age may find us enrolled in the ranks of Philistine respectability, but somehow when the weary marches and countermarches that we call "life" are over, we had all rather be mustered out in Peoria. Did not Bohemian Jack Falstaff "babble of green fields," as he lay a-dying? It was the old instinct of his innocent, Peorian childhood that whispered to him of the vanity of sack and swagger. Had he dwelt always in Peoria, he had not died with none to mourn save Dame Quickly and drunken Pistol.

W. L. Alden.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

Of the many officers and rulers who adminster the affairs of the American Republic, only two are voted upon by the whole electoral people, *and even these two are not chosen by the people.* This fact, none the less extraordinary for being familiar, presents itself, I think, as a blemish in our republican system. The "popular vote" for President has, in the gross, no legal existence; and no official count makes it known or preserves its record. A higher authority is interposed above the people, which revises its action; this intervening body, whose vote alone has value, is the Electoral College.

Were the ballot of the Electoral College equivalent to that already cast by the people, it would require no criticism, since, very obviously, the Presidential election would still be democratic in spirit, though not in form. But such is not the historic fact. On the contrary, the vote now thrown by the electors in their respective States, sent under seal to Washington, and there opened and counted in presence of Congress, never is, and never can be a true reflex of the so-called "popular vote" cast the November previous at the polls.

To establish this assertion, it is only necessary to contrast the popular vote with the electoral vote at many successive presidential elections. Thirty years' review will suffice for that purpose. Now, in 1836, the popular Democratic majority was but 2,600 in a total vote of over half a million, while the electoral Democratic majority was 48 in a total of 294; that is to say, the ratio of the majority to the total vote before the people was but 1 to 600, while the same ratio before the electors was no less than 1 to 6—a ratio one hundred times as great. In 1840, Harrison's majority over Van Buren was less than 150,000 in a poll of 2,400,000, or a ratio of 1 to 16; but his electoral majority was 174 out of 294, or nearly ten times the popular ratio. In 1844, Polk received but 30,000 majority in a poll of 2,600,000—say, 1 in 900; but his electoral majority was 65 out of a total of 275, or nearly 1 in 4—say, two hundred times the popular ratio. In 1852, Pierce's popular vote was 200,000 greater than Scott's, while both reached nearly 3,000,000—a ratio of 1 to 15; but his electoral vote was 192 greater in a total of 296—or a ratio nearly ten times as great. In 1848, 1856, and 1860, the popular majorities were *against* the candidates who received majorities in the College. Lincoln, in 1860, received 1,866,452 popular ballots to Douglass's 1,375,157, and yet 180 electoral votes to Douglass's 12. Finally, in 1864, Lincoln received 2,223,035 popular votes to McClellan's 1,811,754, and yet 216 electoral votes to the other's 21—22 to 18 in the one case, but 10 to 1 in the other. It is, therefore, indisputable, that the electoral vote *invariably and inevitably* differs, and not only differs, but differs enormously in its ratio of majorities from the vote of the people. In other words, it totally misrepresents the popular vote.

We must bear in mind, however, not only that these gross results called "popular votes" have no legal existence, but that even they are not perfectly just exponents of the will of the nation. For, the elective franchise varies in the different States; and hence a man debarred from voting for President in one State, might have voted in another. This fundamental fact we shall presently have occasion to consider; but even this makes no substantial difference in the historic exhibit just made, because, though the elective franchise differs in the various States, yet it may fairly be supposed to vary as much to the detriment of

one party as the other, and hence the ratio of their superiorities will not be altered. That is to say, though it is utterly unscientific to add together all the votes actually thrown for the same candidate in the various States, because the qualifications for voters are different, yet if the same be done for *all* candidates, the inaccuracies nearly enough cancel each other. It is an obvious fact that the so-called "popular vote," with substantial accuracy represents the will of the electoral people —and, hence, the electoral vote does not.

But a graver defect in the Electoral College remains to be considered, namely, that it may conceivably be compelled to elect the candidate rejected by the people, so far as the popular vote indicates rejection, and reject the candidate accepted by the people. To illustrate most palpably this defect, let us examine the election of 1864. As this was an overwhelming defeat for McClellan, who carried but three States, and but 21 electoral votes of the 237, it will furnish a good example for experiment. The Electoral College cast 237 votes, of which a majority, *i. e.*, 119, were necessary to a choice. Now, had McClellan received an accession of about 70,000 votes (or a change of about 35,000 from Lincoln), distributed according to the following table, he would have carried every one of the States here enumerated; and their electoral votes, added to those of the three States he did carry, would have given him the election.

	People's Vote.	*Electors' Vote.*
New Hampshire	3,530	5
Rhode Island	5,632	4
Connecticut	2,407	6
New York	6,750	33
Pennsylvania	20,076	26
Maryland	7,415	7
Indiana	20,190	13
Oregon	1,432	3
Nevada	3,233	3
Ky., N. J., and Del.	——	21
Total	70,665	121

Thus, under the present system, an accession of 70,665 votes (or a transfer of 35,333) would have made General McClellan President in 1864, and yet he would still have been in the enormous popular minority of 340,000 votes. Make what allowances we please for differences in the elective franchise, this result (which either is perfectly supposable now, or could be made so by drawing on the spare margin of 340,000 votes) shows how the Electoral College might be compelled to withstand and violate the palpable will of a clear majority of the people.

President Lincoln's majority in 1864 was the largest in forty years, at least. Hence if changes so slight would have lost his election, while he still remained the choice of the people, it may easily be imagined that contests in which popular opinion was more evenly divided, would show a similar result. For example, in 1856, with the accession to Fremont of about 110,000 votes in the States of Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois he would have swept the Electoral College by a large majority; and yet he would still have been 380,000 votes behind Buchanan! The turning of one State from Taylor to Cass in 1848, and of one from Polk to Clay in 1844—this last by a mere handful of votes—would have made Clay and Cass Presidents, though Polk and Taylor would still have been the obvious choice of the whole electoral people.

That these are easily conceivable cases, of course needs no argument. For if, in place of the minimum of votes needed to alter the result, we use the whole margin of popular majority (say 411,000 in Lincoln's case, in 1864) it will be still more evident how a candidate may be in a minority before the people and in a majority before the college. And this, be it observed, is solely a defect in the system itself, since the electors may strictly represent their constituents, and yet nullify the majority given by the people. In 1824, Jackson beat Adams before the people in the ratio of 3 to 2, and the total Democratic vote (for there were four chief candidates) bore to the total Federal vote the same proportion. And yet, under the electoral system (including its appeal to Congress) Adams was made President. In 1860, an instance of electoral injustice not less striking was manifest. This remarkable vote stood as follows:

	People's Vote.	*Electors' Vote.*
Lincoln	1,866,452	180
Douglass	1,375,157	12
Breckenridge	847,953	72
Bell	590,631	39

Here we see that Lincoln, with a popular majority of *a million* against him, swept the college by a rousing majority; that Douglass, that though he got two-thirds of Lincoln's popular vote, got only one-fifteenth of his electoral vote; that Breckenridge, who fell 500,000 votes *behind* Douglass, received six times as many votes in the Electoral College; that Bell, who fell nearly 800,000 votes behind Douglass, received three times as many votes in the college. Indeed, these disproportions are so ludicrous that, without further argument, the table may be left to stand as a glaring example of the actual occurrence of what we have hitherto expressed only as a clear possibility—namely, a majority candidate before the people being a minority candidate in the Electoral College.

In presence of such historic facts, it becomes a fair question whether the device of the Electoral College should not be abolished, leaving the President to be directly chosen by the people. Ordinarily, it would be regarded by the disinterested student as a safe proposition that, above all other officers, the President of the United States should be, as nearly as practicable, the immediate choice of the people of the Republic. One political school will reply, however, that this is not so; that the founders of the "Federation" designed the President to be chosen not by the whole electoral people, but by the people of the several States as such; and not, therefore, to be the President of the people, but the President of the States. This doctrine is supported by political facts. For the States may choose the Presidential electors as they like—through their legislatures, as in South Carolina, or with any sort of property or other qualification they may please to impose upon the elective franchise—they may suffer only men six feet tall to vote for President.

But we may fairly suppose that it never was the design of the founders of the system to produce the sort of results which have just been set forth. Times have changed, and laws may well change with them. Domestic politics in America have been metaphorphosed since the infancy of the Republic. The nominating convention now crystallizes a party around a man—it provides a single color-bearer for all who wear the same party name, and ordinarily you accept him or throw your vote away. The Constitutional device of the Electoral College was invented for a vastly different system of party organization. The theory then was (as De Tocqueville tersely puts it) that "it rarely happens that an individual can receive at the first trial a majority of the suffrages of a great people; and this difficulty is enhanced in a republic of confederate States where local influences are far more developed and more powerful." Hence it was proposed "to delegate the electoral powers of the nation to a body which should represent it," because "this mode of election rendered a majority more probable."

That was the theory of the Electoral College, and early practice sustained it, since the first body of the kind, that of 1789, found no less than eleven candidates for Vice-President before it; the one which elected John Adams had twelve other candidates for President and Vice-President; and the next one could not elect anybody at all (in spite of De Tocqueville's dictum) but threw the election over to a *third* body, namely, Congress.

On the other hand, for the last thirty years, *i. e.*, since 1840, there have never been (save in the highly exceptional election of 1860, when the Democratic Party was disrupted) more than three candidates for President and three for Vice-President; in all but one election (that of 1856, if Fillmore be indeed an exception) there were substantially but two candidates, as the third polled but a handful of votes, carrying not a single State; while the most recent elections, those of 1864 and 1868, show but one candidate on each side, rallying into two great parties every voter in the land. Clearly enough we can never return to the state of politics under which the Electoral College was framed, because the tendency is the other way.

But, merely to abolish the Electoral College—the course which first suggests itself—would not radically cure the errors here pointed out. The effect of this abolition would obviously be merely to impose on a State governor or other officer the duty of casting the votes now thrown by the electors of that State. Or, should we resort to

counting the "popular vote"—that device would now be utterly unscientific and inexpedient, because of the differences in the elective franchise in different States.

What, then, is the true remedy? It is to abandon the idea of the President being a President of States, and make him the President of the People; to create an uniform qualification for voters at the presidential election, throughout the land; and to incorporate this provision for a new national elective franchise, with its qualifications there defined, in the same Constitutional Amendment which shall abolish the Electoral College.

SPAIN.

THE Cable does this damage to magazinists, that, whereas once the monthly recorder of events might discuss and speculate upon transatlantic affairs, now he knows that each day and hour between the penning and publication may bring forth many changes, to be telegraphed instantly across the Atlantic, and so rendering his happiest summaries and finest generalizations, stale, flat, and unprofitable. It is with an insecure pen that one writes to-day as text for a comment, that Spain is revolutionized; Isabella fled; Bourbon rule overthrown; a triumvirate composed of Serrano, Prim, and Olozaga, at the helm of State; nay, a Republic contemplated.

But though the text of the comment be uncertain and ephemeral, the comment itself may be made more lasting. It is with great apprehension that one perceives the prospect of a *Republic* in Spain. The attempt might be even more disastrous, we should say, *a priori*, than the brief democracy which Napoleon III. so easily overthrew in France. Precisely what national traits are required in a people to found a stable republic, is a problem belonging to speculative political philosophy, and too large to be touched in a paragraph. But, whatever these prerequisites, the Spanish mind probably does not yet possess them. The Republic seems to be a sudden enthusiasm, an afterthought, while the original movement was a dynastic revolution, directed rather against the dissolute Isabella than against monarchical systems. Loyalty is a Spanish trait, or has been hitherto—and hardly less loyalty to ideas than to persons. If Spain should now throw off its allegiance to the "divinity that doth hedge a king," it would only be by a convulsion in the popular mind—or, rather, less a convulsion than a complete revolution, ordinarily the slow work of ages. To-day, however, Byron's lines come to mind with fresh significance:

> Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
> They fight for freedom who were never free,
> A kingless people for a nerveless state,
> Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee.

But, though the present revolution was originally a dynastic one, it may be followed by a thorough sub-soil work *in the Spanish mind*. It is noteworthy that Spain has hitherto dragged behind the sisterhood of nations in the march of modern political thought. Republican theories have invaded Germany; the cry for extension of suffrage has run over England; France is always demanding new liberties; religious and political freedom have encroached upon Austria; Italy has broken the gyves of priestcraft; Russia has freed her serfs, and marches in the van of progress; even Turkey has become European in polity, after her long Asiatic drowse. Spain alone lacked her revolution—now it has come.

As a further evidence of the fact that it *is* the Spanish mind that is awakened by the call of external civilization, it may be noted that the insurrection began on the coasts and in the cities, in the seaboard towns, both Atlantic and Mediterranean, and all around the Peninsula. The army, the navy, and the chief cities, like Cadiz and Madrid, were all centres of revolt. On the other hand, the inland villages were most sluggish, and the first impulse of their rustic population was to rally to Isabella. What is the inference? Certainly nothing can be plainer than that modern civilization has been wedging into Spain, and rending the kingdom. The coastwise towns were those whither men of all nations congregated, leavening the dull lump of Spanish conservatism; the great cities were the resorts of travellers, and in them the railroad, telegraph, newspaper, have wrought their inevitable work. It was the mountaineers, on the contrary, who were furthest removed from foreign civilization. And, because

the Spanish mind, as well as Spain, is in commotion, we find all Spanish-settled countries, the world over, restless and revolutionary. South America on both oceans, nay, the whole Western Hemisphere, bears witness to the gradual dethronement, not alone of Spanish rulers, but of Iberian ideas. Ice-bound through a winter of ages in its rocky fastnesses of pride and punctilio, of priestcraft, of caste, reserve, and ignorance, the Spanish mind seems to have been warmed, at length, by the orb of modern civilization to burst its barriers, and, with a sudden crash, the *débâcle* comes that has whelmed all Spain, and sunk the Bourbon throne.

Yet it would be presumptuous to count upon anything more than a dynastic change thus far. True it is that in these days political revolutions are consummated with startling speed—grand wars are made and empires raised or ruined in a month; a nation leaps to the dignity of self-government in an hour. The wondrous ease wherewith this bloodless Spanish revolution has been wrought, is a fresh token of the power of modern thought in re-moulding national character. Nevertheless, it is a long step from a monarchy to a republic—not so much as regards form, but as regards ideas, and especially the education of the people to self-government, and to a capacity for using, without abusing, political, social and religious freedom. In the United States and in Switzerland this popular education preceded popular government; not so in Spain. The banners they bore in Madrid the other day demanded "Sovereignty of the People," "Free Education," and "Religious Liberty"—noble watchwords, indeed; but popular sovereignty is the legitimate fruit of free education and religious liberty. The surest guaranty of a Republic in Spain would be the disbandment of the army—now a tool in the hands of aspiring chiefs—and the substitution of a Landwehr or National Guard. And next, let worship be made free; for her clergy and her soldiery are Spain's worst foes. Nevertheless, a feeling already pervades the world that Spain has made grand *progress;* and in due time, no doubt, we shall see

> Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil.

WICKEDEST MEN AND OTHER MEN.

WHETHER John Allen will lecture or will go to the Assembly this winter, is a problem for the reporters. One faction maintains the former theory, the other as stoutly supports the latter. Both, however, concede that he must do *something*, and that that something should be conspicuous. A man cannot expect to be the Wickedest Man, and hide his light under a bushel, any more than to be the fattest man and escape Barnum.

All human powers and possibilities, desires, sentiments, and experiences, play the feeder to *business*—that most absorbing, exacting, and insatiable of mortal pursuits. There is nothing sacred which, in some men, business will not profane, nothing shameful which it will not make brazen, nothing private and domestic which it will not publish, and put up at auction.

> All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of—

"love," said Coleridge; but we may safely read "lucre." One would suppose, for example, that temporary obscurity might befit the Wickedest Man at this period of his career. But no. He can make money out of his "wickedness," and so turn it to business account. That is the way the reporters talk, who are men of the world.

And, after all, why will not the Wickedest Man reap a harvest out of his unique iniquity, as well as the tallest man out of his height, or the heaviest out of his fat? Whoever heard of a giant or a dwarf, or a starveling lean as an echo, that could not be stared at? If his price were paid, Lambert would stand to be ridiculed in Central Park, cheek-by-jowl with the Living Skeleton.

And not themselves alone, but their friends, their wives and children, their homes, their affections, their tastes, their creeds, their philanthropic causes, men are capable of turning to business account. We often see them joining lodges, clubs, regiments, churches, political parties, for business purposes; taking all sorts of oaths, making all sorts of pretensions, and, perhaps, becoming grand masters, deacons, colonels, secretaries, aldermen, for the same end. Pray, why is John Allen to be cen-

sured by *them* for turning an honest penny out of his hypocrisy? You reply that the cases are different, since he is the Wickedest Man, while you, for example, are not. I don't know about that.

For business, some men marry and barter their children in marriage; they turn their homes into hotels that they may entertain customers; for business acquaintance they drink poisonous wine, frequent disreputable resorts (like John Allen's), and smoke tobacco till it makes them sick; for business they grovel before employers, lie when it sticks in the throat, and, though by nature loving honesty, sell conscience and honor to the tricks of trade; and as, to do business, some men will assume a virtue though they have it not, so will they be ashamed of the virtues they possess.

Men are even led to fantastic acts of courage, munificence, and charity through the demands of business—to withstand armed burglars, when they would have run if nothing but self-respect had been at stake; to buy a picture gallery or library, when it is a bore to read and to remember blue from green. Indeed, the temptation to endow a college or build a church, or construct something on which one's name can be put, if only a locomotive—is almost irresistible to the rich man of business, and only intense greed can overcome it. Not so seductive, perhaps, is the temptation to "do good by stealth, and blush to find it known."

As no tyrant is so imperious as business, the chain of service is worn from habit by men able to throw it off; as, for example, when we see millionaires building bedizened palaces, to attract show as an "advertisement," or maintaining gorgeous equipages for which they care little, to the same end. Their splendid establishments and entertainments are business signs—as much so as the coat of many colors on the weather-proof Joseph who walks Broadway. It is a pleasant sensation to sit at a man's table and take salt with him, and feel assured that he has no eye to business in his hospitality so courteous and profuse.

Mr. Merdle not only selected his horses and houses, but his wife and his son-in-law, with reference to his city business views. He wanted "something to hang jewels on," and procured Mrs. Merdle for that purpose —it proving, like all his other speculations, sound and successful.

Merdle, to be sure, was a Midas, and highly unpoetical. But what poet-lover, sighing like a furnace, ever held his own love songs so sacred as not to keep a copy for his publisher? What poet-husband ever failed to cull his betrothal missives from among his wife's tied-up cabinet treasures, to swell his next volume? We know what love-letters the Lauras of all ages have received from their famous swains. One is at a loss to say, sometimes, thinking of this, whether he would rather have read or missed the matchless and once sacred "Portuguese Sonnets" and their responses.

Two young butchers, anxious for custom in their new partnership, drew lots. One joined the church and the other the engine company, and between the two they very soon "killed" for the whole neighborhood. Once I asked an old farmer, who had a good deal to say about the religious society in his town, why he did not join it. "Well," he replied, in a conclusive way, "some jines the church and some jines the Temperance S'iety: *I* signed the pledge." These, however, were highly exceptional cases. The commoner experience is to espouse the philanthropic cause from genuine, unselfish sentiment—and then to turn it to account in a business point of view. A gallant fellow leads his regiment to the charge —let us say at Five Forks—and pays for his splendid heroism by an amputated arm. He would have given his life as quickly, in his utterly unselfish devotion to his flag. But, in the piping times of peace, he turns that wound to business account. He will unscrew his serviceable wooden limb before mounting the platform, that he may excite sympathy or win votes with the empty coat-sleeve. Why not? Does a shrewd business stroke prove him to have been less generous and gallant on the field? Sir Cynic blunders in fancying, because most modern heroes, reformers, saints, and sages, after having briefly "their bread in sorrow eat," get a good living out of their heroism, wisdom, piety, and philanthropy, that therefore there is no virtue extant.

But temptation to pretence is strong. The art-critic of THE GALAXY read Mr.

Prang, of chromo celebrity, a lecture last month (with what justice he knows better than I) for claiming to do business from the benevolent motive of "popularizing art," and for setting up as a philanthropist, when he is really a print merchant. When a newspaper circulating chiefly among religious people is hired to puff a patent medicine, it always makes an extra display of editorial piety—yes, and charges it in the bill, as advertisers well know. But what crime is there in puffing a good drug, or what need of giving as a reason for doing so that the maker "is said to be a constant and respectful attendant on the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Crosier, though not, we regret to say, formally connected with his flock." It is well to subscribe to scientific or literary periodicals; but when one is drummed up to the work by advertising appeals, beginning, "Dear friends of the cause, rally, rally, and strike one more blow for," etc., etc., there is some flavor of humbug.

But we ramble from the immediate text of the homily, which was a dilemma imposed by the reporters upon the Wickedest Man. Let us do the Wickedest justice. Admit that he pockets, as these gentlemen tell us, $300 per month for the use of his brothel as a chapel—why need that prevent the wretch from adorning the Assembly? Only, in this latter case, he must be content to abdicate his title, and pass into obscurity. He will find a good many other wickedest men in the Assembly, and some of them a good deal wickeder than he is; and there, probably, his own high-toned wickedness will not be noticed, as it was with Hamlet's madness in England:

Clown. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.

"LET us respect statistics" is a monition which somehow touches and appeals to every candid man. In the distressing uncertainty of all things human, including a great part of human knowledge, we are wont to fall back on figures with a confidence all the more utter in its *abandon* from comparison with less surer supports. We feel, and ought to feel, a peculiar venom against the man who, under whatever pretence, tampers with these sacred emblems of veracity. Side-by-side with the catechism, we place the multiplication table, in the education of youth; and the youngster was quite pardonable who, temporarily forgetting his prayers, substituted that venerable table, as being the next truest thing he could think of. No; let the untruthful man do what he likes with figures of speech, but let him spare the sacred ten, the ingenuous numerals, the figures of arithmetic.

Now, whereas the proverb tells us that "figures won't lie," the partisan journalist of our day shows that he can make them answer the same purpose. This shameless fellow, by his adroit manipulations and graceless wrenchings, coaxes or bullies figures into looking smaller or bigger, to suit his ends. If a cynic would stir his gall, let him look at the comments of two rival newspapers upon some recent State election. Such work with figures was never dreamed of by Colburn or Cocker—such table-turnings, such squeezing of units, slashing at tens, and sponging-out of hundreds. The bed of Procrustes never saw more ruthless choppings and stretchings, if the "returns" do not chance to fit the great moral purpose of the great moral editor. Figures won't lie, but he makes them famous hypocrites—and does the lying for them.

How can we respect statistics, if they will not respect themselves? If they can be insulted and maltreated with impunity, being made to look all right when they are all wrong, and all wrong when they are all right? Or, rather, let us put it in this way—how can we have the slightest respect for any man or any newspaper who, whatever his or its pretensions, misrepresents figures? Let us all join against that offender, whether he belongs to our party or somebody else's. We cannot all be great orators, great editors, or great mathematicians; but we can all be honest and square within the limits of the multiplication table. Candor does not compel us to embrace an opponent's political views; but it does compel us to own up, man-fashion, when he has won a victory—it compels us to admit that two and two make four.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

STORY OF THE "REVELS BOOK."

THE SHAKESPEARE FORGERY.

WHY it is that the published accounts of the recently-discovered Shakespeare forgery have been so meagre I am at a loss to say. The most that has been told was in an article which appeared in the London "Athenæum;" and even this consisted chiefly of extracts from the book in which the forged record was first published. The "Athenæum" accompanied these extracts with the information that the record had been pronounced a forgery, and there the subject appears to have been dropped forever, not a word having been uttered upon the subject since in any quarter. But it is one of so much interest that I shall tell the story as I have learned it from authentic sources. As long ago as 1842, Mr. Peter Cunningham, a clerk in the Audit Office, Somerset House, London, and a gentleman of literary and antiquarian taste and acquirement, edited a volume entitled, "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I., from the original Office Book of the Masters and Yeomen." This volume was published by the Shakespeare Society, in the council of which were the Marquis of Normanby, Lord Francis Egerton (Earl of Ellesmere), Dyce, Collier, Craik, Halliwell, Macready, Milman, Talfourd, Sir Frederick Madden, Wright, and Mr. Cunningham himself. The council of the Society did not assume any responsibility for the opinions expressed in the books it published; but it was responsible for the genuineness of what it gave its members for their fees and dues; that is, that its books should be what they professed to be; and from this responsibility the council never shrank. The social and literary position of its members was such that the genuineness of whatever bore its *imprimatur* was accepted without question. Mr. Cunningham's book was a reprint of the accounts of expenditures from the royal privy purse for masks, revels, plays and interludes at court from the year 1571 to 1612. The particularity of the entries in the account-books, and the fact that they extend over the time which is known as the Elizabethan period of our drama, made this volume one of much interest to all students and lovers of English dramatic literature. But two of the little account-books which Mr. Cunningham republished contained four pages which excited more interest than all the rest together. For on three pages of the account-book for 1604–'05 were records of the performance at the palace, "by his Majestie's plaiers," of these plays among others: "The Moor of Venis," "A Play of the Merry Wives of Winsor," "A play called 'Mesur for Mesur,'" "The Play of Errors," "A Play of Loves Labours Lost," "Henry the Fift," "A Play of the Marchant of Venis," and in the margin, which professed to give the names of "the Poets wch mayd the plaies," these were said to have been written by Shaxberd. In another account — that for 1611–'12 — "a play called the 'Tempest'" was recorded as having been performed on Hallowmas night, and one "called ye 'Winter's Night Tayle,'" as having been presented on the 5th of November. Contemporary record as to Shakespeare and his works is so rare that these were accepted as of no small value, not the least of which was that they were of service in determining the date of the production of some of Shakespeare's plays, as to which we have no direct evidence; and for twenty-five years this part of Mr Cunningham's reprint of the "Account of the Revels at Court" has been accepted without question as authority by Shakespeare scholars.

The story about the book had passed out of mind, though not out of memory, when about three months ago an oldish man, broken down by hard drinking, appeared at the British Museum and presented for sale an old manuscript volume, which contained, he said, records of much value about the early English drama, and which "his friend, Mr. Collier, said was worth sixty guineas." It was Peter Cunningham, and the volume was that one of the "Revels Accounts" which contained the record of the performance of nine plays by Mr. Shaxberd. The volume was retained for examination before purchase, was found to be public property, and was, of course, held as such So interesting a volume attracted at once the attention of the experts of the Audit Office, and they at once discovered that, although the book was genuine, that part of it which was of greater interest than all the rest, the leaves containing the record of the performance of Shakespeare's plays, was a forgery, a gross forgery from beginning to end. Mr. Duffus Hardy, of the Rolls Court, than whom there is no better authority in England, not excepting Sir Frederick Madden himself, so pronounces it, and so do the distinguished Shakespearian scholars, the Rev. Alexander Dyce and Mr. J. O. Halliwell, although they have founded part of their editorial labors upon it. As to the other book, the accounts of 1611–'12, in which "The Tempest" and "A Winter's Tale" are mentioned, there appears to be some doubt. In the Audit Office, and by Mr. Duffus Hardy, this is, I believe, held also to be a forgery; but other experts maintain that this is genuine. It is to be remarked that the former and more important entries are made upon two leaves lying loose in the volume, and that these leaves, and these only of all the volume, have in the margin the names of the writers of the plays. There is other writing upon the margins, usually mere index words for convenience of reference; but here only in the course of thirteen books, which, when put into print, make two hundred and twenty-six octavo pages, is the name of the author of a play, mask, or interlude given. This circumstance in itself, of which no notice seems to have been taken, casts great suspicion upon the pages on which these records appear, and when it is found that they are loose and were never bound into the volume, suspicion approaches certainty. But the evidence of the writing itself is said to settle the question at once for any person familiar with old manuscript.

It seems very strange that all this passed unnoticed when the volume was published. Sir Frederick Madden, Mr. Halliwell, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Collier, all of them members of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, would, either of them, have detected the forgery if they had given Mr. Cunningham's old book ten minutes proper examination. It must be that it was accepted upon his word and his recommendation, and was printed and uttered to the world with the authority of the Society without any examination whatever. But whatever their confidence in Mr. Cunningham's character and their knowledge of his position, it would seem that the natural interest of such men in such a matter would have led them for their own pleasure and satisfaction to look so closely at the old book that the spurious character of these leaves would have been at once detected.

And now who is the forger? The conclusion that Peter Cunningham is the man seems unavoidable. He is well educated, had a good position, and is well, if not highly connected. He is the brother of General Cunningham of the British army, now retired, and of Admiral Cunningham of the British navy. But for many years past he has given himself up to drunkenness; and to the consequent destruction of his mind and his memory we owe the evidence which he has furnished against himself. His account of the old volume of accounts is that he found it in the cellar of the Audit Office, Somerset House. And the first point against him is that he appropriates this valuable piece of public property to himself, and after keeping it for twenty-five years, offers it for sale as his own. He probably would not have been so foolhardy in his sober senses. Next it is found that in his published volume he omitted one genuine entry which clashed with the forgeries. And finally, Mr. Duffus Hardy has a small sheet of paper on which are free—not traced—imitations of the hands of several of the persons connected

with the Revels in the time of James I.; and these, it is quite certain, were done by Cunningham. And yet strangely enough this piece of evidence tells at first somewhat in his favor. For this slip of paper is pasted in his own copy of his printed "Revels Book," and this volume he himself gave to—of all men in the world—Duffus Hardy, the *facilis princeps* of record readers, as he well knew; no one better. But the explanation of his offering to sell a stolen public record to the British Museum also explains this otherwise unaccountable conduct. The poor creature's brain had become so muddled by years of continued drunkenness, and his memory was so far gone, that he did not remember what he had done, and did not know what he was doing. He is now insane or idiotic—fit only for a lunatic asylum.

The most important question in regard to this wretched affair is, In what important point does it affect our supposed slender stock of knowledge in regard to Shakespeare? Happily it proves to be of very little consequence. The only points which the forged passages were supposed to have determined were the fact of the performance of certain of Shakespeare's plays before King James I., and the time before which some of them must have been written. The discovery of the forgery unsettles us as to not more than two of the latter, "Measure for Measure" and "The Tempest." For all the other plays mentioned in both the passages in question we have contemporary authority, which cannot be forged, as to their production before the date under which they appear in the "Revel Books." And if it should be found, as I am inclined to think it will, that the second book—the one without the name of the poets who made the plays in the margin, is genuine throughout, the date of production of only one play will lose the support it was supposed before to have: this is "Measure for Measure," a play which carries its period written plainly in its language. The presence of the name in the margin should have awakened suspicion; but it was such a captivating variety of the countless ways of spelling Shakespeare's name, that it won ready acceptance for the forgery. "By G—," said the facetious Mr. J. F., when the forgeries and their probable authorship were discussed in London, "I give Peter credit for such an ingenious misnomer as *Shaxberd!*" As to the presentation of the plays at court, that is a small matter. If King Jamie did not choose to have "The Moor of Venice," "The Tempest," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Henry the Fifth," and "The Merchant of Venice" performed before him, why, only so much the worse for King Jamie.

And now I hope that we have got to the end of Shakespeare forgeries. But who knows? They have been attempted again and again, have always been successful at first, but in the end seem doomed to detection.

R. G. W.

OUR BRANCH AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.*

THE importance of the work achieved by the Sanitary Commission has not even yet been fully estimated. Between the army of heroes who won the victories, and the people whom they represented, there was a self-constituted army of benevolent men and women who kept the lines of communication open between the two, who watched over the interests of both, and who were scarcely less instrumental in the final success than the soldiers who performed the more heroic service of fighting the battles. When the soldiers were threatened with disease, it was the Sanitary Commission that took cognizance of the fact, and stimulated the people to send them the generous supplies by which they were saved from a more dangerous foe than the hostile armies. When they were overwhelmed with defeat, languishing in inaction and discouragement, it was by the members of the Sanitary Commission that they were cheered and inspired. The names of the heroic men and women who devoted themselves to watching over the interests of the soldiers, to preserving their health, and promoting their comfort, with an unparalleled ardor and enthusiasm, are historical, and will be remembered with the proudest

* "Our Branch and its Tributaries: Being a History of the work of the North-western Sanitary Commission. By Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewell, Publisher.

names of the great generals who served the country in a dangerous and terrible crisis.

The authoress of the history of "Our Branch and its Tributaries," Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw, has performed her work in the most satisfactory manner. Her style is clear, strong and polished, and she has shown not only great judgment, but unusual taste and artistic discrimination, in the manner in which she has woven into a continuous narrative the facts at her disposition. We open the book expecting dry statistics, and find it more interesting than a romance. Chicago has reason to be proud of this book, which is the history of a great Western enterprise, and which is, undoubtedly, the most elegant and tasteful publication that has been issued at the West.

V. V.

PORTRAITS OF GENERAL GRANT.

If Job were living now, instead of wishing that his enemy might write a book, he would wish he might have his portrait engraved or his photograph taken; for, certainly, a worse misfortune could hardly befall a man of mark. Photographs are notorious falsifiers of human expression, true only by chance, and generally to the blankest and dullest of faces only. Mere prettiness of feature is sometimes reproduced in sun-pictures, but character very rarely. The great majority of them are mere caricatures, out of drawing when large and wanting in the more subtile refinements and gradations of light and shade. Who ever saw a perfectly satisfactory photograph or daguerreotype of a friend or a public man? Ordinary steel-engraved and lithographed portraits are even worse than photographs. It is rare to find one that ought not to subject artist and publisher to a libel suit; and it is wonderful not only that statesmen and generals, poets and poetesses, are ever willing to let these caricatures of themselves go forth to the world, but that the public are willing to buy them. Perhaps the fault is chiefly with the public, as it is hardly to be supposed that any one could be so smitten with love of notoriety as to be willing to sacrifice to it his reputation for good looks. People will buy pictures of famous characters, and the successful or unsuccessful general, the celebrated poet, the popular actress, the notorious criminal, suffer alike in the gratification of this mania. It doesn't matter that everybody knows how bad and unreliable most of these likenesses are, the public will have them, and have them cheap.

One of the greatest sufferers at the hands of engravers and photographers is General Grant. His face is an easy one to caricature, a difficult one to interpret by means of art. Thus far, everybody has failed in the task; but, perhaps, the worst failure is that of Marshall. This gentleman succeeded in making a very fair portrait of President Lincoln (which was, however, extravagantly overrated), and engraved it with more than ordinary care and skill. If its demerits were many, so were its merits. It was, at any rate, much superior to Carpenter's portrait, which was also extravagantly praised. Encouraged by this success, Marshall attempted a portrait of Grant, and made a miserable failure, while the steel engraving from the painting is, perhaps, the most wretched caricature of a noble face ever perpetrated. It gives the most determined soldier of the age the look of a sneak, and, if correct as a likeness, would go far toward justifying the most atrocious libels of the opposition press against his character.

By far the most satisfactory portrait of Grant yet published, is the steel engraving by Gugler, from the painting by J. H. Littlefield. It cannot be called entirely satisfactory, though the face is not wanting in soldierly expression and thought; and the engraver has done his part of the work with undeniable skill. Gugler is a German artist of culture and talent. He clings to the old school of engraving, and all his works are executed in pure line. His manner is occasionally hard and mechanical, and rarely exhibits the freedom and boldness that distinguish the works of most engravers at the present day. But whatever he does is done with knowledge and care.

NEBULÆ.

— CERTAIN weak-headed writers and readers are getting excited again over apocryphal stories of "female intemperance." To believe their monstrous gossip you must convict every other fashionable woman, in cities at least, of sipping gin, whiskey, absinthe, on the sly, and getting as fuddled, in consequence, as are the lords of creation over their bowls. This state of affairs is regarded as far more lamentable than "male intemperance"—as, indeed, it would be, if not purely imaginary. One can fancy a credulous youth—who presumes every well-bred woman he meets in a drawing-room to be the "Girl of the Period," and who, accordingly, has the profoundest faith in all "drunken woman" yarns—making personal investigations of these charges. How he questions and cross-questions, eyes and sniffs, and makes himself ridiculous for his pains! "Frailty, thy name is woman," says the bard; but woman is not prone, save in cases famous by being exceptional, to encroach greatly on the frailty of getting drunk, which, time out of mind, has been a masculine prerogative. Nine-tenths of the "terrible examples" on this subject are invented by hack writers, instructed to prepare a sensational article. When, some months ago, "drunkenness among ladies" was having a good run, an Ohio temperance lecturer declared, with characteristic accuracy, that "the Binghamton Inebriate Asylum contained 1,300 rich men's daughters." This news he probably got from the "social article" of some enterprising paper. Whereupon, Superintendent Day exploded the story by announcing that, so far from there being 1,300 young women in the Asylum, there was *not one* there, nor ever had been; there had been only fifteen or twenty applications for the admission of females within a year, and most of these were opium cases. Now, the point to notice is that this silly story itself (which went the rounds of the press) was probably the *origin* of a good many of the "social essays" in question. Give a writer a fact like that of the "1,300 rich men's daughters," and he must lack imagination indeed to be unable to concoct a sensational article on "Drunkenness among Fashionable Women." Dr. Day, by the way, has declared, from eleven years' experience in superintending inebriate asylums, that "where there is a drunken woman in our country, it is an anomaly, quite as rare as high crimes of any kind." Let youth who, on general principles, "don't believe in women," and who are in trepidation lest their time-honored right of intoxication shall be invaded, take heart. These wonderful rumors, when not newspaper trickery, are generally founded upon some such Munchausen as that just narrated.

— WITH each westerly push of the Pacific Railroad, there is a curious floating population that drives just in advance from station to station. To this nomadic throng is mainly due the sudden, mushroom growth of new cities, which so startles us. We are always reading something like this in the papers: "Jonah's Gourd is now the farthest stopping-place on the line of the railroad. The day before yesterday, the panther prowled, the buffalo bounded, and the warrior whooped over the wilderness which now blossoms as the rose. Three hotels, twenty lager-beer saloons, four dance-halls, thirty gambling-hells, two stores, and a thousand people, already grace the city." But no sooner does the railroad stretch westerly from Gourd City, than most of this pioneer race goes with it, carrying the tools wherewith they are wont to reduce the savage country to civilization—their whiskey, and cards, and dice, and dirks, and

pistols. This is literally "floating population"—the draff of the tide, the scum that tosses on the surface and tells by its oncoming that the wave of civilization approaches behind. When a town out on the Plains or among the Rocky Mountains has once established itself, elected a city government, and started two rival newspapers (say the "Daily Rooster" and "Morning Roarer"), it is marvellous what a contempt it has for that part of the world behind it. Nowhere is the atrocious crime of "living at the East" so mercilessly dealt with. Chicago and St. Louis look with condescending pity on people doomed to dwell on the shores of the Atlantic; but this is nothing to the scorn wherewith Omaha and Cheyenne City look on Chicago and St. Louis. Nay, probably Omaha is by this time regarded by people *really* "out West" as an ancient and "effete" town, and St. Louis as "down East" among the Yankees. Thus there is compensation in this matter of geographical depreciation. San Francisco is the only city on the continent which can safely turn up its golden "horn" with contempt for "Eastern people"—and we are not sure even that the Sandwich Islanders do not regard San Francisco as being a small show of a city.

— HERE is a New York combination ticket for national and local offices which cannot fail, we think, to commend itself to a certain portion of the community. We have carefully selected it from the various tickets already offered to the public suffrage:

For President,
D. PRATT,
(the G. A. Traveller.)

For Congress, Fifth District,
GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

For Governor of New York,
JOHN S. MCKINLEY.

For the Assembly, Water-street District,
JOHN ALLEN,
(the Wickedest Man.)

The claims of Messrs. Pratt, Allen, and Train have already been made known by themselves through their "organs." That of Mr. McKinley we discover in a metrical pamphlet—boldly styled by him a poem—which he has just published. From this, we judge his mind to be at once religious, political, and financial. His "pome" opens with a somewhat polytheistic couplet—

When *last* the Great Jehovahs formed the wondrous plan,
To make for this earth their upright agent, man.

And, in a similar spirit, he elsewhere tells us that

God and the Creator was the authors and parents of all.

The singular "*was*" here, perhaps, makes a diplomatic concession to the monotheistic theory; but the general tone of the poem is in favor of the other, as indicated by the initial lines. Here is the candidate's theory of the mystery of Eden—a point disgracefully dodged, by the way, both by Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Griswold:

Now, the cause of this crime is no treason to tell,
For Adam was mortal, and to woman he fell.
When the Creator stood *blushing* to see him alone,
He in mercy created him bone of his bone,
In whose joy, midst the scenes of a paradise blest,
Their amours awoke the revenge of the beast,
Who welled forth his deceit from the tongue to the thrapple,
Until young Eve awoke the anger of God by eating the apple.

And, with a gallantry which does him all honor, and will appeal to his constituents, male and female, the poetical McKinley adds:

Now, justice were blind to accuse this young woman as fallen, because
'Twas her beauty he envied—the serpent inhuman seduced her with laws.

From this exordium the poet passes through several hundred lines of Isaac, Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Cæsar, Brutus, and Cincinnatus, until he gets to Peter, Penn, and Kosciusko. Thence, with a masterly bound, he leaps upon the contractors and the bloated bondholders, whose cuticle he peels in these sharp lines:

Yes, Seven-thirty bonds on the bales of pay which they got for shoddy and ships,
Which they would shudder to wear, and tremble to sail past our piers or slips;
And brokers got bonds by the 100,000 for hiring the currency to play game of goose,
Though honest men had to pay for the small bonds the full price;
To them we pay six per cent. as interest per year,
And to the speculators and brokers seventy-three per cent. it is clear;
And bankers got bonds on the notes which we gave them charters to issue,
And bonds on the charters, and bonds on these *bonds*, whose taxes oppress you.

Here, however, we think Mr. McK. has made a mistake. He should have dismounted from his Pegasus in discussing finances. The only figures that go well in verse are figures of speech; when it comes to arithmetic, that science is chary of prosody. It is true that the multiplication table and the calendar have been set to rhyme; but, in general, the restraints of the ictus and cæsural pause, and the fetters of rhythm, are apt to make trouble with statistics. Hudibras tells us that "rhymes the rudders are of verses," by which we know they steer their courses. And if other doctrines are thus made to bend to rhyme, we distrust that financial theories may especially be subject to the same difficulty. It is said of Gladstone that he can invest even statistics with the glow of eloquence; but it is doubtful whether he could also invest them in the charm of poetry. At all events, we fear Mr. McKinley will confuse his readers with his monetary rhymes. For example, in the fine stanza just quoted, in order to rhyme "goose" and "price," who knows that sense has not been sacrificed to melody of sound? Nevertheless, we hold that he has fully established his claim to be put on the same ticket with his confreres, already made illustrious; and, accordingly, we give, gratis, to him and them the publication of the ticket through the wide circulation of THE GALAXY.

— THE London press lately raised a common hue-and-cry against Mr. Roebuck for his America-hating speech at the Sheffield dinner, where Mr. Reverdy Johnson was a guest; and when "Tear'em" replied that he meant no offence, the "Times" read him a sound lecture on manners, which may be summed up in the French proverb, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*. Everybody, meanwhile, asked, "What will the Americans say?" Well, the Americans have said—next to nothing. The storm has blown over, and not one American in ten can repeat what Mr. Roebuck uttered. Some of the London censures upon him were quoted here as news items, with trivial comments; but it was felt to be not a "live" topic, and was soon dropped. This indifference on the part of Americans to Mr. Roebuck's sentiments is partly, of course, due to the absorbing political canvass, but chiefly, perhaps, to a lack of native sensitiveness. People no longer feel, every man of them, as if the nation rested on his individual shoulders, making *him* personally responsible for all shortcomings. We begin to see that the country will go alone; that it is out of its swaddling clothes and is walking; that its progress is its own vindication. We have got to a point where we can afford to admit faults; and we say much worse things of ourselves than European cynics say of us. The trouble is, not that these latter say bad things, but that they usually say the *wrong* bad things, being both densely ignorant and exasperatingly self-confident in their wisdom. Dense ignorance appears to be Mr. Roebuck's difficulty; but a man regarding America as he did during the war must be expected to blunder a trifle now. As to the question of *taste*, that is a private and personal matter, on which Mr. Roebuck's safest argument to his countrymen is, "You are another."

— THE tornado at St. Thomas, which blew up at a luckless moment—namely, when the King of Denmark had patheticalally parted with that island, but we had not received it, so that the hurricane caught it, as it were, *in transitu*—for a time ruined the scheme of annexation. Newspapers which had been full of it, suddenly dropped it like hot lava. Even Mr. Seward did not revert to the subject, and a rival station in the Gulf loomed up as the real prize for acquisition. But now the St. Thomas project cautiously crops out again, here and there. That the Bay of Samana is a finer harbor, safer, and more suited to our naval purposes than the harbor of "Charlotte Amelie," seems to be admitted. But there is much, nevertheless, to be said for the latter. In the first place, we only get a lease of the former harbor, but a fee-simple of the latter—we annex the harbor and the whole island of St. Thomas, and, if we like, Santa Cruz and St. Johns, with all their appurtenances of coal and coal yards, sugar and sugar-mills, rum and distilleries, molasses and molasses-colored people. That the "Danish" West Indies are worth *something* is not disputed. The little Kingdom of Denmark, 4,000 miles away, has for

hundreds of years received large resources from these colonies, and has found it pay to lay out large sums in improving them, and in sustaining a colonial government there. If this be true of the petty European dynasty, which has for years been anxious not to extend but to solidify her resources, whose chief anxiety now is to avoid being swallowed by more powerful neighbors, and who is eager to sell her colonies in order to put a little ready money into her lean purse, then much more can these islands be made available and profitable to us. They are within a few days sail or steam of all ports of our Atlantic and Gulf coast; and, in addition to the natural and intrinsic value of their productions, they will have the commercial and military value to us arising from their peculiar and fortunate position. The author of "Ten Months in Brazil" assures us that "St. Thomas, from its situation in the group of Windward Islands (being in the track of trade between Europe and the other West India Islands, Mexico, Central America, and the Spanish Main) cannot be otherwise than of great commercial importance." He adds that its harbor is the *best* in all the Windward Islands (and surely our country never cares to do anything but "Get The Best"), and that "it is secure from the danger of the terrible hurricanes which prevail chiefly in the summer and autumn." It is just to the author, however, to add that this was written before the great tornado—and also that this last was really a very exceptional occurrence. The commercial and naval advantages of St. Thomas remain indisputable, the ordinary security of its harbor remains indisputable, and it is worth while adding that Baez and Cabral and their followers have been busy a year or so in killing each other to decide whether the Bay of Samana shall be leased to us; whereas the King of Denmark has bade farewell to St. Thomas in an affecting parting address, has commended it to our kindness, and is now impatiently awaiting the pecuniary feature of the transaction. Courtesy and humanity alike impel us to put both parties out of their misery by buying St. Thomas—the King by covering the bottom of his money-chest, the people of St. Domingo by parting them before this bone of contention has made them utterly depopulate the island in their bloody wrangling.

— A COLORED Blue Beard (whether a Barber Black or no we cannot say), in Pennsylvania, lately successfully poisoned his wife with arsenic—the fourth, we regret to say, that he is suspected to have disposed of in that way. This is horrible, horrible; but there is one thing pretty sure, namely, if the dusky gentleman escapes the halter, he will find a fifth spouse rather more readily than he did either of the four. The fascination in the fate of her four predecessors will be irresistible to No. 5.

— IT startles one to think of Kit Burns's rat-pit in Water street, New York, which has so often echoed with the squeaks of rats, the howls of dogs, the yells of men more brutal than the brutes, resounding with the voice of prayer and the hymn of praise. The idea of the Word of God being there read where hitherto his name was coupled only with an oath or a curse, gives one a strange sensation; for Kit Burns himself (though a demure enough and not unbeautiful man on a sidewalk) to substitute the grave figure of a clergyman, with devout attitude and a face that shows passion subordinated to piety—to displace the coarse brutal spectators by religious men and women gathered to pray and preach —the change is startling indeed. There Kit, till lately, exhibited and tarred on crop-eared, crooked-legged dogs, giving potent entertainment to the rag, tag, and bob-tail who thither resorted for excitement, and to a sprinkling of young men eager to "see life." One could spend some memorable moments in his amphitheatre, observing the scene about him. Say, perhaps, there is a dog-fight, and your neighbor has money at stake on the white dog. "Hooray for Lancet," he shouts. It rouses him from his dull, pig-eyed lethargy to see the two brutes tugging at each other's throats. But the fight is not grimmest when the dogs are most noisy. When they ki-i, or snap each at the other's ear, or tussle frantically, or roll over and over, or reel about the arena, "Pish," remarks your butcherly neighbor to you, "that's slow. That's no chawin'. Why

don't they take holt?" He turns with scorn from this trifling, and, borrowing a bulging quid from his Peter Funkish friend in front, rolls it phlegmatically in his mouth, and waits. Ah! now the sport begins. The little dog has got the big one by the throat. The little dog lies on his back, comfortable, resting, taking breath between his teeth. The big dog stands, rueful, or wriggles about to no purpose. These are the supreme moments, the blissful epoch of the night. There is a death-like silence, during which the *blasé*, strong-jawed frequenters of the pit look on with glistening eyes. "He's chawin' tobacker now," quietly remarks the fighter of the little dog, in a tone of calm triumph. Your neighbor chuckles hoarsely, "Get a good mouthful, little 'un," he says in a whisper. "Do your teeth meet inside? Well, let 'em *grow* there. It's good for 'em." Then amid curses and hisses and sneers, the big dog is pronounced *hors de combat*. That is the sort of thing from which the dog-pit is now to be rescued. The other scene is too familiar to need description, even that in the same paragraph the reader may "look on this picture —and on this."

THERE is a story connected with Vice-Admiral Porter, which, if not actually true (though we believe it to be), is still good enough to be, and entirely in character. A New York reporter one day waited upon the admiral at his hotel—and, by the way, he was then Commodore Porter—with a view to solve the all-absorbing question of the object and destination of the mortar fleet, then fitting out, and which afterward made its way to New Orleans. Other gentlemen of his persuasion had found the commodore a very hard man to catch, and had given him up; but this one, the hero of the story, nailed him just after breakfast, having lain in wait for him since early morning. "Commodore," said the reporter to him with true professional frankness, and instinctively passing his hand to his side coat-pocket for his note-book as he spoke, "Commodore, I won't take any more of your valuable time than I can help. I want to ask you a few simple questions. I just want to know how many ships are going in your expedition, *where* they are going, and when they are going to start, and all about it."

"Well," asked a brother reporter, to whom the other was telling the story, "and what did he say to that."

"Say?" responded our hero, "he didn't *say* anything; but he looked as if he would see me d——d first."

— WHAT *will* become of the Missuses? A cook advertises in the New York "Herald" that "such as want a very competent person can call *until she is suited*." This is a genuine invitation; and one instantly sympathizes with the rejected "such," who tremblingly "call," and state their qualifications to be mistress, and are sent away because "she is not suited." In kindness to them, would it not have been better for Madame Cook (we falteringly make the suggestion) to have advertised the qualifications which would suit her—how many horses must be in the stable, how many stories in the town house, how many miles distant to the villa, how many servants to cook for? In this way she might have prevented many heart-burnings, and checked many bitter disappointments. What, we repeat, will become of the Missuses?

THE GALAXY.

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CIPHER:

A Novel.—Part Second.

CHAPTER I.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

EIGHTEEN years had etched their almost imperceptible wrinkle upon earth's furrowed brow, when the moon of a summer's night dreamed softly upon sea and shore, upon the grey and grim old walls of Cragness, within whose shade John Gillies and the Secret still watchfully confronted each other upon the still fair waters of Bonniemeer, the lakelet that gave its name to the estate, and upon a pretty pleasure-boat drifting across its placid waters.

The occupants of this boat were Neria and Francia Vaughn, Claudia Livingstone, a bride in her honeymoon, and her brother Fergus Murray, a young man whose five-and-twenty years had done for him the work that fifty fail to accomplish for many men.

Let him who would read faces aright watch them when exorcised to truth by the magic of such a night; and when we remember that madness is but undisguised sincerity, and that a lunatic is but too fervent a lover of that fair moon who first entices men to sleep beneath her kisses and then stabs them to the brain while they dream of her, we see at once that to submit to her influence, to meet her smile, is to voluntarily enter upon the first stage of madness by allowing the deepest emotions of the heart to become patent upon that bulletin-board, the face.

Watch we then by moonlight, these, the principal characters of our story, as each slips idly through his fingers the white and grey thread that Arachne twists as pitilessly in the moonlight as in the dark, while we smile as we weep, while we trust in her, as after we have learned to sneer.

Claudia, tall, elegant, and Circean in her beauty, reclined in the stern of the boat, gazing now at her own reflection in the water, now at the diamonds upon her white fingers.

At her feet sat Neria, her hands clasped upon her lap, her eyes upraised in

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absorbing reverie, her pure profile clear cut against the background of dark woodland, her attitude as graceful as it was unconscious.

In the bows, Francia, smiling to herself, wove with nimble fingers a wreath of dripping water-lilies, glancing as she wrought at the handsome head of her Cousin Fergus, who, with his back to her, found amusement now in lightly dipping the oar that he held, so as to shatter the image Claudia watched with so much satisfaction, and now, in gazing at Neria's wonderful loveliness.

The wreath was done, and Francia lightly placed it upon the head of the unconscious oarsman, who started slightly, and then catching the hands still busy about his temples, drew them to his lips, and lightly kissing them, said,

"That is too much honor, little cousin, and besides the decoration is not appropriate. Give it to Neria, who in the moonlight looks like the spirit of the lake, or," and releasing the hands, the young man turned toward his cousin and lowered his voice. "If we want a veritable Undine, I know where to find her."

"Undine before she found her soul?" asked Francia, archly.

"Before she was married, yes," replied Fergus.

"The idea that a woman must necessarily be improved by being married. I don't believe it—there's Claudia now."

"I believe we won't discuss Claudia's affairs. I don't approve of meddling with what don't concern me," said Fergus, with a shade of severity in his voice. Francia drew a little back, and silently averted her face, while a rich, lazy voice asked, from the stern of the boat:

"What's that about Claudia?"

"Claudia has admired herself sufficiently for once," replied Fergus, resuming his seat and his oars, and must now go to relieve the anxieties of her friends on shore."

"Whether she will or no?" asked Claudia, half rebelliously. Her brother made no reply, and in a few moments the keel of the little boat grated upon the white sand of the beach. At the sound, three gentlemen rose from a bench, where they had been sitting, and came down to meet the voyagers.

In the first, a fine-looking man, bearing his forty years as Time's seal of perfected manhood, we recognize Frederic Vaughn, the master of Bonniemeer.

The shorter, stouter, more florid man beside him, is John Livingstone, the bridegroom of Claudia Murray, and the tall, thin, grey-haired, and grey-faced gentleman behind them is her father, the widowed brother-in-law of Vaughn.

Without waiting for the hand her father stepped forward to offer, Francia sprang lightly to the shore, and passed hastily up the path leading through the wood to the house. Fergus, stepping more deliberately from the boat, drew it up on the beach, and after carefully handing Neria out, impatiently called:

"Come, Claudia, we are waiting for you!"

But Claudia lingered, adjusting her draperies; and when, at last, she stepped upon the gunwale, placing her hand in that of Fergus, he seized it so hastily that Claudia stumbled, tangled her feet in her long dress, and was only saved from falling by the destruction of the gauzy fabric.

"Take care! Did you tear your dress? It is not a fit one for a boating party," said Fergus, hurriedly passing the boat-chain over the post set for it, and hastening after Neria, already disappearing in the sombre woodland path.

"There, Mrs. L, that's fifty dollars gone, I suppose," remarked Mr. Livingstone, as Claudia ruefully gathered up her ruined dress.

"I wish you wouldn't call me Mrs. L.," retorted the lady, pettishly. "You know that I detest it."

"Don't get mad, young woman. It wasn't me tore your dress, and I guess it won't break Livingstone Brothers to furnish the funds for a new one," said the husband, good-humoredly, as he tucked his wife's arm under his own, and led her up the path.

Mr. Vaughn and his brother-in-law slowly followed.

"Livingstone makes Claudia a very good husband," said the latter, complacently.

"He seems very good-natured," assented Vaughn, with reserve.

"Yes, and that is a great deal. Then he is perfectly willing to leave her to her own pursuits and companions, and has both means and inclination to indulge all the costly whims which nearly ruined me while I had the honor of supplying her purse."

Mr. Vaughn slightly smiled, but said nothing; and, after a little pause, his companion added, positively:

"A very good husband, and a very good match."

"I am glad you are so well pleased," said Vaughn, finding an answer imperative.

"Humph! Your aristocratic prejudices won't allow you to be reasonable, Vaughn. You don't like my son-in-law because he's in trade, and because his father had no idea of a grandfather or a coat-of-arms. But, as for the last, I assure you, Livingstone has imported the very finest one in the Heralds' College, and Claudia has got it engraved on everything in the house."

"Your satire is more honest than your praise, Murray. You are more of a conservative at heart than I," said Mr. Vaughn.

Murray slightly smiled.

"My practice is for myself—my theories for others," said he. "I have a theory that Mr. John Livingstone is an admirable husband; but in practice I see him as little as possible."

"But Claudia is your daughter, and may be supposed to have the same tastes and prejudices as her father," pursued Vaughn.

Mr. Murray's sarcastic smile deepened.

"Claudia," said he, slowly, "is a young woman of uncommon good sense. She considered this matter well, and decided for herself, and, as I think, wisely. There was a young man, good-looking, well-mannered, romantic, and all that, whom she preferred, no doubt; but he was just out of the medical school, and was beginning on the thankless course of gratuitous practice incumbent at this day upon a young physician. In ten years he may be able to marry and live in a small way; but he never will be able to provide the sum Claudia expends each year for pin-money. Mr. Livingstone and he offered themselves on the same day. The girl dutifully came to me and asked advice."

"And you counselled her to accept the richer?" asked Vaughn.

"I said to her, 'My dear, look past the next five years into the forty or fifty which I hope await you beyond, and consider whether you will roll over them in a barouche, or plod through on foot, dragging a baby-cart after you.' She looked me in the eye a minute, turned as pale as a ghost, and quietly laid Dr. Lutrell's letter on the fire. That was all."

Vaughn's lip curled, but he made no reply; and the two men walked on

through the rustling wood, where the moonlight quivered down, to make a diamond of every swinging dewdrop, and to light the rendezvous of amorous fays.

Vaughn stopped and looked about him. Twenty years before, he would have said:

"Can worldliness assert itself in such a scene as this?" But at forty one has learned, if ever, that "speech is silvern and silence is golden."

Mr. Murray cast a vacant eye upon the moony sky, the dreaming earth, the swinging blossoms, and whispering trees, and then said:

"You like this sort of thing, Vaughn?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you take a wife and settle down, then? You havn't spent a month here since Gabrielle died; have you?"

"Only the summer we all spent here five years ago," said Mr. Vaughn, quietly.

"O, yes; the last summer of Mrs. Murray's life—poor Catherine."

Again, silently, Mr. Vaughn considered whether the ruthful epithet was best applied to Mrs. Murray dead or Mrs. Murray living; and the unconscious widower resumed:

"But why don't you marry again, Vaughn."

"I have no inclination at present," returned his companion, coldly.

"Perhaps not; but you will do it yet, and, unless you look out for yourself, you will be drawn into a very foolish thing. It is not my affair, and I know so well the reward of friendly interference that I would not have risked speaking except from the very highest regard for your welfare."

"I am extremely grateful, my dear fellow," replied Vaughn, in good-humored astonishment, "but I haven't an idea what you're driving at."

"Of course, you'll laugh, and, possibly, will be offended; but, once for all, I tell you that little ward of yours, Neria, is falling in love with you," said Mr. Murray, in a matter-of-fact voice. Vaughn stopped and stared at him.

"Neria in love with me!" exclaimed he.

"Falling in love, I said," returned Murray. "It is only a few weeks that you have been at home, you know; and since she saw you last she has grown from a girl to a woman, and is, womanlike, all ready to fall prostrate at the feet of the first idol that chance sets before her. She is fascinated by your appearance and manners, and the *savoir faire* resulting from your wide travels appears to her the wisdom of a God. She is devoting herself now to the building of an altar for this god; and, presently, when the incense begins to rise, you may find it more intoxicating than you imagine."

Vaughn walked thoughtfully on for some moments, and then said,

"The caution is kindly meant, Murray, and, I assure you, kindly taken; but I don't think you quite know me, and neither of us knows more of Neria than her exquisite beauty. Perhaps, then, we had better not try to look into the sacred mysteries of a virgin heart, or discuss, as probabilities, ideas which seem to me the wildest of chimeras."

Mr. Murray stoically accepted the delicate rebuke, and said,

"O, very well. I only wished to open your eyes; and now have no more to say, except to rather demur at your phrase, 'exquisite beauty.' To my mind either Francia or Claudia is far handsomer than Neria. She is too cold and lifeless, has too little color and curve for my taste. She always reminds me of the winter sea that washed her up."

"You have not seen her as I have," said Vaughn, quietly; "and perhaps never could. And to compare her with Claudia and Francia, or them with each other, is unjust to all three, for while each is an almost perfect type of a special form of beauty, the three forms are as wide apart as the sea and the sun. I saw women like Claudia in Spain, in Italy, in the Ionian Isles; I have found Francias in England, in Germany, and here at home, but there are no more Nerias."

He smiled dreamily as he spoke, and Mr. Murray shrugged his shoulders.

"I should think in Norway, Sweden, Russia, anywhere near the North Pole, you might find plenty of them," said he, slightingly.

"Plenty of complexions as pure, and once in a year, perhaps, features as delicately moulded, a form as exquisitely proportioned—but the peculiarity of this girl's beauty is one that I have never before encountered. She is transparent. The body is beautiful enough, although men like you might call it cold and inanimate, but the real beauty is within, and only once in a while takes possession of the body and transfigures it, absolutely changes it to another."

Mr. Murray shook his head.

"Just as romantic as ever," said he, compassionately. "More of a boy than my Fergus ever was. Now, I suppose in common every-day parlance, you mean by this transfiguration and 'possession' that Neria has a very expressive face. Well—"

"No, that is not what I mean," interposed Vaughn. "I mean that under strong emotion or deep interest, she becomes another person. Her eyes, which ordinarily are a clear, light grey, deepen to the color of the sea beneath a thunder sky; her lips glow with a vivid scarlet, and ripen to an exquisite fulness; her cheeks bloom with the rare tint that Titian strove all his life to embody in color; her very hair deepens from its pale gold to an aureola of glory; her slender figure dilates and rounds itself to the perfection of womanhood. It is marvellous—absolutely marvellous, and no one who has never witnessed this change should speak of Neria's beauty, for it is a thing he cannot understand."

Mr. Murray plunged his hands into his pockets, and looked askance at his brother-in-law.

"I had better have held my tongue," said he. "I had no idea you were in this condition, or that you had turned your forty years to so little account."

Vaughn slightly frowned, then smiled.

"It is I who should have held my tongue," said he. "You and I never looked out of the same eyes, Murray, and you do not see that I am admiring this lovely ward of mine just as I admired the Madonnas of the Sistine, the Psyche of Florence. She is to me another embodiment of beauty, that is all—another reason to praise God, who gave me eyes and brain to admire His works."

"And that is all?" asked Murray, incredulously.

"That is all," assented Vaughn, with a grave and steadfast look into the furtive eyes of his companion.

"Wait awhile," said Mr. Murray, dryly, and they ascended the broad steps to the terrace, where Claudia sang passionate love-songs to her guitar, while her husband, with a handkerchief over his head, sat upon the sill of the drawing-room window, and Francia wandered restlessly up and down, looking every moment toward the garden where Neria's white dress floated through the long alleys with a dark shadow at its side.

Light and shadow presently came toward the house, and Francia, who had

been for some moments immovable at the end of the terrace nearest to the garden, hurried to the other end, and seated herself upon the shaded steps, with a cruel little pang at the thought that she should not be missed. Without turning her head, she heard the merry talk that sprang up at the farther end of the terrace, heard some one ask for herself, and Claudia's careless answer that she had gone into the house, perhaps to rest. Then she heard a firm quick tread along the marble walk, and drew still further into the shadow as Fergus approached, paused, and sat down beside her.

"What is the matter, Francia?" asked he, with a little impatience and a good deal of tenderness mingling in his voice.

"Nothing's the matter," said Francia, pettishly.

"Yes, but a good deal's the matter when you speak in that way, little girl,' retorted her cousin, taking in his own one of the listless hands that only half-tried to evade the capture.

"Now tell me, Franc, what is it?"

Half yielding to the tender and imperious tone of this demand, Francia spoke, but, womanly, left the most unsaid.

"You were so cross in the boat!"

Fergus laughed aloud.

Now, Franc, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Very likely I spoke too sharply, but was that a thing worth pouting over for hours? What I meant was that you and I have no right to judge, or even discuss other people's affairs. You were beginning a remark about Claudia's marriage, you know, and I thought it was something of which you should not talk. I could not explain then, but you ought to have understood."

Francia looked up with a smile in her blue eyes.

"You are so fastidiously honorable," said she.

"And you are such a little goose," retorted her cousin, meeting the smile half way.

"Come, Franc, we are going in," called Claudia from the window, and with a little reluctant sigh, the girl obeyed the summons, slowly followed by Fergus, who, instead of entering the house, sought again the garden paths and wandered there until "Orion, low in his grave," showed that the night had changed to morning.

CHAPTER II.

SIEUR.

HOLD to Genesis if we may, to Hugh Miller if we must, for the story of the creation; but who that has seen a summer morning upon the sea-shore can doubt that there was once an Eden whose echoes yet haunt the earth? The hush, the dreary melancholy, the mystery of night, is gone, the soul no longer sighs to escape from earth and float unfettered into space; but rather it incorporates itself more closely in the body, giving to a man almost the afflatus of a God, saying to him, Up and be doing, for what limit is there to our capacity? And one no longer treads the common earth with weary feet, but feels himself upborne upon invisible wings above the garden where angels walked with men and infused new strength into their souls with every word.

Such a morning dawned upon Bonniemeer, and Neria, alone upon the terrace,

stood looking over sea and earth, and dreaming the pure, bright dreams that such scenes should stir in a young and virgin heart.

Not dreaming, but humming a blithe hunting song that suited well his active and virile mien, came Fergus, striding rapidly up the avenue, until catching sight of Neria, he stopped, half in admiration of her attitude and the glorified beauty of her eager face, half shame-faced in remembering his disordered appearance and the dripping towel in his hand.

At the same moment Vaughn, appearing in the doorway, paused to look at the two, and especially at Fergus, trying to see him with a young girl's eyes. A handsome fellow, thought he, with a strange reluctance in making the admission, and with a certain air of pride and resolution that should have its weight. Not highly intellectual, perhaps, certainly not fanciful or romantic, although not free from the sentimentality of youth. Bearing the impress upon his face of a clear and well-trained mind, of high principle and fastidious honor, of elegant tastes and habits—a man whom a girl must admire, might easily love, should he love her, concluded Vaughn, just as his nephew sprang up the steps, giving him a gay good-morning, and he replied, a little coldly,

"Good-morning, Fergus. You have the advantage of us in your early walk."

"Yes, sir, and also in my dip into the surf. A splendid morning for a bath."

And the young man passed on, with one sidelong, wistful glance at Neria, who smiled a greeting, but did not speak. At the same moment Vaughn approached and greeted her.

"Good-morning, sir," said she, half shyly extending her hand.

Vaughn took it and held it for an instant, examining the slender, rose-tipped fingers and delicate nails.

"And what a morning!" continued Neria, turning to meet a little wave of fresher air, one of Ocean's ponderous love-sighs that just then grazed her cheek.

"Yes," replied Vaughn, absently, and then asked,

"Of what were you thinking, Neria, just before Fergus came up?"

"I was thinking of you, sir," replied Neria, quietly.

"Of me!" echoed Vaughn, too startled even to be flattered.

"Yes, sir. I was thinking that a man born and brought up in face of such grandeur and beauty as this, must of necessity be noble and pure, and wise as—"

"No, do not say it, child!" cried Vaughn, in terror. "Do not put me to shame by reminding me of opportunities, incentives, aids to a nobler life, that have been showered so freely upon me, and which have been so miserably, miserably neglected."

The clear eyes looked into his with such wonder, almost such fright, that the pain melted from his brow in a tender smile as he said,

"Do not look so much shocked, either. I did not mean to represent myself as an ogre, or even as a man stained with some dark crime; but who is, then, worthy to live, as you say, in the presence of such beauty and such grandeur as this? What man, I mean? If one looks among women—"

He paused, and with a smile half playful, half in earnest, looked deep into the transparent eyes still raised to his.

"But, Neria, tell me something," added he, drawing her hand through his arm and walking up and down the shady terrace. "Why have you given me no name since I came home? It is three weeks now, and you have not once called me anything but sir. Five years ago, you said papa, as Franc does now."

Neria looked a little troubled, and then suddenly relieved.

"I am glad you spoke of it, sir," said she, "for now I can ask you what I had better say. I do not like to say papa or father, because you know you are not my father, and it is claiming a right and a place which do not belong to me."

"Do not belong to you, dear?" asked Vaughn, in pained surprise. "Have you felt any want of affection or consideration in me, or in any one? Has Francia ever shown a feeling of jealousy or assumed—"

"O no! no!" interrupted Neria, anxiously. "Pray do not think of such a thing. Franc does not know I have thought of these things. She has forgotten, I believe, that I am not her very sister."

"And how came you to know it?" asked Vaughn, half smiling at the childish expression, and yet with an ominous frown gathering in his dark eyes.

"It was long ago," said Neria, dreamily, "when we were quite little girls, that we had some dispute, Franc and I; and although I gave up to her, I said she had no right to try to force me to, for she was in the wrong, and was really the one to yield. Then Mrs. Rhee, who was by, said something about everything being more Franc's than mine; and when we asked what she meant, she said I was an orphan whom you had taken in out of pity, and though it was no fault of mine, it should make me humble and less forward to speak of rights and to contend with Francia about trifles. I thought about it a good deal, and although Mrs. Rhee never would say any more, and seemed to wish it were forgotten, I made old Chloe tell me, little by little, all about it."

"All about what?" asked Vaughn, quietly.

"About your finding me on the sea-beach, in the arms of my poor dead mother—"

Neria paused, and stood for a moment looking out toward the sea with a wistful yearning in her eyes, as if the memory of that dead mother were to her forever associated with that other mystery beside which she had lain. A look so full of inexpressible longing of lonely grief, that Vaughn, gazing down upon it, would fain have clasped her to his heart and kissed the darkening eyes and quivering lips to peace and trust; but he could not do it, as he should, he would not, as he wished.

"I always thought about it while I was little," continued Neria, drearily; "and sometimes it made me sad—made me feel as if I did not quite belong here, and really had not the right to resist if Francia did not agree with me. But since I have grown up it seems different. I feel as if you really wished I should be your daughter, and did all you could for me, and it was ungrateful not to keep the place you had put me in. Besides, I cannot—I do not think it right for any one to give up what they know to be true and just, even if some one else has rights which they have not. I could not tell Francia that I thought as she did, if I did not, or even be silent when she or any one said what I did not think the truth. But I hope I am not ungrateful or quarrelsome, and indeed I love Franc as if she were my mother's child, and you, sir, as if you were my father."

No cloud, no doubt, dimmed the candid eyes which Vaughn questioned with the keen interrogatory of a man's selfishness, no maiden timidity made them droop before his own. He slowly withdrew his gaze, half pleased, half pained.

"But still," pursued Neria, "I do not like to call you father, because you are not in very truth my father, and so I should do nothing to make it appear so."

"Perhaps you are right, Neria, although, as I have always considered you a child of my own, your scruples seem to me excessive. But, after all, it is as well to change this paternal title for one that will express no more than the exact truth. Will you call me guardian?"

"Yes, sir, if you like it."

"But not 'sir!'—a little word. That is too formal."

"Francia says 'sir,' and so does Fergus," suggested Neria, hesitatingly. "And I was thinking if you liked it, that *Sieur* is the very name I would like to call you best, as if you knew you were the king and I the orphan ward for whom you cared."

"Ah, you do not leave out the romance when you read history," said Vaughn, smiling. "Well, then, call me *Sieur* if you will, and the name so resembles your usual address that no one will notice the change, and so our little secret shall be our own."

"I don't like secrets very much," said Neria, apprehensively.

"Child, you are morbidly sensitive on this matter of candor. It is right and just that every heart should keep some things locked safely away from the world. So only do we preserve our individuality," said Vaughn, gravely; and his ward answered with docility,

"Then this shall be a secret."

"Come, good people, come to breakfast, we are all waiting for you," called Claudia from the window, and Neria turned to her so winsome a face, that the young matron smiled as she had not done for many a day.

CHAPTER III.

MR. GILLIES DISCHARGES HIMSELF OF HIS TRUST.

THE next morning as the party rose from the breakfast-table a note was handed to Neria. At the same moment Fergus suggested in his usual decisive manner,

"Neria, you and Franc and I will have a ride this morning. The weather is really splendid. How soon will you be ready?"

"I will be ready in five minutes," said Franc, dancing gleefully out of the room.

"I cannot go to ride this morning at all, thank you, Fergus," said Neria, folding her note, and also leaving the room. In the hall, Fergus overtook her.

"Why not go to ride, Neria?" asked he, abruptly.

"Because I have a note from Mr. Gillies, who requests me to come over and see him this morning. I shall drive myself in the pony-carriage."

"No, I will drive you."

"You are engaged to ride with Francia."

"Nonsense!"

"Not at all. It is very appropriate. Besides, I had rather go to Cragness alone," said Neria, smiling a little roguishly, as she left the young gentleman pulling at his moustache, and muttering indignantly while Francia called from above,

"All ready, Fergus. Have you spoken to James?"

"No," replied Fergus, briefly, and snatching his hat, he left the house.

Neria, presently going toward the stables to see for herself that her little

carriage was ready, met him returning, followed by the groom with the horses. She stopped and put out her hand.

"A pleasant ride, Fergus, and you can hardly fail of it with such a blithe and joyous companion as Francia. But the child is as sensitive as a flower, and her gay spirits could easily be frightened into tears."

Fergus, who at first had listened moodily, suddenly raised his eyes, and grasped the proffered hand.

"Neria," said he, "you are, and have ever been my good angel. Will you always be?"

"And Francia will have a pleasant ride," smiled Neria, passing on without more definite answer.

"Francia shall have a pleasant ride," echoed Fergus, and faithfully fulfilled the promise.

Arrived at Cragness, Neria was at once shown to the library, where she found Mr. Gillies sitting in the open window, looking listlessly across the sea. He welcomed her in his usual quiet manner, and pointed silently to the organ. As silently Neria seated herself, and for the next hour the weary spirit of the listener refreshed itself with the melody that was its life. Himself had taught the child to interpret even better than her master the divine thoughts of the masters, and for years Neria had been in the habit of thus coming at his call to exorcise the dark spirits that solitude and the constant brooding upon one idea had evoked to people the old house where John Gillies wore away his life in battle with The Secret.

The music died away at length; and, as Neria rose from the instrument, the recluse said, sighingly:

"Thank you. It is the last time I shall ask you to play for me. I am going away."

"Away from Cragness?" asked Neria, in surprise.

"Away from everything. I don't say going to die, because I don't know what that means; but I am going to undergo the great change, and I have an unfulfilled trust holding me back. That trust I am going to commit to you as it was committed to me, and may you escape the curse it has brought to me; for it has killed me, Neria, it has murdered me, this accursed secret, and I am glad to die, that I may escape it, if, indeed, it do not follow, and haunt me there as here. I do not ask if you *will* take it, for I was not asked. I give it to you as it was given to me, and I leave it upon your conscience to labor for its accomplishment as I have labored and failed."

"But what is it, Mr. Gillies? I do not know of what you are speaking," said Neria, turning very pale.

"It is just this," said Gillies, opening a secret drawer of his desk and taking from it a sealed package.

"Here is the old man's letter to me," continued he, thrusting it into her hands. "You will find in that all that I could tell you; for I have never advanced one step beyond it—not one step. Keep the package carefully, and when I am dead, open and read it. You will then be mistress of Cragness, and can act your pleasure here. Only remember that no one of the name or blood of Vaughn is to help you. That is one of the conditions. Now go; for my dark mood is upon me, and you can do nothing to aid. Good-by, Neria, and take an old man's blessing with you. Good-by, child."

"Good-by, sir," said Neria, choking with the tears she tried to restrain, and, obedient to his gesture, she left the chamber, meeting in the doorway Lazarus Graves, who was entering hastily.

CHAPTER IV.

AND LAZARUS GRAVES OF HIS.

WITHOUT appearing to see Neria, to whose patient ear he was usually garrulous of the old days in which he lived, Lazarus Graves passed on into the library, and stood, with folded hands and smiling face, looking up and down the room with the humble fondness of a dog who watches his master's movements. But, of a sudden, a shade of bewilderment crossed the wrinkled face, and, turning his head rapidly from side to side, the old man, with his dim eyes, searched the room again, as does the dog who suddenly misses the beloved figure. With increasing perplexity he turned to look at the door behind him. It was close shut. Then he tottered across the room, and laid a hand upon the shoulder of the motionless figure in the arm-chair.

"Well?" demanded John Gillies, impatiently.

"Where is he gone?" asked Lazarus, in a voice as dim and hollow as a sound lost ages ago in the catacombs, and ever since trying to escape to the open air.

"Who?"

"Mr. Reginald. He passed me as I sat upon the doorstep in the sun, and smiled. He has a rare smile, has Mr. Reginald; and then he came in, and up the passage, and into this room. I hobbled after as fast as I could, for I wanted to hear him say I had kept all as he told me when he went away. And now, where is he?"

Gillies made no reply, but turned and looked attentively at the old man, who maundered on:

"He said he'd come back, and I knew he would; and I've been waiting this many a day just to hear him say I'd kept all as he wanted; and now he's come, and if he goes again I'll go, too; but—but where is he?"

Still, without answer to the pitiful appeal, Gillies watched the old man as he stood there in the sunshine, his bowed figure leaning on his staff, his thin, white hair floating over his shoulders, his mouth trembling with emotion, his dim, blue eyes always wandering about the room, while once more he piteously murmured,

"Where is he?"

"Where you and I will soon be with him, old man—and where is that?" said Gillies, at length; but Lazarus Graves did not hear him. Dropping his staff, he had clasped his hands and raised both them and his ashen face in a joyous ecstasy, while his eyes fixed themselves upon a point at the opposite side of the room.

"Why, there he is now," cried he, "with his hand upon that book he used to be so fond of. He's looking at you, sir. Why don't you speak to him. See!"

"And the old man pointed impatiently, turning, as he spoke, to Gillies, whose fixed eyes never swerved from the seer-like face of the speaker.

"Ah, now he sees me; now he's going to speak," murmured Lazarus, taking

a step forward and smiling joyously, while he seemed to listen to a voice unheard save by himself.

"Yes, Mr. Reginald, you said you'd come, and I knew it," said he, at length. "And I've kept all as you'd wish it, so far as I was able; but I'm getting into years now, sir, and am pretty tired by spells. It's coming time for me to rest, as old folks must."

Again he seemed to listen, and a bright joy irradiated his face.

"Aye, that I will, sir," said he, "I carried you in my arms when you was a baby, and I've held to you ever since; and I'd have followed you long ago if I'd known where to find you. But now you've come for me, I'll ask no better than to go along with you. Let's be going, sir. Good-by, Mr. Gillies; you've been kind and good to me; but my old master's come back at last, and I'm going away with him. He's come for me."

"Say you so, old man?" muttered Gillies. "Then, by Heaven's grace, has he come for me, too."

Without heeding him, Lazarus turned, and moved a few steps toward the door, paused, tottered, threw up his arms with a stifled gasp, and fell forward upon his face. He had followed his master.

CHAPTER V.

A MARRIAGE.

ALL through the day, John Gillies sat almost motionless in the embayed window, his dreamy eyes gazing far across the shining waters, his thoughts roaming beyond the limits of sea, or earth, or life itself.

Nancy Brume in vain invited him to eat of her choicest viands, in vain importuned him with questions as to the sudden death of Lazarus Graves, and the disposition to be made of his body. He answered everything with a briefly-expressed desire to be left alone, and the housekeeper, who had gradually acquired a profound respect for the wishes of her taciturn master, at last complied, and from the middle of that day to the morning of the next, did not venture in his presence.

The long summer day ended, and with the sunset came rolling up out of the the south great clouds which presently wrapped heaven and earth in a black and stifling mantle, through whose folds peered no light of moon or stars, although each sullen wave, as it rolled shoreward, was crested with the lurid light of its own phosphorescence, and, breaking upon the beach, tossed its fiery sparkles far up the level sands.

Dark and heavy as fell the night upon the beach, it fell darker and heavier yet in that close-mouthed and ghastly chamber, darkest and heaviest of all in the heart of the man sitting so rigidly in the old arm-chair, gazing, forever gazing over the phosphorescent sea, into the black void beyond, holding for him, not alone the secret he had so wearied to discover, but all secrets, the last great secret, the secret in whose utterance the lips of the Sphynx petrified forever, leaving the unspoken word to be guessed from her melancholy eyes.

Hour by hour the night stole on, until the rising tide lapped with its fiery tongues the foundations of the old house, and all the monsters that be beneath the sea rose, each in his place, to look in at the man who still sat waiting, always waiting until the hour should come. It came at last. A spirit moved upon the

vast waters, entered at the open window and laid its shadowy pall upon that weary head and breathed upon those pallid lips; and before those wistful eyes opened a vision, a foreseeing, a promise such as no man who has seen has ever found tongue to tell.

Over the white and weary face came a smile such as had never rested there before, and the musician, softly rising, went through the gloomy room to place himself at the organ. His fingers fell upon the keys, and that sweet, strange smile passed through them, and embodied itself in sound. Such sounds! Such "long disquiet merged in rest!" Such full content and peace; such grand and solemn joy! And, ah! the glorious rending of the bonds and cerements that had cramped in earth's heavy atmosphere the spirit whose home was in the clouds! It was the song of the lark who sees the door of his cage thrown wide, and after weary months of pining, in one instant finds the prison far below, nothing but the subtle ether around, nothing but the sunbright heavens above, and who, thrilling upward to the sky, sends a joyful heralding of song before him, whose tones dropping back to earth, steal into men's hearts like the memories of their youth, like the faith of their childhood.

Such music it was that floated out upon the mirky air of the summer's night, until the listening monsters, catching its joyful meaning, lashed the waters into pools of fire with their ponderous glee, and sported together till the sliding waves broke in great shouts of laughter on the beach. Only the mermaids, the Undines, would not sport or laugh, but hiding their faces in their long hair, clung to each other trembling and sobbing, for they, whose merry lives are forever shadowed by the thought of the immortality denied them, knew that the joy of the musician's heart was a joy in which they had no share; they knew that from their golden harps no such notes should ever ring—through their soulless lives never thrill such ecstasy.

And as the dark night waned, and aged, and came to the dawning of another day, the musician gathered his life in his hands and inspired with it the tones that grew beneath his touch. It was no longer music, it was the soul of a man who had lived and died for music, and to whom the divine art had at the last granted its love and grace, and had entered into his form, and made itself one with his spirit, until soul and art together sang such a nuptial hymn, chanted their epithalamium in such a glory of triumphant harmony as never before has earth heard, never the heavens let fall to man.

And in that grand triumph of his life, in that glorious consummation of an eternal union, the soul of John Gillies emancipated itself from the broken body that had confined it, and soared upward until its broad vans were gilded by the rays of the rising sun.

CHAPTER VI.

A DROP-CURTAIN.

Among Mr. Gillies's few papers was found a will bequeathing his entire property to Neria. No conditions or directions concerning the use of this bequest were affixed to the document, but to Neria's tender conscience this omission only made her obligations so much more binding, and her first desire was to take possession of her new home, for a few days at least, and make a beginning, and perhaps an ending of the undertaking devolving upon her with it.

But to this her guardian strenuously opposed himself, and Neria yielded her wish the more readily, because, as she could not explain, even to him, her motive for immuring herself in the gloomy old house, she felt that to persist was to appear obstinate and wilful without an apparent cause.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone also having completed their visit to Bonniemeer, were on the point of returning to the city, and Claudia insisted that Neria and Francia should accompany them, and make their *début* in society under her chaperonage. Francia was wild with delight at prospect of the gay life promised her by her cousin, while Neria looked and listened much after the fashion of a fawn, who, wandering to the edge of his native forest, sees suddenly before him a great plain with a city in its midst, its domes glittering, its many-windowed palaces flashing back the morning sun, shaded gardens nestling about it, and an army with plumes and pennons, fanfare of trumpets and flash of accoutrements, winding out of its gates, and stretching like a glittering serpent across the plain. So strange, so unlearned, so ominous, and so fascinating lay life before Neria, child of the sea and the sky, her feet set in the path worn deep by the steps of those who have trod it since first it led Eve away from paradise, her head still crowned with the glory lingering around every fresh work of the Divine Artist, her slender fingers folding close above her breast the shining robes of innocence and truth.

"Neria in a fashionable assembly!" said Mr. Vaughn, in reply to his brother-in-law's urgent advocacy of Claudia's plan. "Why it would be the Holy Grail upon the supper table of a *danseuse;* it would be both a desecration and an incongruity."

"As for the desecration, my dear fellow, we won't argue the point," said Mr. Murray, taking snuff. "And as for the incongruity, I must say that to be incongruous with the elements of a fashionable assembly, is, in my eyes, a very questionable virtue in a young lady."

"Neria's manners are above conventionality," said Mr. Vaughn, decisively.

"That is impossible. Conventionality is the religion, the *morale* of society —there is nothing above it; to be outside of it, is to be beneath it," retorted Murray, sublime in his faith.

But Vaughn, smiling, put the question by, and said,

"I suppose both Neria and Francia must mix in society at some time, but I confess I dread to see their country freshness wither in its atmosphere, and my violet and wild rose come back to me as hot-house flowers, all properly labelled and trained, but with neither perfume nor strength left in them."

"Come back to you? No, but I shall insist upon your taking up your quarters with me," said Mr. Murray, hospitably. "There are Fergus and I left by Claudia's marriage to keep bachelor's hall together, and we need just such an old traveller as yourself to come and show us how to manage. You should see me attempt to pour out tea, and Fergus boggle at cutting a pudding. Then you can keep watch over your daughter and your—ward, do you call her? and snatch them away from the naughty world at the precise moment when the polish is obtained, without the waste of a single particle of the gem. Will you come?"

"Thank you, yes," said Vaughn, heartily. "And I will confess that with Claudia as *chaperon*, and two utterly inexperienced girls as *débutantes*, I think it will be quite as well for me to be at hand."

"Claudia is a sensible young woman," said Mr. Murray, complacently, "and

will, I dare say, before the season is over, marry Francia as handsomely as she has married herself."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Vaughn, adding with a smile,

"But why only Francia, why is she not also to marry Neria?"

"Because, retorted Murray, quietly, "the very pith of your wish to come up to town is to see that she does not. You are resolved to marry Neria yourself."

Vaughn started from his seat, and stood for several moments looking out of the window, then, resuming his chair, fixed his eyes upon those of his brother-in-law, saying, quietly,

"It is only now that I have resolved it."

"Consciously, yes. Unconsciously you resolved it long ago," insisted Murray; and Vaughn, searching his own heart for the truth of the assertion, forgot to answer it.

In another week, Bonniemeer was deserted, and left in charge of Mrs. Rhee, who, not having as yet determined upon her future course in life, was very willing to remain in her old home until she should do so.

CHAPTER VII.

"BRONZE-COLOR: A GREYISH-YELLOW."—*Nicholson.*

"CARDS for a ball, a fancy ball, a masked ball, *mes filles!*" proclaimed Mrs. Livingstone, taking three envelopes from the table and tearing them open, as she and her guests entered the drawing-room, after their morning drive.

"How perfectly splendid! What a magnificent idea! O, Claudia, what shall I wear?" exclaimed Francia, bounding up from the sofa, where she had sunk, and quite forgetting her fatigue.

"The idea of disposing of such a question in a breath!" retorted Claudia. "Why, we shall discuss it all the rest of to-day and all to-morrow, and shall quarrel like the Three Furies before we are done with it. A proper costume for a fancy ball is a serious question, *petite.*"

"The more reason why we should begin to discuss it at once," exclaimed Francia. "Neria, what are your most obvious sentiments upon the subject?"

"Of costume?" asked Neria, with her not unusual look of wistful perplexity; "I have none at all."

"As badly off as the old dominie, who pathetically remarked: 'Locke says the human mind is never entirely void of ideas; but I have been conscious of long intervals of time in which my mind contained absolutely no ideas whatever,'" suggested Claudia.

"I think I will be a gypsy," said Francia, dubiously.

"I think you will nothing of the sort," continued her cousin. "Wait till to-morrow, and I will think about you. At present, I have an idea with which to furnish poor Neria's empty mind. Neria, attention! You are Undine. You will be dressed in a robe of sea-green gossamer over green satin, which will sparkle through it just like the light in a wave. You will have your golden hair all down your back, and be crowned with water-lilies, and wear pearls upon your neck and arms. In your hand you will carry the chaplet of red and white coral that Undine drew from the depths of the river to give to Bertha."

"Beautiful! There couldn't be anything better suited to Neria. Your idea is an inspiration, Claudia," exclaimed Francia; but Neria shivered.

"Undine is an ominous character," said she.

"Don't be afraid. There is no Bertha in the case, dear," returned Claudia, with a significant smile.

"Nor any knight Huldbrand, either," added Francia.

"But to call myself Undine is to invite both," said Neria, smiling.

"And if they come, my dear, I hope you will prove the superiority of a woman over a mermaid by the manner in which you secure Huldbrand and circumvent Bertha. Undine behaved like a fool," remarked Claudia.

"And yet like a woman. It would be so much easier to quietly let one's heart break, than to plot and labor to retain a love that wished to escape," said Neria, softly.

"Love! That is as it may be," retorted Claudia; "But do you imagine any woman with the spirit of a canary-bird would stand by and see another woman steal away the man who had once vowed constancy to her, and never make an effort to reclaim him? Why, I would kill such a woman, though the man were one I never cared to see again."

"Dr. Lutrell," said the servant, opening the door of the drawing-room.

A gentleman upon the threshold bowed profoundly, and advanced into the room.

Claudia, on hearing the name, had half uttered an exclamation, and started from her chair. Instantly recovering herself, however, she restrained every symptom of emotion except the deep color that flushed her face, and, advancing a few steps toward her guest, extended her hand, saying, with a smile, courteous even if artificial:

"I am glad to see you again, Dr. Lutrell, and also to hear such pleasant things of you."

"Thank you. I did not know that my modest nuptials would make sufficient impression to be remembered after the brilliant wedding that made Mr. Livingstone the happiest of men and an object of envy to all the rest of us. Accept, in turn, my congratulations and good wishes."

A fine tone of sarcasm rang through the careful modulations of his voice, and was caught by Neria's sensitive ear. She turned to examine more particularly this new guest, of whom she had never heard.

A slight and elegant figure, small hands and feet, a perfect toilet—all this was well; but at the face Neria paused, and finally suspended judgment. Either it was very handsome or utterly repulsive, and for the moment she was unable to determine which. The clear-cut and regular features were almost faultless, the dark hair suited well with the *mat* complexion; the frequent smile displayed exquisite teeth, but the eyes—what was there in those furtive eyes that made Neria shrink from their passing glance and shiver as she felt them again resting upon her? The color was peculiar and indescribable, unless, perhaps, one named it yellowish-bronze; but the expression was something more than peculiar, and suggested to Neria vague ideas of hungry creatures lying ambushed for their prey, of serpents sleeping in deep jungle grass, of a Thug waiting patiently for hours behind his palm tree, while far down the valley the doomed victim comes riding on, his eyes filled with memories of home and love, a smile upon his lips, and hope whispering at his heart.

"Girls, let me present Dr. Lutrell. Miss Vaughn, Dr. Lutrell, and Miss Francia Vaughn."

Francia bowed with her usual smiling grace, and Neria, with an effort, raised her eyes once more to those so steadily bent upon her. She was glad when she had done so, for in this direct gaze she determined that, after all, there was nothing so peculiar about these eyes, except, perhaps, the color; and with a little feeling of self-reproach for her first impression, she exerted herself to answer, with sufficient courtesy, the enquiries and remarks addressed to her.

"We were talking of Mrs. Minturn's fancy ball," said Claudia, presently. "You will be there?"

"We have cards, but I had not thought of going," said Doctor Lutrell. "To select a character for a fancy ball you must commit either a stupidity or an indiscretion. Either you assume a disguise utterly incongruous with your personality, and so, utterly wearisome, or you select one which betrays to the whole world your own estimate of yourself, and so give Mrs. Grundy a rich opportunity for the good-natured little remarks in which she delights."

"I don't think people in general go so far as to measure the masker's own character against that which he assumes," said Claudia. "Most people don't think at all, and of those who do, the majority are persons who will, at any rate, be malicious. We are all fools or knaves."

The two young girls turned startled eyes upon their cousin, then Francia laughed, and even Neria's face swept a tide of color, showing that the deep fountain of her emotions was touched.

Dr. Lutrell's eyes flashed across the face of either, read them more than either knew, and came back to rest upon Claudia's with a meaning glance, which she read and recklessly answered.

"O, these girls have come to me to learn society; you would not have me turn out the pretty lambs to the wolves without warning them, as far as I may, of the style of creature they are going among."

Dr. Lutrell turned gaily toward the couch where Neria and Francia sat together.

"Don't believe a word she says, young ladies. Society, especially in this city, is an assemblage of all that is great, wise, good and beautiful in the world. Every one is amiable, every one is intelligent, every one speaks and lives the exact truth. Come among us and see! Mrs. Livingstone knows all this as well as I; but to-day she has the headache, or a dyspepsia, or was out too late last night."

He rose and bowed as he spoke, and passed down the long drawing-room. His hostess accompanied him a few steps, and said in a low voice,

"Why do you wish to deceive them in what they will so soon learn for themselves?"

"Why do you put your vase of wild flowers in the shade, instead of in the sun?" asked the guest, and went on his way with a smile in his tigerish eyes.

POE AND HAWTHORNE.

POE and Hawthorne are two brilliant exceptions in American literature. Among Americans, they are the only two literary men who have had the sense of beauty and the artist's conscience in a supreme degree. They belonged to the haughty and reserved aristocracy of letters. Hawthorne was like a magician, hidden from the world, creating his beautiful phantasms; Poe was like a banished spirit, abased among men, exercising an intellect, and drawing upon a memory that implied a clearer and higher state of being than that of material and common life. His mental perspicacity and unerringness suggest a supermortal quality, and make the simple narrative of "The Gold Bug" appalling; for you will remark that the sentiment of strangeness and terror which it begets is excited without any of Poe's usual resources—that is, of death or murder in any form. One is appalled by the *precision* of the intellect revealed, which is unmatched by any English story-writer.

But it is because of the beauty that Poe created, because of his knowledge of its harmonious conditions, because of his admirable style, the pure and strange elements of his nature, his general and minute method, rather than because of his puzzles, or curious intellectual *inventions* that he is a type of exquisite and brilliant genius. The interest of his inventions would be exhausted at the first reading, if they were not contained in a beautiful literary form—if they were not set before us with a fine literary art, that charms even while it is the medium of the exceptional, and often of the repugnant!

Poe was dominated by intellectual conscience; Hawthorne was dominated by moral conscience. For the proper objects of intellect, Poe had an intellectual *passion*. Hawthorne's passion, on the contrary, spent itself upon moral subjects; you will notice that the texture of his stories is woven about a question of moral responsibility and the transmission of traits. The problem of sin engaged Hawthorne; the processes of crime—that is, pure intellect in action—engaged Poe.

Very few persons have a definite idea of the difference between the unique and unrivalled genius of these two men, who still had positive, if hidden, bonds of sympathy with each other. They were radically, though not obviously different in their work and in the spring of their being. Both had an exquisite sense of the music of thought; both loved the mysterious and *bizarre;* both labored to paint the exceptional and dominate our intellects with an intimate sense of the spiritual and unseen.

Poe began his work in a natural but emphatic tone. He was direct. He took his reader from particular to particular, exercising a power like that of the Ancient Mariner upon the wedding guest. He arrested his reader upon a particular *word*. The emphasis with which he pronounces it, gives a foretaste of the lurking *dénouement*. With particular words he struck the key-tone of his tale;

with particular words he rapidly and ominously indicated the unaccustomed road upon which he urged your mind.

Hawthorne works in a different fashion. He deepens the tone of *his* stories by flowing and unnoticeable phrases. He avoids emphasis; by gentle speech he lures you on and on into the depressing labyrinth of human motives and human character, touching with exquisite grace, elaborating a trait, at all times letting you but faintly see the connection of events, but always establishing the fact of the subtle relationships of his characters, and making you feel that his subject has its roots deep in the fluid depths of the ancient, unseen, and baffling world of the past, which the intellect cannot sound, but only dive into, and come forth to tell strange tales of its shadowy experience. To Poe, nothing was shadowy. On the contrary, everything was fearfully distinct and real and positive to his tenacious and penetrating intellect. In Hawthorne, moral conscience was abnormal in its development. In Poe, it did not even exist. Hawthorne, in his method, was an idealist; Poe, in his method, was a realist. But Poe realized the unreal, and Hawthorne idealized the real. But for Poe's poetic sense, he would have been as prosaic and literal, *at all times*, as De Foe. But for Hawthorne's poetic sense, he would have been a droning moralist. Poe confronted the mind with the appalling; Hawthorne begot in it a sense of the unstableness and ungraspableness of human experience. He aimed to give us glimpses of the moral ramifications and far-reaching influence of human actions.

Both Poe and Hawthorne were alike and splendidly endowed with imagination; but Poe had more *invention*—in fact, a most marvellous faculty of invention—and he was the more purely intellectual of the two. Hawthorne was a man of delicate sentiment, of mystical imagination; Poe was a man of little sentiment, but great delicacy of intellectual perception, and had a realistic imagination. Hawthorne incessantly lures the mind from the visible and concrete to the invisible and spiritual. To him, matter was transparent; in his stories he paints material bodies, and gradually resolves them into abstractions; they become allegorical, typical—uncertain incarnations of certain affinities, traits, qualities. Poe never is vague, never indefinite. His most weird and arbitrary imagination is made palpable and positive to the reader. The predominating sentiment of Hawthorne is sad and depressing; that of Poe is melancholy and ominous.

Poe's intellect was direct, inevitable, and unerring; Hawthorne's was indirect, easily turned from its object, and *seemed* purposeless; Poe's always seemed instinct with intense purpose. Hawthorne would have preferred to *hide* all his processes of creation; he shunned observation; he was isolated; happy in evoking beautiful figures, but having no desire to let you see *how* he did it. But Poe, like all *inventors*, took pains to let you see the whole process of his mind; he laid bare his mechanism; he took his listener step by step with him, well aware that he *must* admire a skill and ingenuity so superior to all he had known.

The action of Hawthorne's mind was like a limpid stream that, fed from hidden springs, glints and glides through sunshine, darkens in shadow, loses itself only to surprise you again with the same placid and dark-flowing waters. In point of style Hawthorne is serene and elusive. Poe is nervous, and terse, and positive. Hawthorne's style is characterized by exquisite sequence of thought and imperceptible gradations of tone and sentiment. Poe's is more salient, has a more rapid and impassioned, and always tense expression.

We are to understand Poe by his stories of "The Gold Bug," "Légeia,

"Eleanora," "The Oblong Box," "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "The Black Cat;" we are to understand Hawthorne by "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Scarlet Letter," "The Minister's Black Veil," and "Mosses from an Old Manse."

Poe's "House of Usher," "Légeia" and "Eleanora" are the most beautiful examples of his prose, and show the positive influence of De Quincey's "Opium Eater." They have great beauty of diction, as well as great *precision* of expression, which is the chief characteristic of the style of "The Gold Bug." His word-palette seems to be full and rich, and he uses it to produce sombre and beautiful pictures. He produces all the effects of poetry, save that of flowing and musical sounds.

Poe was unquestionably under the first impression of De Quincey's magazine writings when he wrote his most imaginative stories. They have the same full and impressive diction—long and mournful breathings of an over-burdened *memory*, associated with a wish to define, to explain, to analyze. In "The Gold Bug," in "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," and in "The Black Cat," Poe attained an original expression, and his own mind, pure from all foreign influence, seems to be in full action. It is in them that he narrates and analyzes, but gives no room for the reverie and the dream which add so much to the haunting beauty of his "House of Usher" and "Légeia."

De Quincey and Poe had a remarkable tendency to reverie, which was, in both cases, always checked by a passion for analysis. De Quincey, who is the subtlest of all English critics, often broke out of his finest dreams, and interrupted his most perfect analyses, to indulge a trivial and colloquial habit of his mind. Poe never made the same mistake. He never was trivial or garrulous in a story designed to produce a particular impression. In a few words, Poe's intellectual moods were always *in keeping*. But I believe that De Quincey first put in full play Poe's expressional faculties, and first subjected him to the fascination, and showed him the novelty of subtle and sustained analysis as a literary process at the command of the story writer.

But if Poe, by intellectual sympathy, derived his first style from De Quincey, he did not make himself guilty of De Quincey's defects; and, later, his final and original style, which attained its perfection in "The Gold Bug," has no relation to any writer, but is the result of his peculiar mental endowments.

In his earlier stories, Poe was brilliant and exuberant. Miss Prescott is not more extravagant than he is in "The Assignation." But if he was extravagant, he was also charmingly and beautifully romantic; and in "Légeia," and in "The House of Usher," intense and pervading thought satisfies the understanding, while the imagination is impressed by splendid descriptive phrases.

Hawthorne's earlier style shows no positive foreign influence. He was always subdued and restrained; he was pervaded by a fine thoughtfulness. The action of his thought was not intense and incessant, like Poe's, but gentle and diffused. Hawthorne indicated himself at the beginning as a man of intellectual *sentiment;* Poe as a man of intellectual *passion*. The distinction to be made between the *effect* of the literary expression of the two minds is, that Hawthorne charms, and Poe enchains the reader. That Hawthorne has left us a larger quantity of perfect artistic work than Poe, we must attribute to the happier conditions of his life. Hawthorne may have been a little chilled by the want of the pleasant sun of popularity; but Poe was embittered by the success of others, and pre-eminently unfortunate in his destiny. Nothing that he ever wrote begot a senti-

ment of love; but the gentle and friendly genius of Hawthorne awakens a responsive spirit in the reader.

Hawthorne never seems to feel or think very deeply; he thought comprehensively. Compared with hearty writers like Dickens or Irving, or with impassioned writers like De Quincey or George Sand, he is the chilliest, the most elusive of spirits, and his only merit seems to be that of a graceful habit of thinking, and of a temperate illustration and expression of his subject. His delicate humor oftenest is like the fantasy of an invalid; the merriment is pathetically contrasted with a sad and time-stricken face.

Hawthorne was not closely related to his contemporaries. The vivid and near, and all that characterizes the social life of New England to-day, seem as remote from him as the ghost of a memory. He is our American type of the "Dreamer"—a being who could have no place in our thoughts of American life but for Hawthorne.

While Theodore Parker was accumulating facts, and fulminating against a people swayed hither and thither by conscience and selfishness; while Emerson was affronting the formalists and the literalists, Hawthorne was dreaming. He *brooded over* his thoughts; he spent season after season in *reverie*—reverie which is foreign to our idea of the American man. Out of his loneliness, out of his reveries, out of his dreams, he wove the matchless web of a style which shows what Lowell calls the rarest creative intellect, in some respects, since Shakespeare.

The "Passages from Hawthorne's Note Books" let us see how he perfected his art, and taught himself to use, with such inimitable clearness and delicacy, his means of expression. They are the answer to the question why we never discover shallow or dry or meagre places in his perfectly sustained, evenly flowing, harmoniously and exquisitely *toned* style. Hawthorne seems to have had but one activity, and that activity was the activity of the artist. He used his mind to mirror nature. To see, to feel, to reflect, was his whole life—all of which is contained in the single word *reverie*. The observations of nature which enrich his literary work are not the observations of an active, restless, or acquisitive mind; in his work they seem accidental; they lend themselves, without any effort on his part, to accent his work, to break the monotony of his mood. Many of his pages show great sweetness of temper, an almost feminine feeling toward nature and life.

The alembic of his genius gave forth the material consigned to it colored and mellowed, and oftened saddened in hue, by his unique and pervading personality.

Hawthorne, a descendant of the Puritans, living in a Puritan state, in a Puritan town, without making himself the historian of Puritanism, rendered it with force, gave the spirit and sentiment of its life, in an intense and powerful story which contains the very soul of its faith. Hawthorne, in "The Scarlet Letter," has made the work of the historian and judge superfluous as an examination and decision upon Puritanism as a *social fact*. The most intense work of our greatest romancer, without a word of indignation, without an aggressive phrase, embodies Puritanism in a story, and leaves it with a stigma more terrible than the scarlet letter it seared upon the heart of the wretched Dimmesdale, and fixed upon the black robe of the heroic martyr, Hester Prynne. With what fine and beautiful art he lets you *see* the monstrous pretensions of the legal spirit, which was the soul of Puritanism, and its brutal blunder in intruding it-

self between a woman's heart and its most sacred need—"sacred even in its pollution." In the treatment of his theme, how fine, how elevated, how comprehensive is Hawthorne! With what indulgence and sympathy, with what reverence does he consider the mournful and mute woman, blank-eyed and helpless before her judges, who seek to unmask the secret of her heart. Poor Hester Prynne! how different her treatment from the treatment of the Syrian Magdalen! Noble and outraged, much suffering, silent woman! victim of legal, obtuse, and mechanical minds, she shall forever exist as the type of her sex wronged by bigotry, victim of a harsh, unelastic social faith!

Among Hawthorne's *creations*, it seems to me that Clifford in "The House of Seven Gables," and Donatello in "The Marble Faun," are the most remarkable. Clifford is an example of portrait art; Donatello is a beautiful and palpable creation. They illustrate the two phases of his genius. The portrait of Clifford in the chapter entitled "The Guest," is in every particular an uncommon and impressive piece of work. Poe never did anything so subtle, so floating and vague, and at the same time vivid and sure, as the description and analysis of Clifford. You shall judge.

> The expression of his countenance—while, notwithstanding it had the light of reason in it—seemed to waver and glimmer, and nearly to die away, and feebly to recover itself again. It was like a flame which we see twinkling among half-extinguished embers; we gaze at it more intently than if it were a positive blaze, gushing vividly upward—more intently, but with a certain impatience, as if it ought either to kindle itself into satisfactory splendor, or be at once extinguished. . . . Continually, as we may express it, he faded away out of his place; or, in other words, his mind and consciousness took their departure, leaving his wasted, grey, and melancholy figure—a substantial emptiness, a material ghost—to occupy his seat at table. Again, after a blank moment, there would be a flickering taper-gleam in his eye-balls. It betokened that his spiritual part had returned, and was doing its best to kindle the heart's household fire, and light up intellectual lamps in the dark and ruinous mansion, where it was doomed to be a forlorn inhabitant. . . . . His old faded garment, with all its pristine brilliancy extinct, seemed, in some indescribable way, to translate the wearer's untold misfortune, and make it perceptible to the beholder's eye. It was the better to be discerned, by this exterior type, how worn and old were the soul's more immediate garments; that form and countenance, the beauty and grace of which had almost transcended the skill of the most exquisite of artists. It could the more adequately be known that the soul of the man must have suffered some miserable wrong from its earthly experience. There he seemed to sit, with a dim veil of decay and ruin between him and the world, but through which, at flitting intervals, might be caught the same expression, so refined, so softly imaginative, which Malbone, venturing a happy touch with suspended breath—had imparted to the miniature! There had been something so innately characteristic in this look, that all the dusky years, and the burden of unfit calamity which had fallen upon him, did not suffice utterly to destroy it.

After this matchless rendering of traits, Hawthorne gives a matchless analysis of Clifford's nature—than which I know of nothing more finely distilled in expression, more discriminating in thought. It is Hawthorne's masterpiece, with which his Faun only is comparable.

You will observe that in all of Hawthorne's works the remarkable and characteristic thing is the incessant action of the moral faculty, exquisitely toned by the artistic sentiment! The moral sense and the artistic sense make of him a channel of issue, and it is their incessant play of expression which begets the distrust and doubt of the reader upon all the old, creed-closed questions of life.

He is the finest distillation of the New England mind, and he has idealized all that is local in New England life. No marble can be too white or too exquisitely sculptured to symbolize his pure and beautiful genius, and suggest the gratitude which his countrymen owe to him.

Edgar A. Poe, the gift of the South to American literature, was more selfish, and more unfortunate in his life than Hawthorne. In him the moral faculty had no play—everything was concentrated to feed his sense of beauty and strangeness. He was no shifting questioner and elusive thinker, but ardent, intense; and his mind was the intellectual centre of the anomalous! But what an imperial imagination, and how august and music-voiced was his memory! "The Raven" and the prose poem, "Légeia," are magical in their influence. All that there is of beauty and regret and strangeness to be employed by the literary artist was employed by Poe in "Légeia." He awakens the imagination, touches the profoundest emotions of an impassioned lover, and by associating his creation with the idea of death, produces that wild melancholy, that rebellious and protesting sentiment of regret, which possesses us at the memory of a beautiful, beloved, but vanished object!

Charles Baudelaire, the French poet, who has given the best literary portrait and the briefest and best analysis of Poe's genius with which I am acquainted, remarks that, in none of his works did he express the sanguine and sensual side of love. "To Poe the divine passion of love appeared magnificent, star-like, and always veiled with melancholy. His portraits of women are *aureoled;* they shine in the midst of a supernatural vapor, and are painted in the emphatic manner of an adorer. . . . His women, luminous and sick, dying of strange ailments, and speaking with a voice that resembles music, correspond with the nature of their Creator—by their strange aspirations, by their knowledge, by their incurable melancholy, they participate in his being, and resemble him."

As a critic, Poe was illiberal and perverse, burning incense before second-rate writers, and stinging the author he professed to admire. His article on Hawthorne, like Antony's oration, with its blasting phrase, "Yet Brutus was an honorable man," leaves an impression contrary and fatal to the frequent professions of high appreciation which make the refrain of his article. As a critic, Poe spent himself upon questions of detail, and, in all cases, belittled his subject. He did not exercise the most engaging faculties of his mind. He is brilliant, caustic, stinging, personal without geniality, expressing an irritated mind. Reading his criticisms, we think his literary being might be said to resemble a bush that blossoms into a few perfect flowers, but always has its thorns in thickest profusion. Poe was what may be called a *technical critic.* He delighted to involve his reader in the mechanism of poetry, and convict his victim of ignorance, while he used his knowledge as a means to be exquisitely insolent. He was like an art critic stuffed with the jargon of studios, talking an unknown language; careless about the elements of the subject which, properly, are the chief and only concern of the public. That Poe was acute, that he was exact, that he was original, no one can question; but he was not stimulating, and comprehensive, and generous, like the more sympathetic critics, as, for example, Diderot or Carlyle. It was his misfortune to have been called to pronounce upon the ephemera of literature, conscious that he was *expected* to think them fixed stars. His critical notices of American men of letters show the incessant struggle of a supreme scorn muffled and quieted from time to time in the

acknowledgment of mitigating circumstances to excuse the literary criminals that he had assembled. When he wishes to be indulgent and generous, it is the indulgence and generosity of a cat stroking a mouse—the claw is *felt* by the breathless victim. He probably *tore* his subject more than any critic that ever lived. In his criticisms, the sentences are sharp, stinging, pointed, and sparkling; they are like so many surgical knives—they lay open the living subject, quivering and fainting, to the bone. Poe had no indulgence for literary offenders. He had the instincts of a mole slaking its thirst over its prey. Poe scratched almost every one of his literary contemporaries, and, in nine cases out of ten, he was right in his destructive work. But he was virulent, mocking, incensing, seeming to be animated with a personal animosity for his subject; he was like a literary pirate, sparing neither friend nor foe, always accusing other people of stealing, while his own hands were not pure. There is no question but that Poe had a monomania upon the subject of *plagiarism*. He was so skilful in hiding his own literary thefts that he seems to have been impelled to accuse others, and talk incessantly of a vice known best to himself—it was an example of his perverseness of nature. Although the arrogant and incensing elements of Poe's nature had full play in his remarks on American writers; they were only the accidental expression of his literary genius, and should not determine our critical conclusions. Poe had what I may call, preëminently, a *beautiful* mind—all its highest and characteristic manifestations were harmonious and enchaining. His combination of the strange or the unusual with the lovely or symmetrical, is his claim to be considered original. No writer ever reached a more personal expression of the beautiful than Poe. He was modern in all his traits, romantic as no other American writer, delighting in the horrible as the natural antithesis of his radiant and mournful ideal beauty. The women that live in his stories, the ideal women of a modern epoch, pale, sick, luminous, wide-eyed, preyed upon by "incurable melancholy," versed in the most recondite knowledge, vibrative, and "speaking with a voice that resembles music," and as from profound depths, have no existence outside of Poe's beautiful and strange imagination. He created them as Eugene Delacroix created his women, who are remarkable, impassioned, profound, and make you think. Poe's "Lenore, "Légeia," and "Morella," are the creations of a poet—ideal and natural as the Venus of Milo is ideal and natural, but in no sense *realistic*, and having no relation to the photographic and literal portraits of women such as we find in modern novels. It is for them that Poe has drawn upon his poetical nature; they are the issue of his sense of beauty, which in him was more imperative in its needs, and more creative in its energy than the same sense in Hawthorne. Among Americans, I repeat, Poe and Hawthorne are the only two literary men who have had the sense of beauty and the artist's conscience in a supreme degree; and in Poe it was more isolated, or unalloyed, than in Hawthorne.

EUGENE BENSON.

THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR.

USUALLY, in the history of wars, the legislative department of the government makes a considerable and interesting figure. It is not only that branch of the government which holds the purse and administers supplies; but it also furnishes the arena of that debate which may be taken for the fresh and current commentary of public opinion on the great events as they transpire. Thus, in all modern histories of war, the legislative assembly or body comes in for conspicuous notice, and furnishes a large subject for critical disquisitions.

It is in this general view that it is remarkable that the Congress of the Confederate States should have been so utterly sunk out of sight in all present historical notices, on both sides, of the late war. But it must be confessed that the little attention heretofore given it in the popular compends of the war is not so much to be ascribed to the neglect or slight of the historian as to the actual meagreness of the subject, the utter inanity of that body which made a pretence of performing legislative duties in the South during the war. It was really the most inane, unimportant, incompetent, and barren of public assemblies. And yet we believe that, in the just sense of history, it was curious for its comparative blankness, the very absence of practical details; and we, therefore, propose to supply a brief sketch of the Confederate Congress, as of a subject heretofore overlooked by the annalists of the war. The subject is new to most readers; it has been unduly neglected; and the little it affords of information yet strongly provokes curiosity, and suggests lively and, perhaps, valuable speculations for the philosophic historian.

There were, properly, two Southern Congresses, two distinct legislative organizations in the history of the war; one Provisional, the other Permanent. The provisional Congress was composed of delegates sent to Montgomery, and afterward to Richmond, by the different State conventions, as they respectively passed ordinances of secession. It was part of the political structure, designed merely for carrying on a war which it was supposed would continue for only a few months; and it is a fact not generally noticed or estimated, that it was designed at Montgomery to determine a *permanent* system of government for the South only after the war had concluded, and to accommodate its results. The length and pre-occupation of the war defeated this design, and so busy was the South repelling the enemy in February, 1862—the period appointed for a permanent organization of the government—that there was no time for the political afterthought, no time to execute a design, which possibly lurked in the minds of some of the Southern leaders, to change the form of government; and thus the provisional passed into the permanent government with slight ceremony, and without even a canvass or an opposing candidate to question the succession of Mr. Davis to the presidency, or to disturb his authority. He ascended from the mere provisional chief of a rebellion to the office of President of the Confeder-

ate States for the term of six years, without question, without effort or concession, making no change whatever in his cabinet, or in the executive branches of his government.

But in this curious political translation—the event of a day marked only by a tawdry ceremony in Capitol square—there was a radical change in Congress. Formerly it was but one house, possibly from the idea that a single legislative body is most efficient in time of war. Now, it was divided into a Senate and House of Representatives, after the fashion of the old government at Washington. The provisional Congress had been designed as a revolutionary council rather than as a regular legislative body; it was a national assembly, but with the defect that, instead of being the fresh and immediate representative of the popular will, it was the secondary and weak creature of conventions.

Yet it contained some distinguished names, and, when first organized, there was considerable weight of character in it. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, was its President. All the heads of the Executive Departments had seats in it, and participated in its debates. Among its members were naturally those politicians who had formerly distinguished themselves at Washington in leading from there the first movements of secession, such as Toombs, Wigfall, Pryor, and Keitt. But a single measure expelled from Congress nearly all it had of worth and talents, and in a day reduced it to an inane body of mediocrities. Its most distinguished members had also military commissions; they were generals, colonels, etc., as well as legislators. It was a time when the most brilliant and ambitious men of the South sought the field, and preferred its honors; and, when a few weeks after the first session of the Congress in Richmond, the objection was raised that the two careers were incompatible, and that members of Congress could not hold military commissions, the decision drove from it nearly every man of merit or note. Military men who had come down from Manassas to take their places in Congress, and who proposed to fill the pauses of the war with legislative duties, were excluded, and compelled to rejoin their commands, leaving the work of legislation to be done by common, ignorant men, who were satisfied to remain in seats which soon came to be considered as even dishonorable in comparison with the places of glory and danger in the field.

The decision that excluded military officers from Congress was, probably, just, but in many respects unfortunate. It accounts for that extreme intellectual degradation which made the Confederate Congress a peculiar stock of shame in the war, actually one of the weakest and most inane bodies that ever met under the title of a legislative assembly in historical times. It came, at last, to be composed chiefly of two classes—men who were never before publicly known, or old politicians, too far broken down in their fortunes to attempt new careers or to be invited by the prospect of military honors. This prospect, unfortunately for the South, drew from its political councils too much of its best mind, and may be said to have abandoned the whole government to Mr. Davis and a few weak creatures surrounding him; although in later periods of the war, some of the distinguished politicians who had sought the field, either from disappointment there or from resentment of what they supposed Mr. Davis's disfavor, returned to plague him and to assail his administration; but, unhappily, only after it had sunk almost beneath reproach. Beyond this brief and exceptional animation, the history of the Confederate Congress is scarcely more than that of the reflection of the will and temper of President Davis—a mere servile appendage to an autocracy the most supreme of modern times.

It is difficult to understand how, at one time of the war, the political concerns of the Southern Confederacy were almost entirely abandoned to Mr. Davis and a Congress which was scarcely more than a figure-head, unless we take into account a peculiar passion in the South for military service that marked the first years of hostilities. There was nothing like it in the North; there the ambition for military honors was not so absorbing, and the labors and aspirations of public men were divided with singular fairness between the political council and the field. But to the prizes of the latter the ambition of the South seems to have been almost exclusively directed. Scarcely anything was attempted in that career of statesmanship which, in such great historical periods, should run even with that of arms. The best men of the South neglected all former fields of political ambition; they were no longer anxious to be known as statesmen, or legislators, or orators, when they might be known as successful generals. It was not only that the South, probably from its natural temper, placed a higher value on martial prowess than did the North, but the former had a peculiar estimation of the war—it was *pro aris et focis;* and there was a public sentiment that drove men into the army from every occupation in life, and from every seat of public office, until, at last, civil office was held in disrepute, and the government was denuded almost to the point of stark incapacity. This inflated desire for the military field might have been admirable in some respects; but none, except those who witnessed its wild and sweeping operations in the South, can imagine how it stripped the political arena, or estimate the injury it wrought in surrendering the civil affairs of the Southern Confederacy to incompetent men, and securing an easy and blind toleration of Mr. Davis and the servile Congress that waited on and executed his decrees.

Indeed, for the first year of the war Mr. Davis was actually the legislator of the Confederacy, and laws framed in the Executive Office were as regularly sent into the dingy room in which Congress sat in secret session as the common communications of information from the departments. Unfortunately, Mr. Davis had an excessive conceit that he was born under the star of Mars, and that he was excellently qualified to legislate on military subjects; and Congress was weak enough to indulge his foolish and pragmatical fancy. He was the real author of two notable military measures, in the first year of the war, which brought the Confederacy to the brink of ruin, and, indeed, would have delivered her an easy prey to the enemy, had the hesitating and unready McClellan known the extent of his opportunity.

One of these measures was a law passed in December, 1861, of which it has been well-remarked its true title would have been "to disband the armies of the Confederacy." It was the fruit of the lowest demagogueism. It permitted the men to change their arm of the service, to elect new officers, and to reorganize throughout the army. It was said that the soldiers claimed the letter of their contract—to leave the service at the expiration of one year; and the weak legislators at Richmond thought it necessary to indulge what was called their democratic sense of individualism by allowing them to reduce the organization and discipline of the army to whatever standards would content them, and to convert their camps into a carnival of misrule, and into the vilest scenes of electioneering for commissions. This so-called "reorganization" had gone on in the face of an enemy who, if he had taken timely advantage of it, would have found little else than demoralized men disgracing the uniform of soldiers, covering the most vital points of the Confederacy. Every candidate who was anxious to serve his

country with braid on his shoulders, plied the men with the lowest arts of the cross-roads politician, even to the argument of whiskey, and contributed to the general demoralization, until the men, feeling the power to dethrone their present officers, lost all respect for their authority, and became the miserable tools of every adventurer and charlatan who imposed upon their confidence.

Not satisfied with demoralizing the army, another legislative measure was passed, some months later, under the inspiration of Mr. Davis, to deplete it. With the professed purpose of inciting reënlistments, it was provided that furloughs for sixty days should be granted all those soldiers who would rëenlist for three years or the war, said furloughs to be dealt out in lots drawn from each company. The consequence was, the Southern armies wasted away in front of the enemy, and at a period most critical—when he was completing his own elaborate and imposing preparations for the spring campaign of 1862. Those who lived in Richmond in those times will remember the flocks of soldiers passing through its streets to their homes, in magnitude of numbers almost an army, sometimes in a single day an unbroken throng stretching from the depot on Broad street to the bridge over the James. It appeared as if the army in Northern Virginia had disbanded. The newspapers could not use remonstrance; and how narrow was their field for critical discussion, may be understood from the fact that they were enjoined to make no reference that could possibly be construed as revealing any weakness in the Confederacy, so as "to give information to the enemy." This absurd rule was practised on the press, sometimes to the point of puerility; and once it is known that Secretary Benjamin prepared an order to suppress the Richmond "Examiner," because its criticisms of public affairs gave information to the enemy. Mr. Davis prudently declined to sign the order, and Mr. Benjamin, or his successors, never dared to repeat the experiment on a free and virile press. But though, in the instance of public danger referred to, the press was dumb, the generals commanding in the field were not. They took the alarm before it was too late. Generals Johnston and Beauregard united in letters of protest, and it was only when they intimated that they would resign their commands before their forces should be spirited away by foolish legislation, that Congress repealed the disastrous law, or, rather, unwilling to incur the appearance of concession, suffered its operations to be withheld by military orders.

When the Permanent Congress came in—which it did when Mr. Davis was inaugurated President on the 22d of February, 1862—it was hoped that there would be an infusion of new blood and vigor in this withered branch of the Government. It commenced well, with the passage of a conscription law, in place of the old system of volunteers. The critical value of this law may be estimated from the fact that nearly two-thirds of the forces with which General Lee, some months later, saved Richmond from the hosts of McClellan, were gathered under its operations. It saved the Confederacy for the time, and gave a new lease to the war. But it is to be remarked that the conscription law was not properly produced by Congress, but had been prepared for it before it met, by the press, even to details, Congress only adopting it from the columns of the newspapers, and only after the latter had carefully brought public opinion up to the necessary point of sacrifice. If any one is to stand as author of this law, it is the Richmond "Examiner." When it first proposed such a measure, another journal, popularly known as Mr. Davis's organ, opposed it, and actually scoffed it as a reflection on the patriotism of the South. Mr. Davis—who had that wretched and dangerous vanity which resents the tone of suggestion, no

matter what the value of the counsel it would impart, and who, besides, had his own reasons to hate the "Examiner"—was long in being brought to the conscription; and he at last ungracefully and imperfectly yielded the recommendation which the necessity of the case extorted from his pride of opinion. He referred to it only in weak and partial phrases, but with a remarkable jesuitism, having at once the shamelessness and the shallowness to pretend that the conscription, instead of testifying to any necessity in the South for troops, was really intended to moderate the rage for volunteering. He wrote a paltry and detestable falsehood rather than an ingenuous statement. In his message to Congress he declared: "The operation of the various laws now in force for raising armies has exhibited the necessity for reform. . . . The vast preparations made by the enemy for a combined assault at numerous points on our frontier and seaboard, have produced results that might have been expected. They have animated the people with a spirit of resistance so general, so resolute, and so self-sacrificing, that *it requires rather to be regulated than stimulated!*"

In the conscription law, Congress demanded from the people the greatest of sacrifices; and it followed the act by resolutions, offered by Mr. Rawles, of Alabama, and *unanimously* adopted, announcing to the world that "it is the unalterable determination of the people of the Confederate States to suffer all the calamities of the most protracted war, but that they will never, on any terms, politically affiliate with a people who are guilty of an invasion of their soil and the butchery of their citizens." Would it be believed that after such testimonies, this Congress would, a few weeks later, give, in the person of its own members, an exhibition of the most arrant cowardice and the meanest selfishness—an exhibition almost incredible, and unparalleled, perhaps, in similar historical circumstances in modern times!

It was at the time when McClellan was approaching Richmond, and it was feared that the Confederate capital would fall into his possession. It was a memorable season of popular alarm; there were uneasy whispers in Richmond; a panic was threatened; and it was just that critical period when the authorities were required and called upon to do everything to nourish and sustain public confidence. The infamous response of Congress to the popular alarm was to exceed it, to adjourn precipitately, to break up in confusion, its members fleeing to the safety of their obscure homes, amid the execrations of the press, the hootings of the populace, and with even the contempt of the women thrown after them. The shame of the fugacious Congress was in the mouth of every one in Richmond. It was one of the most contemptible and ludicrous incidents of the war. The shop-windows were filled with caricatures of it—one of the most popular, and which might be considered to have originated the tradition of the *carpet-bag*, representing a fat and terrified Congressman, with his slight baggage in hand, pursued by a gun-boat, the apparition of a magnified insect mounted on spindle legs. The cowardice of the Congress in this flight from McClellan was so extravagant that the people of Richmond actually took heart from its contrast to their own reasonable fears, in which they had not yet lost their self-possession, and amused themselves in ridiculing and lampooning it. The Richmond "Whig" announced the hasty adjournment and its consequences in the following paragraph:

For fear of accidents on the railroad, the stampeded Congress left in a number of the strongest and newest canal-boats. These boats are drawn by mules of approved sweetness of temper. To protect the stampeders from the snakes and bull-frogs that abound

along the line of the canal, General Winder has detailed a regiment of ladies to march in advance of the mules, and clear the tow-path of the pirates. The ladies will accompany the stampeders to a secluded cave in the mountains of Hepsidan, and leave them there in charge of the children of the vicinage, until McClellan thinks proper to let them come forth. The ladies return to the defence of their country.

The Confederate Congress re-assembled at Richmond in August, 1862, to enter upon a prolonged term of existence, which, for some time, was scarcely more than a dreary servitude to Mr. Davis. Its existence was almost unnoticed, except for some occasional foolish and empirical measure, with which it startled the public. It transacted all important business in secret session. It was a violent affectation of the concealed habits of a despotism, and its insolent withdrawal from public notice presenting to the world the first example of a public body which claimed to represent the people of a country, and to be acting by their authority and in their behalf, sitting with closed doors, and withholding all its important transactions from their knowledge. Such an exhibition illustrates that curious mixture in the Southern Confederacy, which made it such a strange and anomalous government, holding out to the world republican forms and yet practising in many things the recluseness and isolation and arrogance of the worst despotisms.

Occasionally there would issue from these veiled mysteries of legislation the most unexpected and astounding measures, some of them expressing the most puerile conceits, and disarming criticism by the very excess of their absurdity. Such was the empiricism which repudiated one-third of the public debt, destroying the public credit, with but little immediate advantage to the government; for it would certainly have been much better if the currency was to be forcibly reduced, that it should have been brought down at once, as Mr. Boyce of South Carolina proposed, to the specie value of five cents on the dollar. Nor was this secret legislation always without corrupt advantage to members. The law just referred to excepted from the partial repudiation all notes of five dollars and less; and it is notorious that before the promulgation of the law, a distinguished Senator bought up the small currency in every broker's shop in Richmond, and made his millions by the operation. But such corruption was only a day's gossip. The Confederate Congress had long ceased to maintain anything of public respect. Its secret sessions were regarded only with slighting or suspicious interest; and when it did indulge in public some slight discussion, those who happened to attend the exhibition confessed themselves stricken with shame, and repeated the common bit of sarcasm in Richmond of "the college debating society on Capitol Hill."

The appearance of the Congress was singularly plain and unimposing. It was mostly composed of men who were as ordinary in appearance as they were dull in mind. Its surroundings were excessively democratic, dingy, and dirty, and the poverty of the Confederacy scarcely afforded those conveniences and accessories, if not luxuries, which one is accustomed to see in the halls of our legislation. The Congress sat in the "State House," and such was the want of convenient room, that the Senate was forced to occupy a room in the third story, separated by a simple railing from the audience; the only apparent distinction between it and the rough crowd (for there was no accommodation for ladies) being that the Senators sat, while the listeners and loafers, having not even benches, were satisfied to find standing-room on the same floor, with the slight separation we have described. The House had a better chamber; but the bare

walls, where there were no paintings, the uncushioned chairs, the dingy desks slashed with pocket-knives, and the attitudes of members, with their heels in air, or their bodies sprawled over two or three chairs, gave one but little idea of legislative dignity or decorum.

There were not more than half a dozen men in both Houses who were before known to the country, or had enjoyed a reputation a hundred miles from home. There were Congressmen from districts overrun by the enemy, who had been elected by a few dozens of soldiers' votes cast in camp. It was absurd to find Senators and Representatives from Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, etc., holding their seats by virtue of a handful of votes cast by soldiers from these respective States in the camps of the Army of Northern Virginia. Among these unworthy members of Congress were some ridiculous figures, and not a few rustic curiosities who suggested the backwoods and the sedge-fields. The men who relieved something of the rude and ludicrous aspect of the body had generally served before in the old Congress at Washington; but it was often remarked that even they appeared to have lost their former force and dignity, and to have been belittled by the company in which they were misplaced. There were of remarkable members in the House, Mr. Foote, who spoke classical English, and dealt historical illustrations to the unappreciating homespun members, a voluble debater, but afflicted with extravagance and a colicky delivery; William Porcher Miles, of South Carolina, smooth, gentlemanly, scrupulously dressed, a master of deportment, deprecating anything like violence in speech or manner; Barksdale, of Mississippi, the especial friend and champion of Mr. Davis, the leader of the Administration party in the House, a small, dark-featured man, who spoke so vehemently as sometimes to overrun the rules of grammar, but really forcible, dealing rude blows with facts and solid arguments. In the Senate were Yancey, of Alabama, the silver-tongued orator of the South, speaking a subdued but luxuriant language, quite unlike that of the American hustings; Wigfall, of Texas, fierce, impatient, incandescent, illustrating another school of eloquence; Orr, of South Carolina, an excellent man in the committee-room, but as heavy and blundering as a school-boy in his speeches; and Hill, of Georgia, the very picture of a smooth and plausible mediocrity, having much of address and of gentlemanly equivocations, inclining to the administration of the President, but at an angle nice and variable in the degrees.

In a body chiefly composed of uncultivated men—to which have been mentioned as exceptions the names above—there might naturally be expected some breaches of decorum and some scenes of personal violence. Indeed, several most extraordinary scenes of this sort occurred in the Confederate Congress, which were either suppressed in the newspapers, or were but meagrely and tenderly mentioned in their columns. An occurrence at a certain time, by which the whole House of Representatives was thrown into a panic and into the most disgraceful disorder, was so carefully suppressed that but few people in Richmond ever obtained any knowledge of it, or ever suspected that a scene of bloodshed was about to be enacted behind the convenient curtains of a secret legislative session.

The immediate parties to the disgraceful occurrence (which happened in the summer of 1863) were Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, and Judge Dargan, of Alabama, the latter an old man whose eccentric dress and whose soliliquies on the street were well known in Richmond, and whose habit in Congress of scratching his arms and saying "Mr. Cheer-man," had often brought him under the notice of

the galleries. Some words of defiance had passed between the two members. While Judge Dargan was speaking, Mr. Foote sat near him, and muttered that he was a "d—d rascal." The member from Alabama immediately drew a bowie-knife, brandished it in the gas-light (it was a night session), amid the shouts and cries of the House, and made for the member from Tennessee. For a moment all was consternation, and members rushed to the scene of encounter. Several of them literally threw themselves upon Judge Dargan, and wrested from his grasp the murderous weapon; when, just at this moment, Dargan having been pinned to the floor, the whole scene was converted into one irresistibly ludicrous, shouts of laughter succeeding those of passion, as Mr. Foote, striking an attitude and smiting his expanded breast, exclaimed with peculiar melodramatic air, "I defy the steel of the assassin!"

Another memorable scene of personal violence was in the Senate, and was more tragical in its results. In a secret session of that body there occurred a hand-to-hand fight between Mr. Yancey and Mr. Hill, in which the latter, being greatly superior in strength, threw his antagonist across a desk, and bent him over it, continuing to strike him in the face. The consequence was a wrenching and severe injury to Mr. Yancey's spine. It was rumored that it caused his death a few months later; but there is at least no doubt that it hastened the decline of a constitution already feeble by years and disease.

There were other scenes of indecorum in the Congress, of which we may spare details, in one of which a member was flogged with a cowhide in his seat for some indignity or aspersion in social life. Half an hour after this dramatic display took place, messages were flying to all the newspapers in Richmond asking that their reporters should make no mention of it, putting the request on the ground that the publication would degrade the character of the Confederacy, and might be construed as "*giving information to the enemy!*" There is no intention of satire or extravagance in stating this explanation of "contraband" matter; it was actually given by sapient Congressmen, and accepted by complaisant journalists. The newspapers were generally taught an obligation to put all Confederate affairs in the color of the rose, and to dress them up in the stiffest garments of dignity. To relate anything prejudicial to the Confederacy, to mention even a derogatory social incident, was to incur in the minds of certain vain and paltry, but numerous persons in the South, the charge of publishing "contraband" matter, or of at least lacking in proofs of Southern patriotism. It was thus, to an extent, that the reader of this day can scarcely believe that public opinion in the Southern Confederacy was disarmed, and a wretched Congress passed almost unchallenged and unnoticed through a history of vile excesses and flagitious scenes.

But there is yet something to be said of this Congress, of serious historical importance. In another part of this article we have referred to some exceptional animation in it toward the end of the war. It came from an opposition to President Davis, in which Congress was led by a few men of power, incited by the press, and aroused and alarmed by the evidently declining fortunes of the Confederacy. If it had had the intellectual capacity and the nerve, its disposition would have carried it to the extent of a *coup d'état* against Mr. Davis. It was astonishing how, in the last periods of the war, it threw off its servile habit to the President. It became as men often do who have long lived in mean and interested compliance and then break away from it, sudden and violent in its resentment. In this disposition it was spurred by the newspapers. The Rich-

mond "Examiner" wrote: "It will be for Congress to repair as it best can the mischief done the public service by a weak and impracticable Executive; to look at the reduction of our forces in the field; the decay of military discipline; the demoralization of our armies, and the jeopardy to which our cause has been put by a long course of trifling conduct, childish pride of opinion, unworthy obstinacy, official obtuseness, conceit, defiance of public opinion, imperiousness, and despotic affectation on the part of those intrusted with the execution of the war."

In less passionate phrase, but with not less determined purpose, the Charleston "Mercury" said: "Congress must assume its duties under the Constitution as an independent element of power. It must abandon the idea that it is only a secret power for resisting the will of the President. It must be the people standing forth in the light of day, clothed with the whole legislative power of the Government, and with their agent, the President, instrumental for their deliverance. . . . But if President Davis is to be treated as 'our Moses,' we really do not see the use of Congress. If the people, through their representatives in Congress, are to exercise no power but at the bidding of the Executive, Congress is a nonentity. It is worse, it is the tool of the Executive by which the Constitution is practically overthrown, and a military dictatorship established in its stead; characterized by a base assumption of power on the part of the Executive, and a baser betrayal of trust on the part of Congress."

But the opposition that thus sprang up in the later years of the war between the Confederate Congress and the President, although stimulated by public opinion, and carried to the point of personal exasperation, was singularly without results. Some of this opposition in Congress was merely petulant. Mr. Foote represented it in the Lower House with voluble speeches, but without weight of character to impress even his shallow audience. In the Senate, General Wigfall, who had returned from the army to the political arena, was more formidable. Perhaps the greatest orator of the South, he spoke with powerful effect, in language that could mount from the most even and classical flow of words to the most rugged and eccentric force, and sometimes penetrating his audience with the electrical passion that would blaze in his seamed and fierce face. The Richmond papers feared to report his bitter and vindictive speeches. Only the "Examiner" dared to tell of the fires in which he roasted that "amalgam of malice and mediocrity," as he described the august person of Mr. Davis. But after all, these were fruitless censures and declamations, and no positive measure ever grew out of them beyond a formal relinquishment of the control of military affairs to General Lee, which he practically never accepted.

The fact is—and it is a fact that has never had its just proportion of mention in the current histories of the war—there was in the last year of hostilities a serious and determined thought in the minds of the Southern people to get up a counter-revolution in the Confederacy, or, at least, to overthrow the military authority of Mr. Davis; and that the Congress, while weakly assuming to respond to this design, really belittled it, and reduced it to nothing more than a wordy and indecent controversy with the President. It never represented the depth of the public sentiment in the Confederacy on this subject. It fell utterly below the occasion, and degraded an opportunity that might have produced the most important historical results and possibly have saved the Confederacy, to a low competition in recriminating and fruitless words.

Meanwhile, it is curious to notice the shape which the intercourse between

President Davis and the Congress took toward the end of the war. It became a singularly devious intercourse, in which delegations composed of five or six Congressmen would visit the President in a private way, and make remonstrances and protests to him on special subjects. The public was generally kept in ignorance of these *back-door* communications; it was a private sort of interlocution and catechism dishonorable to both parties, and the incidents of which would scarcely bear publication.

On one occasion Mr. Foote, with two or three other Congressmen, visited the President to make some remonstrance about the military commands in the West, and abruptly retired from the room without finishing their mission, on the allegation of Mr. Foote that Mr. Davis had spies posted in or near the room, to catch and retail the conversation!

On another occasion a Congressional delegation called on Mr. Davis to entreat his restoration of General Beauregard to the command of the Army of Tennessee, representing that he had quitted it on a short sick furlough, not supposing that the advantage would be meanly taken of construing his furlough into a resignation, and forcing him into retirement. The President replied, in measured and memorable words: "If the whole world was to ask me to restore General Beauregard to the command which I have already given to General Bragg, I would refuse it."

Yet another instance of desperate remonstrance by Congress deserves to be related. Senator Orr, of South Carolina, backed by several Congressmen, attempted to procure the removal of Commissary Northrop, moved by the outcry from the army and the country against an officer especially hateful and ignorant, who was ridiculed for his grotesque incompetency, and had been lampooned as a vegetarian and "the pepper-doctor from North Carolina." "Gentlemen," replied Mr. Davis, "you do not know Mr. Northrop as I do. I assure you he is a great military genius, and if he had not preferred his present position, I would have given him the command of one of the armies in the field." And so Lee's army was left to starve on the theoretic genius of the pepper-doctor, and Congress, abashed and impotent, was left to eke out the barren remnant of its days.

It is remarkable that this Congress, which had lived so dishonorably, giving so much of imbecile and disgraceful record to the Southern story of the war, should have fitly expired in a weak and disreputable recrimination with President Davis. Its last official act was to raise a committee in the Senate to report upon a message in which Mr. Davis had reproved it for designing to abandon the affairs of the Confederacy, and to leave important interests unprovided for, as the enemy approached and pressed upon the capitol. He wrote: "The capitol of the Confederate States is now threatened, and it is in greater danger than it has heretofore been during the war." Congress replied that it had finished its legislation, that it proposed to adjourn, and that whatever culpability there might be for any improvidence of the Government, it did not lie at the doors of the legislative department. It adjourned on the 18th of March, 1865, unwilling to witness the end which it saw approaching, and repeating the cowardice of its flight in 1862, refused to take any official lot in the final catastrophe. Thus meanly expired a legislative body, remarkable in the annals of the world for its weakness and ignorance, whose record was a constant degradation of the Confederate name, and whose composition and nature will afford to the future historian an especial study among the contradictions and curiosities of the late war.

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

ONE TOO MANY.

AN important rite was to be performed by Mr. Angell one bright July morning. Infant Minnie was to be christened. Up to the gates of Zion she was brought, and they entered in with praise.

But small was the company, and less the pomp of that august occasion.

The church was still in the upper room, *i. e.*, in the loft of Duncan's mill, and the congregation consisted, in the main, of the families of Duncan and Benton. Farmington was a populous rural town, but the Quakers ruled there, and Episcopacy had scarcely found, as yet, where to lay its head. But it would be exalted in due time, the bishop prophesied. The organization had entered now, however, on the the third year of its existence, and the minister could count the membership on his fingers yet. Still, the bishop's confidence sufficed to keep Mr. Angell's hope alive, and young though he was, and ardent, when he went into the seminary, the chief need he was conscious of on entering the ministry, was a leader who should direct his course with decision. This his superior had done, and the young man was waiting now for that influx of city people which it had been foretold would ere long change the aspect of the Farmington gardens.

He had his first measure of—reward, shall I say? on the morning of this baptism. City people did come in, and the influx, though not vast, was important—important enough to be dwelt on here, as its various consequences were forevermore to be dwelt upon in Farmington.

These strangers were General Clift, his wife and his son. They were spending a few days with rich Quaker relatives, and had heard of the church in the mill; and the old gentleman, a patron of the church, had the curiosity to discover what could be done about it. It was against all his notions that Episcopacy should not be honored and cherished wherever it appeared, and that Quakers should seem to lord it over God's heritage.

They entered while the *Te Deum*, that sublime hymn, was being read. Going up the stairs, Mrs. Clift paused a moment. She had heard in the voice of the reader—which came through the open door strong, full, even majestical—a tone which would have led her down the stairs again instead of onward, had she felt at liberty to obey her momentary impulse. But her husband had gone on, and she must follow him into "that barn of a place." Unless her ear was more at fault than it usually was, that was Mr. Angell's voice which she had heard.

When she went in she saw that Mr. Angell's self was ministering in the holy place, and that he had instantly recognized her.

The loft, which might have held two hundred persons at a time when religious interest was sufficiently active and warm to make worshippers indifferent to a little crowding, contained now perhaps a dozen.

Seats for a much larger company than had ever assembled there were provided, but the General had no thought of taking an humble place by the door—

he advanced to the bench just behind that occupied by the baptismal party—and after a moment, joined with spirit in the service. Mr. Angell unconsciously omitted the reading of the creed.

The desk of the minister stood on a slightly elevated platform; he could thence command his audience. On this platform, near the desk, a little stand was placed for the day's use, which had been brought up from Mrs. Duncan's kitchen; a clean white cloth was spread thereon, and it was adorned with a china bowl, filled with water ready for the baptism.

The minister was, as I have said, a young man. He had a fine presence, which easily enabled him to maintain all the exterior dignity of his profession. His hair was dark, and he wore it long; his eyes had depth and lustre, softness, too; his chin was good, and his nose would have satisfied those who measure ability by that organ, and who see in it the surety, even the decree of success or defeat in life. It was altogether a promising and handsome exterior. The bishop must have had a great many promising young men at his disposal to have sent Mr. Angell to Farmington, or else he had extraordinary expectations of that point. He had the latter. The city must grow, he said. Farmington would find the river railroad passing through it before long; the church had an interest at stake there, and such a man as Theodore Angell could secure it. Besides, the retirement would be of incalculable service to the young man, whose fortunes and experience were well known to him.

Mrs. Clift, looking around on the nicely-whitewashed beams and rafters, and on the stray sunbeams which came in shyly through the waving branches of the locust trees which grew grove-like on one side of the old mill, took in the scene and the situation almost at a glance.

When the baptismal service was performed, she felt as she had never felt before in all her life, and as she had not suspected she could feel. She found it a very difficult thing to enter into the ceremonies with the spirit becoming a member of the congregation. In the chanting it seemed impossible for her to lift her voice. But beset as it were, behind and before, by the glance of her husband on one side, and that of Archibald on the other, she was constrained to do so; and to such effect she sang, that the miller, Duncan—who, after infinite management, had been induced to take on himself the duties of chorister—looked around at her and came to a dead stop.

Her voice had so long been accustomed to have its own way in such matters, that after she had fairly caught the sound of it, she found that it mastered her, and whether she would or no, sing she must.

Going toward the door of the loft after the services, General Clift said to his wife,

"What a remarkable preacher for such a place as this is! What can the man mean? A prodigious waste of talent. I shall speak to the bishop."

"Shall we first speak to Mr. Angell? He is an old acquaintance," said Mrs. Clift, who perceived, however willing she might have been not to perceive it, that nothing else was to be done since she and the minister had recognized each other.

"Certainly, certainly," and Mrs. Clift turned, while her husband was speaking, to take a step backward and say to the pastor, who was slowly approaching in the midst of his little flock,

"This is a very unexpected pleasure. And my husband wishes to make your acquaintance, Mr. Angell."

Then followed introductions. The world seemed to have the best of it in this meeting with the church. There was Mr. Angell's wife, looking in her unfashionable attire never so old and so faded; and there was her husband, the country pastor, man of whom any woman might be proud, but whom one woman had dared to confound; and there was Hannah Duncan with the baby in her arms, and what though never nurse like Hannah, so tender and so constant? And there, on the other hand, was Mrs. Clift, beloved of all the world, elegant in dress, and elegant in person, glittering with jewels, and royal in her youth, not a line of care or of vexation on her lovely face; and there the General, thirty years her senior, honored of mankind, notable in person, and as rich as Crœsus; and there his son, the youngest and the last surviving of the children of the first Mrs. Clift, a handsome boy who looked with worshipping admiration on his father's young wife. These all surveyed each other, and came to conclusions.

They stayed but a few moments conversing. Mr. Angell reported on the welfare of the church in Farmington, spoke of his labors and his hopes, and satisfied the General by his replies to all interrogatory, then, as if there were no more to communicate, made an almost imperceptible movement toward the door —it may have been merely the motive of paternal instinct, however, for just then the baby, member now of "Christ's church militant," began to flutter; whatever it was the General perceived, and turned again toward the door.

Going down the stairs, he still continued to feel that he was "master of the situation," for he went on talking for the minister's encouragement, "We shall be here all summer, sir," he said. "That is our present plan. The church will make us feel at home more than anything. That was all we felt the want of. My wife will have an opportunity to air her voice once a week. And Archie will thrive like a bee in this great garden of clover. Reckon us, if you please, among your parishioners, sir."

There was a promise of unlimited contributions in these words. Mr. Angell bowed his satisfaction, and his wife forthwith thought of a neat Gothic church with a square tower, and an illuminated window representing Christ blessing little children. In due time a Sunday school-room should be attached, and Sunday services performed, decently and in order, in that holy place.

A part of Duncan's mill was fitted up as a dwelling place, and of the rooms thus appropriated to domestic use, two were occupied by the minister's family.

It was in Duncan's house that Mr. Angell first found rest and a home in Farmington, and when he brought his wife thither, a year ago, it was easy for him to persuade Mrs. Duncan to receive her also. It would have been difficult indeed for the miller's wife to have refused this, or any other conceivable favor, to the minister who had brought salvation to her house.

When he had escorted the Clifts to the door of the mill, it cost him more than he liked to perceive, to return to his room, and his wife and child. If he could have taken the wings of the wind and flown away—or, if he could have found excuse for going on foot to Castleton, and officiating there, where he knew he was not needed on this particular Sunday, how gladly he would have gone! But, as if he perceived that his safety lay in doing precisely the thing that he would have preferred not to do, he went around the house and ascended by the outside stairs to the room whence he could look out on the mill race and the willows. There was Lydia.

I wish you could have looked with him into that room, his home. True, there are thousands like it — thousands of rough walls covered with clean paper of a neat pattern, revealing the roughness it is intended to conceal, nevertheless—thousands of floors spread with ingrain green and brown, in diamonds —thousands of round tables covered with green flannel, and millions of curled maple chairs with cane seats, and chintz-covered lounges without end; but there was here, besides, order and cleanliness in the superlative degree, and, Lydia! I wish you could have seen the room with your own eyes—or, that I could make you see it, and the woman in it, not for the "rarity" of such things "under the sun," but because these were all pertaining to the Reverend Theodore Angell, and because he was returning to them with reluctance.

"Is that Marian Harkness that was?" asked his wife, as he closed the door behind him, and advanced toward the book-shelves which contained a few of the books of his scant library.

"That is Marian Harkness that was," he answered.

"Then, Theodore, I must think that something will come of this more than we can see."

"Mrs. Hopeful, I quite agree with you. You knew Marian?"

"No; but I remember the stir she made at St. Luke's. Everybody running to hear her voice, the old General craziest of all about it. What a voice it is, to be sure! She looks perfectly satisfied with her bargain. I heard she said it would never do for her to marry a poor man!"

Mr. Angell left his book hunt, and sat down near his wife; he seemed to have taken a new and deliberate survey of her homely, but excellent face, when he said,

"Her beauty is perfect of its kind."

"Yes—of its kind, as you say. Thorough-going Epicurean! Do you suppose she really understands the effects she produces by her voice?"

"Why, yes," he answered. "She has been accustomed to play on hearts for years as she would on an instrument. She is scientific."

"That is rather severe, Theodore."

"I think so myself. Were you satisfied, Lydia, with Minnie's behavior this morning?"

"Perfectly. I have let Hannah walk in the yard with her so you could take a nap. You have preached well, and done your duty; so, dear, go to sleep."

Mrs. Angell watched over her husband from day to day as if she had his life in charge, and intended to secure him to the church for at least a hundred years. It was sometimes difficult for him to see that he needed sleep or food at the moment when she prescribed the one or the other, but on the whole, he was tractable, for he knew that man was seldom served by woman as he by Lydia. In the present instance, he yielded without a word, stretched himself upon the lounge, and in less than five minutes was, apparently, asleep.

And so, without doubt, was General Clift in Friend Grayton's parlor.

Archie Clift was writing down in his note-book the points of Mr. Angell's sermon, and from time to time talking about them.

"I have been thinking, mother," he said, with sudden animation, "whether Mr. Angell's voice has as much music in it when he preaches as yours has when you sing."

"What is your conclusion, my son?"

"I like both."

"That is safe. Only be critical enough to demand the best that can be had of poor mortals, and wise enough to know when you have found it. You may look over the medallions this afternoon and see if any of them were injured. I am not quite easy about them."

She turned from the boy, and seemed to be at once absorbed in the book she had opened, and he went noiselessly out of the room. But while in his own chamber he looked over the medallions in their cases, he was deciding what there was in his mother's voice that differed so entirely from all he heard in the voice of the minister. He might be a poor critic, but one thing was certain, the lad was an excellent lover. The lady whom his father married three years ago had completely won his heart.

Mrs. Clift, left to herself, reflected.

"Yes—I might have been Mrs. Theodore Angell, living in a mill!" Then she twirled her wedding-ring on her finger and looked at its diamond guard in one light and another. "He never would have taken me to such a place. Poor Theodore, he was too proud of me." At that she smiled. "No, if I had married Theodore, he would have done as he proposed to do—he would have accepted Mr. Davarge's offer, and after he had served awhile as tutor, and got on a little, he would have had that Hebrew professorship. I should have kept on teaching music and singing at St. Luke's, until there was no longer need of it. The General spoilt all that. And how perfectly silly Theodore was to take it as he did! and just ruin his prospects for life! and marry Lydia Thompson, old enough to be his mother! because everybody called her a bishopess, I suppose. And he, with his love of everything beautiful! I can't understand it. He told me my voice decided him about his profession. That he knew he was called to the ministry when he heard me sing the chants. They say two watches lying on the same table will keep the same time after awhile, and tick together, though at first they did not, If I *could* have kept the same time with him all through life, perhaps my chances would have been better. But I should have had to give up everything. But he did love me. It was a hard thing to say that I did not love him well enough to marry him—and he seemed incapable of believing it."

Mrs. Clift did not fall asleep over these thoughts—she walked out among the old-fashioned flower-beds of Friend Grayton's garden, and might have sighed, as she had been sighing lately that the General had taken such a dislike to all the fashionable watering-places, even Saratoga, had it not been for these new thoughts which now occupied her.

Suddenly she stopped, and said aloud,

"Archie must have a tutor. He ought to have one at once. I must speak to his father directly."

Hannah Duncan walked about with the baby Angell, until the child fell asleep. Then she sat down on the grass under the willows, and would not break the silence by voice of song or prayer, though songful and prayerful she looked. The busy birds sang among the bushes which grew along the borders of the mill race, but they had no voice for her—the waters ran cheerily on to join the noisy conclave always assembled about the dam, but nothing they said to her. She could not be lonely though, with Minnie in her lap, and the thoughts which grew out of her knowledge that now she and the little one were sisters,

sacredly united. For last year Hannah had herself received "the sign of the cross."

The presence of the strangers in the congregation that morning was an event, and she considered it in such ways as it was possible for her to consider it. The lady was not a stranger to Mr. Angell, but his friend, and nearer like him than any person Hannah had ever seen. It was evident that they had come from the same place, and by place Hannah did not mean locality, but sphere. The richness of her attire made Hannah feel as she had always felt—that he was not in the right field; he ought not to be spending his days among them, consenting to share their poverty. But he did it, she knew, for the church. He had given himself to the church, and kept nothing back. How holy, how grand he seemed to her! Like no one else on earth.

In the quiet which for her was never broken, she sat recalling the hour of his advent—the twilight hour of that dreadful day on which she had discovered that she was One too Many in this world. It was after her father had come home from his long tavern drinking, after that first blow he had ever given her, which he had given because she was afraid of him and tried to keep out of the way. But she did not permit herself to dwell now on that scene. She escaped from it to recall the moment when Mr. Angell appeared And how he had understood her grief, and soothed it. It had seemed to her then as if he must have come down from heaven to bless her and her poor mother. And then it was he who taught her a language by which she could talk with others, for Hannah was deaf and dumb—giving back the home feeling she had so utterly lost in that hour of her anguish and fear.

She recalled, too, the happiness it gave them all when, on a Sunday not far back in time, her father let her take his hand and followed where she led, even up to the loft for worship; and then how the bishop came and blessed them all, laying his hands on them, making them feel one with Mr. Angell, and ready to do all things for the church he loved. And then, oh! was that not best of all? how he had brought the dear woman who made everybody love her! And now here was this child who filled Farmington so full of joy!

But there were facts which Hannah could not recall. How the bishop had said to Mr. Angell, "The next time I come, introduce me to your wife;" and how the minister had ceased to say to himself "not so," with the feeling that he could not endure to know that he occupied toward any woman the position of a lover, and that he could never again use the speech with which a woman must be wooed who would be won. How—conscious at last that if the obligations of a married man were once upon him, he must cease from his ceaseless and childish repining—he had looked about him for one who should walk with him through the wilderness outside of his paradise lost, and had seen only this young mute! Or, how, from dwelling on this thought of her, it came to have a "sweetly-solemn" charm, until the question of "influence" arose, and that then his spirit had wandered away in quest until it came to his native city, and to the house of his mother's friend, the woman who had spoken so many words of Christian cheer to him from boyhood up. "She is discreet, kind, devout, and has served my Master longer than I. There are things she can teach me," he had said, and having seen love die, he gave the best he had to the woman who had for years seen in herself only a missionary to serve the church she loved. These things Hannah could not see. There was but one cloud in her sky, and to that cloud Mr. Angell had given, as a god, "a silver lining."

On that first Sunday in Farmington Mrs. Clift had said that Archie must have a tutor, with so evident a sense of the necessity of the case, that it seemed probable the lad would have a tutor at once. But it was a long time before she spoke of it to her husband. They had buzzed in and out of Farmington several seasons before Friend Hyde sold that ten-acre lot to the General at such a bargain; by that time the old gentleman had decided to build there. Die he must some time within the coming score of years, and he concluded that it would be as pleasant to do so under the eyes of Mr. Angell, in the midst of those green fields, as elsewhere; and so he proceeded to build the first of those handsome residences which make the renown of Farmington as a plain of palaces.

The house was finished, and the springs discovered, and the cure built, when the services of Mr. Angell as the tutor of Archibald Clift were secured by that young gentleman's father. Archie's education had thus far been conducted in a hap-hazard style, for his health was delicate, and the General in his old age exhibited more affection than ambition for his son. It had been decided years ago that he should not be trained for either of the "learned professions," but he had been allowed to almost ruin his eyesight in the study of architecture, because he had a passion for it, and Mr. Gay had said that he had never seen so enthusiastic a student.

"I am persuaded that I shall receive greater benefit that I confer," Mr. Angell said to Mrs. Clift when she thanked him so cordially, with such an excess of feeling even, for consenting to direct the lad's reading. "I have been talking with Archibald, and find him advanced far beyond what I inferred. He might be prepared for college in less than six months."

"But his father will not listen to a word about college," said Mrs. Clift. "I am so happy, though, that you will let Archie come to you. I—you must excuse me for expressing my gratitude."

Mrs. Clift was seated in her carriage, and alone. Mr. Angell was on the road on foot, with Hannah and little Minnie. He bowed at the mention of gratitude, and reflecting that he had contracted to read with young Clift for a specified sum of money, said gravely that there was really a danger that his service would be over-estimated, and proceeded to let her know exactly the salary he was to receive. He considered that was very liberal payment, he said.

It was imposible that Mrs. Clift should doubt for more than a moment what this explanation could mean. It was offensively explicit—and intended to be so. It implied that she, who so well understood the value of money, would perceive that he had made a good bargain with her husband, and therefore her gratitude was quite superfluous.

For a moment after Mr. Angell had made this statement, she said nothing, then she drew a tighter rein, and told him that she was merely driving about for pleasure, and asked him to let her drive him in the direction he was going.

The very answer he had made her, though it was displeasing, made him seem to her approachable, as he had not seemed to be before since she first found him in this place of exile.

He felt that she had wronged him—the wound was not healed yet. She knew that she had wronged herself—but how could she atone?

"Thank you," he answered, smiling; "I am only strolling a few steps with the children. We shall go back in a few moments."

That was all.

"He is so well satisfied with the bread and milk he has, it is well that I

troubled myself no more about all that business," she said lightly to herself as she passed between the hedges beyond the limits of the town, into the wide country. Did she really believe it?

On his way back to the mill, the minister paused once or twice. Once he said to Hannah, "Stand still, and let me look into my little daughter's eyes." But whether it was the deep tranquillity of Hannah's face which was reflected on his countenance as he moved on again, is a question. Stooping down, he kissed the child, and then lifted her from the path, and so bearing her in his arms as a sign, he returned to the mill.

It had come, the hour and the speech which he had guarded against and prayed against. The woman had broken down his defences, and stood before him face to face. There was no disguising the fact, he thought, that each had seen too much. Was it but yesterday that they had walked along the heavenly heights together, above this troublesome world? How hideous the night that had passed! And now what had this new day for him, and for her?

He perceived on his return that Hannah had gathered wild roses and daisies on their way, and that his wife was filling a vase with them. Lydia was so fond of flowers, Hannah was always mindful of that when she walked abroad.

"Thank God I am satisfied with my portion!" he reflected; but, we may ask, Does it occur to those of whom this blessedness of satisfaction is true, to express the fact? Mr. Angell knew when he said it, that his content arose from this, that he had put far from him every expectation of joy.

The Gays were at the springs, and Mr. Gay prospering bodily in so remarkable a manner that his case was worth a fortune to the proprietors of the cure. He had come there crippled with gout, on General Clift's recommendation, and in a month was able to throw away his crutches and go where he pleased. It pleased him to go often to Clifton Lodge, for he was a member of the quartette club, composed, besides himself, of his wife, Mrs. Clift, and Archie; and in town, the General's house was the pleasantest he visited.

But at Clifton Lodge he missed what he had never missed in the town house; it would have perplexed him to specify the attraction that was not there, but we know—it was Mrs. Clift herself. She was never at home. Bodily, yes—otherwise, no. Fair and fine as ever, and as full of talk and song, recognizing by every possible observance the claims of husband, son, and guest, when all the time in spirit was she? Looking after her soul? That might be—for one could hardly take up a book in the house now, that wasn't a book of devotions.

Mrs. Gay would have found no difficulty in answering her husband's questions—to her own satisfaction, at least. She would have said that she was not content after all with that for which she had given up her first love. That she was repenting in ways many, and that the confessions of the prayer book did not give her heart's ease.

One morning Mrs. Gay came back from a drive with Mrs. Clift, and tossed a roll of music for which a great search had been made the night before, into the corner, and said,

"You need not bother yourself about practising your part. This Mr. Angell is a natural curiosity."

Mr. Gay opened his eyes, and looked interested. "Anything is a godsend at a water cure," he thought, "even a musical quarrel."

"Here we have practised the Thanksgiving music till I learned every note by heart, and he will have none of it."

"Who will have none of it—the reverend Angell?"

"Yes! actually declines the anthem, and invites us not to sing it. He had the grace to praise the composition, but says the congregation don't understand that kind of music! The miller would never recover his balance, I suppose, if he once heard this."

"What did Mrs. Clift say?" asked Mr. Gay, laughing.

"You should have seen! She said nothing—but of course she felt as if she had been knocked down."

"The savage!"

"Better not say that aloud, though. Of course she recovered herself in a minute. A woman like Marian Clift can perform a miracle in the twinkling of an eye."

Thereupon Mr. Walter Gay broke into a still more hearty laugh, and said nothing. His wife went on,

"I told him, for he doesn't know any more what is going on in the world than a hermit, that the anthem was sung everywhere, but he said he had noticed that where the choir sang what is called artistic music, the people soon forgot to praise at all, and praise, he said, was what congregations needed to practise themselves in. So he thanked us, and might just as well have requested us to disperse, as he would a mob!"

Mr. Gay, who did not like his part in the quartette, and moreover sorely felt the need of an instrument to support his voice, agreed with the minister about singing such music—for such an audience! but hoped that Mrs. Clift would feel sufficiently incensed to drive down to the cure in the afternoon—he would then give her the designs for a country church and rectory, which she had requested of him, professionally, for he was an architect of distinguished reputation.

Mrs. Clift did not drive down, however—her chagrin and displeasure at this discharge from Thanksgiving service being too great, or too little, to seek such relief. Toward night, Archie dropped in for a moment to show a drawing he had made, to Mr. Gay, and the architect took that opportunity to send the designs to Clifton Lodge.

The next day General Clift, in his drive, invited Mr. Angell to accompany him, and used the opportunity to express his hearty approval of the course the minister had taken in the matter of church music. "The Gays are good people," he said, "but they would be perfectly willing to turn any church into an opera house for the display of their voices. Now, with my wife it is very different."

So Marian had told her husband what had passed in the loft of the old mill! but who among them would perceive that the minister had fought that day, when he decided against the anthem, a battle for the Lord! that he would very gladly have seen that his interference about the singing had been met by less submission, more displeasure! None but the All-seeing Eye could know how that voice which, as he once told Marian, had brought him into the ministry, was tempting him to leave it.

For an hour the General drove and talked, and then by the new road approached Clifton Lodge, and Mr. Angell, whether he would or no, must go in and look at the flowers, and take a glass of wine—at least taste a melon.

Mrs. Clift came upon the piazza to shake hands with Mr. Angell, and a handsome picture she made, half-hidden by the vines. There was Hannah, too, whom she had brought home with her in the morning, after leaving Archibald at the mill.

"Now, sir," said the old gentleman, with the air of one who has a pleasant surprise in store for a friend; "we want to talk about the church! I have trapped you, eh! Only for your good. And here's Hannah, too"—he had learned enough of the sign language, for Mrs. Clift had taken a great fancy to the mute, and had her half the time at the lodge, learning the art of silence of her, as she said, to communicate a few kindly words to her, and when he had spoken these, he turned to Mr. Angell with, "What a lovely girl she is! Like the picture of a saint. My wife is charmed with her. Marian, have you those drawings near?"

If the General was demonstrative, there was no mistaking the kindness of his intentions. Mr. Angell sat abruptly down to escape further exhibitions of the sincerity with which he was welcomed at Clifton Lodge; and Mrs. Clift found the drawings asked for so near at hand, that it seemed as if the visit of the minister had been anticipated, or else that her study of them had been interrupted by the arrival of her husband. The drawings were Mr. Gay's designs, and lettered respectively,

"St. Paul's Church, Farmington," and "The Rectory."

When Hannah saw that Mr. Angell was to be shown these, her face became radiant. She left her seat to stand beside him while he inspected them, and he looked up at her when he had glanced at the lettering, showing a face that answered so nearly to the demand of her mood that she was quite satisfied. It was good for him at that moment to feel Hannah so near.

"You have at least ten millions of dollars represented in your congregation this summer, sir," said General Clift; "and you must be aware, of course, that a large majority of those who can pay anything appreciate only those things for which they must pay roundly. What I propose is this: To-morrow call a meeting of the congregation for Monday evening, and we will then ascertain what can be done by subscription."'

Mr. Angell reflected. He had just two thoughts. Of all persons to whom he personally could be indebted, it would hurt his pride and his sense of honor most to be indebted to the husband of Marian, from whom he had received his mortal hurt. But—even should the building of the church be the work of this man entirely, if he had no co-operation, and found himself engaged in an enterprise almost entirely individual—it was for the service of man, and for the glory of God! It was of course impossible that the first thought should outweigh in consequence the second. But he understood why it was that when he began to consider them Marian beckoned Hannah down into the garden; ostensibly to gather flowers which she might carry home with her at the close of this happy day; it was really because she understood so well what must be passing through Mr. Angell's mind.

But when she came back she asked him how he liked the designs, and especially wished to know what he thought about the plan for the rectory. She and Archie agreed that it might be much improved.

"One thing at a time is the rule for Farmington," he answered, "and so we have no choice but to confine our thoughts to the church. But, so far as a rec-

tory is concerned, if it could be ready for us next week, I doubt if we could find it in us to leave the old mill. We have taken too deep root there, all of us."

The General smiled; his politeness forbade his expressing a doubt of that. As for the rectory, it was foreordained.

"A few thousand dollars, more or less, will not be felt," he said. "We may as well make a complete thing of it when we set about the church. I shall go strong for the rectory, sir," and Marian nodded, as if that point were settled.

If all this were of her suggestion, thought Mr. Angell as he walked homeward, hand in hand with Hannah—the house in which he should conduct worship, the house in which he should dwell—would the integrity of sacred services or the sanctities of home be impaired or violated by the knowledge? He turned from these thoughts to hear Hannah sign her gladness over the joyful day she had spent with Mrs. Clift. But, again and again, they confronted him, until, in desperation, he inquired of the Lord, "Must I quit this field?" and the answer he received was, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

He told his wife that evening that Mrs. Clift had been proposing to him a school in Belgium for Hannah. That deaf mutes could be taught to speak there, and that she was confident a girl so apt and intelligent would, in a comparatively short space of time, be able to acquire language and use it for conversation, though she should never know the sound of a human voice.

"What for?" asked Lydia, with an abruptness that expressed sufficiently well her failure to understand Mrs. Clift's proposal in a single one of its bearings.

"Perhaps because she is so fond of music herself, and is certain that Hannah's voice would be music."

Mrs. Angell looked at her husband. After a moment's reflection, she said, "I dare say it is; but Hannah is all music, and—you know, Theodore, it is absurd to talk of such a thing! By the time she had learned to say father and mother, Duncan and his wife would have died of grief waiting for her to come back and say it. And another thing; whom is she to go with? Mrs. Clift? I don't think I am selfish about it—Hannah is not going."

"Very true," said Mr. Angell, looking well pleased to hear his wife come out in this strong fashion. "I *am* selfish, though, and I don't see how any one of us could get along without Hannah. Dear silent Hannah, she talks enough for us."

"Yes," said Lydia; "when we have anything to say worth saying, she can join in the conversation and keep up her part very well. She has always thought herself One too Many, or did until you came here. I am sure we should all think there was one too few without her. But—we need not disturb ourselves. Mrs. Clift has merely entertained herself with the notion, I dare say."

"I must show you another of her entertainments, though—one that's likely to give solid evidence of her sincerity," said Mr. Angell, and he produced the designs of the church and rectory which he had brought to show his wife.

"What did I tell you when they first came here!" exclaimed Lydia, with delight. "This is something to the purpose. I knew it would be through them." The rectory, she agreed with her husband, was a matter of small consequence; but the church of the Lord among those Quaker meeting-houses! that was something she had prayed for, and in the prospect she rejoiced.

There were, of course, no more show pieces performed by the quartette choir,

and the Gays, finding it dull at the cure when there was no longer need for staying there, went away after Thanksgiving.

Farmington was growing so prosperous that it hardly took note of the coming or the going.

But even prosperous Farmington had its dark days and its losses. Heaviest of all that could befall it, except in the death of its rector, it experienced in the death of his wife. Mrs. Angell departed this life as one sets out on an unexpected journey. The death was sudden enough to startle the community and call forth from the members of the congregation all the feeling of which they were individually capable.

Heart-broken mourners followed her to the grave. The sincere and generous spirit in which was no guile, had won sincere and generous lovers, and certain it was that she would never be forgotten by those who understood the true meaning of her life. Now and then we are astonished by hearing the alive praise, with warmth and tears, the dead over whom "the long green grass is waving." Among those who would command such precious tribute, was Mrs. Lydia Angell.

Neither would it ever be forgotten how, when the funeral procession was about to be formed, Mr. Angell walked out of the house with Hannah, they two leading Minnie between them, and followed by Duncan and his wife, and how these took their places in the road behind the hearse. General Clift's carriage, as everybody knew, was waiting to convey the mourners; but Mr. Angell said, "We will walk to her burial." So the carriage was driven off, and other riders dismissed their vehicles, and the train made its slow way on foot to the grave.

"She was so incapable of ostentation that I could not mourn for her with anything like display," said the minister to Mrs. Clift afterward. "The unspeakable comfort, the encouragement, the help she has been to me, I must not attempt to express."

He might have said all that as a hypocrite—it is so easy to praise the dead—but as Marian listened to the sober words, and met the look which accompanied them, she knew that he had spoken with neither hypocrisy nor remorse.

Why did he say this? Because he so vividly recalled what had happened only a few days before his wife's death? Yes—so much was evident.

Mrs. Clift had called for Archibald, and while he was busy over the exercise which he begged he might complete, Mr. Angell went out to tell his mother—and as she waited, he stood and talked with her. Beside her on the carriage-seat was a basket of flowers, mosses, and vines. The splendid bloom attracted his attention, and suggested a theme for talk. How she improved it! saying such simple words as these, but with the recollection of the past, of all of it, in them,

"I gathered them for your wife, Theodore, will you take them to her for me?"

"My grace is sufficient!" For a moment the minister felt that the doors of his heart had been thrown wide open, and a sepulchre revealed. In that instant, too, it seemed as if the blessedness of his Farmington experience had been wholly swept away. He stood as one who felt his helplessness. It was on his lips to say, "Why did you come here to torment my life! To make me carry on this everlasting war with myself which humbles me in the dust! which keeps me forever on guard as though I were keeper of a devil! If you have

any pity, go!" but instead of speaking, he bowed low, took the basket, and walked toward the house.

At the gate he met Hannah. "My God!" he exclaimed, and he stood looking at her. Was she brought there at that moment that he might stumble against her, and so save himself from a fall? She, looking at him, wondered what the strange disturbance which she perceived could mean, until her eyes, wandering about anxiously, saw the carriage under the trees, Mrs. Clift therein. Then, it seemed to him, a shiver passed over her, and the faintest possible flush appeared upon her face. What had she understood? That he was in some trouble, some distress, at least. Her look of sympathy recalled him to himself, and steadied him. Intimating his wish, he gave her the basket, and returned to the carriage.

"Marian," he said, "I have sent your present in by the best medium I know of. An honorable messenger by whom to send so beautiful a gift. I wish to ask you, Do you suppose that the people in the ark had any longings for what perished in the flood?"

"I suppose that they who were considered fit to be the occupants of the new world may have seen in the eyes of some who perished what they could never forget," she answered.

"But at least they made no effort to regain what was so absolutely lost. They must, though they sorrowed, have seen how vain and foolish, how wicked, even, the endeavor would prove."

"But, Theodore, have you forgiven me?" she asked, so suddenly that it seemed as if the question must have surprised herself as well as him.

Mr. Angell hesitated a moment, and in after days it always seemed to him that another had then taken his voice, and spoken through him while he stood aside, helpless.

"No," he said, "why should I? You compelled me to believe that possible which I had believed impossible. It is not easy to forgive those who do that to us. The destruction of an ideal I hold to be a crime equal to murder. Let us not talk of forgiveness, or of the past at all."

"Theodore, I have repented! I have repented!"

"Could you, then, have endured to—" he broke off suddenly from that speech, and said in a stern voice, that sounded even harsh, "If you had repented you would never have condescended to remain in this place and—"

"Mr. Angell, I have mastered that problem," broke in the gay voice of Archibald Clift. "Thank you for waiting, mother!"

He sprang into his place, perceiving only that he had been waited for, and took the reins.

"Drive fast, we are late," said Marian, and Mr. Angell was left with that unfinished sentence on his lips. He doomed it to remain unfinished forever.

When he saw Hannah again it seemed to him that she was anxious to avoid his glance, and to avoid himself. Mr. Angell liked not to think why this could be so. Since the day of his arrival in Farmington all the springs of her life had seemed to be in him. Every power and every beauty she had seen perfected in him. He had knowledge and wisdom—he had love and patience—he had faith and hope. He walked in glory, and all that belonged to him was sacred in her sight. Something of all this that was so true to her, he perceived. More cruel than the blow he had himself sustained would be that which should discover to her the life which was hidden in him.

Mr. Angell, widowed, sat down in his silent chamber, and thought of all these things until he could say to himself,

"I have loved this woman with all my heart and conscience, and to this hour she moves me as no other human being ever has. She understands her power, but not its extent or its limit. She is kind to the poor and zealous for the church, because the poor are mine and the church my portion. That fact I cannot hide from myself. She meets me whichever way I turn. She has ceased to be curious as to the state of my heart. She knows that the past will not die. She endeavors to make me see what I cannot shut my eyes to—that her husband is dying. Yet how faithful she is to him! That is precisely what she understands by faithfulness. And I do not hate this Pharisee! It was under the urgency of no sudden irresistible temptation that she proved false to me. She deliberately chose money, ease, the satisfaction of her senses. It was an outrage, though she cannot see it, to speak as she did of forgiveness. What has she repented? She would do the same thing again. Well, then, what am I? Shall *I* accept ease, the satisfaction of the senses, life in her beautiful presence —within the enchantment of her voice? Am I to be tempted by the thought of the much good her money might be made to serve, if rightly directed? Angel of heaven, let me not so insult your sacred memory! Keep close to me, little Hannah. With a weapon less than thou art, the Lord ere now has helped his servants on to victory."

Thenceforth Mr. Angell thought of Hannah not as of one whom he had come to Farmington to bless, but as of one to whom his gracious Master had directed his steps that he might, in a greater trial than he had passed through in losing Marian, find in her a strong tower and wall of defence.

After the little interruption occasioned by Mrs. Angell's sickness and death, Archibald resumed his studies under the minister's supervision. Mrs. Clift had not interpreted his memorable words as a sentence of banishment, and the pain of them was completely removed by the death of the minister's wife. She began to talk about Belgium again, and her interest in the church-building committee never allowed their interest in the work they had undertaken, to flag. It began to be very evident that if St. Paul's should ever become a fact in Farmington, the honor and the glory of it would be due to the Clifts.

And then, moreover, the woman to whose social honors, pleasures, privileges, there was actually no limit, except such as is found in society itself, became socially concerned in the great business of winning the confidence and love of the miller's daughter, and that of the rector's child!

Clifton Lodge became, to all intents, a museum, a school-house for the one and a play-house for the other, as time passed on. And if only the place would become dear to either of them as her own home, freely the work of breaking, burning and destroying might go on—these girls were welcome to all.

At last she seemed to have her reward, for the child Minnie came very near to her, and silent Hannah learned of her many a new tongue.

Archibald said one day to his mother, "I never would have believed that your voice could gain as it has gained since we came to Farmington. It seems as if you were singing for Hannah, and for all the voiceless ones whose lives are beautiful."

But she answered, "There is no one living that speaks with a voice as sweet

as Hannah's. There are no discords possible to it." Was that the speech of a "Pharisee?"

What was Mrs. Clift hoping through all this? She believed, in her way, that love was indestructible, and that Mr. Angell had only cheated himself when he talked about the flood—and that Lydia's death must have proved all this to him. And for the present she was content—she had duties to perform.

General Clift died before St. Paul's was completed, but he lived to see the top stone laid on the square tower, and the roof thoroughly tiled with the tiles imported for that purpose; and the last time he drove out with his wife they walked about and within the church, and she learned every wish of his concerning the structure, for in the passage of time the building had come to be a work almost entirely their own.

Of the members of the building committee, some had lost their money, one was dead, and had made no provision for the payment of his subscription, and two others had removed from Farmington without ceremony; and of the ten millions represented at the beginning of the enterprise, toward the completion there was little over one available, and that one was in the hands of General Clift.

He assured the minister that they would not go abroad to beg for funds, and before his death made arrangements by which all requirements would be met. The church might well afford space for the tablet which his widow in after time inserted to his memory in the walls.

When all was done, and the House of God stood complete, "thoroughly furnished for every good word and work," people said, the city people and the gossips at the cure, "If the minister would only marry again, a house could be found for him easily enough; though we haven't a rectory, there is Clifton Lodge!"

Almost as if in consideration of the people's wish, the minister did one day lead into the church a bride.

The torch which Lydia's hand had borne before him was transferred into Hannah's hands. In heavenly silence he had sought, as it were, a spirit out of some celestial sphere, for earthly blessedness. Farmington had given to him more than the bishop had promised—a church—but also happiness and peace.

In that same year Mrs. Clift went abroad with Archibald, and Farmington beheld her beautiful face no more. She had seen that she was One too Many there—that love lost is lost!—that the Father's house is not a house of merchandise.

CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

ABOUT the year 1840, a certain "Madame" was attracting considerable attention in New York by practising in a very liberal manner the art of medicine, without having proved by any preliminary examinations or preparations her fitness for so responsible an office. The extreme repugnance many women had to consulting physicians on delicate but vital questions to themselves, together with the almost universal willingness of society to be humbugged, brought her an extensive practice. It was this fact that drew Elizabeth Blackwell to seriously consider the question of women's receiving a thorough medical education. A friend of hers was at the time suffering from a painful disease, of such a nature that she felt a competent physician of her own sex would be the greatest boon to be desired. She expressed herself strongly on the subject to Miss Blackwell, who was thereby the more impressed with the duty and propriety of educating women to be physicians. So it was no love of eccentricity or desire to make herself conspicuous that inclined her toward the study of medicine.

The family of Elizabeth Blackwell emigrated from Bristol, England, to this country when she was about ten years old. The reverses of her father, and his subsequent death, left the mother in straightened circumstances, with a family of nine children to support. During the years of mutual toil and help, Elizabeth and a younger sister. Emily, had abundant reason to speculate on the narrowness of woman's field of labor in comparison with man's. But elucidating a theory by actual practice is vastly different from simple theorizing.

In her early girlhood, Elizabeth was, habitually, so silent and timid that her father called her his "little hermit." At the first glance no one would have imagined that the little rosy-faced girl, with clear grey eyes, blonde silken hair, and with a voice strong, but of infinite sweetness, would develop into an unique, or even superior woman. A vigorous education, long walks across the country, in sun or rain, snow or wind, gave her a physique proof against ordinary demands, without which she would never have been able to support herself under the almost insurmountable obstacles that bordered her subsequent career.

In 1842, when the younger children of her mother's family had arrived at a state of self-help, Elizabeth resolved to pass from theory to practice. In order to supply her personal needs, she accepted the position of governess in the family of Dr. John Dixon, of Asheville, N. C., where she remained one year, having, meanwhile, access to his medical library. Dr. Dixon gave some direction to her reading, but no encouragement. At the end of the year, she removed to Charleston, S. C., where she was engaged as a teacher of music, drawing, and modern languages. Practising the strictest economy, she contrived to save most of her earnings. She purchased some books on medicine and anatomy, and devoted her leisure to the study of those two sciences, and also under-

took the study of Latin, which she deemed indispensable in the career before her. Although she could only study during intervals of relaxation, she nevertheless made such rapid progress as to attract the attention of one of the most eminent physicians of the city, Dr. S. H. Dixon, a brother of the Dr. John Dixon in whose family she had previously resided. He took so lively an interest in her that he aided her with his counsels in the choice and order of the works she should read, admitted her among the number of his students, and procured for her all possible facilities for commencing regular medical studies.

In May, 1844, she left Charleston and came to Philadelphia. Here she passed six months in study under Drs. Allen and Warrington. Although she progressed sensibly, she felt that her studying would result far more profitably if she pursued the course of some special school. And, moreover, her aim being a diploma, it was necessary she should pass through some school to obtain it.

In vain she asked admission of one and another of the medical schools of Philadelphia. The presidents of these schools, vexed and irritated at such a request, repelled her under the excuse "that it is without precedent," and the doors of the colleges and hospitals were most emphatically closed against audacious women who dared to aspire to a career so unquestionably consecrated to men.

At this stage of affairs, one of the physicians under whose advice she had been studying, advised her to adopt male attire and gain *entrée* under the guise of a man. The idea was so repulsive as to be harbored for never a moment—for she was not laboring simply for her individual self. Had this been so, she might have been thoroughly disheartened. But she renewed and fortified her courage in the determination to open the career of medicine to women, who, in the future, would feel themselves capable of entering upon, and accepting it as a profession worthy their best efforts.

She next obtained a list of medical colleges in different parts of the country, and applied by letter for admission, accompanying her requests by certificates from doctors under whose direction she had studied. She then wrote to her friends, "I send my arrows in every direction, not knowing which will hit the mark."

Her request was refused by twelve faculties. Some of these refusals were based upon "the dependent position assigned to woman, as much by *nature* as by *society*, and upon the unheard-of presumption which had inspired the author of this request with the desire and hope of taking rank in a profession reserved and consecrated to the nobler sex." Others refused because "it would be unbecoming and immoral to see a woman instructed in the nature and laws of her organism."

For several months Elizabeth Blackwell pondered over the seeming impenetrableness of her future. Finally, the barriers yielded, and the way was opened to her by the Faculty of Geneva Medical College in Western New York. Her request having been received by the faculty, it was laid before the students of the college. A consultation was held by them, and they decided to let her be admitted. They also pledged themselves to so act the part of gentlemen, that she would never regret the step she had taken. They drew up resolutions to that effect, which, with a letter from the faculty, were forwarded to her.

She immediately repaired to Geneva, and the month of November saw her name inscribed in the registry under the number 417. From this time she pur-

sued the necessary studies with an ardor proportioned to the difficulties she must vanquish in order to gain a place among the students.

In spite of all her courage and strong will, she suffered much, both mentally and physically, during the first months of her studies. Sensitive and reserved, she had to sustain a hard warfare against herself in order to remain tranquil before the sufferings of the patients, as well as under the eyes of the professors and her fellow-students. She had so fully comprehended that she would be regarded not merely as a woman, but as a student associated with five hundred others, acquainting herself with the truths of science and the magnificence of the laws of nature, that it was not strange she made some almost superhuman efforts.

Feeling conscious that her natural youthful freshness would only aid her in betraying her feelings by quick blushes, she subjected herself during the long days before entering school to a most rigid and severe diet. Had this been known, one might have attributed to this her paleness and immobility. We simply record it as an illustration of her determination and will, rather than as an act to be commended.

From the time of her admission to the school to the time of her final examination, she entered and departed without appearing to see any one around her. Going directly to her seat, she would sit down, and seem wholly oblivious to everything about her, save the professor, and copy-book in which she wrote her notes. That she had good reason to act thus, the following incident will show: A little time after her admission, the subject of the lecture was of a somewhat delicate nature. In the midst of the demonstration by the professor, to which Elizabeth listened quietly and attentively, a folded paper, evidently a note, was thrown by one of the students behind her, and fell upon her arm. She felt instinctively that this note contained some gross raillery, and that all eyes were fixed upon her. Although it might not be possible for her to continue the course, she felt that justice should be done the intended insult, that it might not be renewed. She made no movement, not even raising her eyes from her note-book, but continued to write away as if nothing had happened. When the professor had finished his lecture, she closed her book, then slowly raising her arm on which rested the billet, so that all present might see her movement, she caused it to fall to the floor with an expression of dignified scorn and disdain. This manner of acting was altogether a protestation as well as an appeal. From all ranks of the students came enthusiastic plaudits for the conduct of the young woman, and of hisses for that of the base aggressor. During this scene, Elizabeth took no more notice of the kind demonstration than she had of the intended insult. It need hardly be added that from this time forth she never again suffered from any kindred annoyance. On the contrary, her classmates tendered her a sincere and respectful friendship, and all the services in their power. This did not, however, influence her to depart from her habitual reserve toward her fellow-students, several of whom are to-day reckoned among her most valued friends.

But her annoyances were not confined to the college. The epithet of "she-doctor" greeted her from all sides in the little village of Geneva. Notwithstanding the respectable position she held in the college, the proprietors of boarding-houses refused to admit her, on the ground that it would be a direct insult to their guests. When she passed along the streets, the shopkeepers would call to each other to look at her, and following the example thus shown, not only the *gamins* and nurse-girls, but fine gentlemen and ladies, would gather in groups to

stare at her as she passed, as if she were some monstrous creature fallen among them from some planet. Even the newspaper world took up the refrain, and a Miss Jessie Elder amused herself by clipping paragraphs from papers and journals in regard to Elizabeth Blackwell's studying medicine. At length it became an old story, and they ceased to so attentively regard the *petite* woman who, invariably clothed in black, passed and repassed every day with an air so calm and possessed as if she were unconscious of aught around her. After a time she was invited to the homes of some of the professors, which kindness modified, to a great extent, the feeling of society, and the best boarding-houses were opened to her. The interim between lectures at the college she passed in Blockley Hospital, in Philadelphia. Desiring to be in no way indebted to her family, and to make the furthest possible use of her money, she was obliged to practise close economy. Consequently, her attire was always very plain, as the following extract from a letter written to her mother will show:

I have been obliged to get for myself a black silk dress. It was impossible for me to do without this, an expense too great indeed for a poor student like me. But my examinations will take place in public, and as it will be necessary for me to appear upon the rostrum with the President and professors, for the honor of my sex and my family, I should appear in as appropriate a costume as I can.

On the day of commencement, the church in which the exercises were to take place was filled to suffocation. From all parts of the State, for miles around, people came to see the title of Doctor of Medicine conferred upon a woman.

When Elizabeth appeared upon the stage, the assembly hushed itself to silence. After having received from the hands of the venerable Dr. Lee, President of the College, the diploma so longed for and so difficult to obtain, Miss Blackwell turned to address some words of thanks to the President. The silence became so profound that the words she uttered, in a voice hardly elevated, were heard in all parts of the church. "I thank you, Mr. President," said she, "for the sanction given to my studies by the institution of which you are the chief. All the moments of my life shall be employed to do honor to the diploma you have conferred upon me; and with the help of God I hope to accomplish it."

In his closing address, the President alluded to the lady student who had completed the course of study, and said it had been truly a good fortune to the school, and they had only to congratulate themselves for the innovation—that the zeal she had exhibited, and the intelligent application of Miss Blackwell, had exercised a salutary influence upon the students; that since he had been at the head of the college, the conduct of the students had never been so remarkably good. Finally, that the progress in medical science had never before, in that school, reached so high a point as during that past year. He closed by assuring the young recipient of college honors that the most sincere wishes of her tutors would follow her in her new career, upon which she entered under such happy and flattering auspices. Her thesis, "Ship-Fever," was so fine a production that it was solicited for publication and published at the expense of the faculty.

No words are needed to suggest what were her own feelings, when, after the close of the exercises, alone in her little room, she sat down with the dearly-earned parchment in her hand. The dullest fancy can picture something of that hour of her triumph.

Her medical education had cost her two hundred pounds. She was the first

woman who had received, legally and officially, the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

In 1849, shortly after her graduation, she went to Europe with the aim of pursuing her studies. She spent six months in the Hospital of Maternity in Paris,* and was afterward admitted as a *physician* to walk the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, in London. About this time the medical director of the Berlin Hospital besought her, in the most flattering terms, to come and pursue her studies in his hospital, and every department should be open to her. She refused, however; her idea being soon to return to America, where she thought the prospects better than elsewhere for a prompt development of the practice of medicine by women. She knew, also, that a number of women were already endeavoring to follow in her footsteps, and she felt how much they needed encouragement. She had also been invited, previous to this, to fill professional chairs in two medical schools for women, which were in a state of organization in America, but her studies prevented her accepting the positions.

In 1851 she returned to America, bearing with her most honorable testimonials from such distinguished physicians as Dubois, Burrows, and Paget.

After her return to America, Miss Blackwell established herself in New York. At first, physicians refused to receive her in consultation. Household proprietors either would not lease her apartments, or would ask her an exorbitant price, under the pretext that a woman doctor in their dwellings would be prejudicial to their interests. Some would send away the sick who came and asked for her; others would neglect to give her the messages left for her. Away from her friends, she passed the few years of her life in New York in cruel isolation. Finally, her indomitable perseverance and self-control again triumphed over obstacles. Two of the most celebrated physicians of the city, having learned to appreciate her worth and the extent of her medical learning, declared they would meet her in consultation whenever an occasion offered or demanded. Thenceforth her situation was greatly modified. It seemed best for her to place herself in a permanent position; and her practice increased largely.

In the meantime several of her friends came to New York, assuring her the presence and sympathy she so much needed. In 1852 she delivered a series of lectures to women, upon hygiene and gymnastics, which were subsequently published in book form. In 1853, by the aid of a subscription, a dispensary was founded for women and children. In 1854 a charter was obtained for the New York Infirmary and Dispensary, at No. 126 Second avenue, which dispenses medical charities to thousands of poor women and children annually, and which is still superintended by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell.

In addition to an extensive practice among the best people in the city, she fills the chair of hygiene in the Medical College for Women of the New York Infirmary.

Although past the freshness of youth, she retains her youthful vigor and energy. She is neither eccentric in her dress nor manners, although she would rarely fail to impress a beholder as being a remarkable woman. It is wholly

* In many of the continental countries of Europe, schools are provided in which women are trained for midwives at the expense of the government. According to a late census, in Austria alone there were nearly twenty thousand midwives, and in Great Britain nearly three thousand. Perhaps in no country has this office been so monopolized by men as in America. In France, the *sage-femmes* are systematically educated and employed. In the Hospital of Maternity, in Paris, Mesdames Boivin and La Chapelle superintended above twenty thousand births each, and with *unequalled* success. These women were skilful and educated, and are referred to as undisputed authority in most of the best works on obstetrics.

the result of *une manière*—quite indescribable. Her manner is fully dignified, but gracious, and her voice retains its old-time infinite sweetness. She is somewhat stout, like most English women, which is one of the compensations Nature sometimes is good enough to bestow when she withdraws the blandishments of youth. Her hands are models for a sculptor, and accompany her speech in an eloquent manner. Her hair, plentifully streaked with silver, is worn plainly from her face and gathered up simply at the back of her large but shapely head. When she smiles, one sees that her teeth are very white and regular, and are natural. She is reverenced by the whole medical sisterhood; and if profound regard and esteem from all classes of society can add to the store of earthly happiness, this woman, who has talked little, but done so much for women, should be content.

In passing from her to other early "innovators" in the medical realm, we find that the years between 1840 and 1850 were significant from the fact that the same "evil spirit" which had possessed Elizabeth Blackwell had taken lodgment in the hearts of others of her sex.

In the year 1844, Sarah R. Adamson, of Chester County, Pa., a girl of Quaker parentage, was impressed with the responsibilities of womanhood at the early age of fifteen. The buoyant, merry, frolicsome spirit of her childhood had failed to be subdued by the strict *régime* of Quaker training. But now a quiet, thoughtful dignity possessed her, as day after day she was asking herself, "What can woman do to secure for herself a livelihood in a way in which hitherto she has never been accustomed?" And how many women have asked themselves that question, and failing to find an answer, have submitted themselves to the inevitable sewing or teaching?

It was an easy matter for Sarah to see that the sons of a family were provided with congenial and profitable employment, while the girls were left quietly at home, to bide the time when some modern knight should come and transport them to a little world of their own.

About this time, Grace Anna Lewis, of the Society of Friends, and a woman who always acted nobly in a quietly daring manner, opened a select school in the vicinity, and Sarah was enrolled among her pupils. Ever remembering that a long time of study must intervene before she should enter upon her future work, she applied herself most faithfully.

For a time she copied legal papers for a relative, but such purely mechanical work was unsatisfactory. She turned her attention toward mechanics, and wondered why women could not adjust the delicate machinery of watches with equal skill and perfection as when done by men. But as each new plan and idea was considered, it found no response from her heart, which was asking for a just, true, and rightful position, which would develop the whole being.

One day her teacher, ever awake to the interest and advancement of her pupils, inquired if she would not like to study physiology. This was a long word to Sarah, and a new one, so she took the book home with her to decide. That evening, in the quiet of her room, she opened the book and began to read. The chapter on digestion absorbed her; then that on the circulation of the blood. She read on and on, the book fascinating her like some splendid romance, until, in her enthusiasm, she exclaimed "Eureka," and sought her pillow with the peacefulness that comes from a solved problem. The study of medicine was to be her work, the practice of it her ambition, and suffering humanity her household.

From this decision she never wavered; but although thoroughly bent upon this career, she kept her own course, for, like a true Quaker as she was, she *talked* little, *thought* much, and *acted* more.

After the close of Miss Lewis's term of school, in which Sarah had completed the work on physiology, she was sent to the Friend's Central School of Philadelphia to pursue her academic studies. Here she continued physiology, but being unsatisfied with that branch of medicine, procured from the public library "Wistar's Anatomy," in two volumes, to which she devoted herself after her other studies for the day were over. This large work, unilluminated and unexplained by a single plate or diagram, she attentively read and studied. On another occasion she discovered, in a worn and antiquated library of a friend, a work on midwifery, and another on diseases of women, which, at her request, were loaned her, and which she most thoroughly perused. During the three years thus passed away, she found time to read other medical works, while her enthusiasm steadily increased.

At eighteen, the desire to study medicine was so great, that she could no longer conceal it from her parents. Upon returning home, she informed them of her desire, and begged their approval. The matter was taken into anxious consideration, and with less of prejudice, less of fear of public opinion than if her parents had been other than Quakers, a full consent was given, with but one condition. This came from her father, and was, "*Sarah, thee must not fail.*"

Application was now made to her uncle, Dr. Hiram Corson, to receive his niece as a student of medicine. His reply was the following:

MY DEAR NIECE: I would have written sooner if my mind had been made up upon the subject of thy studying. It is, without any controversy, a new step. We must, therefore, look to the motives and objects. It is not easy for me to arrive at the *secret* motives, and perhaps the *real* ones. The end, or object, is professedly to practise. But for what? Money? honor? a name? If so, will the end be attained, and in a way that would be desirable? Or is it rather to introduce a new custom, one more consonant with common sense, and which will be to the mutual advantage of the sexes, and of course of general society? This, I doubt not, is the real motive of thy studying. *That* is perhaps the strongest inducement, for one who loves her kind, to engage in a new pursuit in which she will most certainly meet with obstacles of great magnitude, and contempt and scorn in abundance. For succeed as she may, in the practice of the profession, it will only be after many years have passed, and she has gathered a crowd of followers in her train, that she will rise above the character and name of midwife. It was so with Mesdames Boivin and La Chapelle, who surpassed all competitors in the practice of obstetrics, although they were not more exclusively confined to that branch than were many males. But I expect to see thee soon, and will talk all about it. In the meantime, pursue thy studies with zeal. I will bring thee a work on psychology. Very truly thine,

HIRAM CORSON.

This letter was written, not so much to quench the ardor of his niece, as to become satisfied of her stability of purpose, and also to prepare her for the stern lessons of ridicule, contempt, and opposition which his experienced physician's eye saw she must meet and encounter. After a full discussion of the subject, finding that she was inflexible, he gave her every encouragement, and, as her preceptor, soon had the satisfaction of seeing that her zeal was untiring and her ardor unabated.

Her work now began in earnest, and it was a custom with her mother to go

to her room daily to look after the fire, for so absorbed was Sarah in her studies, that she forgot it was winter, or that fire was needed.

The season for study passed, and the long-looked-for day arrived when collegiate advantages were to be enjoyed. The first application was made in July, 1849, to the Philadelphia College of Medicine. After some correspondence, the following refusal was received:

DEAR DR. CORSON: The chief ground of objection appears to be the restraint it would impose on some of the lectures. Dr. McClintock says he *could not* lecture upon many topics connected with anatomy and surgery in the presence of a woman. The same difficulty would present itself to many other professors. Moreover, a young institution like this cannot afford to incur injury by declaring itself independent of public opinion. That women should be taught the science of medicine, and that they should practise, especially in obstetrics, I have long insisted. But the propriety of young men and young women attending lectures *together*, on all branches, is another question, etc.

The second application was made the following month to the Pennsylvania Medical College, with a similar result. The Jefferson Medical College also received an application, which elicited a trifle more attention, but with no more favorable result. The Dean went on to say:

I think it would be impossible in this country for a lady to mingle with five hundred young men, gentlemen though they be, in the same lecture-room, without experiencing many annoyances. A little of this was seen last winter. A lady who had graduated at Geneva College, accompanied Professor Lee, of that institution, to this city, and desired to be present at some of the lectures of the two large schools. Dr. Wood, I am told, shrank from taking her into his lecture, and although Dr. Chapman performed that act of gallantry, he accompanied the introduction with sundry witticisms, that must have tried the nerves of his fair guest; and still a considerable sensation was produced. She attended one lecture also at our college; but the veteran professor to whom she listened deemed it prudent that she should not appear before the class, but placed her in a small room adjoining, where she could hear the lecture without being observed.

One and another of the medical schools were applied to, but in vain. That at Geneva alone remained, and an application was made to this. The college which had honored itself in conferring the degree of M. D. upon Elizabeth Blackwell now replied in the negative. "Miss Blackwell's admission was an *experiment*, not intended as a *precedent*," wrote the Dean, Dr. James Hadley.

Disappointment hovered over all around. But to look backward seemed as impossible as to look forward. Finally it was determined that she should continue her studies in Philadelphia under a private tutor, where she could receive instruction in practical anatomy. In pursuance of this object, she was received into the family of Dr. Edwin Fussel, who afterward became Professor of Anatomy in the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. Scarcely had her studies begun in this direction, when her uncle's attention was directed to an advertisement of the Central Medical College of New York, at Syracuse, with the remarkable announcement that a class of ladies would be received. This was an institution of which her uncle knew nothing, but upon writing to the Dean, he received a most favorable reply and satisfactory references. But not until Miss Adamson arrived in Syracuse, accompanied by another uncle, Dr. William Corson, did she ascertain that the college was eclectic. Miss Adamson having studied under tutors of the regular school of medicine, had grave objections to matriculating in an irregular one. But the regular schools were closed against

her, and she was obliged to accept this as the only one available. Eclecticism was then in its infancy, and the text-books used in the institution were the same standard works as those used in universities of the regular stripe.

In 1851 Miss Adamson finished her course with honor, and received the degree of doctor of medicine—the second one conferred upon a woman. In April of the same year she returned to Philadelphia, with the hope of spending a year in Blockley Hospital. Through the magnanimity of Dr. Elder she obtained the requisite *political* references, which assured her admission to the hospital, as political as well as medical references were needed to operate successfully on the board of managers. During her year in that hospital she received uniform courtesy and kindness from the board, as well as from Dr. Haines, chief resident physician. As she was the only representative of her sex, it could hardly be expected that her presence would be tolerated without bitter opposition from some of the students. Be it recorded, however, that only two of the number felt themselves called upon to protest against the *outrage* done to their honor as physicians by admitting a woman to the hospital. Their protestations, however, operated greatly in Miss Adamson's favor; and when, at the close of the year, she sent a letter of thanks to the board, thanking them for their kindness and generosity, she received in return the same certificate from this body as that awarded to the male physicians.

Soon after leaving Blockley Hospital, she was united in marriage to Dr. L. C. Dolley, to whom she had long been affianced; and Rochester, N. Y., was fixed upon as their future home, and where it continues to be. The reader is not for a moment to entertain the idea that in marriage the medical career of this brave woman culminated, or rather terminated. For sixteen years she has enjoyed a wide and extensive practice, full of interest and usefulness. We need only add that Mrs. Dolley has exemplified her fitness for wife and motherhood as fully as she did her fitness for a medical pioneer; which is praise enough.

In 1846, Emily, a younger sister of Elizabeth Blackwell, determined to follow in the footsteps of her sister. Endowed like her, with perfect health, and possessing rare intellectual faculties, she exhibited the same remarkable perseverance, and overcame in equally as admirable a manner, similar difficulties and obstacles. Her facility for acquiring languages was such that she learned, almost unaided, French, Spanish, and Latin. She then studied Greek and the higher mathematics, of which she acquired a sufficient knowledge in a short time.

In 1848, she studied and dissected with Dr. John Davis, Demonstrator of Anatomy in Cincinnati Medical College. In the summer of 1851 and '52 she visited Bellevue Hospital in New York. At this time she hoped the college from which her sister graduated would grant her the same favor. But her application was refused upon the ground that in receiving Elizabeth, the "faculty of that college had not intended to establish a precedent for all women who might want to study medicine." From nine other faculties she also received refusals. Finally, in the course of the autumn of 1852, the Rush Medical College, of Chicago, admitted her. After the completion of the first year's course of lectures, she returned to New York to study chemistry during vacation. In the meantime, the Faculty of the Rush Medical School, censured by the medical society of the State for having admitted a woman into the institution, refused to receive her again. This was, of course, a great disappointment. After number-

less and most wearying efforts, she finally obtained from the Faculty of Cleveland Medical College, admission into that school, from which she graduated in 1854. Her examination was marked by great brilliancy, and her diploma was conferred, accompanied with the most flattering encomiums.

Returning in the same year to New York, she assisted Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell in organizing the New York Infirmary. She then went to England, and studied for a year with Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, being the first woman-student ever admitted into his lying-in-hospital. Meantime, there had been a decided improvement in the feeling toward women since Elizabeth Blackwell had visited Europe. Most of the hospitals were opened to all *foreign* physicians who were legally graduated.

Dr. Emily went from Scotland to Paris, and spent six months in the Maternité. She visited at the Hotel Dieu, Beaugon, Enfans Malades, and St. Louis Hospitals with Jobert, Huguier, and others of eminence. In London, she visited at St. Bartholomew's, Children's Hospital, and Fever Hospital, with with Fenner and Southwood Smith.

For a time she thought of remaining in London in order to introduce the practice of medicine by women, but the ideas prevalent at that time threatened to insure her only a partial success, and she returned to New York at the close of 1856, bringing with her the most flattering testimonials from leading physicians of London, Paris, and Edinburgh. After her return, she associated herself with her sister in practice; and in 1857 went to Albany, and succeeded in getting the Infirmary for Women and Children put on the list of State charities.

Aside from her duties as a practitioner, she fills the chair of "Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children" in the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary.

In personal appearance, Emily Blackwell is eminently pleasing. Taller than her sister, she is symmetrically developed, and has a youthful and cheerful countenance, which, combined with her frank and cordial manners, render her charming. Her hands are of exquisite symmetry, and her teeth like pearls. The sisters usually wear a costume of some neutral shade of silk, serviceable, but tastefully fashioned. They retain many of their English tastes and habits, and are so closely associated, that the inscription on their door-plate of "Drs. E. and E. Blackwell" might puzzle a stranger to know which "E." he is in search of.

In 1856, the corps of medical women was re-enforced by the Western Reserve (Cleveland, O.) Medical School conferring the degree of Doctor of Medicine upon Marie E. Zakezewska,* whose history has been made public through the medium of Mary L. Booth's graceful pen.

Dr. Zakezewska was born in Berlin, Prussia, on the 6th of September, 1829. She was the eldest of a family of five sisters and one brother. In childhood she displayed extraordinary imaginative powers, and a remarkable memory. She was cheerful and active, and with boys she was merry, frank, and self-possessed; with girls, quiet, shy, and awkward, and never endured one long enough to have her for friend, until she was eleven years old.

When seven or eight years old, she visited her maternal grandfather, who was at the head of a charitable institution in which were a hundred invalid soldiers, as many old women, and two hundred and fifty orphans. The sufferings of the

* Pronounced Zak-shef-ska.

poor creatures made a great impression on her, firing her young heart with philanthropic zeal and a desire to ameliorate their wretchedness. Also, about this time, a cousin became suddenly blind and was sent to an ophthalmic hospital, where Marie was her companion during her hours out of school. In this hospital she observed the carelessness of nurses, saw the defective system in the care of the sick, and wished some day that she might become head nurse and introduce a better *régime*. At the end of a year, reverses overtook her father, on account of his political views, and he was dismissed from his position as a military officer. That involved the family in great pecuniary trouble. In the emergency Marie's mother petitioned the city government for admission into the school of midwives in Berlin, in order in this capacity to aid in the support of the family. She was admitted, and Marie was at the time ten years old. The education for the office of midwife in Berlin requires a two years' course of study, six months of which time must be spent in the hospital. Her mother went to live in the hospital in 1840, and Marie went to live with an aunt. In a few weeks her eyes became so affected with weakness that she could neither read nor write, and she obtained permission, through the director of the hospital, to remain with her mother. One of the physicians of the hospital, Dr. Müller, fancied the little girl so much that he made her his constant companion during his visits in the wards, calling her his "little blind doctor," her eyes being covered with a bandage. Being deprived of her sight, what she heard impressed her all the more.

One afternoon, when the bandage was for the first time removed from her eyes, Dr. Müller told her that the body of a young man was lying in the dead-house, which had turned completely green from some poison he had eaten. Waiting until the room was cleared of visitors, she went in alone and looked at the corpse as long as she liked; she then examined the contents of the adjoining rooms, where were lying bodies for dissection, and upon coming back to the entrance door, found it locked, and knew that the prosector had gone away and locked up the whole establishment for the night. She knocked at the door for some time, hoping to make some one hear, but failing in that, sat down on the floor and went to sleep. Her mother thinking she was with Dr. Müller, gave herself no uneasiness, until after nine o'clock, the child failing to return, she instituted a search, and, after much inquiry and alarm, found her in the dead-house quietly asleep on the floor.

A few days after this she recovered the use of her eyes, and it being her summer vacation out of school, she asked Dr. Müller to give her something to read, saying she wanted some "Books about History." He gave her two large volumes—"The History of Midwifery" and "History of Surgery." She read them through during the six weeks of her vacation. From this time she dates her study of medicine. She was eleven years old. She continued in school for two and a half years longer, when she was obliged to leave, and never entered it again. Upon her return home, in helping her mother and attending to to the household affairs, the time passed until she was fifteen years old. At the end of this time she went to visit a great-aunt and her daughter. The aunt had a cancer, and the daughter suffered from a peculiar nervous affection, which rendered her painfully sensitive to every sound, which, of course, kept her in a state of complete invalidism. The aunt, eight weeks later, consented to the operation of having her cancer removed. The operating surgeon found Marie so good a nurse that he entrusted her oftentimes with the dressing of the wound. For six weeks she was sole nurse for the two, going from one room to the other,

night and day, besides attending to household cares and being bothered by boys with their torn clothes and lost buttons. Shortly after the death of the aunt, which occurred six weeks subsequent to the surgical operation, her physician introduced Marie to Dr. Arthur Lutze, a homœopathist and something of an ism-ist. He, too, lived in Berlin, and inquiring Marie's residence, promised to visit her there and teach her the art he practised.

Late in the spring her health failed, and she returned home. She was ill for a long time with brain fever. After her recovery she set herself to work industriously to find out information respecting the human system. Dr. Lutze kept his word, gave her books and directed her studies. Her father was opposed to homœopathy and to Dr. Lutze; and threatened to turn him out of the house, and burned up all Marie's books, except one she snatched from the flames.

Of course this proceeding only increased Marie's determination to study medicine, and she read all the scientific books she could obtain. At length she determined to fit herself for the practice of obstetrics. With this idea her father was satisfied, but her mother displeased—practising the art herself only from necessity. Marie, however, persisted in her determination, and made a personal application to Dr. Schmidt, Professor of Midwifery in the university and schools for midwives, and director of the Royal Hospital Charité. Dr. Schmidt approved of her course and directed her studies, but failed to get her admitted. She was refused on the grounds of her being too young—*eighteen*—and *unmarried*. "The latter fault I made no effort to remove," she used to say, "while the former I corrected daily." Again at twenty she was for the third time refused on the same grounds.

Dr. Schmidt, who saw in Marie the possibilities of a second La Chapelle, went to the King and gave him the reasons upon which the board had refused to admit her. The King granted the doctor's wish, and Marie became legally his student. On the third day after her admission to his class he introduced her as his future assistant teacher; which announcement naturally created much surprise. Her advance in learning, her clear, practical sense, and her remarkably peculiar aptness, all combined to render her a woman so popular that she was almost incessantly the creature of envious intrigues. Her examination was of the most severe character; but she bore it in a most admirable manner, and received a diploma of the highest degree.

It was Dr. Schmidt's ambition to make Marie chief accoucheuse in the hospital, as well as to surrender into her hands his position as professor in the school of midwives, as his health was sadly impaired. This met opposition of every kind and from every side. The idea of placing "a prepossessing young woman like Miss Zakezewska in that position would be disastrous! From coming in contact with so many gentlemen, some one would fall in love with her, marry her, and thus end her career."

Her mother, having overcome her repugnance, encouraged Marie; but her father, wearied with the troubles the discussion involved, resolved to marry her to a man whom she had never seen. Matters came to a crisis by the increased ill-health of Dr. Schmidt. On the 15th of May, 1852, Marie received her legal instalment to the position for which Dr. Schmidt had designed her. She was twenty-two years old, and stood at the height of her ambition. She was the German La Chapelle! She ran to tell Dr. Schmidt, who shared fully in her enthusiasm. The doctor told her to come next morning to the hospital and enter upon her duties. She had the afternoon to prepare herself. The morning

came—she went to the hospital. Dr. Schmidt was *dead!* She trembled, staggered, and fell upon a chair. From the pinnacle of joy and happiness she had fallen to the profoundest depths of despair. She, however, entered upon her new position. In a short time it was rendered so disagreeable by the spying, plotting, and intriguing of those around her, that she resolved to leave the hospital, and resigned her position on the 15th of the following November.

Having heard of the efforts making in this country for the medical education of women, she resolved to come to America; and on March 13, 1853, sailed for America in company with a younger sister. She had one hundred dollars, just enough to pay her passage. Her sister had the same amount above her passage money. She knew not a word of English, yet she took rooms with the intention of beginning the practice of medicine. She showed her testimonials to one of the physicians of the city, who received her cordially, but told her that women-doctors in America were of the lowest rank. She made up her mind to hold her testimonials in reserve, and begin practice as a stranger. Patients were rare in their application. The sister's stock of money was nearly exhausted. The middle of July came, and starvation was staring them in the face. They were too proud to send home for money. In this emergency, Marie visited the shops on Broadway and Canal street, came home, and turned her rooms into a tassel factory. They worked in worsteds and embroidery, sometimes earning no more than thirty-six cents a day—a day sixteen hours long, in which a dozen caps were finished at three cents each, until the 13th of May, in 1854, when she heard of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell.

On the 15th—the anniversary of her greatest joy and deepest misery—she saw Dr. Blackwell, and from that day dates her new life in America. Very soon Dr. Blackwell obtained admission for her in the Cleveland Medical College, and on the most liberal terms, the faculty giving her credit for the lecture fees for a sufficient length of time.

In the spring of 1856, she graduated. After her graduation, the dean of the college, Dr. Delamater, called upon her, congratulated her, blessed her paternally, and handed her back the note of one hundred and twenty dollars which she had given for the lecture fees. The faculty had voted unanimously to return it to her as a gift.

Returning to New York, Dr. Blackwell associated her with herself in practice. Marie aided efficiently in establishing the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, giving her services for two years gratuitously, as her contribution toward its support.

In 1859, she went to Boston, and took charge of a hospital in connection with the New England Female Medical College, and remained there until 1861, when she opened an independent hospital, to be conducted on a plan similar to that of the New York Infirmary. Her practice has become one of the best in Boston, and she spreads enthusiasm and a love for her profession wherever she goes.

In personal appearance, Marie is tall, with a slender, dark face, black eyes, and, as Mrs. Dall beautifully expressed it, has "a broad, clear brow, upon which 'faithful unto death' is bound like a phylactery." In talking, privately or publicly, her listeners have no fears that she will fail to be equal to any emergency, and no sublimer proof of triumph over obstacles, of victory out of the gloom of apparent defeat, aye, of what a woman, in herself, has done, can be found than in the Berlin woman whom we call Dr. Marie E. Zakezewska.

After the graduation of Elizabeth Blackwell, a number of philanthropic individuals in Philadelphia met together to discuss the opening of a medical school for women. The idea was a novel one, but sensible to the farthest degree. The organization was made and a charter of incorporation was granted it by the State Legislature on March 11, 1850. Its first session opened October 12th of the same year, with a faculty of six professors, regular practitioners, graduates of regular schools, and men, of necessity.

Subsequently, a woman's hospital was founded in connection with the college. It went into operation in 1861. More than two thousand patients are treated annually in the several departments of the hospital. The resident physician, Dr. Emeline Horton Cleveland, after graduating in the college, added to her experiences a year's residence in the Maternité at Paris. Mrs. Cleveland also fills the chair of "Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children" in the college, and is eminently superior as a practitioner. As a lecturer, she is lucid, eloquent, and earnest. In her social and in her domestic relations as wife and mother, she is every way admirable. Her manner is so gentle, and so purely womanly, that the coarsest and most hardened creatures are refined in her presence. She has an unusually commanding and graceful person, and her dark eyes of the "almond shape" one so often reads of and so rarely sees. She is also most happily free from any professional mannerism, and a stranger from conversing with her would hardly dream of her being a "scientific" woman, although ready to admit her very clever and cultivated, and endow her charms with that very excellent thing in woman—a low, sweet voice.

The chair of physiology and hygiene is filled by Dr. Ann Preston, one of the first graduates from the college. Naturally of a frail and delicate constitution, her object in studying medicine was to fit herself as a teacher of physiology and hygiene—subjects in which she was greatly interested. For some years after graduation she made no effort to enter upon practice, but gradually practice gathered around her, and her labors as a sanitary teacher became subsidiary to the practice of medicine. She is of Quaker parentage, and the influence and training from such a birthright, added to the liberal advantages of her girlhood, had much to do with moulding the moral and intellectual activities that have since distinguished her.

Eighty-one women have graduated from the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, while about three times that number have matriculated and attended its lectures. Among the number of graduates not a few have attained to eminent positions, and are filling offices of great usefulness. Mary J. Scarlett fills the chair of anatomy and histology with marked ability. Nancy M. Sewell is demonstrator of anatomy. Among those eminent in the sisterhood are Drs. Hannah and Jane Longshore, and Dr. Sartain, each of whom is the happy recipient of a very liberal professional income in Philadelphia.

Elsewhere are Mrs. Gleason, of Elmira; Mrs. Hunt, Oneida; Amelia Tompkins, Hamilton; Mrs. Cook, Buffalo; Miss Nivison, Ithaca; Almira L. Fowler, of New York; Jane Payne, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio; Laura E. Ross, Milwaukee; Sarah Entricken, Westchester, Pa.; C. A. Buckell, Boston; Anita E. Tyng, Providence, R. I., and Lucy M. Abbott, of the New York Infirmary. Dr. Abbott is remarkable for her energy, her straightforwardness and quickness of perception. Miss Mary C. Putnam, who graduated in 1864, is now in Paris pursuing her studies. She was the first woman admitted to visit the School of Medicine in that city, and has recently, after a brilliant examination, been ad-

mitted as a *student*. She is the "P. C. M." correspondent of the New York "Medical Record," who sends that journal such racy and graphic accounts of the medical world in Paris.

In 1856, the New England Medical College was chartered by the Massachusetts Legislature, to be located in Boston. So far back as 1844 the subject of employing female attendants for women had engaged the attention of George Gregory, and in 1848, his brother, Samuel Gregory, opened a medical school for women. The college has steadily progressed. Over fifty thousand dollars have been bequeathed to it from different sources. Some remarkably proficient students have received the degree of M. D., among whom may be mentioned Frances M. Cooke, professor of anatomy and lecturer on physiology and hygiene for the past nine years in the college. Also Anna Monroe, demonstrator of anatomy; Dr. Haynes; Dr. Morton, who spent four years in Paris, two in study and two in practice; Dr. Sewall, now in London; Dr. Avery, professor of physiology and hygiene in Vassar College; Dr. Webster, of New Bedford, and Mary H. Thompson, who graduated in 1863 and went to Chicago in the same year, organized a woman's hospital, and displayed a deal of energy, tact and good sense.

The New York Medical College for Women was chartered in 1863, since which time one hundred women have matriculated in it, and twenty-nine completed its course of study. Anna Inman, M. D., fills the chair of obstetrics; Mrs. C. S. Lozier that of diseases of women and children, and is also dean of the college.

The Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary was chartered in 1865, and its first college session opened November, 1868. Having two such women as Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell at its head, is sufficient prestige of its success.

Among other aids, it may be mentioned that the large Eclectic Medical College of Ohio was one of the first to welcome women as students. In Cleveland, the regular and homœopathic have received them, as also the Chicago Medical School. In 1850, the Rochester Eclectic School opened its doors to women, and when merged in the Syracuse school, continued so to do. In 1853, the Penn Medical University was started in Philadelphia, with separate departments of instruction for men and women. It was discontinued in 1864.

The New England Hospital for Women and Children, which was organized in 1861, furnishes essential help to medical students. Dr. Marie E. Zakezewska is attending physician, and Dr. Horatio R. Storer attending surgeon. Over five thousand patients are annually treated, without regard to nationality or color, furnishing an almost infinite variety of diseases.

The New York Infirmary, under charge of the Drs. Blackwell, has, since 1856, given relief to over forty thousand women and children. Over six thousand were recipients of its charity during the past year. More than thirty students have enjoyed its advantages, and twenty nurses have been trained and established in the city.

There are now over three hundred graduated women physicians in the United States, some of whom have professional incomes of ten thousand dollars per annum, which certainly must be quite as pleasant to a woman as to eke out a pittance over a wash-tub or cambric needle. So far as the observation of the writer has extended—and it has been quite comprehensive—the majority of women in the medical profession are gentle, modest, and womanly. That there

are some bold, bad women among the number is undoubtedly true, and what is equally obnoxious, some who try to be as much like men as possible. These are invariably the normal characteristics of such individuals, and not the result of the profession. Badness and coarseness ingrained in the very bone and marrow of an individual can be eradicated by no amount of educational culture. But if vice and crime and moral depravity were to be found only on the woman side of the professional fence, we might lift up our voices in a great shout of thanksgiving.

In giving a hurried glance at the Old World, we find that the dispensary of Miss Garrett in London is in full activity, and that Miss Garrett herself is fully realizing the brilliant career that her extraordinary examination a few years ago so richly promised.

In 1864, a ladies' medical college was opened in London under the auspices of a female medical society. In Paris, a Frenchwoman having passed the Baccalaureate, recently requested permission to study medicine *as a whole*, in France. This the faculty at Montpelier refused. She then sent her request to the Ministre de l'Intérieure at Paris. He acceded, but on the condition that she should practice only in Algeria, from whence she came. It was believed that her medical knowledge might be of great benefit to the Arab population, as she might be able to penetrate the harem, to which male doctors are not admitted.

Within a few months, a medical officer of the Russian service visited the New York Infirmary for Women and Children to obtain information in reference to the medical education of women. He had been requested to institute the inquiry by the Czar, in consequence of the application of a dozen or more respectable Russian women for admission into the Medical College of St. Petersburg. Two Russian women have recently been admitted into Medical University in Zürich, Switzerland, which is one of the best universities in Europe.

The necessity of medical education for missionary women is commanding considerable attention, in England, as well as in America. Dr. David H. Nutting, for many years a medical missionary of the American Board in Asiatic Turkey, has been urging the necessity of such missionaries, with the eloquence of personal experience. In London, a female medical mission to Delhi has been sent out, under the guidance of a benevolent association. Every candidate for the position must be a lady by birth and education.

In Paris, an educated and influential lady, Madame de Gael, has been arousing public interest in behalf of the medical education of her sex, and in her appeals she pays an eloquent tribute to the pioneers in this country.

MARY A. E. WAGER.

TIED UP BY THE THUMBS.

THERE I hung, breathing fast and hard through my clenched teeth, almost exhausted by my useless struggles to avoid the humiliating punishment, but with enough of animal fury about me to have ground him under my heel—that beardless boy, that puppet in shoulder-straps! What right had he, though he was my Lieutenant—what right had he to put this ignominy upon me, a free American citizen—what right to inflict so infamous a punishment? Though he had more brains, was he more of a man—that puny, pale-faced youngster, not twenty years old? In my rankling ire, I spat as if I had him before me, where he could feel my wrath.

My feet were touching the ground, so that by standing on extreme tip-toe, I could take all the weight from my hands; for although this was called tying up by the thumbs, the cord was really about the wrists; or, by grasping the cord with my hands, I could accomplish the same end. I didn't mind if it did give me pain; I could stand that all day, and curse the loathed stripling yet; but the disgrace of being out-faced, subdued, and punished by a whipster not half my size; I—Bill Ogden, the best wrestler and boxer of our village, six feet two in my stockings, and weighing a hundred and eighty pounds, to be actually mastered, and then tied up by that boy! Ah, what a heart-burning swelled my throat, what a flush tingled round my ears and up into the roots of my hair.

This is how it was. And I will tell the whole story from the beginning, for this was not the first time I had braved that boy, and come out second-best. I can tell it calmly and without prejudice now, in the light of subsequent events, and seven years flown by since then. Davis was not a regularly elected Lieutenant in our company. We had been recruited up in Delaware County, New York, by one of our fellow-townsmen, Hecker by name, whom we had elected Captain, and who received his commission from Governor Morgan. But the man we elected First Lieutenant failed to pass his examination, and somehow, through the influence of the Colonel, who was a foreigner, this boy, only nineteen then, was put in his place. This set all us men against him anyhow; and he was a city-bred fellow, with white hands and a pale face, like a girl's almost, which made us stout and brown country lads dislike him still more. But I will do him the justice to say that he was smart, for he talked French and German with the foreign fellows who had enlisted with the Colonel, and as to drill, he knew it all by rote. He could handle a musket like a machine, for all his white hands, and was very spry and active on drill. He could keep his wind on the double-quick long after most of the company were blowing like a lot of porpoises, and never asked us to do anything he wasn't willing to do himself. He was good-natured, too, but very strict, and we hadn't been used to ask leave of anybody when we wanted to go out and in at home, and we didn't like it. Somehow, too, our Captain was always off, and Davis constantly in command. If he had been our own choice we should have liked him and been proud of him,

but we couldn't get over his being put in the company without our consent being asked; and everything seemed to conspire to make him obnoxious to us.

My first quarrel with him happened thus. He was on as officer of the day. Some of the boys had been out on pass, and had come home outside of too much liquor to be quite as well-behaved as they should, and were making a good deal of noise in the barracks, despite the efforts of the sober men to keep them quiet. I had been out, too, and though I was not drunk, I was not quite myself. Lieutenant Davis had sent his orderly over twice to tell us to stop the racket, but somehow we kept on making a good deal of noise. Then he sent a corporal with a file of the guard to arrest whoever were not in bed, and put them in the guard-house. Half by cajolery and half by force they seized upon Renwick Ford, who was the most boisterous of the party, and led him off. We did not like this, but none of us did more than remonstrate. However, when they got Renny to the guard-house he began to make such a fuss that the officer of the guard, a big-whiskered New York rowdy, put handcuffs on him, though not without a good deal of a struggle. Renny bellowed and resisted, but to no purpose—they got the clamps on and led him off; but when they tried to put him in the black-hole he turned suddenly upon the corporal, struck at him with both manacled fists, and, with a plunge through the guard, made for our quarters. Now commenced a scene. Renny, half maddened with drink and fury, recounted his wrongs, and appealed vehemently to us whether we would let a man of Company G be put in the black-hole. This was a sore point. We had never before had any of our men, who were all well-to-do farmers or farmers' sons, punished for a breach of discipline; and here was one of our favorites, for his first offence, manacled like the vilest criminal and imprisoned without a show of trial. We had crude notions of military discipline then, and Renny's case seemed one of special enormity. Were we tamely to submit to it? No! we would show these men that Delaware County boys could not be trampled upon. Renny shouldn't go to the guard-house as long as we were there to protect him.

Meantime, the officer of the guard reported what had occurred to Lieutenant Davis, who ordered him to go to the company quarters himself, with a couple of files of men, re-arrest the offender, and confine him at once. He came; but we told him nor he nor anybody else could put Renny Ford in the guard-house. So back he went to Lieutenant Davis, with this tale of the mutinous state of affairs.

"Why, Lieutenant, why didn't you clean out the quarters, and take the man by force?" asked the officer of the day.

So over came Lieutenant Davis, and found us all collected round Renny, with protestations and threats against his confinement on our l.ps. The sergeant of the guard and six men stood in line across the quarters, which were long and narrow, with their backs to the door.

"Why, Company G, what's all this trouble about? I'm astonished! I thought my company was the most orderly in camp. Sergeant," addressing an orderly, "what man is it that broke loose from the guard and struck at the corporal?"

"Renwick Ford, sir."

"Ford, step out here!" ordered Lieutenant Davis, in a slighty raised, but firm voice.

"I'm b-b-blowed if I will," stuttered our half-drunken martyr.

"And I'm blowed if he shall!" said I, stepping out of the group.

"Ogden, hold your tongue! Sergeant, bring me that man Ford, instantly!"

Nettled at being told to hold my tongue, a thing I wouldn't have stood from the lips of any man in those days, before I got curbed down into a steady soldier, I took a step toward him and, raising my finger, said:

"Look ye here, Lieutenant, I won't stand that from you, or any other puppy!"

"Ogden, do you know whom you are talking to?" said Lieutenant Davis, if anything, paler than usual, and, as I could see, biting his lip with fast-rising anger. "Stand back, sir, or you'll be sorry! Sergeant, bring me that man! Stand back, Ogden!"

"Don't you wish you may get it!" with a sneer, was scarcely out of my mouth, when Lieutenant Davis drew his sword, took a step toward me, and said, more slowly and quietly than before—"Ogden, stand back, or I'll knock you down!"

"Knock, and be ——."

My words half uttered, I saw Davis raise his arm with a quick, nervous motion, and, before I could ward off the blow, I felt a crushing sensation on my head, my knees gave way, and that was all I knew.

When I came to myself they told me that Lieutenant Davis had knocked me down with the hilt of his sword, then coolly ordered the rest of the company to bed, whither they had dispersed, whereupon he re-imprisoned Ford. The men said it had all been done so quick that they had no time to collect their wits enough to resist, even had they chosen; that my being knocked off my pins with such a sudden blow seemed to break up all their unity of action, and that Ford had come forward himself and gone with the guard; that Lieutenant Davis had said no word after his blow, but followed the guard out of the quarters, where everything had resumed its quiet aspect.

For days after this event, by no means honorable to myself, I kept my bunk, with bandaged and aching head, and feelings sore and venomous. Could I have gotten any of my comrades to take my part, I should have at once recommenced hostilities; but all of them sided against me, saying I had provoked worse treatment than I received. Lieutenant Davis did not attempt further to punish me; but this only enraged me the more, for it looked like clemency, and I would rather have been court-martialed and shot, I thought, than accept clemency from him. But I could do nothing more than nurse my wrath in silence, for when I returned to duty Lieutenant Davis took neither more nor less notice of me than before, and never spoke or acted as if he had the slightest recollection of my conduct. But this was fresh cause of aggravation, and augmented my daily growing store of revenge.

After this fracas, Company G seemed entirely to have lost their old dislike for Lieutenant Davis; nor could I ever get a single man to join me in any scheme against him or his authority. Even Renny Ford (who, by the way, had been released next day, with a caution against the abuse of liquor), bore no grudge, and I could never make him believe that it was for him I had suffered so much. He would always answer to my assertions of this fact that it was not so much my friendship for him as my enmity to Lieutenant Davis that got me into the trouble; and though I used to deny it then, I now admit the force of his reasoning. Company G became the best-drilled, best-behaved company in the regiment, as it was really of the best material, and none was more devoted to its commanding officer.

I was the only black sheep among them, and a real black sheep I was. Naturally of an amiable disposition, I was, nevertheless, morbidly sensitive, and once piqued, I was not apt to get over it, unless, perhaps, my opponent made the first advances; and that Lieutenant Davis would gratify me in this particular was scarcely to be expected. I never considered that he had been very lenient in my case, that I had deserved a much more severe punishment; I only remembered that he had told me to hold my tongue, and had struck me. The provocation on my part sank into nothingness beside the glaring insult of the blow, and the difference of rank at that stage of my military career never entered my head. And so I became the only utterly worthless member of the company. If I could shirk duty at any time, I did it; if I could get on the sick-list, I kept my quarters, much as I liked fresh air and exercise, rather than drill or do duty under that boy, as I called him. I didn't mind guard duty, in fact was glad to be put on when Lieutenant Davis was not officer of the guard or of the day; but I would resort to almost any measures to escape obeying his commands. On several occasions I even went so far as to make myself in reality desperately sick, by a trick an old sailor-friend had taught me, of swallowing a quid of tobacco; which feat would be followed by terrible nausea and retching for many hours, then a collapse so like that in cholera that it would deceive almost any physician, and a complete prostration of my nervous system for nearly a week. Violent as was this remedy, I was willing to take it rather than endure the disease, for such to me was any kind of duty under my Lieutenant. But all my subterfuges only resulted in avoiding for me a portion of my duty, and procuring me the name of the most worthless, incorrigible dead-beat.

So matters went on for many months, during which we had been ordered to Washington, and stationed at Fort Lyon, Va. Thoughts of desertion had not unfrequently crossed my mind, but fear of the name of coward, invariably coupled with that of deserter, deterred me from so shameful an act. But nothing kept me from my equally dishonorable course of contumacy and defiance of my my superior. No advice, no urgings on the part of my comrades and sergeants had any effect upon me; set in my way, I was bound to fight it out on that line to the bitter end. And for my own good it was, that finally the bitter end came.

It was thus. I had been put in the guard-house the previous day (no rare thing with me at that time), and in the morning had been sent out with some other prisoners to work under guard. I had done this often before. In fact I did more work under such circumstances than in my regular line of duty. But the lurking devil within me was chafing for a *casus belli*, and the work being such as to offend my biased sense of right, seemed to offer the desired opportunity. It was cleaning the regimental sinks. This is, thought I, more than I can stand. All my senses revolted at it; and while the rest of the prisoners set to work with spade and pick, I threw down my implement with an oath, determined not to move a hand in such menial, and as I thought, degrading labor.

As it happened, Lieutenant Davis was again officer of the day, and shortly after came on his rounds to inspect the progress we were making.

"Lieutenant, Private Ogden, G Company, won't do his work," reported the corporal in charge of the party.

"Ogden again! Why, what's the matter now, Ogden?" said he, turning on me a look of half annoyance, half severity.

I spoke no word, but curled my lip and folded my arms in mute defiance.

"Ogden, this won't do. Take up your spade, and set to work."

Still neither word nor motion from me. Lieutenant Davis watched me a moment, while all hands stopped work to look on; my bad reputation and present attitude exciting a lively interest in the proceedings, and one or two loiterers from camp joined the by-standers.

"Ogden, you tried this once before, and got no good from it. Don't try it again. Pick up that spade and set to work."

"I'll do neither one nor t'other!" I muttered between my teeth, settling myself down firmly on my feet, resolved not to be beaten this time, for Lieutenant Davis's words were an unpleasant reminder of my last affray with him. But I did not look at him. Somehow I knew that I could not look into his steady blue eye, which I felt was fixed upon me now, as calmly as he could into mine, and I did not try. I felt an uncertainty, too, about the result of this contumacy, but I drove it fiercely away, determined to do or die.

"Corporal, send one of your men for the sergeant and a file of the guard, and a pair of handcuffs," was the only answer to my disobedient outbreak, in a voice, according to his wont, lower as he grew more angry.

"Handcuffs? You'll not put handcuffs on me, Lieutenant Davis!" I said, with an effort to be calm and determined.

"We'll see."

"We *will* see!"

The sergeant came with the men and the handcuffs, stepped up, and touched his cap to Lieutenant Davis.

"Put those irons on Private Ogden there!"

"Don't you try it, sergeant! Lieutenant Davis, I give you fair warning that I won't have those handcuffs put on me. If you try it, you'll regret it."

"Sergeant, put on those irons!" ordered Lieutenant Davis, curtly.

The sergeant stepped up to me in obedience to this command. Maddened by the attempt, and especially by the coolness of the Lieutenant, I dashed the sergeant with a blow to one side, and strode upon my tormentor. But I had not observed that Lieutenant Davis, well knowing my temper, and anticipating some such upshot, had placed his hand upon his revolver; and before I had taken two steps toward him, I heard the click of the hammer as he cocked it, and found myself confronted by its muzzle, not three feet from my eyes.

So unexpected a sight instantly checked me. I had had not a few personal encounters before, and from my last with Lieutenant Davis, I inferred that if he intended to curb me by force, he would use means similar to those he had practised before, in which case I had made up my mind that come what might, I would not take a blow without returning a deadly one. But the sight of a pistol yawning upon me for the first time, completely unmanned me. It seems an exaggerated term to describe the quarter-inch muzzle of a pistol as "yawning," but who that has had such a weapon presented within three feet of his face can use a less forcible expression? The mouth of the piece looked as large as a twenty-four pounder.

Seeing my irresolution, Lieutenant Davis quietly said: "Put on those irons, sergeant. Ogden, hold out your hands."

I held them out mechanically, from sheer indecision, was ironed and led off. Half an hour later, Lieutenant Davis came down to the guard-house, asked if I was prepared to go to work, and receiving an emphatic oath in the negative, ordered me tied up.

This roused me again. Tied up! I would die rather! But this time, Lieutenant Davis was fully provided for the emergency, and merely stood by and watched four men (and it took four of the strongest) tie my hands together, and my feet at the ankles, carry me out to the ten-foot horse, and string me up, heeding not in the least the oaths and vile epithets I launched at him without cessation; and when I was fairly tied up, he turned on his heel and went about his business, ordering that no one should be allowed to loiter about and look on.

There were two men on the horse above me, indulging in a "dry-ride," one ridden into penitence, the other still holding out in his obduracy. For the benefit of those of my readers who are not familiar with this mode of equitation, I would say that the "mount" in question is a rail horizontally poised on four legs, varying in height from six to twelve feet, with another rail above it, to which the hands of the horsemen are tied to prevent their dismounting till the dry-ride has induced a change of heart; which, no saddle being allowed, and the animal's back sharp, is generally effected in from ten minutes to a couple of hours. But the man who can ride an hour without sincere contrition, must have an equally callous heart and seat. Between these two modes of punishment (the ride and the tying-up), there is little choice, unless the victim has some physical peculiarity or complaint which renders one of them specially painful in his case. Either is generally effective.

Nor did the remedy fail in my case. My oaths subsided as my muscles began to weary, and I devoted more of my attention to keeping in the least uncomfortable position, alternating the weight of my body in spells between my hands and my toes. Gradually, each became tired after a shorter period. I could not sustain my weight by my wrists for more than a minute without the blood becoming so stagnant as to cause insupportable swelling and tingling; nor on tip-toe for a longer period without my feet giving way from sheer exhaustion. These periods speedily grew less, till even a few seconds seemed interminable; my head swam, and I became faint and feverish. Still my resolution not to give in held out firmly, nor did it succumb till I was completely prostrated. But some half-hour, more or less, after the obdurate horseman above me had joined his comrade in the cry of *peccavi*, and had been released from his unwilling equestrianism, though my spirit was willing my flesh was weak; and when the sergeant of the guard, a steady-going old fellow-townsman, who had been my best adviser, though I had rarely done his good counsel credit, came to me and said, "William, my boy, best be taken down and go to work; 'tis better for you, my lad; this conduct is neither Christian nor manly," I burst into tears, and said I would do anything rather than endure such pain. The sergeant reported the state of the case to Lieutenant Davis, who ordered me at once taken down and sent out to the fatigue-party. This was done, and I took to my work, ashamed of my punishment, but still hard-hearted enough to be yet more ashamed of my having given in.

This time I was thoroughly subdued. I had succumbed to a stronger will than my own, had suffered a degrading punishment for my contempt of authority, and had no thought of resistance left. I was too crest-fallen ever again to attempt the slightest antagonism to duty or the orders of my superiors, but I became reticent, moody, and very unhappy. I avoided all intercourse with my companions—though now that I had given up my evil courses, they were once more most generous in friendly offices—and wandered about alone, in a deplorable state of mental dejection. No advice, no offers of assistance, no cordial

treatment could wean me from my dismal gloom. I was completely humiliated in my own eyes, and felt that every one ought to shun me.

But I was not reconciled to Lieutenant Davis, and I felt that until I had received his pardon for my many contempts, I could never again hold up my head as a man and a good soldier. And yet I had not the courage to go tell him I had been a sorry member of the company, but that I would try to mend; though I knew he would receive me frankly and with good will.

And so matters went on for many weary months, during which I longed with an eagerness I cannot describe for reconciliation to Lieutenant Davis and my own good opinion. We had been ordered to join the Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula, and I hoped that more active duties would bring about a release from my hypochondria. But neither heavy work on entrenchments nor the sleepless nights of picket duty induced the desired change.

But at last came the terrible battle of Fair Oaks. No sooner did the booming of artillery and the rattle of small arms in our front tell us that a general engagement was imminent, than I felt the shackles of dejection fall from my heart, "as it had been scales." My chance had come. I would *show* my captain (for such Lieutenant Davis had now become) that which I could not *speak*. For the first time in months I felt happy again, elate at my prospect of recovering my lost honor.

And as I hoped it happened. I need not tell of the awful shudder with which I began to see my companions fall about me; of my dread wearing off in the excitement of a first exposure to a scathing fire of musketry; of all my energies roused, and my senses cheered into enthusiasm in the glorious danger of a charge; suffice it to say that on the eve of that memorable day—when we had driven our at first successful foe, baffled and decimated, back to his fortifications, at roll-call, when only forty-three out of over ninety-seven answered to their names—Captain Davis, after congratulating the company upon its bravery and endurance, said, and I could see a real satisfaction lighting up his eye,

"Men, there is one of your number upon whom I wish to bestow especial commendation. Private Ogden, you have done yourself honor, and I feel that in the future I can rely upon you as one of the best men of Company G."

My heart was almost too full for words; but I stepped to the front, and touching my cap, asked permission to speak. Captain Davis nodded assent, and, choking down my rising emotion, I acknowledged that I had been the worst man in the company, that I was sincerely contrite, and only asked Captain Davis to forget the past and judge me by the future.

My story is ended. But I am proud to say that when I was discharged as orderly sergeant for wounds received at Gettysburg a year and over later, Captain Davis, then newly promoted major of the regiment, endorsed on my discharge-paper, under the head of "character:"

"Excellent in every particular. The best man I ever had in my company."

And there it hangs upon the wall, in a rich gilt frame, where all who wish may see it, a constant reminder to me of the man than whom I love and honor none more highly in the world.

T. A. DODGE.

Drawn by W. J. Hennessy.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

MRS. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

IT is the evening of the 25th of October, 1829, and a great excitement pervades the literary and artistic populace of London. Frances Anne Kemble, the daughter of the famous Charles Kemble, and of his beautiful and gifted wife, is to make her *début*, and many and brilliant are the auguries of her success. Covent Garden Theatre, which has so often been the scene of the triumphs of the Kemble family, a family the members of which, to their lasting honor be it spoken, have done as much to elevate their profession by the purity of their lives as by the splendor of their genius, is to-night crowed from the pit to the topmost gallery with an eager, expectant, and brilliant audience. Perhaps, too, so sympathetic and appreciative an audience never before greeted a *débutante*. Mrs. Siddons is there, old and grey, and a little anxious, but stately and beautiful still. Talfourd is there, and to-morrow he will publish a criticism on the performance which will make the heart of the young *débutante* beat high with pride and pleasure; and Sir Thomas Lawrence is there, pencil and paper in hand, prepared to listen as attentively, to observe as closely, and to criticise at once as severely and as intelligently as he alone can.

Seldom has a choicer feast been spread before true lovers of the drama than that which awaits them to-night. The play is "Romeo and Juliet," with Charles Kemble (for the first time) as Mercutio, Mrs. Charles Kemble, the originality and finish of whose acting invests the simplest and briefest parts with new dignity and charm, as Lady Capulet, and Frances Anne Kemble as Juliet. Miss Kemble is quite unknown to most of the audience. She is but just out of the French convent where she has been educated. She is barely eighteen; and six weeks ago she did not anticipate devoting her life to the stage.

The curtain rises at last, and a burst of applause greets Charles Kemble as he bounds on the stage as Mercutio, gay, gallant, graceful, "seeming to have cast all his cares and twenty of his years behind him," a living and most charming embodiment of "the delightful creation of Shakespeare's happiest mood." Mrs. Charles Kemble is welcomed with equal warmth and enthusiasm, but the event of the evening is still to come, and as the nurse calls Juliet, the hush of strained expectation and anxiety is almost painful. There is a momentary pause, then a full rich voice responds, and Juliet, the very Juliet surely of whom Shakespeare dreamed, glides upon the stage. There she stands; slight, graceful, girlish; there is the youthful face, instinct with passion and with power, there are the dark liquid eyes, the softly smiling lips, the low, broad brow, shaded by glossy raven hair. The first glance at her beautiful face has won all hearts, and when she speaks, the enchanting vibrating voice which, after nearly forty years, retains its mellow sweetness, and can still

> Fall down and glance
> From tone to tone, and change to change.
> Of liveliest utterance.

completes the spell. After the first tremor of excitement and uneasiness passes

off, which it does in a very few moments, she loses all timidity and self-consciousness, and giving herself up entirely to her part, plays with a power and passion, an originality and "exquisite naturalness," which electrify her audience. Even Mrs. Siddons smiles approval, and her tears speak more eloquently than her smiles; and Mrs. Charles Kemble, whose taste and judgment are so faultless that her criticisms are more carefully studied by the Kemble family than any others—even Mrs. Charles Kemble is delighted; and as the curtain falls upon the last act, Fanny Kemble is recalled with acclamations, and stands before the footlights the acknowledged queen of the English stage.

Her success on this occasion is perhaps the more remarkable, as she was extremely unwilling to make her *début* in Juliet. She was anxious to play Portia (which subsequently became her favorite part), and was bitterly disappointed at being refused permission to do so. The next day nearly all the London newspapers were unanimous in their expressions of admiration of her acting, and of astonishment at its power and originality. "It never was our fortune," says Talfourd, "to see Mrs. Siddons in this part, but Miss Kemble gives it a depth of tragic tone which none of her predecessors whom we have seen ever gave to it. Miss O'Neil, loth as we are to forget her fascinations, used to lighten the earlier scenes of the piece with some girlish graces that were accused of being infantine. Be that as it may, there were certainly a hundred little prettinesses enacted by hundreds of novices in the character which attracted habitual applauses, but which Miss Kemble at once repudiated with the wise audacity of genius; at the same time, though she blends not a particle of affected girlishness with the part of Juliet, her youth and her truth still have in it a Shakesperian *naïveté*. As the tragedy deepens, her powers are developed in unison with the strengthened decision of purpose which the poet gives to the character. What a noble effect she produced in that scene where the nurse, who has hitherto been the partner of all her counsels, recommends her to marry Paris, and to her astonished exclamation, 'Speak'st thou from thy heart!' answers, 'And from my soul, too, or else beshrew them both.' At that momentous passage, Miss Kemble erected her head, and extended her arm with an expressive air which we never saw surpassed in acting, and with a power like magic, pronounced 'Amen!' In that attitude, and look, and word, she made us feel that Juliet, so late a nursling, was now left alone in the world—that the child was gone, and that the heroic woman had begun her part. By her change in tone and manner she showed that her heart was wound up to fulfil its destiny, and she bids the nurse 'Go in' in a tone of dignified command. That there was such a change in Juliet we have always felt, but to mark its precise moment was reserved for this accomplished actress, in a single tone."

This first triumph was followed by many more. Indeed, there is hardly a case on record of an actress who achieved and retained so sudden and splendid a popularity with so little previous preparation. Although she had studied for so short a time previous to her *début*, however, she studied very carefully. Afterward the very anxiety felt by her relatives on her account, made them exacting; and accustomed to severe and patient study themselves, and to the success which was almost as much the result of that as of their genius, they often gave utterance to criticisms which were almost incomprehensible to her, and expected from her a kind of study which she was powerless to give. But she was a most conscientious student, nevertheless, always ready to profit by honest criticism; and whenever Sir Thomas Lawrence came to see her, bringing his

notes upon her acting—the care and severity of which may be gathered from the fact that often her enunciation of certain words was censured as being "*a semi-tone too high*"—she always shut herself up in her room with the paper for hours, and studied and practised until the difficulties were conquered and the faults corrected. As time proceeded, Miss Kemble equalled, in almost every instance, the anticipations formed of her. Her advantages were very great, for, besides her natural gifts for the stage (among which we must not forget to enumerate such a quick and retentive memory that she learned her parts with incredible ease and rapidity, and on one occasion committed the longest woman's part in the English language within three hours), she had the constant companionship and advice of the best artists of the day, and of her own family in particular, who, as we have before said, attained their renown, in a great measure, by the closest, most unremitting and most patient study. The books which they used, and which are now in existence, even the books used by Mrs. Siddons, are lined and interlined, and every word and syllable which required a particular accent or inflection, has its appropriate mark, showing how much they depended upon these aids. When, after all this study and practice, the proper conception and representation of a part was decided upon, it was ever afterward adhered to, regardless alike of the mood of the actor and the circumstances by which he was surrounded; and it was this closeness of study, and careful and oft-repeated *manipulation*, if we may use the word, which gave to the acting of the Kemble family its exquisite delicacy and fidelity, as well as that finish and unvarying evenness for which it was famous, and which contributed quite as much as their genius, except, perhaps, in the case of Mrs. Siddons, to their popularity.

With Mrs. Charles Kemble it was quite otherwise. She was born an artist, and born a finished artist, being gifted with that natural and intuitive facility of representation which is by no means always the accompaniment of genius, and the possession of which saves the histrionic artist a vast deal of severe study and wearisome practice. Mrs. Charles Kemble's natural and unstudied emphasis in reading is said to have been as faultless and as invariably correct as that which, with the rest of the family, was the result of such patient toil, only, as it was in her case an instinct, she needed no reminder. Her books, preserved still, like the rest, have no lines and accents. She trusted her instinct, and that never failed her. Her daughter inherited her genius—was, perhaps, more of a genius than she was, and inherited, also, in a great degree, her facility; but with all this facility, and more passion and more power than her mother, she was very much under the influence of moods, and moods of which she was not always conscious, and could not, therefore, control; so that when her mother, naturally the closest and most anxious observer, as she was also the best critic, sometimes said to her as they returned from the theatre, "My daughter, to-night you acted exquisitely;" and on other occasions, "Fanny, to-night you played very badly. I almost think you had better give it all up." Fanny could not always see, though she might *feel*, that there had been any difference in her acting.

On the other hand, the very susceptibility and moodiness of temperament which prevented her from being always reliable, at other times ensured her a supreme success. Once, when she was acting at Covent Garden in a tragedy, in the last act of which there is a scene where the heroine is in prison awaiting the fate of her lover who has been condemned to death, but for whom she hopes a reprieve, she became so completely imbued with a sense of the reality of the situation, that she lay on the dungeon floor in an agony of suspense which was

almost unbearable; and when at length her lover appeared, safe, forgetting the long and fine piece of declamation with which he was usually welcomed, she rushed into his arms with a cry of ecstasy, exclaiming, "Alive! Alive! Alive!" The audience were thrilled, as may easily be imagined; and a moment after, such a thunder of applause broke out as had hardly ever before shaken the walls of Covent Garden; and as Charles Kemble led his daughter before the curtain in answer to the repeated calls for her appearance, he said, "Well, Miss Fanny, you have made a new point indeed."

In 1832, she accompanied her father to this country, and played, with great success, the leading parts in tragedy and comedy, distinguishing herself particularly in Juliet, Portia, Bianca, in Milman's "Fazio," Julia, in the "Hunchback," Belvidere, Isabella, Lady Teazle, and Louise de Savoy, in her own play of "Francis the First," written when she was seventeen, and received with great approbation. Her progress through this country was one continued ovation, but though she was then the queen of the stage, and the idol of its admirers, she never liked it, and her peculiar temperament rendered the numerous petty annoyances of an actor's life and the disenchantments of the sidewings and asides of the theatre, painfully galling to her. The following extract from her journal will show how such scenes as those which she describes must have affected her:

Monday, 7th. At half-past five went to the theatre. The play was "Romeo and Juliet," and went off pretty smoothly, except that they broke one man's collar-bone and nearly dislocated a woman's shoulder by flinging the scenery about. My bed was not made in time, and when the scene drew, half a dozen carpenters in patched trowsers and tattered shirt sleeves were discovered smoothing down my pillows and adjusting my draperies. The last scene is too good not be given verbatim.

Romeo. Rise, rise, my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms.

[Here he pounced upon me, plucked me up in his arms like an uncomfortable bundle, and staggered down the stage with me.]

Juliet. (Aside.) Oh, you've got me up horridly!—that'll never do; let me down, pray let me down.

Romeo. Then breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,
And call thee back my soul to life and love!

Juliet. (Aside.) Pray put me down; you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me on the ground directly—

Romeo. Tear not our heartstrings thus!
They crack! they break! Juliet! Juliet! [Dies.]

Juliet. (To corpse.) Am I smothering you?

Corpse. (To Juliet.) Not at all; could you be so kind, do you think, as to put my wig on again for me?—it has fallen off.

Juliet. (To corpse.) I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over you. You've broken the phial, haven't you?

[Corpse nodded.]

Juliet. (To corpse.) Where's your dagger?

Corpse. (To Juliet.) 'Pon my soul I don't know.

On the other hand, she was rarely allowed to have a voice in the selection of her parts, and sometimes was forced to take those for which her extreme youth unfitted her. "I played Lady Macbeth," she says, on one occasion, "and

played like a very clever girl as I am, but it was as much like the real Lady Macbeth as the Great Mogul."

In 1834, she retired definitely from the stage, and except for a brief period in 1851, when she appeared in London, never again returned to it. Her bright, brief career as an actress is one of the glorious memories of the stage, but it is not in connection with the stage that she is most widely known and will be longest remembered.

In 1848, she gave in Boston the first series of those readings which have made her name forever famous, and which have done so much to render Shakespeare properly understood and appreciated. No other living being in this our day and generation, has been able to do for Shakespeare what Mrs. Kemble, owing to the peculiar bent of her genius and her versatility of impersonation, has done. In listening to one of her readings, we have the unexampled pleasure of seeing one of Shakespeare's plays, with each part superbly rendered. Yes, *seeing*, for do we not forget the dais upon which she sits, the dark red screen behind her, the table with its pile of books—do not these simple surroundings dissolve and melt away into arching forests or palace halls at will? and does not each character step before us in the costume of the day, whether it be Cleopatra dying amid long-forgotten Egyptian splendor, or Titania with her robe of woven moonbeams, or Bottom with his ass's head? Mrs. Kemble is independent of her surroundings the moment they are in her own power, and creates and changes them at will. And she is thus enabled to do for Shakespeare what she could not have done had she remained on the stage; she gives us each one of his characters equally well played, a pleasure never yet enjoyed in the theatre; and I think we are scarcely less struck, on hearing her read any play of his for the first time, by her magnificent impersonation of the principal characters than by the way in which she brings out, individualizes, and makes real the minor ones—nonentities, some of them, in the hands of inferior actors, and very liable to escape us in reading.

In "As You Like It," Rosalind—lovely, arch, passionate, tender Rosalind—is not more real than Audrey—ignorant, humble, delightfully stupid Audrey. Not a word that Rosalind utters, and we think that she is among the most charming of Mrs. Kemble's impersonations, is more clearly impressed on our memory than the ineffable ignorance and stupidity expressed in Audrey's manner of uttering the words, "I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?" In "Macbeth," all the parts in which she makes as distinct as she does deeply tragic, Lady Macbeth is not more terrible than, in their way, are the three witches. This whole scene, which Shakespeare evidently did not mean to make grotesque, but terrible, is travestied on the stage; but in Mrs. Kemble's hands it is what it was meant to be, wild, weird, appalling. She is not simply a hag, she is a hag possessed by a fiend. What absolutely hellish joy lights up her face as she stirs the cauldron! With what an indescribable accent of malice and cruelty does she utter the refrain,

Double, double, toil and trouble.

And this same face which can so embody the glare of a fiend, these lips which can utter a fiend's adjuration, can give the look, the smile of Titania, reproducing with equal fidelity the flower-like grace, the fairy-like evanescent loveliness of one of the most delicate of Shakespeare's creations!

It is precisely this versatility of impersonation, this mobility of countenance, this flexibility of voice, which combine with her great genius to make Mrs.

Kemble's readings what they are, dramatic performances of the very highest order. She only, we think, can so read Shakespeare as not to destroy the unity of one of his marvellous dramas, because she only, of all the readers now before the public, can fitly conceive and represent every character she assumes, making each one real and distinct, and at the same time, by some subtle magic, imbuing her audience with her own passionate sense of the reality of the situation.

But her peculiar power can never be analyzed, defined, or imitated. Of all the dramatic artists we have seen, she is not only the most difficult to study, but she is the one whom it would be most impossible to imitate, and not because of her supreme excellence, but because, let us observe as closely, study as faithfully as we may, there is always a subtle, intangible something which escapes us, a something which we feel, but cannot grasp; a perfection which we see and acknowledge, while we find it impossible to arrive at a knowledge of the successive steps by which she achieved it.

Again and again, as we look at, and listen to Mrs. Kemble, are we reminded of Tennyson's description of Cleopatra. Like the enchanting Egyptian queen, Mrs. Kemble possesses a

> Warbling voice, a lyre of widest range,
> Struck by all passion.

Like her, too, "when she makes pause," she can raise her piercing orbs, and fill with light,

> The interval of sound.

The remarkable richness and compass of Mrs. Kemble's voice, the exquisite beauty of its modulations, and the consummate art with which she manages it, has, we think, peculiar scope in the "Tempest" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Can any one ever forget — and, ah, can any one ever equal her rendering of the songs in the "Tempest," the "Come unto the yellow sands," and "Full fathom five?" How wondrously-beautiful are the three deep notes at the close of this song, "Ding-dong, bell"—notes perfectly clear, distinct and musical, and falling from tone to tone with bell-like precision and sweetness. The first scene of the last act is a marvel of elocutionary art, so exquisite and perfect is the contrast between Prospero's deep, sad, *human* tones, and the "thin and clear," elf-like voice of Ariel. In that last song of Ariel's there breathes the essence of all that is fairest and most fleeting in a summer day, and while Mrs. Kemble is reading it, we are so vividly conscious of the presence of the dainty sprite, we realize so fully his ecstasy at being set free and permitted to return to his elements, that we feel a pang as he concludes, and echo from our hearts Prospero's, "My dainty Ariel, I shall miss thee."

We first heard Mrs. Kemble read Antony and Cleopatra, and it is always as the latter character that we like to take leave of her. The splendor of the whole play, but particularly of the death scene, is singularly suited to her powers. She is the real Cleopatra, "keeping her queen-like state in the last disgrace, and her sense of the pleasurable in the last moments of her life." How divinely sweet is her voice in the utterance of Cleopatra's last words:

> Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
> That sucks the nurse asleep!
> As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle—
> Oh, Antony.

But even as we write the vision fades away. The last melting tones of Cleopatra's voice blend themselves with the summer wind which is whispering among

the vines which curtain our lattice. Her dark, bright beauty resolves itself into the flowers which bloom and wave in the garden without. Puck was here but now, but he is gone, bestriding that butterfly, perhaps, which is fluttering over the clover-heads on the lawn, and Ariel, doubtless, lies upon that fragment of thistle-down which floats upward in the sunshine. They are all gone, but she, the mere recollection of whose powers has evoked those fair phantoms' lives, and we hope, for many a year to come, will continue to illuminate by her genius the glorious pages of the prince of poets.

ACQUITTED.

"MY Lord, not guilty." Quickly as the word
Broke on the silence, where no breath had stirred
For hours, burst forth the hearty English cheers,
Which told the loyalty and love of years
To that young face, which from the prisoners' seat
Looked down, so fair, so womanly, so sweet.
But as the swift chain lightning flings its line
Of hotter fire, and writes its deadlier sign
Upon the blazing sky, so then rang out
One mocking laugh, which through the hoarser shout
Clove its sharp way, as through a silence, till,
With cheeks and lips that paled, the crowd stood still,
And turned and gazed in terror that was blind
With unbelief, and could not, would not find
The truth. "Not guilty! Ha! My Lord!"
'Twas she—
The woman from death's shadow just set free—
Who laughed and spoke, and spoke and laughed again,
A fearful, bitter laugh, which made more plain
The mocking words—"Not guilty! Ha! My Lord!"
And with a quick, white flutter at the word,
Rising, she stretched her arms, as gulls their wings
Poise for their flight; and her voice rang, as rings
Metal on stone. The voice alone betrayed
The ruin which the deadly strife had made
Of her. Cheek, brow, and eyes were placid, sweet:
The lips their red had kept, and still could meet
In grand, firm close; her snowy hand, serene,
She lifted with the gesture of a queen;
And no man there had dared so much as reach
His arm to stay her motion or her speech.
"My Lord, and you, kind neighbors, who no harm
Have meant to me, in trying if the arm

Of law could mete the measure of this deed
Which you call murder, listen how much heed
And gratitude I have for this poor boon
Of life, which you have given me back so soon.
I killed that woman! Yes, kind neighbors, I!
You see this justice is a farce, a lie!
I've watched it through its well-concocted scheme
To prove me guiltless, till, as in a dream,
I've said, 'Is this, then, true, or shall I wake?'
But now ye surely can your words retake.
Ye must. Let it be 'Guilty' now, and ten
Times guilty, and no mercy sought of men
For me who showed none!"
Here a great cry sobbed
Up from the crowd: "Poor soul, her woes have robbed
Her of her reason! Take her hence! Oh, shame
To let her speak. Think of her noble name."
And some of them who knew and loved her crept
Close to her side; but by one glance she kept
Them all spell-bound and silent—held at bay;
And ere they farther strove her words to stay,
A sage, whose tender skill had saved her life
In infancy's first hour, cried,
"Hush! This strife
Is mortal! Eased by words, perchance the brain
So cruelly o'erwrought may yet regain
Itself. Forbear, and pray that she may weep."
Smiling a slow, vague smile, like one from sleep
Awaking, she began, in lower tone:
"I am not mad, good friends, nor was. I own
Your tenderness of charity and trust,
Which will not let my own hand to the dust
Cast down the name you have so long revered.
Except that hotter brands my cheek have seared,
I, too, could blush, too late for that proud name
And old, of which no murderer ever came
Before! But that is past. Vengeance is sweet,
Oh, sweet, and it is mine; yet not complete
Simply in that she died; though that is much,
To know that no more 'neath her poisoned touch
Sweet loves shall die; no more those treacherous eyes,
With their blue depths of counterfeit surprise,
And tenderness, and joy, which might deceive
Angels, their fatal snaring charm shall weave
Round men; no more those slow, low words shall make
Their hollow, lying shows, and dare to take
The voice of sweetest saintliness; and, hid
In darkness, 'neath the stifling coffin-lid,
That amber hair may grow, and coil, and wind,
And never one more gleam of sunshine find

To light its lurid spell! Ah, now so spent
Am I, perhaps I might have been content
With simply this! But, no, oh no! The price
Of blood is more. My dead love cries, 'Suffice
These things to you who loved? This paltry dust
Of death, mere death, which cometh to the just
And unjust equally, with equal length
Of grave! Is this the measure, this the strength
Of your revenge?' Ah, no, sweet love, dear love!
Forgive me, that my wearied blood could move
So sluggishly, but for one instant! Hear,
Oh dream of love, that liest on thy bier,
My heart—all men shall know that for thy death
She died, who slew thee! That the cruel breath
Which froze thy glowing veins, I took away,
And left her breast, a thing, which in a day,
Her lover should turn from, with shuddering!
But, oh, dear friends"—and here, as if to cling
To some loved hand, she sudden turned and bent,
And from her drooping eyes, a quick glance sent
As seeking help; and faintly on her cheek
A red flush rose and fell; and when to speak
Again she tried, her voice was broken, low,
And piteous as death:
"Dear friends, I know
You love me well; and even in this despair,
I find at last, that life enough to care
For your good will stirs in my broken heart;
I pray you, hold me in your thoughts apart
From them who kill for hatred or for gain!
Oh, could I set in words that maddened pain
Of terror! The sudden mastering sense
Of danger to the flesh, 'in self-defence'
Spills blood, and sins not, by the laws of men.
Is, then, the body of most price? Oh when
They come who kill the soul, Christ bade us fear.
Oh fathers, mothers, ye have looked on dear
Dead children! Lovers, ye have kissed the white
Still hands, and eyes, and lips, and, clasping tight
The pulseless body, on the marble breast,
Have lain all night, till of its icy rest
Ye knew and shared the utmost chill; and this
Ye have called grief, and prayed to die! Oh, bliss
Beyond compare is such a watch with dead
Your own; and rapturous are tears thus shed
On faces whose last look was love, when speech
Had failed—on hands, which, if they could, would reach
From highest heaven, to but touch the hem
Of your loved garments. Ah, God sent to them,

To you, his dearest angel. His own seal
Your love made sure. But God himself to heal
The woe which watches death of love, can send
No angel! When the eyes which used to bend
And linger with a look that kissed, can sweep
By idly; when for smiles which scarce could keep
Back tears, you have a quick laugh, and a jest,
And words of kindness, worse than all the rest;
When lips which once to yours have clung, and clung,
Glide lightly from your brow; and hands which wrung
Your hands and held them to a heart that throbbed,
Forget to touch you as you pass; and robbed
Of sun, of breath, your days go on, go on,
Like days to dead in graves—speechless, alone,
With hopeless eyes, and face to face with fear,
Which darkens into utter dark, so near
It can be felt ——; dear hearts, I fled in such
A darkness, such a dread. God know how much
He can forgive; and ye—"
But ere the word
Had left her trembling lips, the pale crowd stirred
And opened, and four men, with faltering tread
And panting breasts, bore out one fallen dead,
It seemed; upon whose ashy rigid face
Her eyes but rested, when, with no more trace
Of life than he, she fell; as noiseless, swift,
As from a breaking bough the soft snows drift
Down to the ground.
Awe-struck, with strange grief numb,
I staggered out, like one both deaf and dumb,
'Mid all the crowds' loud words and trampling feet,
Which bore me nerveless with them. In the street,
Voices I vaguely heard: "That man was he
Who wrought this woe, her husband."
"Surely she
Is mad;" and of them all there was no tongue
But spoke in love of her.
My heart was wrung
With sorrow which I could not fathom. Night
Brought only palsied dreams, in which her white
Sweet face looked up at me on waves which swept
Her from my frantic grasp; and days but crept,
While I, unknown and lonely, through the town,
Waiting I knew not what, roamed up and down.
At last the third cold dawn to red from grey
Had turned; and, listless, as the golden day
Set its first mark along the city spires,
And lit the far sea-line with kindling fires,
I walked along the misty rocky beach:
One silver note which had not power to reach

My ear, except my heart had felt its stroke,
Sudden upon the frosty silence broke.
It was the death bell of the chapel chimes;
I knew it meant that she had gone: her times
God's hand had numbered tenderly; and through
The sense of great content which came, I knew
That I had waited for her burying.
Hid in the yews, I watched the slow wheels bring
Her beauteous body, sealed; long, through the gate,
Wound the dark files of funeral pomp and state:
They laid her by her grand ancestral dead:
For her the same proud mitred prayers were said;
Faint yellow moss upon the carven stone
O'ergrew the place her name should fill. Alone
They left her, and with quickening tread, resought
The sunlit ways.
Then, from the yews, I brought
My lilies. Their cool snow to make her sleep
More sweet, I spread: and then sat down to keep
The watch with her, through her first night of death
And dark. I fancied I could hear her breath
Grow long and deep. My reverent lips I pressed
Upon the sods which lay above her breast.
I fancied that her proud and placid eyes
Met, with no look of grieved or stern surprise,
This late love, born of woe and death.
I passed
My hand above her brow: no shadow cast
Its hungry creeping shape but with fierce blow
I smote it back: and when the wind would go
Too swift and close, I flung my arms and face
Down on the grass and held in my embrace
All of her little bed.
When dawn was near
I gathered up my lilies, shrunk and sere,
And left her, knowing that she thus had willed.
My love, content in pain, my passion stilled,
One joy I bore out to the dreary years—
The last kiss had been mine, and the last tears.

H. H.

THE TREASURE OF THE THREE KINGS.

"HOLD on a bit, doctor. I want to say something—wait a bit—there, now I'm easier—did you say I was—dying?"

"Well, yes, Baybridge; you might as well know it, I suppose. You won't pull through this time, my poor fellow. I have warned you before."

"Never mind all that, doctor; if I'm bound to die what's the use of preaching, but I've got something—ugh, there it is again—I've got something to ask for."

"Well, Baybridge, anything in reason, but you must be quick."

"Oh, it ain't unreasonable, I reckon. I want to see my son."

"What, No. 35?"

"Yes, doctor. He works in the foundry gang, and I being in the brush shop haven't got to see him for two or three years now. Just after he come in this time it was that the warden let us have a patter. I haven't seen him since."

"Well, Baybridge, your wish is natural, and does you credit. I will speak to the warden, and I dare say he will let 35 come up here and have an interview—at noon perhaps."

"Will I last till then, doctor?" asked the hoary old convict, turning his eyes anxiously upon the face of the physician, who stooped to examine them narrowly, felt the pulse, touched the clammy forehead, and answered gently,

"Yes, you'll hold out until sunset, I think, my man."

"All right, doctor. You'll see about Nick?"

"Yes. Keep very still, and go to sleep if you can. Save yourself up, you know."

"Yes, doctor," and old Stephen Baybridge, the incendiary, the burglar, the would-be assassin, turned his grey head upon the pillow of his prison bed, and composed himself for the last sleep before the final one.

Twelve o'clock, midday, clashed out from the prison clock, and the convicts gathered from the various workshops were marshalled in the courtyard, and marched in past the kitchen grating, where each man received his liberal mess of wholesome food, and so to their cells, for an hour of rest and refreshment.

"No. 35, the warden allows you to visit No. 104 in the hospital ward. Be ready in ten minutes," said the officer in charge, as a tall stout fellow, who might have been good-looking but for his close-cropped hair and the hideous prison dress, filed by him.

No. 35 replied by a military salute, took his dinner, and turned down the corridor to the right.

In ten minutes the turnkey who came to release him, found his tin basin empty.

"Blessed if they don't snap up their victuals like dogs," muttered he, nodding to 35, who followed him without a word.

Stephen Baybridge had not slept, and as his breathing grew more difficult,

the attendant had bolstered his grizzly head high upon the pillows, and now stood fanning him; but as his son came down the ward, and stopped beside the bed, Stephen motioned the nurse away.

"There, that'll do. I want to be all alone with my boy here for awhile. How are you, Nick?"

"Well enough, father, but you don't look to be. What's up?"

"I'm up for—somewheres. The parson says maybe I'll do well enough, but that ain't what I wanted of you. Nick, have you heard from the old woman since I saw you three year ago."

"Yes. She's gone under."

"Dead?"

"Yes. A fellow come in and says, says he, 'Warn't Susan Baybridge your mother?' And I says 'Yes.' 'Well,' says he, 'she was run over by the ingine I was driving, and I was drunk, so they sent me up here for five year.'"

"Old woman's dead, Sally's dead, Tom's gone no one knows where," muttered the dying man, and then fixing his eyes upon his son's face, said aloud,

"Nick, you're all I've got left of all the folks I ever had."

"Yes, father, I suppose I am," replied the young man, with a sort of patient indifference of manner.

"Well, Nick, you ain't the sort of boy you'd ought to be, but like as not that's more my fault than yours. You didn't get much of a bringing up."

"I was brought up in the streets, mostly, except when I got a turn at the Reform or House of C'rection," replied Nick, coldly.

"Yes, I know it. Well, it's too late now, and I ain't the one to preach what I never practised," said Baybridge, uneasily, and then fixing a glance of anxious scrutiny upon his son, he asked,

"Saying you got rich, Nick, would you quit them ways that brought you here?"

"Of course I would. What's the use of taking another man's money if you've got enough of your own? I'd be as steady as a clock if I could afford it, and was out of here."

"How long are you in for?"

"Fifteen year. Three is out now," replied Nick, sullenly.

"Twelve year to run if you can't get pardoned out. How old are you, Nick?"

"Rising thirty, I reckon."

"Forty-two. Well that ain't old, and maybe you'd be steadier after you was out. Nick, I've got a secret to tell you."

"About money?" asked the young man, his face at last lighting with real interest.

"About a fortune, Nick, a fortune fit for a king," replied the father, impressively.

"Well, let's hear it, tell away, old man, the time is short, anyhow."

"*My* time's short, or I'd keep the secret to myself," gasped Stephen. "But seeing I've got to go, I thought—well, well, the long and short of it is, I've had a pal ever since I came here twelve years ago, a fellow that worked next to me in the shop, and walked next me in the gang, and sat next me in chapel, so of course we talked, rule or no rule, and I found out all about him. He'd been a Catholic priest, and he was took up for forgery, and got twenty years in this place. So much I knew all along, but about a year ago he took bad, and was put

in the hospital here. I have a way when I get tired of work of making myself sick swallowing some of the stuff in the shop, and so I got sick then, and came to the hospital, too, and was in the bed next my pal. He had a fever, and went off with it, but the last night he'd to live he was mighty uneasy, and at last, when the nurse was asleep, he told me that he would leave me a secret worth more money than he dared to name. Then he went on to say that the very night before he was arrested, he was called to confess a Spanish sailor, dying in a hospital of a wound got in some drunken spree, and—stop now—the priest had got it written down, and continued to keep it all the time he'd been here, stowed away with some relics he wore round his neck, and he just gave me relics and all, and I've worn them in the same way ever since. Hark! There's the nurse coming to say time's up. Take the little bag and sling it round your neck, quick! Though if they find it they won't meddle with it, because it's your religion, you know."

"Come, 35, your time is up," said the officer, approaching with the nurse.

"Good-by, Nick. Maybe we'll see each other t'other side of Jordan; anyhow, remember, boy, that you said if you get pardoned out, or even if you stay your time out, that you'll lead a different life. Remember that, Nick."

Nick leaned over the bed, and took his father's cold hand in his, while upon his dark face came a shadow of genuine emotion.

"I remember, father, and I promise you that if I'm able to do as you've been advising, I'll turn over a new leaf, and be an honest man."

"That's it, Nick, that's the talk, now good-by, my boy, good-by, lad."

"Good-by, father, and good luck to you," and Nick turned away with more human feeling working in his breast than he had known in many a wicked year.

At sunset, Stephen Baybridge died.

A few days later his son Nick, better known to the prison authorities as No. 35 of the foundry gang, contrived, while filling the mould for a casting, to pour a quantity of the molten iron over his left arm and hand, burning himself severely, and putting all possibility of work for several weeks out of the question. He was at once removed to the hospital ward, and the same physician who had closed the father's eyes was summoned to attend the son.

"A bad burn, Baybridge. You will be laid up a week at least. Your father used to make himself sick on purpose, and did it once too often. We can't suspect you of the same trick, though, with such a burn as this to show."

"It ain't likely," groaned 35, writhing in agony, as the doctor dressed his wounds.

Ten days later the burns had so far healed that 35 was informed he would be returned to his cell the next morning. The news took him a little by surprise, as he had calculated upon a longer convalescence, but he was prepared.

A foundryman with sand-moulds and molten iron at his command, finds little trouble in manufacturing a key, and a better one, too, than those formed of knife-blades, candlesticks, the metal frame of a picture, or a dozen other unlikely materials, by which prison-doors have been unlocked and miraculous escapes effected. The story of Bruce's spider loses all its marvel as one reads our prison reports.

Besides the key, 35 had possessed himself of a short, stout bar of iron, which he wore bound upon his back when he was brought to the hospital, and

had since secreted beneath his mattrass. This he carried in his right hand as he effected his escape, and had any obstacle presented itself in human shape, the gleam of 35's dark eyes, and the feline readiness of every motion, suggested the course events might take and the consequences likely to ensue.

But by good or ill fortune, as one views the question from the side of convict or keeper, no one was in the way of the well-planned and adroitly-executed escape, and in the darkest hour of a black autumnal night Nick Baybridge reached the summit of the wall dividing him from the world.

A temporary staging left by the masons who were repairing the stone-work, helped him to surmount it, but no such aid was to be expected upon the other side, nor had 35 been able to provide himself with a rope, even if there had been any means of fastening it.

"Here's for luck!" muttered Nick, in lieu of a prayer; and lowering himself from the coping by his hands, he hung for a moment, and then dropped upon a heap of broken iron castings full of sharp edges and jagged points.

"I'm done for," muttered Nick, grimly suppressing a groan of anguish as the sentry above his head paced slowly along the wall, and paused to listen for the sequel of the voice he had heard.

"I won't die here; I won't give them that comfort. I'll get to the water and drop over. As good one way as another."

So muttering between his clenched teeth, the man, brave as any brute, gathered his poor broken and bleeding body together, and trailed it inch by inch along the pavement, leaving a dismal track behind him, toward the turbid tide rolling not three hundred feet from the spot where he had dropped.

But the anguish and the exertion were too great, and half way he fainted, and lay there, his face upon the earth, half naked, and wounded to the death—a horrible sight.

An hour went by, and brought the dawn. Before the dawn had grown to daylight, a young girl came tripping along the silent street and paused at the beginning of the bridge.

"Just five. It's time for father now," said she, listening for the sound of wheels. Then, as nothing was to be heard, she began to look about her, noticing the odd effects of familiar objects in the half light, and so came upon the prostrate figure of the dying felon in his prison dress.

The dress, the hour, the mangled form, grouped themselves suggestively in the girl's quick brain, and her second glance was toward the prison walls rising gloomy and forbidding close behind her. No unusual stir was apparent, and Louisa Wylie, snatching the grey plaid from her own shoulders, threw it over the figure at her feet, murmuring, defiantly,

"They haven't missed him yet, and they shan't get him again if I can help it. Poor creature!"

Just then the rumble of wheels passing from the paved street to the wooden bridge was heard in the distance, and at the same moment poor 35 stirred in his swoon and moaned drearily. Both were sounds of promise, and Louisa hastened to lay the wounded man's head in an easier position, and then stood up looking eagerly down the bridge. A covered country wagon, drawn by a comfortable plough horse, was slowly approaching. Louisa could not wait, and ran to meet it. Two men were upon the seat, one a white-haired patriarch, the other a good-looking young gentleman, who, at sight of the girl, uttered an

exclamation of great surprise, and made a movement as if to spring to the ground. The old man drew the reins, exclaiming, also in astonishment,

"Why, Loo! how came you here:"

"I knew you would drive over the bridge on your way into the city with the market stuff, and I wanted to see you about something that wouldn't wait, and so I came out to meet you, father; but what I want now is that you should take up this man and—and hide him somewhere."

"What man? Hide him?" helplessly repeated the old farmer, staring about him in bewilderment, while the younger man sprang to the ground.

"What is it, Miss Louisa? Let me help you," said he, going close to the girl, who, pointing back at the prostrate figure, said, resolutely,

"I suppose he has escaped from the State prison, but he is terribly hurt, and perhaps dying. They shall not get him if I can help it, and I want father to put him in the wagon and carry him right home. I'll go, too."

"Sho, Louizy, I shan't do any such thing. What, lose all my marketing for the sake of helping a gallows-bird to escape! I'd be well set to work doing that, shouldn't I!" exclaimed the old man, indignantly, and his daughter replied,

"Indeed you would be, father. No matter what he has done, he is wounded, suffering, dying before our eyes. Would you carry him back to the very prison he has killed himself in trying to escape? O, father, would you, *could* you be so cruel and unfeeling?"

"Well, but you see, Louizy, he ain't nothing to us, and I've got all my green stuff in the back of the wagon—"

"Ask me, and I will help you, Louisa," said a low voice at her elbow, and Louisa, turning, fixed her indignant, honest eyes upon the face of the young man as she replied,

"Well, John Merton, I do ask you to help me, and I offer you my best thanks in advance for doing so."

"I think, Mr. Wylie, we might make room at the back of the wagon for the poor fellow, and if you don't mind going three or four miles out of the way, I will take the risk of carrying him to my mother's house, since Miss Louisa is so resolved upon rescuing him. And any loss that you may experience in your marketing—"

The rest of the sentence was spoken softly in the ear of the old farmer, who, nodding twice or thrice in reply, stiffly dismounted from his driving seat, and going round to the back of the wagon, began to unbutton the curtain and move round the various boxes and baskets stowed behind it.

Meantime the two young people had approached and bent over the convict, now conscious of his sufferings and his danger, and watching their motions with the keen, anxious eyes of a trapped animal who sees his captors approaching.

"You are dreadfully hurt, aren't you?" asked Louisa, faltering for the first time as she saw the pool of blood oozing from beneath the crushed figure.

"Yes. Are you going to carry me back?"

"Won't you be better taken care of there than anywhere else? Do you mind very much where you go?" asked John Merton, restraining the girl by a warning look.

"Mind? Of course I do. I'd rather die here. Hide me away somewhere, and I'll pay you handsome," gasped poor 35, clutching with his one hand at the secret upon his breast.

At this proposition Merton smiled contemptuously, Louisa reproachfully.

"We do not want to be paid," said she.

"Even if you could pay us," added he.

No. 35 smiled dubiously at both speakers, but made no reply. Then, with Farmer Wylie's help, and even some assistance from Louisa, Merton got his charge into the wagon, and, with his foot upon the step, turned to say,

"Mr. Wylie, you had better go home with Miss Louisa to her rooms, and I will call there for you as soon as I can. It may be best for you not to have more to do in this business than can be helped."

"I reckon so; and make the best of it, I'm a loser by the hurt my stuff will take jolting six miles extra, letting alone getting in late for the market," grumbled the old man, but his daughter checked him.

"O, father, when a man's life and mortal agony are in question, can we care for a little more or less trouble and loss?"

"Well, I'll go home with you, Louizy, and, John, you come as quick as you can." And Mr. Wylie, taking his daughter's arm, plodded along in the direction of her lodgings, while John Merton drove rapidly yet carefully away in the opposite direction.

"And what was you coming to meet me on the bridge for, Louizy? Ain't you doing well at your work?"

"O, yes, father. I have more photographs to color than I can do, and my business with you was about just that. Mr. Waters is going to Havana next Thursday to take photographs of places and people, and he wants me to go, too. He says no one else does the work as well, and he will pay me handsomely, besides my expenses. But I must decide to-day, as he will have to look for some one else if I cannot go."

"Then he's bound to go, any way?"

"O yes, and he will take some one to paint his photographs."

"Then it might as well be you as any one, for if you stop to home you'll lose his work," said the farmer, shrewdly; and Louisa answered, with New England self-confidence and self-respect,

"There's no trouble about that, father. I shall always get as much work as I can do, I think."

"But you can't go alone with this man," suggested the father, suddenly.

"O, no. Mrs. Waters is going, of course."

"Well—I don't see but what you might as well go, then, Louizy," said Farmer Wylie; and so was decided an important step in the matter of the secret confided by the Spanish sailor to his confessor, by the confessor to Stephen Baybridge, and by him to his son Nick, or No. 35.

An hour later John Merton called at Miss Wylie's lodgings, and after surrendering the horse and wagon to their impatient owner, he informed her that their wretched charge had arrived at the cottage, terribly shaken and exhausted, both by his hurts and by the drive, and that although his mother had willingly accepted the charge he had put upon her, he felt that it was too arduous a one, and should, after a brief visit to the city, go home for the rest of the day.

Also he informed her that the dying man—for such he considered the convict—had expressed a very ardent desire to see the "young woman who spoke so pleasant" to him in his first conscious moments, and to whom he had something of the greatest importance to reveal.

"Some message for his friends, I suppose," said Louisa, thoughtfully. "I

can hardly leave home to-day, for I must begin to get ready for my journey;" and then she told her plan to the young man, who listened attentively, and replied,

"All the more reason you should go home with me to-day, to bid my mother good-by; and I, too, have something important to say to you, Louisa, before you go. I went out to the farm yesterday on purpose to speak to your father and mother, and intended when I rode in this morning with Mr. Wylie, to ask you to go out to my mother's to-day. Will you come?"

"I could not not go merely for pleasure, John, but I will go to see this poor dying man," said Louisa, coloring scarlet, but meeting the young man's meaning glance fully and fearlessly.

"Then I will call for you at ten o'clock, shall I?"

"Yes, if you please."

But at ten o'clock as they passed through the city streets to the horse-cars, every wall confronted them with placards announcing the escape of Nicholas Baybridge from the State prison, describing his person, and dress, and offering a large reward for his apprehension.

"You must not tell until he is dead, John," said Louisa, anxiously. "He cannot live many days, and they should be spent in peace."

"They shall not be disturbed, Louisa," said the young man, and resolved to keep his word at whatever sacrifice; but none was needed, for, like many other very transparent secrets, the true story of No. 35's escape was never known, and the authorities wisely decided to identify him with the body of a man found floating in the dock next day, as poor Nick had fully intended himself to be found.

Arrived at the cottage, Louisa, after a brief conversation with Mrs. Merton, asked to be allowed to see the sick man.

"It's a shocking sight for you, dear," said tender-hearted Mrs. Merton. "But he has done nothing but ask for you since John went away. He's sinking fast, poor fellow, and the doctor says—I *would* send for old Doctor Spear, though the man declared he wouldn't have any one—the doctor says he never will see sunrise again."

"Poor man! And such a horrible death. Let us go to him at once, Mrs. Merton, if I can say or do anything to comfort him," said Louisa, pale, but very resolute, nor did she shrink or falter when, standing beside the bed, she looked for the first time full at the disfigured face and head, the maimed and broken arms, and heaving chest of the injured man.

"You were asking for me, they said. Can I do anything for you?" inquired she.

The convict opened his heavy, blood-shotten eyes, and looked earnestly up into her face.

"It's come round curious, that you should be the one to get it, after all," said he.

"Get what?" asked Louisa, gently.

"What I'm agoing to give you. The old woman would have a doctor, I didn't want one because I thought he'd blow on me, and I ain't agoing back to the prison any way. But the doctor said he wouldn't get round so as to report me before night, and by that time I'd be out of danger."

"Out of danger of arrest?"

"Out of danger of anything that we know about. The old man spoke solemn

to me the other day when he lay as I lay now, but I didn't feel it then. You don't till it comes your own turn. He went off at sundown, the parson said. Maybe I shall, too. But, Lord, what a lark it is for me to be laying here in this clean white bed, with posy-pots, and pictures, and easy-chairs, and curtains all about me. I never slept in such a room in my life, and to think of only getting in here to die. Now, that's just my luck, just my con-founded luck."

"I wouldn't talk in that way now," said the young girl, with a sort of kindly severity of tone.

"Why not? You ain't one of the overly-pious folks that think a poor fellow is going straight to the bad if he says a strong word or so, are you?" asked 35, in a tone of some disgust. but added, impatiently,

"Well, it don't matter. I've got to go, and I can't take it with me, and you was good to me, and made that fellow help me, and you're the first decent woman I ever had a chance of doing a good turn to, or even speaking to. More than all, you're good-looking—first-rate."

He rolled his languid eyes upon her face with a look of critical admiration. Louisa met it as unblushingly as a bird upon a tree might have done.

"What are you talking about?" asked she.

"Well—about—this." And as he spoke, the convict, with movements whose agony betrayed itself upon his writhing features, drew from his bosom a little leathern reliquary in the shape of a heart. It was fastened about his neck by a thong, also of leather, hardened and blackened by much wear, almost to the texture of iron.

"Cut the line, and rip open the bag. There's a fortune inside, and it's yours. I give it to you, because you was good to me. O Lord! O Lord! I can't stand this. I'm going now, sure."

A terrible access of pain cut off all further speech, and Louisa hastily summoned assistance, but no assistance could now avail. Poor 35 lingered a few hours, at first in torture, then in the fatal ease that precedes death from internal injuries. During this interval, he called Louisa to his side, and feebly asked,

"Well, what was in it?"

"The little case? I have not opened it."

"Open it now—send the rest of the folks away," whispered No. 35; and Louisa, requesting Mrs. Merton and John to leave her alone with the patient for a few moments, brought the reliquary and a scissors to the bedside.

"Shall I cut it open?" asked she.

"Yes, and quick, too."

Without reply, Louisa ran the scissors about the edge of the little case, and opened it upon her hand.

"A lock of hair, a scrap of cloth, a bit of—evergreen, I should say—and a folded paper covered with writing," enumerated she, turning over the contents.

"The paper—read it out aloud—the other stuff is the priest's nonsense—read!" gasped 35, almost at the last now.

With a hasty glance at his cadaverous face, Louisa obeyed. The paper was very fine and thin, and the writing very faint, so that it was with difficulty she deciphered and read out these words:

"Antonio Garcia, being *in extremis*, confessed to me that he, with others, caused the wreck of the Brazilian treasure-ship, the Three Kings of Cologne, upon the eastern end of a small island or key, known as Los Demonios, within

fifty miles of the island of Cuba, the Three Kings being bound for Havana. Garcia and four others secured the principal amount of the treasure, mostly in diamonds and other jewels, with some bullion, confined the rest of the crew and officers under hatches, seized one of the ship's boats, and escaped, leaving the vessel in a sinking condition. After much danger and delay they landed at a point forty-seven miles east of the town of San Juan de los Remedios, beneath a tall cliff called, in the language of the country, Il Cavallo Blanco, or the White Horse. Here, being in much doubt as to their treatment by the natives, and of the time when they should escape from among them, they agreed to hide their treasure in a grotto or cavern half way up the cliff, and not to be seen either from its base or its crest, but marked by a deep crevice in the face of the rock pointing like a finger from the summit downward, the said cavern being discovered by Garcia himself while searching for birds' eggs to assuage the extreme hunger of himself and his comrades. And the boxes of treasure are hidden under a large stone, like a bench, across the end of the cave. But the cave can only be reached by stepping from a boat at high tide to a projecting rock, and then scaling the face of the cliff. And said Garcia bequeaths this entire treasure to the use and benefit of the Holy Church, he being the heir of his comrades, who unfortunately died within a few days after concealing the treasure, and before leaving the island of Cuba."

Here abruptly ended the memorandum of the priest, evidently a mere abstract, taken down just after hearing the confession of the dying man, and designed to fix the information given by him beyond the chance of forgetfulness or mistake.

"And do you suppose it is still there, and do you mean to give it to me?" asked Louisa, as she finished reading, and raised her eyes to the face of her attentive listener.

That face was already awful with the impress of death; the eyes that met hers had fixed in a glassy stare of admiration, too horrible for even the well-strung nerves of the New England girl. She uttered a low cry, and fled from the room, convulsively grasping the scrap of crumpled paper, which had become her warrant of a princely fortune.

A week later, Louisa Wylie sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Waters for Havana. In the same steamer, but not in the same party, sailed John Merton, the junior partner of a flourishing legal firm in Boston. He went, as he took occasion to state, upon professional business, and in so stating, told the exact truth, his employer being Miss Wylie, and his business the investigation of Antonio Garcia's story, and the discovery of the owners, or rather the heirs of the owners of the ship Three Kings of Cologne.

Arrived in Havana, Mr. Waters went soberly to work at the business which had taken him there, and Miss Wylie devoted herself to his assistance as steadily and as conscientiously as she had ever done in her life.

Mr. Merton meantime busied himself with his own affairs, and at the end of ten days came to report progress to his employer.

"I find," said he, "that the ship Three Kings of Cologne was actually owned here in Havana, fifty years ago, by a wealthy firm styled Ramirez Brothers. The ship was wrecked, and the treasure she contained absolutely lost, it is supposed. The sole survivor of the family of Ramirez is a young man, wealthy, handsome, and unmarried, who neither needs nor misses the fortune of which Antonio Garcia robbed his grandfather."

"What will you do next?"

"Have you not been to see Ramirez?" asked Louisa, in some surprise.

"No, certainly not, until I know your desire."

"Why, you knew it beforehand."

"But the circumstances are different from what we imagined possible. This property, if indeed it exists at all, is fairly yours, all other claim being outlawed long ago, and Signor Ramirez, as I said, neither needs nor misses this—"

"John, what are you talking about? Has ten days among these deceitful and intriguing people changed your honest and upright heart to—"

For the first time since he knew her, the clear, round voice faltered, and the brave eyes filled up with tears, half of sorrow, half of shame. John flushed scarlet, and left the room without a word. An hour later he returned, accompanied by a superbly-handsome and courtly gentleman.

"Miss Wylie, this is Signor Ramirez, to whom I have given only a hint of the strange story you have to relate to him," said the lawyer.

"I am very glad to see you, sir, and hope that I have good news for you," began Louisa, and then, clearly and briefly, and without one word of sentiment or one suggestion of any other course possible for her to pursue, she repeated the story of Nick Baybridge's escape from prison, his constituting her his heir, the priest's abstract of Antonio Garcia's confession, and, finally, she ended by placing the paper in the hands of the young Spaniard, who had sat listening to her with his great melancholy eyes open to their fullest extent, and his face lighted with the most active emotion it had ever expressed.

"And you have come to Habana to restore this property to me, its so doubtful owner or heir?" asked he, at length.

"No; I came upon my own business, but I, of course, determined to see you and tell you about the hidden treasure. This gentleman, Mr. Merton, a lawyer by profession, came on purpose to see to it," said Louisa, indifferently.

"My thanks, and something more, shall be laid at the feet of the Signor Merton," said the hidalgo, with rather a patronizing bow to the lawyer. "But," added he in another tone, as his eyes travelled back to the young girl's handsome face, "but you, Signora—I have no word of thanks for you."

"I assure you, sir, I do not wish for or expect any. The ship was yours or your grandfather's, and when I happened to hear of what had become of the treasure, it was no great trouble to let you know, especially as I was here. I hope you will find the diamonds, etc., all safe."

"Thanks, Signora," replied the Spaniard, his eyes fixed in unabated astonishment upon the fair Northern face, painfully reddening beneath his gaze, until, rising, Louisa said,

"Now I will beg you to excuse me, as I have work to do before sunset," and left the room.

"Work! The lady works?" asked Ramirez, turning with a puzzled glance to Merton, who hastened to explain.

"Ah! what shame for her to work. And all this money in her hands, if she had closed them upon it!" exclaimed the Spaniard; and, after a moment's thought, he approached the young American, and, laying a finger confidentially upon his arm, asked,

"She is not married?"

"No."

"Or affianced?"

"No," said John Merton, closing his teeth firmly upon the monosyllable.

Signor Ramirez nodded twice or thrice, and then asked some shrewd questions about the business in hand; nor was Miss Wylie again alluded to between the two men.

Another week went by, and Mr. Waters having nearly finished the business that had brought him to Havana, was talking of the return voyage, when Signor Jacinto Ramirez sent to beg a private interview with Miss Wylie.

It was conceded at once, and Louisa learned, much to her gratification, that her information had indeed proved worth a fortune to the heir of old Ruy Ramirez and his brother Jago, owners of the Three Kings of Cologne; for the precious freight of that unfortunate vessel had been so securely hidden by the mutineers as to remain undiscovered until the moment when Don Ramirez himself, aided by two trusted slaves, removed the large stone like a bench across the end of the cave, beneath which it lay concealed.

"The treasure is vast, Signora," added the Spaniard, fixing his dark eyes upon those of the woman who had brought this fortune to him with such unconscious and disdainful honesty.

"But yet not enough. Signora, I value this fair hand far above all the munificent gifts you have bestowed upon me. Will you add it to them?"

"Sir—why, did not you know—"

"What, Signora?"

"Well, nothing yet; but if I ever marry, sir, it will be but one man."

"And that man, Signora?"

"You should not ask such a question, Mr. Ramirez. It is not you."

"That is enough, Signora."

"No; but you should not be offended, sir, although I know my manner is somewhat rude and blunt. That is my birthright, as courtesy is yours. Forgive me if I have hurt you, Signor."

She came close to him, put both her hands in his, and raised her clear, bright eyes to meet his astonished gaze.

"How different you are from my countrywomen. Oh, Signora, be gracious, and think at least upon my offer of hand, and heart, and life. You do not know me yet."

"But, sir, I told you that I love some one else, and never shall dream of marrying any man but that one," said Louisa, with decision.

"And he—does he—?" stammered Ramirez.

"Does he love me?" suggested Louisa, blushing rosy red. "I think so—I hope so."

"It is the notary," muttered Ramirez.

"Good-by, Signor. I hope you will be very happy, and find a very good and true woman to be your wife," said Louisa, again offering her hand.

"Signora, I wish no wife but you," replied the Spaniard, raising the hand to his lips.

And so they parted, not to meet again.

That evening, John Merton offered himself to Louisa Wylie, and was accepted.

"I would not ask until after Don Ramirez, for he had far more to offer than I shall ever have," said the happy lover at last.

"Had he John Merton to offer?" asked Louisa, with a smile.

They did not meet again, but on her wedding-day, Louisa Wylie received from Don Jacinto Ramirez the gift of a wonderful parure of diamonds, and the deed of gift of a hundred thousand dollars, "a sum very poorly representing her due share of a certain property lost to the family of Ramirez but for her exertions."

So ran the deed, but Louisa, in accepting it, wrote with her own hand to Signor Don Ramirez, that it was only as a free gift, and not in the least as restitution that she could accept it, and thank him for it most heartily.

"Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love," and the Signor was married last week to a charming New England girl whom he met at Newport.

Let us wish him happiness as great as that of our friends John and Louisa Merton, for we can suggest no question.

JANE G. AUSTIN.

TO A FRIEND.

WITH A VASE.

POET, take this little vase,
From a lover of the race,
Given to hold—a funeral jar—
The ashes of thy loved cigar.
If for that it seem too fine,
Fill it to the brim with wine,
And drink, in love, to me and mine,
As I drain to thee and thine.
Ashes, though, may suit it best
(There's a plenty in my breast);
Fill it, then, in summer hours,
With the ashes of thy flowers—
Roses, such as on it blow,
Or lilies, like its ground of snow!

R. H. STODDARD.

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

AUTHORITY IN LANGUAGE.—CONCLUSION OF "WORDS THAT ARE NOT WORDS."

AMONG the remarks with which these articles have been honored, some have been made upon their conformity, or their non-conformity, to "authority"—enough to justify a few words here on that subject. Authority in language is of two kinds—that of philologists and that of usage. To each of these a certain deference is due, according to its weight; but both of them seem to me to receive too much consideration from some of my critics. Of the former, very few have a weight corresponding to that of a judicial decision in law. The authority of Horne Tooke, of Grimm, of Max Muller, or of Professor Whitney, is something, indeed; but that of Lindley Murray, Goold Brown, or of any dictionary, is not of sufficient moment to deter an earnest and tolerably well-read student of English, however modest he be, or may wish to seem, from setting forth his well-considered views on any subject with decision, and with reasonable expectation of a respectful hearing. Indeed, from the manner in which dictionaries are made, they have come to be of little or no authority, except to the ignorant. They are now mostly mere drag-nets of language—authoritative in inverse proportion to their size and their pretensions, and to their convenience as savers of labor, of study, of observation, and of thought. The authority of usage, well established, long existing, common to the best writers and speakers and to the multitude who are at once the preservers and the unconscious framers of their native tongue, is almost absolute. But even the authority of established usage is not requisite to the rightful use of any word or phrase; else language would not grow, would not come into existence. There must be a first use and a first user, although he takes handsel of language at his peril. An illustration of this view—obvious and commonplace enough, it would seem—is furnished me by one of the most intelligent and best instructed of my critics, who objects to the phrase *once in a while* that it has not been authorized by the best English usage. Now, there could not be a better example than this of the sort of phrase that needs the support of no authority whatever. *While*, which our Anglo-Saxon forefathers spelled more correctly *hwil*, means, and for a thousand years and more has meant, an indefinite lapse of time; and, therefore, *once in a while*, or, in other words, once in an indefinite lapse of time, would be good English if it had never to this day been spoken or written, and it were used for the first time in Kamtschatka to-morrow. And, besides, I have at my hand the authority of a Cambridge University "Don," a gentleman accustomed to the most cultivated society in England, that this phrase is as well known in that society as any other—an authority which, however, is entirely needless. With these remarks, made once for all upon this subject, I pass to the conclusion of my remarks upon what I have called "Words that are not words."

WIDOW WOMAN.—Here is an unaccountable superfluity of words; for it

would seem that the most ignorant person of those who use the phrase must know that a widow is necessarily a woman. It would be as well to say a female lady, or a she cow. The error is hardly worth this notice; but the antiquity of the word *widow* in exactly the same sense in which it is now used, the remoteness of its origin, and the vast distance which it has travelled through ages without alteration of any kind—except as to the pronunciation of *v* and *w*, which are continually interchanging, not only in various languages, but in the same language, make it an unusually interesting word. How many thousand years this name for a bereaved woman has been used, by what variety of nations and over what extent of the earth's surface, it would not be easy to determine. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers used it a thousand years ago in England and in North Germany; they spelled it *widuwe* or *wudewe*. The Maeso-Goths, in the fourth century, for the same thing used the same word—*widowo*. But a thousand years before that time it was used by the Latin people, who wrote it *vidua*. And yet again, two thousand years backward, on the slopes of the Himalayas a bereaved wife was called a widow; for in the Sanscrit of the Rig Veda we find the word *vidhavâ*.* Pronounce the *v* as *w*, and see how simply each stricken woman has taken this word from her stricken sister and passed it on from lip to lip as they were bearing our fathers in the weary pilgrimage of war and suffering through untold ages from what is now the remotest bounds of civilization. The Sanscrit *vidhavâ* is merely the word *dhavâ*—a man, and *vi*—without; so that the word at its original formation meant simply a woman left without a man, just as it does to-day; and it has remained all these ages unchanged both in sound and meaning.

Widow is one of the very few words, if indeed there is another, of which the feminine form is the original; for owing to the traits, functions, and relations of the sexes, among no people would a peculiar name be first given to a man who was deprived of a woman. It would only be after the condition of widowhood had been long recognized, and conventional usages had narrowed and straightened the sexual relations, that it would enter the mind of a people to give *widow* its masculine companion-word. I cannot but admit that in English this has been clumsily done. *Widower* is a poor, feeble word in all respects, and particularly in respect of its etymology. *Widower* should mean one who makes widows, or one who has widows; and how this word happened to receive its present form is beyond my conjecture. But finely formed and touching as the original feminine word is, it was inevitable that the preposterousness of forming upon it a masculine counterpart should produce monstrosity. The same difficulty did not occur in Latin; for although the word must have come into that language in its original feminine form, yet as the Latin had gender, all that was necessary was to give *vidua* a masculine termination, and it became *viduus*, or a neuter and it became *viduum*. It was an adjective in Latin, as doubtless was first in Sanscrit, and became a noun also, like many adjectives in most languages. By metaphor it came to mean deprived—deprived of anything. But until recently *deprived* was given in Latin lexicons as its primary meaning, and deprived of wife or husband was given as its secondary and dependent meaning,† preposterously, as we have seen. It must have been applied first to women, then to men, and last to things

* I give this on the authority of Max Muller. My having in Sanscrit, like Orlando's beard, is a younger brother's revenue—what I can glean from the well-worked fields of my elders and betters.

† For instance in Leverett's Latin Lexicon, "*Viduus, -a, -um*, separated, deprived, without anything. *Hence*, deprived of a husband *or* wife!" From the Latin *vidua* the Italians and French of course have their *vedova* and *veuve*.

in general,—which is the natural manner of growth in language. Men do not conceive an abstract idea and then project their thoughts into infinite space in search of a name for the new born; but having names for particular and concrete objects, they transfer, modify, and combine these names to designate new things and new thoughts.

RELIABLE.—Probably no accumulation of reason and authority would protect the language from this innovating word (which is none the worse, however, because it is new); for to some sins men are so wedded that they will shut their ears to Moses and the prophets, and to one risen from the dead. It is, however, conspicuous among the words that are not words. Previous writers have well remarked that it is anomalous in position and incongruous in formation; that adjectives in *able*, or its equivalent *ible*, are formed from verbs, the passive participle of which can be united with the meaning of the suffix in the definition of the adjective. For example, *lovable*, that may be loved; *legible*, that may be read; *eatable*, that may be eaten; *curable*, that may be cured, and so forth; that *reliable* does not mean that may be relied, but is used to mean that may be relied *upon*, and that, therefore, it is not tolerable. The counter-plea has been, until recently, usage and convenience. But the usage in question has been too short and too unauthoritative to have any weight, and convenience is not a justification of monstrosity, especially when the monstrosity is great, offensive, and of degrading influence, and the convenience so small as to be inappreciable. But it has been recently urged with an air of pardonable triumph that the rule above mentioned has not prevailed in the formation of our language, as is shown by the presence in it of long-established adjectives, bearing with them the weight of all possible authority: for instance *laughable*, which does not mean that may be laughed, but that may be laughed *at*. Here the case has rested; and if this argument could not be overthrown the question would have been decided by it, and the use of *reliable* would be a mere matter of individual taste. But the argument goes too far, because those who used it did not go far enough. *Comfortable* does not mean that may be comforted, but that has or that gives comfort; *forcible*, not that may be forced, but that is able to force; *seasonable*, not that may be seasoned, but that is in season, in accord with the season; *leisurable*, that has leisure; *fashionable*, that has fashion. The suffix *able*, in Latin *abilis*, expresses the idea of power,* and so of capacity, ability, fitness. It may be affixed either to verbs or to nouns. In the above examples it is affixed to nouns. Now *laugh* is a noun, and *laughable*, *treasonable*, *leisurable*, and *objectionable* are in the same category. *Laughable* does, in effect, mean that may be laughed at, as *objectionable* means, in effect, that may be objected to; but neither must therefore be regarded as formed from the verb by which each may be defined. This view as to *laughable* seems to be supported by the fact that the counterpart of that adjective, *risible*, is not formed upon the verb *rideo*—to laugh (although of course derived from it); but upon the noun *risum*—a laugh or laughter. Finally, the fact is that, excepting the very few adjectives in *able* or *ible* thus formed upon nouns, most of which I have cited above, and which I believe are only about fifteen in number, every one of the multitudinous class of adjectives formed by this suffix, a class which includes nearly if not quite nine hundred words, is formed upon a verb transitive, and may be defined by the passive participle. They express the do-able, that may be done, or the sufferable, that

* See Tooke's "Diversions of Purley." Vol. II., p. 502.

may be suffered, not the be-able, because a man can be only himself. They afford, therefore, no support to the word *reliable*, because we cannot rely anything.

Reliable has been followed into the world by a worthy kinsman, *liveable*, in the phrase "a liveable house," which we not only hear now but even see in print. See, for example, the following passage from a magazine of such high and well-deserved a reputation as "Macmillan's:"

> In the first place, we would lay down as a fundamental principle in furnishing, that the end in view should be to make a house or a room cheerful, comfortable, and liveable. We say *liveable*, because there are so many which, though handsomely furnished, are dreary in the extreme, and the very thought of living in them makes one shudder."

Now, a life is liveable, because a man may live a life, as he can be himself; but a house cannot be lived any more than a pea-jacket. Either may be lived in, according to the liver's fancy. Let us not through mere sloth and slovenliness give up for such a mess as *reliable* our birthright in a good word and a good phrase for a man who is trustworthy, and whose word may be relied upon.

Hydropathy.—This word, and *electropathy*, and all of the same sort, should be scouted out of sight and hearing. They are absolutely without meaning, and, in their composition, are fine examples of pretentious ignorance. Hahnemann called the system of medicine which he advocated, homœopathy, and he could not have given it a better name, because its method was to cure by the use of medicines which would give a like (*omoios*) disease or suffering (*pathos*). The older system was naturally called by him (it was never before so called by its practisers) allopathy, because it worked by medicines which set up an action counter to, different from (*allos*) the disease. English words were never better derived from Greek than these. And by just as much as they are good and reasonable, are *hydropathy* and *electropathy* bad and foolish. Why should water-*cure* be called water-*disease?* why electric-cure, electric-disease? The absurdity of these words is shown by translating them. They are plainly due only to the desire of those who practise the water-cure and the electric-cure to be reckoned with the legitimate *pathies*. They are not alone. I saw once, before a little shop with some herbs in the window, a sign which read thus:

INDIAN
OPATHIST.

I was puzzled for a moment to divine what an opathist might be. But, of course, I saw in the next moment that the vender of the herbs in the little shop thought that his practice had as good a right as any other to a big name; and that, deceived by the accent with which some persons utter *homœopathy* and *allopathy*, he had called his practice Indian-Opathy and himself an Indian-Opathist. He was not one whit more absurd than the self-styled "hydropathist" and "electropathists." As great a blunder was made by a druggist who, wishing to give a name to a new remedy for cold and cough, advertised it widely as *Coldine*. Now, the termination *ine* is of Latin origin, and means having the quality of: as *metaline*, having the quality of metal; *alkaline*, having the quality of alkali; *canine*, having the qualities of a dog; *asinine*, those of an ass. And so this druggist, wishing to make a name that would sound like *glycerine*, and *stearine*, and the like, actually advertised his remedy for a cold as something that had the quality of a cold. The rudest peasants do better by language than that, for they

are content with their mother tongue. A gentleman who was visiting one of the remotest rural districts of England, met a girl who was carrying a pail of water. Floating on the top of the water was a disc of wood a little less in diameter than the rim of the pail. "What's that, my lass?" he asked. "Thot?" (with surprise), "why, thot's a *stiller*." It was an ingenious contrivance for stilling the water as it was carried. The word is not in the dictionaries, but they contain no better English. It is only when men wish to be big and fine, to seem to know more than they do know, and to be something that they are not, that they make such absurd words as *hydropathy*, *electropathy*, *indianopathy*, and *coldine*.

STAND-POINT.—To say the best of it, this is a poor compound. It receives some support, but not full justification, from the German *stand-punkt*. Granting that *stand-point* may be accepted as meaning standing-point, and that when we say, from our stand-point, we intend to say from the point at which we stand; what we really mean is, from our *point of view*, and we should say so. Periphrasis is to be avoided when it is complicated or burdensome, but never at the cost of correctness; and periphrasis is sometimes not only stronger, because clearer, than a single word, but more elegant.

ENTHUSED.—This ridiculous word is an Americanism in vogue in the southern part of the United States. I never heard or saw it used, or heard of its use, by any person born and bred north of the Potomac. I shall not conceal the fact that the following defence might be set up, but not fairly, for *enthuse*. *Enthousiasmos* was formed by the Greeks from *enthous*, a contracted form of *entheos*, meaning in or with God, *i. e.*, divinely inspired. From the Greek adjective *enthous*, an English verb, *enthuse* might be properly formed. But, with no disrespect to Southern scholarship, we may safely say that *enthuse* was not made by the illogical process of going to the Greek roots of a Greek word from which an English noun had already been formed. It was plainly reached by the backward process of making some kind of verb from the noun *enthusiasm*, as *donate* was got at from *donation*. If our Southern friends must have a new word to express the agitation of soul to which this word would seem to indicate that they are peculiarly subject, let them say that they are *enthusiasmed*. The French, who have the word *enthousiasme*, have also the verb *enthousiasmer*, and, of course the perfect participle *enthousiasmé*, enthusiasmed, which are correctly formed. But while we have such words as *stirred*, *aroused*, *inspired*, *excited*, *transported*, *ravished*, *intoxicated*, is it worth while to go farther and fare worse for such a word *enthused* or even *enthusiasmed?*

&c., &c.—This convenient sign is very frequently read "and so forth, and so forth," and, what is worse, many persons who read it properly, *et cetera*, regard it and use it as a more elegant equivalent of "and so forth;" but it is no such thing. *Et cetera* is merely Latin for *and other things*, and is properly used in schedules or statements after an account given of particular things, to include other things too unimportant and numerous for particular mention. But the phrase *and so forth* has another meaning, which is, and as before so after, in the same strain. It implies the continuation of a story in accordance with the beginning. Sometimes the story is actually continued in the relation, at other times it is not. Thus we may say, And so forth he told him—thus and so; or after the relation of the main part of a story we may add—and so forth; meaning that matters went on thereafter as before. This phrase is one of the oldest and most useful in the language. Gower thus used it in his "Confessio Amantis," written nearly 600 years ago:

So as he mighte [he] tolde tho*
Unto Ulixes all the cas,
How that Circes his moder was,
And so forth said him every dele
How that his moder grete him wele.

TELEGRAM.—This word, claimed as an "American" invention, has taken root quickly, and is probably well fixed in the language. It is convenient, and is correctly enough formed to pass muster. But the consequence of the introduction of these words in *graph* and *gram* is a confusion of significant terminations which already has begun to bear monstrous fruit. An auto*graph* is an original *writing:* a para*graph* is a division of *a writing* which originally was marked by a word or a sign written beside it, in the margin, but a *telegraph* is a thing that *writes;* and, again, *epigram*, *monogram*, *diagram*, *polygram*, are respectively the names of *writings*, things written. If the latter group of words is correctly formed, we should also write *autogram* and *paragram*. It is with some sense of responsibility for the possible consequences of this remark that I make it; for the pranks that have been lately played with *graph* and *gram* have been amazing. We have had *photogram* proposed, and *stereogram*, and—Cadmus save us!—*cable-gram*, not only proposed, but used. Then, to help the user out of this mixen, this heterogeneous slough, John Stiles lets down to him *thalagram* "as fully expressive and every way appropriate," because *thalassa* is the Greek for sea, and *gramma* the Greek for letter, and the letters come through the sea. Whereupon comes John a Nokes, now here, and suggests *cuprogram* or *copper-gram* (it makes no matter which), because words when telegraphed across sea come conducted by copper wire, and *ferrogram* or *irongram*, because they come through an iron cable; and he also suggests that a telegraph across the sea can't, by any means, be called a simple telegraph, but must be named *thalagraph*, and that the telegraph on land should be called an *ærograph* because it goes through the air, or, because it goes over land, a *geograph* or *terragraph*, and that the message should be called a *terriblegram*, or, indeed, almost anything that ends in *gram*. But seriously such words as *cablegram* and *thalagram* are only deplorable and amusing examples of what is produced when men who are unfit to work in language undertake to make a word that is not wanted. There is no more need of such a word as *cable-gram* and *thalagram* were meant to be, than there is of a new name for bread and butter. A telegraph is the thing which sends words from afar, a telegram is the word or words sent from afar; and whether they come across land or water what matter? what is it to any reasonable purpose? A telegram from Europe, or from California, or from China is all the same, whatever may be the route by which it is sent. Whether it comes by an iron cable, or a copper wire, over land or through water, what matter? There could not be a finer specimen of an utterly superfluous monster than this English-Greek hybrid *cable-gram*. And, moreover, the calling of the ocean-telegraph "the cable" is itself mere slang, and slang which is sure to be ephemeral. For soon there will be electric telegraphs from France, from Cuba, and from elsewhere across the seas; and then which will be *the* cable? A cable is a large, strong rope, particularly that by which a ship is bound to its anchor; and the idea expressed by the word is that of binding strength, not at all that of transmission, the connection of which with the telegraphic cable is purely accidental. The discovery of another means of protecting the telegraphic wire in its passage across the ocean would soon make even this slang

* *I. e.*, then.

obsolete. The wire is the essential thing in all electric telegraphs ; and, with a picturesque phraseology, which has a certain propriety, we do speak of news coming to us over the wires ; and over the wires it comes, whether they pass through the air or through the water.

As to the *graphs* and the *grams*, the wide analogy of a simple and significant English usage would, if followed, have saved us from all this confusion and folly. The language is full of nouns formed from verbs by the substantive use of the present participle. We build, and we make a building, we write a writing, we engrave an engraving ; from *wed* we have *a wedding ;* from *plead, a pleading ;* from *clothe, clothing ;* from *learn, learning*, and so forth, through a long category of verbal nouns. If *engrave* (from *en* and *grapho*) gives us rightly, *engraver* and *engraving*, *photograph* or *photograve* should give us *photographer* and *photographing*, and *telegraph*, *telegrapher*, and *telegraphing*. Analogy, common sense, convenience, and a simple unpretending use of English lead us to speak of a photographing and a telegraphing, as well as of an engraving or a building. Plain, unlettered, sensible folk, if left to themselves, would have used these obvious words to express these things, as the English rustic called the thing that kept the water still in a pail as it was carried, a stiller. English scholars, if called upon to form the needed words, would also have furnished them, according to the analogy of the language. But the curse of our language in the present day is that it is at the mercy of those who are neither people of plain, common sense nor scholars, but hydropathists, indianopathists, makers of coldine, users of thalagraphs, and printers of cable-grams.

FELLOWSHIP used as a verb (for example, We will not fellowship with unbelievers) is an abomination of American origin. It is not often heard or written among people whose language is in other respects a fair example of the English spoken in this country ; but it occurs often enough to bring upon us well-deserved reproach. Mr. Bartlett justly remarks in his "Dictionary of Americanisms" (a useful and interesting, although a very misleading book), that it "appears with disgusting frequency in the reports of ecclesiastical conventions, and in the religious newspapers generally." To this use of *fellowship* it would be a perfect parallel to say that fifteen years ago the monarchs of Europe would not *kingship* with Louis Napoleon. There is no excuse of need for the bringing in of this barbarism. *Fellow*, like *mate*, may be used as a verb as well as a noun ; and it is as well to say, I will not fellow with him as I will not mate with him. The authority of eminent example is not needed for such a use of this word ; but those who feel the want of it may find it in Shakespeare's plays and in "Piers Ploughman's Vision" by referring to Johnson's and Richardson's dictionaries, in both of which *fellow* is given as a verb. Words ending in *ship*, express a condition or state, and *fellowship* means the condition or state of those who are fellows, or who fellow with each other.

AUTHORESS, POETESS.—These words and others of their sort have been condemned by writers for whose taste and judgment I have great respect ; but although the words are not very lovely, it would seem that their right to a place in the language cannot be denied. The distinction of the female from the male by the termination *ess* is one of the oldest and best-established usages of English speech. *Mistress*, *prioress*, *deaconess*, *shepherdess*, *heiress*, *sempstress*, *traitress* are examples that will occur to every reader. Sir Thomas Chaloner, in his translation of Erasmus's "Praise of Folly" (an excellent piece of English) makes a feminine noun, and a good one, by adding *ess* to a verb, *foster*.

Further, as concernyng my bringynge up, I am not envious that Jupiter, the great god, had a goat to his *fostress*.

Ben Jonson uses *victress*; Gower says that Clytemnestra was "of her own lord *mordrice*;" and could we afford to lose Milton's

> Thee, *chauntress*, oft the woods among
> I woo, to hear thy even song.

Indeed these examples and this defence seem quite superfluous. There can be no reasonable objection made, only one of individual taste, to *actress*, *authoress*, *poetess*, and even to *sculptress* and *paintress*. At which those should rejoice who would delight in calling the conductors of "The Revolution" editresses; but whether those ladies will mourn this distinction, or mourning it, will be consoled at learning that nevertheless the feminine is still included in the masculine designation—that *editors* includes all who edit, and *sculptors* all who "sculp," of either sex—and that the feminine is only to be used when we wish to distinguish sex, is yet among things inscrutable.

ENQUIRE, ENCLOSE, ENDORSE.—A much-respected correspondent urges the condemnation of these words, and the advocacy of their disuse because they are respectively from the Latin *inquiro*, *includo*, and *in dorsum*, and should, therefore, be written *inquire*, *inclose*, and *indorse*. He is in error. They are, to be sure, of Latin origin, but remotely; they come to us directly from the French *enquirer*, *encloser*, and *endosser*. For centuries they appear in our literature with the prefix *en*. That Johnson gives this class of words with the prefix *in*, must be attributed to a tendency, not uncommon, but not healthy, to follow words of Norman or French origin back to their Latin roots, and to adopt a spelling in conformity to these, in preference to that which pertains to them as representatives of an important and inherent element in the formation of the English language. The best lexicographers and philologists now discourage this tendency, and adhere to the forms which pertain to the immediate origin of derived words. But it must be confessed that the class of words in question is notably defiant of analogy, and very much in need of regulation. For instance, *enquire*, *enquiry*, *inquest*, *inquisition*. No one would think of writing *enquest* and *enquisition*. The discrepancy is of long standing, and must be borne, except by those who choose to avoid it by writing *inquire* for the sake of uniformity; condemnation of which may be left to purists.

FORWARD, UPWARD, DOWNWARD, TOWARD, and other compounds of *ward* (which is the Anglo-Saxon suffix *weard*, meaning in the direction of, over against) have been written also *forwards*, *upwards*, and so forth, from a period of remote antiquity, extending even to the Anglo-Saxon state of the language. But there seems hardly a doubt that the *s* is a corruption as well as a superfluity. The weight of the best usage is on the side of the form without the *s*. "Speak to Israel that they go *forward*." (Exodus, xiv., 15). "For we will not inherit with them on yonder side Jordan, or *forward*; because our inheritance is fallen to us on this side Jordan *eastward*." (Numbers, xxxii., 19). If we say forwards and backwards we can give no good reason for not saying eastwards and westwards, which no one thinks of saying. Granting that both forms are correct, the avoiding of the hissing termination, which is one of the few reproaches of our language, is a good reason for adhering to the simple, unmodified compound in *ward*.

SHAMEFACED, as every reader of Archbishop Trench's books on English

knows, is a mere corruption of *shamefast*, a word of the *steadfast* sort. The corruption, doubtless, had its origin in a misapprehension due to the fact that *fast* was pronounced like *fac'd* with the name sound of *a*, which led to the supposition that *shamefast* was merely an irregular spelling of *shamefaced*. To a similar confusion of words pronounced alike we owe the phrase "not worth a damn," in which the last word represents *water-cress*. The Anglo-Saxon name of the cress was *cerse;* and this, by that transposition of the *r*, so common in the earlier stages of our languages, and which gave us *bird* for *brid*, and *burn* for *bren*, became *cres*. But for a long time it retained its original form; and a man who meant to say that anything was of very little value, said sometimes that it was not worth a rush, and others that it was not worth a cerse, or kerse. For example (one of many), see this passage of "Piers Ploughman's Vision":

> Wisdom and wit now
> Is noght worth a *kerse*,
> But if it be carded with coveitise,
> As clotheres kemben his wolle.

Identity of sound between two words led to a misapprehension which changed the old phrase into "not worth a curse;" and a liking for variety, which has not been without its influence, even in the vocabulary of oaths and objurgations, led to the substitution to which we owe "not worth a damn." But for one variety of this phrase, which is peculiar to this country, and which is one of its very few original peculiarities, "not worth a continental damn," I am at a loss to assign a source; except that it may be found in that tendency to vastness of ideas and that love of annexation of which we are somewhat justly accused, and which crops out even in our swearing.

SIS AND BUB.—The gentlemen who with affectionate gayety and gay affection address very young ladies as Sis or Sissy, indulge themselves in that captivating freedom in the belief that they are merely using an abbreviation of *sister*. They are wrong. They doubtless mean to be fraternal or paternal, and so subjectively their notion is correct. But *Sis*, as a generic name for a young girl, has come straight down to us, without the break of a day, from the dark ages. It is a mere abbreviation or nick-name of *Cicely*, and appears all through our early literature as *Cis* and *Cissy*. It was used like *Joan* and *Moll* to mean any young girl, as *Rob* or *Hob*, the nick-names of *Robin*, were applied in a general way to any young man of the lower classes. Of the latter name, *Bub* and *Bubby* are not improbably corrupt representatives; although we may here have a real childish pronunciation of *brother*.

TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN.—This proverb, one of the oldest in the language, one of the most commonly used, and one which cannot be expressed with its full force and point in any other tongue, is probably not understood by one in a thousand of its users. The word misunderstood is *tide*, which, contrary to almost universal apprehension of the adage, does not here mean the ebb and flow of the ocean. *Tide* has here its original meaning, time. Thus we find in some Middle English Glosses, published in the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ," (vol. I, p. 12,) "*tempore*—tyda." But tide is not a mere synonyme of *time*; it means *a* time, an allotment of time, an occasion. It was long used for *hour;* as in the following Anglo-Saxon statement of the length of the year: "dis is full yer, twelf monþas fulle and endlufan dagas, six tida:" *i. e.*, this is a full year, twelve full months and eleven days, six hours. It meant also a certain or an appointed time: *e. g.*, "Nu tumorgen on þis ylcan tid" *i. e.*, Now to-morrow on this same time. (Ex-

odus, ix., 18.) This sense of an appointed time it had in the old and now no longer heard saying: The tider you go, the tider you come, which Skinner renders thus, in Latin: *Quo temporiùs discedis, eo temporiùs recedis.* The ebb and flow of the sea came to be called the tide because it takes place at appointed seasons. The use of *tide* in this sense, a set time, a season, continued to a very late period; of which the following passage from Shakespeare is an example:

> —What hath this day deserved
> That it in golden letters should be set
> Among the high tides in the calendar? KING JOHN, iii., 1.

where "high tides" has plainly no meaning of peculiar interest to mariners and fishermen. Chaucer says, in Troilus and Cressida:

> The morrow came, and nighen gan the time
> Of mealtide.

This use of the word is still preserved in the names of two appointed seasons, the church festivals Whitsuntide and Christmastide, or Christtide, which are more in vogue in England than in this country. *Tide* appears in this sense in the word *betide.* For example, Woe betide you! that is, Woe await you; may there be occasion of woe to you. *Tide* was thus used before the addition of the prefix *be;* as in the following lines from a poetical interpretation of dreams, written about A. D., 1315.

> Gif the see is yn tempeste
> The *tid* anguisse ant eke cheste. [*i. e.*, strife.]

Our proverb therefore means, not time and the flow of the sea wait for no man, but time and occasion, opportunity, wait for no man. The proverb appears almost literally in the following lines, which are the first two of an epitaph of the fifteenth century which may be found in the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ." (vol. 1, page 268).

> Farewell, my frendis, the tide abideth no man;
> I am departed fro this, and so shall ye.

where again there is manifestly no allusion to the flow of water. There is an old agricultural phrase still used among the Lowland Scotch farmers, in which *tide* appears in the sense of season: "The grund's no in tid," *i. e.*, The ground is not in season, not ready at the proper time for the crop.

The use of *tide* in its sense of hour, *the* hour, led naturally to a use of *hour* for *tide.* Among the examples that might be cited of this conversion, there is a passage in "Macbeth" which has long been a puzzle to readers and commentators, and upon which, in my own edition of Shakespeare, I have only given some not very relevant comments by the Rev. Mr. Hunter. Macbeth says (Act i., scene 3),

> Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

As an hour is but a measured lapse of time, there has been much discussion as to why Shakespeare should have written "time *and* the hour," and many passages have been quoted from Shakespeare and other poets by the commentators, in which *time* and *hour* are found in close relation; but they are all, as such quotations are apt to be, quite from the purpose. Time and the hour in this passage is merely an equivalent of time and tide—the time and tide that wait for no man. Macbeth's brave but unsteadfast soul is shaken to its loose foundations by the prophecies of the witches, and the speedy fulfilment of the first of them. His ambition fires like tinder at the touch of temptation, and his quick imagination sets before him the bloody path by which he is to reach the last and highest, the promised throne. But his good instincts—for he has instincts, not

purposes—revolt at the hideous prospect, and his whole nature is in a tumult of conflicting emotion. The soul of the man that would not play false, and yet would wrongly win, is laid open at a stroke to us in this first sight we have of him. After shying at the ugly thing, from which, however, he does not bolt, at last he says, cheating himself with the thought that he will wait on Providence,

> If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me
> Without my stir.

And then he helps himself out of his tribulation, as men often do, with an old saw, and says it will all come right in the end. Looking into the black, turbulent future, which would be all bright and clear if he would give up his bad ambition, he neither turns back nor goes forward, but says :

> Come what come may,
> Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

That is, time and opportunity, time and tide, run through the roughest day; the day most thickly bestead with trouble is long enough, and has occasions enough for the service and the safety of a ready, quick-witted man. But for the rhythm, Shakespeare would probably have written, Time and tide run through the roughest day; but as the adage in that form was not well suited to his verse, he used the equivalent phrase, time and the hour (not, time and *an* hour or time and the hours) *run* through the roughest day; and the appearance of the singular verb in this line, I am inclined to regard as due to the poet's own pen, not as accidental.

Richard Grant White.

BARCAROLLE.

QUIT, quit the oars, and let us float,
While stream and twilight ripple by.
Let drift, let drift where will the boat,
Under the tender, dreamful sky,
Earth seems not near, Heaven not remote.

With murmurous sound the water slips,
Vague, murmurous regret it seems,
As when a shadowy sorrow dips
Across the shadowy bliss of dreams.
Love! soothe it with thy finger-tips.

Quit, quit the oars; we drift to peace,
Unstirred by all the far world's din.
What is this new sense of release?
Drift—it is Heaven we drift within,
Through twilight's amber silences.

Lily Nelson.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

WHO TOOK TICONDEROGA?

THE study of American history has now entered upon a new era. An intelligent patriotism no longer demands the unquestioned belief of every vainglorious tradition. Historical students have discovered that, in order to enforce conviction, they must produce authorities. And this encourages us to go back to an old question, and ask, Who took Ticonderoga? that is, who suggested the plan whereby the fortress at Ticonderoga fell into the hands of the American patriots on the morning of May 10, 1775?

In the Capitol of Vermont stands a statue of the purest marble. It is the counterfeit presentment of one who, above all its citizens, has been honored and revered by the Green Mountain State, and who at the same time looms up before the nation as one of the great heroes of the Revolution. With the recollection of this man fresh in the mind, it may seem absurd to ask the question placed at the head of our article; while multitudes of those who have drawn their historical ideas from the popular but superficial text-books will tell us, as with the voice of one man, that Ticonderoga was taken by Ethan Allen, who demanded its surrender "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

Heretofore, this story has been received as confidently as the story of William Tell and Pocahontas, or that of Putnam descending into the wolf's den, with a rope tied to his heels, and having his rifle in one hand and a flaming torch in the other. Yet what are the facts, and who was the real originator of the capture of the fortress in question?

Of the character of Allen himself it is not necessary here to treat. One of his admirers says that he was a man of the most ungovernable passions, but generous to his rude followers. A suspicion of treason to the American cause has long been somewhat privately attached to his name. Sparks tried to whitewash his character by the well-meant but damaging suggestion that he was, instead, playing the British commander false, thus exhibiting Allen in a *rôle* that no honorable man would for a moment perform. The question of his treason still remains to be investigated, and it is not at all improbable that some document may yet be brought to light that will forever settle the question, as in the case of Lee, whose treason has been made as clear as light.

But let us proceed in the inquiry, Who took Ticonderoga? even though a Bancroft chimes in with the popular cry of "the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

When enquiring particularly, we find that among the first claimants for this honor was one William Gilliland, of Willsborough. In a petition to the Continental Congress he says: "Your memorialist has reason to think that he was

the first person who laid a plan for and determined upon seizing Ticonderoga." Yet his biographer does not support the claim. We, therefore, do not hesitate to declare that the person who first suggested the enterprise was Colonel John Brown, a lawyer, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who fell in the service of his country, at Stone Arabia, in 1780. As early as February 21, 1775, he received a letter from General Joseph Warren and Samuel Adams, requesting him to visit Canada and secure the aid of the people to the cause of independence. In this he failed; but, the next month, he nevertheless wrote to Mr. Adams and General Warren, saying: "One thing I must mention, to be kept a profound secret. The fort of Ticonderoga must be seized, as soon as possible, should hostilities be committed by the King's troops." And he adds, "The people on the New Hampshire Grants have engaged to do this business, and, in my opinion, are the proper persons for the job."

This declaration would perhaps lead us to suppose that an extensive combination had been arranged by "the people," and yet this same letter shows that the only "people" he had anything to do with were a couple of old hunters who ferried him hurriedly down Lake Champlain. With Allen, who lived far away from the lake, he had no communication, as is shown by the declarations of Allen himself.

Here, then, was the beginning of the work. Bancroft quotes from this letter, but does not indicate that he knew anything of the author; while those who have mentioned Brown's name in this connection suppose that his recommendation to Mr. Adams had no weight, and therefore was not to be taken into consideration. But that this is far from the case, the sequel proves.

The next movement occurred April 27th. The massacre at Lexington had now taken place, and the country was ablaze. Therefore, on the day above mentioned, a number of gentlemen met with the Governor of Connecticut, and resolved on the capture of Ticonderoga, chiefly for the sake of the military stores there accumulated. Three hundred pounds were drawn from the public treasury, and the same day Captain Noah Phelps and Bernard Romans were dispatched toward the scene of action.

Of all the remaining steps it is not here necessary to speak; and all that is required is to mention the fact that this party from Connecticut moved at once to Colonel John Brown, at Pittsfield, for the express purpose of advising with him about the whole matter. With all these transactions, Ethan Allen had nothing whatever to do.

But can it be shown that the recommendation of Brown to Samuel Adams had anything to do with this action? We might reasonably suppose so, from the fact that the party from Connecticut at once reported to Brown. It indicates that they acknowledged his agency. But how did his recommendation reach Hartford? This was accomplished through no less a person than Samuel Adams, who at that time was on his way to the Continental Congress, soon to assemble at Philadelphia.

One of the eulogists of Allen has insinuated that Adams could not possibly have reached Hartford April 27th. But let us look at the matter again.

We find that John Adams, who left Boston by the same route for the same destination several days after Samuel Adams left in company with John Hancock, was writing letters in Hartford April 30th, where he appears to have been stopping for some time. This being so, there is no difficulty in believing that Samuel Adams was there April 27th.

But we are not left thus to infer the fact; for Mr. Wells, who had all the correspondence in his possession, distinctly testifies, in his life of Samuel Adams, that that patriot was at Hartford April 27th. The matter is also set at rest by another authority. A gentleman writing at the time, and who was in personal communication with the expeditionists from Connecticut, testifies independently on the same point. His letter, dated at Pittsfield, May 4, 1775, most happily preserved in Force's "Archives" (Series iv., vol. ii., p. 507), after stating the fact already given, that the Connecticut Volunteers reported to Colonel Brown, goes on to say that the plan for the capture of Ticonderoga was arranged "by the Governor and Council; *Colonel Hancock, Mr. Adams, and others from our* (Massachusetts) *Province being present.*"

And this testimony is all the more trustworthy, from the fact that the fortress was not then captured; that no glory had been won by the enterprise, and no controversy had arisen on the subject. Besides, there is not one particle of testimony to be offered to the contrary. Therefore we are justified in declaring that Brown's recommendation was carried to Hartford and acted upon. Certainly Ethan Allen was in no way concerned.

It must also be observed that another plan was arranged for the same purpose in Massachusetts. Only three days after the decision of the people at Hartford, General Warren wrote to Alexander McDougal, of New York, saying that it had been "proposed" to take Ticonderoga. And by whom was this proposition made?

By Ethan Allen? Certainly not; for the only person of whom we have any knowledge who had urged this upon Warren was Colonel John Brown, in his letter from Montreal the previous March. It was finally decided by the Massachusetts Committee to take action, and Benedict Arnold was dispatched May 3d to raise men for the undertaking. Arnold did not start until the party from Connecticut, in company with John Brown, had been six days in the field, and had already reached Bennington, Vermont.

And now we are prepared to inquire more particularly where Ethan Allan was, and what he was doing in the meanwhile.

We have been accustomed to the representation that when the fight at Lexington occurred, his soul was so set on fire that, raising a band of his Green Mountain boys, he swept down from the fastnesses of the hills like an eagle from its eyrie, seized this venerable fortress, and surprised all New England by making the authorities a present of its garrison and guns.

Now, it may seem a pity to spoil the picture, yet, when the facts of the case are known, there will be little of it left; while whatever honor may be due to the originator of the enterprise, must unquestionably be awarded to another than Allen. In reality, instead of surprising New England, the people of New England surprised him; for, at a time when the expeditionists had long been in the field and hard at work raising men and maturing their plans, Ethan Allen knew nothing whatever about what was going on, and was finally caught napping. Of this we have unquestioned proof. In an old manuscript recently brought to public light from the archives of Connecticut (Rev. Papers, vol. 3, p. 26), there is a curious piece of testimony to be added to the foregoing. This is the account of Bernard Romans with the Colony of Connecticut, "for monies advanced and for which he gave obligations," in the capture of Ticonderoga. One item in this account is the following: "Paid Heman Allen, going express after Ethan Allen, 120 miles, £2 16*s* 0*d*." Thus Allen himself had to be drum-

med up. This he carelessly admitted himself in one place, where, for the moment, his vanity failed him.

In view, therefore, of the testimony which has been brought to bear on the subject, it is idle for any one longer to support the claim of Ethan Allen as the originator of the plan to capture Ticonderoga.

What part, therefore, did Allen actually bear?

That after coming upon the ground he acted his part well, no one acquainted with the facts of the case can deny; yet, that his was the greater part does not appear from the record.

It is true that the command of the volunteers raised was at first given to Allen, but when Benedict Arnold arrived at Castleton with authority from the Massachusetts Committee, the command was divided, and it was definitely arranged that Arnold and Allen should exercise an equal authority, which is a point that has not been generally understood. This being finally settled, the whole party assembled on the east side of Lake Champlain, two miles below Ticonderoga, on the night of the ninth of May, ready to act. But at the critical moment it was found that the expected boats had not arrived. Nevertheless, Arnold found means of crossing in one boat with forty men. It does not appear from the account whether Allen went in this boat or not, which did not return to the east side of the lake until nearly daylight, on account of a severe storm. Finally forty more volunteers were carried over, and when the time came for action, the force assembled near Ticonderoga did not number more than eighty-five men. And, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, it was proposed to wait for additional men. This was strenuously opposed by Arnold, who declared, with his usual impetuosity, that if no one would follow, he would go to the attack alone. This had the desired effect, and the men were at once put in the order of attack.

Allen claims in his narrative that he improved the occasion to address the men in a speech, which, under the circumstances, we must admit, is somewhat improbable. The volunteers then moved quietly toward the fortress, headed not by Allen *alone*, but by the two commanders marching side by side. Yet when the critical moment came, and they dashed into the sally-port, Arnold, whose courage nothing could daunt, rushed in several yards ahead. This particular honor Allen never claimed. Arnold himself claims this, in his letter written to the Massachusetts Committee, and is supported by one of the eye-witnesses. This point cannot be controverted by any testimony drawn from the records of those times.

And the party having once gained admittance to the fortress, whom shall we regard as having demanded and received the surrender? Possibly, however, it may appear that there was no formal demand. The first person mentioned in this connection was Colonel Easton, of Pittsfield, who accompanied the party. Thomas's "Oracle of Liberty" (May 24th) says that Easton "clapped him (the commander) on the shoulder, calling upon him to surrender in the name of America." This was denied on August 3d following, *yet Allen was nowhere mentioned in this connection.* It was not until several years after, that Allen, in giving some account of the affair in his narrative, represented himself as demanding the surrender "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

And now what view shall we take of Allen's declaration?

In the first place, it must be remembered that, in the eyes of Allen, "Jehovah" was simply a mythical character venerated by the Jews. To prove this

and kindred notions, he published an illiterate book. But, if the non-existence of Jehovah was doubtful at that time, no question can be raised about the Continental Congress. The fortress of Ticonderoga was captured at daybreak on the morning of May 10, 1775, while the Continental Congress did not assemble until six hours afterward. At the time of the capture of Ticonderoga, therefore, there *was* no Continental Congress, and, consequently (having the right to call a spade a spade), we must declare that Ethan Allen's statement is a falsehood. Besides, those who are curious in such matters, will find, by examining the records of the body in question, that the capture of the fortress gave the members great concern, and that it was with difficulty that they were persuaded not to apologize to the Government of the King for what seemed to many an unwarrantable act.

The treatment that the whole subject of Ticonderoga has heretofore received affords a not unfair illustration of the method too generally pursued in the study of American topics, and indicates that the new school of history has not begun its work too soon.

B. F. D.

BOYS.*

THERE is a certain species of young animal, held by many mothers as, at best, a doubtful blessing; by many sisters of slightly superior years as an irrepressible nuisance; by settled spinsters and contemplative old ladies as a sort of small Apache skirmishing upon the outposts of civilization, and specimens of which these good people would voluntarily invite into drawing-room or flower-garden no sooner than wild horses.

This creature is a Boy. The various accent of pronunciation tells the state of the speaker's mind regarding him with sufficient accuracy. It never, however, declares with Mr. Chadband, "Oh, glorious to be a human boy!" It is generally understood that, by-and-by, he does develop into a human article, though through no merit of his own; and, meanwhile, it has been seriously recommended by one of his enemies that he be headed up in a barrel and fed and educated through the bung-hole! "If you see three boys together," commanded Dr. Johnson, "thrash them; for either they have been, are doing, or are about to do, some mischief"

To this down-trodden and despised "sect" there has arisen, in these latter days, a prophet—a prophet in the shape of Mr. Ainslie Hope; a dominie, indeed, but one like the pleasant fellow who advertised his opening term with the words, "Dear boys: Trouble begins on the tenth of September,"—a sort of healthy Hawthorne turned dominie; or, one might say, an Alphonse Karr without the misanthropy, if both of these suppositions were not so untenable in their very nature as to oblige one to be content with simply pronouncing him to

* "A Book About Boys," by A. R. Hope. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

possess an almost Shandian humor. "It all at once struck me," he says, "that the British public had no work about boys. We have books upon mathematics, hydrostatics, dynamics, and metaphysics; books upon theology, philology, and meteorology; books upon history, biography, and geography; books about fact that are full of fiction, and books of fiction that are sad facts; books inculcating the observance, and books illustrating the breach, of all the Commandments; books about gorillas, elephants, and Emperors of Abyssinia; books about men, women, girls, and babies; but not, so far as I know, a single book about boys."

To this fact, then, we owe our good fortune, inasmuch as it was reserved for Mr. Hope to fill the vacancy in our literature, and his book is a real treasure to all who love this unruly and turbulent tribe of torments. He explains his subject, plays with it, apologizes for it, eulogizes it, and all but apotheosizes it; and he produces at last a perfectly charming work, although one to which he fears the young Miss may indeed prefer "The Benighted Bigamist," or any of those novels of Mrs. Henry Wood's, which somewhere else he quietly mentions as "written in a peculiar language based upon English."

It is indeed delightful to meet with a book in which there is nowhere a strain or an exertion visible, for Mr. Hope is full of his subject. He cannot say enough; he asks whether, if a post-diluvian scholar be allowed a lifetime for the examination of Greek particles, the study of boys may not demand the labors of a literary Methusaleh; he does not pause for a word until reaching the chapter concerning the Manners of Boys; and if he constitutes himself their champion and vindicator, he is never mawkish—for call a composition an imposition, as he may, he believes fully in the virtues of the raw hide, and balances any sentimental weakness by confession of faith in the healthy stimulant of an occasional flogging. In some respects this treatise of his upon the natural history of boys is superior even to "Tom Brown's Schooldays at Rugby," for the author of that book, delightful as it is, must be one of those whom Mr. Hope himself classifies as giving forth a very uncertain sound as to whether they consider cricket or Christianity the loftier virtue; and he extends, moreover, a certain patronage to that idea of public-school morality which obtains at present, in most English schools, under which the stronger ones tyrannize over the weak, and the weak submissively await their turn to tyrannize over fags yet unconsciously growing up toward that destiny—a system still allowed, if not encouraged, because supposed to represent the world's life in miniature, and to prepare boys presently for the generation of struggle that awaits them. "But I know of another system of morality," declares Mr. Hope, "said to be approved by most English educationists, which, while as fully recognizing the existence of these evils, bids us fight to the death against them in our own hearts and in the world, that in due time they may be rooted up and cast down."

Of all the schoolmasters that ever swayed a birch, Mr. Hope must be the one to be chosen. Yet his ideas are slightly heretical in a land overshadowed by the spires and towers of Oxford, and half-undermined by Latin radicals and Greek roots; but, if listened to, they will go far toward rendering education utilitarian, toward making boys ready for the part they are best fitted to play, and toward inculcating a kindly sympathy between man and man, which last seems better to him, he avers, than much Latin and more Greek. He cannot, however, be alone in his views, for, in relation to this same question of utility and fitness in the selected studies, and over the prostrate form of the English boy, we are told that a great fight is now raging. "From my quiet corner I can

hear the shouts of the battle, and see the dust of the arena. 'English literature to the rescue!' shouts one warrior, fiercely brandishing a volume of 'Chaucer.' 'Down with the classics!' is the war-cry of another doughty champion, who with his right hand wields a French dictionary, and with his left a bottle of sulphuric acid and a variety of other scientific weapons. And hark, the cry is David! and from the cave of Adullam issues forth a rebel chief at the head of a band of bold outlaws, armed to the teeth with history, geography and useful information. Meanwhile, the established tyrants are hoisting the standard of antiquity and buckling on afresh the armor of their university distinctions. The younger ones among them seize pen and paper and go forth to meet the foe at the Janiculum, or elsewhere, and there will be beaten, slain, or taken prisoners—except a few, who, escaping, will shut themselves up in the Capitol and be preserved for a time by the cackling of sundry geese, the sacred birds of Superstitio and Consuetudo. But the elder ones, the white-haired senators, disdain either to fight or fly. With their rods in their hands, they ascend into their oaken seats of office, and there await, in awful silence, the coming of the Goths and Gauls, that at the end they may die with proper dignity. Now the foe is on them, and they clasp each other's hands, and, for the last time before the shrine of self-opinion, join in the solemn chorus, '*O tempora! O mores!*'"

This topic, however, has but a trifling portion of the little book under mention, for the volume is more a record of observations than of philosophical deductions therefrom, though every here and there it is spiced with scraps of wisdom. "Trouble to a boy is like water to a duck; he is always getting into it, but it runs off his back as soon as he can manage to scramble upon dry land for a little." "The existence of the hobbledehoy is a horrible state of anarchy, intervening between despotic authority and constitutional self-government." The boy is not considered here as a being growing toward maturity and manhood, but as a genus distinct and complete by himself, and as in his natural and normal state only when at school; for parents, it is given us to understand, have no more right to bring up their own boys at home than physicians have to medicine their own families. In the beginning, the author excludes four classes from his contemplation, which may be further condensed into two—the jackanapes and the preternatural; although confessing that his heart yet yearns toward these banished ones, since they are, in a manner, after all, boys and brothers; and how far he enters into the nature of the boy proper—the hearty, rollicking, frolicking, tumbling, noisy imp, that somehow works his way into the affections through his very unbearableness—may be seen in the way in which a single incident is related. "How my heart has bled as I have seen one of my boys bending over his book and faintly muttering, 'Oh, Forty-seventh Prop., how I do hate you!' Through the open window of the room the sweet June breeze came peering, wondering, no doubt, to what end was the dull, dusty prison it had found its way to. Merry shouts and careless laughs were borne on its wings to mock the sad captive of angles and parallelograms. Cruelly sweet visions of green cricket-fields and cool bathing-places floated before his weary eyes. But there he sat at his hard task, and presently I heard him lift up his voice again, and exclaim, 'Oh, Euclid, I wish you had died when you were a boy!' It was so hard for him to learn; yet learn he must, and I must make him; so on he sat, and on I sat; and to occupy my mind, and to fortify it against the compassionate impulses which might prevent me from doing my duty, I began to turn over these thoughts about the troubles of boys. This was

the same young gentleman, I may mention, who went rushing about one morning, in fearful haste, anxiously enquiring if anybody could tell him where to find a crib for the Greek Testament!"

These troubles of boys, by the way, are most inimitably told in these pages; the restraints they have to suffer, the tyrants they have to endure, the sermons they have to hear, the doses they have to swallow, the nicknames they have to carry, and, sometimes worst of all, the clothes they have to wear—the clothes which inhuman, but economical parents force them to endure, but at which the Miss Grundy, the lesser demon of the school-circle, holds up her hands in withering laughter. "I met an old schoolfellow the other day," says our author, "who remembered nothing of me at school, except one fatal defect in my character, which once was the bane of my existence, namely, that my trowsers were too short, and that I had had a piece of cloth joined on to each leg to make them longer." But the great trouble of all, the proud entrance into, and dolefnl passage through, the intricacies of the Latin grammar, is too graphically described for a profane hand to mutilate it. It is the Babes in the Wood over again, as touching, and far more true than the old story ever was. "The innocent victim now enters upon Latin, and all unconscious of the truth, most likely rejoices in the increased dignity which accompanies his heavier bundle of cares. He gambols round the porch of the dread temple; he hears not the cries, and sees not the blood of those that have preceded him into the dark wide-jawed cavern. Childlike, he is tickled and attracted at first by the fantastic garb and the strange gestures of his new tyrant. But the novelty wears off; as the babe is led deeper and deeper into the wood, he begins to grow more and more suspicious of the character of his seducer, who only grasps his hand tighter, and drags him on faster, regardless of his fears. Presently they come to a halt in a dark glade; the villain's intentions become clear enough now. He pulls out the verb *sum*, and sends the weeping child to his knees to beg for mercy. His life is granted him, but he is to be a slave for long years. On he has to stumble at the heels of his guide, and now becomes conscious that he has companions in misery. Groans resound about him, mingling with his own, and drown to his ears the chirping of the robins, who, in the likeness of fellows of colleges, beneficed clergymen, gentlemanly poets, and such like, sit in pleasant nests among the green branches, and complacently twitter to each other of the beauties of the prospect, and, on the whole, seem to enjoy it."

Another of the troubles of boys, concerning which our dominie has a strong word to say—an absolute, if an abstract trouble—is the abominable manner in which they have been treated by novelists. "Is it not a shame," he asks, "that in most of our novels boys should be treated slightingly, and with cold indifference should be shoved into a corner to make way for the namby-pamby trifling of curates, captains, and marriageable young ladies, or only brought forward to be sneered at and ridiculed? That comes of having our novels written by women! . . . I name no names. I scorn to defend boys against their spite and ignorance. I pass them by with silent contempt. Let them wallow in their whiskered captains, their golden-haired villainesses, their pale and interesting curates. Boys are pearls not to be scattered promiscuously before—novel-reading young ladies."

The estimation in which Mr. Hope holds boys, whether beneath their desert or otherwise, is evident from the foregoing paragraph; and he tells us, further on, that he forgives Juvenal all his sins for the sake of a single line: *Maxima*

debetur puero reverentia. Boys, he assures us, may not recognize the eternal verities which prohibit us from eating peas with our knives, but they have etiquettes of their own of infinitely greater importance. The original aristocracy is the only one they countenance; the king of boys is, with them, the one who wins his sceptre, and his knights and nobles are his imitators. Up to their code of honor they live rigidly; the generosity of equal division is a principle of their morality, whose infraction entails unforgotten disgrace; they fight against temptations to idleness more valiantly than grown men fight against temptations to avarice and luxury; and if their motto is *carpe diem*, and if they do enjoy it in reckless disregard of the cruel next half hour, they atone for the indulgence by such stoical endeavor to endure pain that pain becomes half a pleasure; and, indeed, in connection with this stoical endeavor of theirs, we are introduced to a little wretch who, "being doomed to swallow pills every day, resolved to meet the misfortune with manly indifference, and to that end he secretly and persistently accustomed himself to swallow dried peas. Though it might be a question for his physician, how far the means in this process would tend to counteract the end."

To believe that the whole race of boys is all that Mr. Hope's fancy has painted them, is to believe that the millennium is to come with the maturity of the rising generation; though, in fact, he assures us that that day will dawn only when we spend on schools the money that we now spend on prisons. There are still such things to be found, it may be feared, as boys whose lessons are drilled into them only as constant dropping wears a stone, who blubber when they are whipped, who carry tales, who give away only the cores of their apples; but Mr. Hope has a way of solving such little difficulties as the existence of these individuals presents—when they are either pigs or prigs he does not call them boys. With his elevated ideas on the nature and habits of the real boy, it must remain a matter of doubt why he allows the nimbus to rest around the head of such a youth as the one who "with lack-lustre eye stares at his book, now and then looking up to me with his patient cow-like face, in which I can see some slight shade of agitation betokening that the pulp which serves him for an intellect is vainly endeavoring to struggle through the mists of my explanation;" and it is a still more insoluble mystery why he did not degrade into the ranks of the supernatural one Robert Hopkins, a creature who throws Gifted Hopkins far into the shade, and whose heart had been soured early in life by a crushing disappointment. "Poor Hopkins! He was a flabby, fat, good-natured looking fellow, and if you saw the cheerful way in which he waddled about in a game of hockey, you would scarcely have guessed what a fearful sorrow was gnawing in his breast," says Mr. Hope, previously having informed us that this unfortunate had been attached to a cousin, rather more than twice his own age, who had married and gone to India with a fiend in the shape of a captain of Hussars. The poor boy's only consolation was to pour forth the records of his blighted affection in mournful verse.

Her heart was pledged, my hopes were fledged,
And in their nest began to sing;
But ere they grew, away they flew
Upon a sad and speedy wing.

The oak is stronger, its shadow longer,
Its leaves are larger than before;
My heart is blighted, my soul benighted,
To see the light on earth no more.

Her heart was sold, not for love, but gold,
And ah! the price seemed far too small.
Blot out my name! Another came
And won her hand at the country ball.

* * * * *

Oh heart, great tomb of young affection,
Be henceforth icy, loveless stone!
Oh Hope! oh Joy! oh Peace! be absent!
And leave me with my grief—alone!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

EXIT THE BLONDE.

AN evening paper announces that a certain popular actress, well remembered as having had brown hair, has returned from Europe with beautiful golden-blonde tresses. How this curious change has been effected, the public is very properly left to conjecture. It is not the purpose of this paper to reveal the secret. The fact itself, however, is suggestive of other facts which may throw light upon it, as well as of phenomena which not only lie far beyond the sphere of the hair-dresser's art, but transcend the science of the chemist as well.

Yellow or golden hair has had its admirers in all ages. Those wonderful pagans, the beauty-loving Greeks, considered it more desirable than any other, and their most exalted mythological personages are described as being adorned with it.

The hair of Helen of Troy, it may be remembered, is said to have been golden; and of Milto, the beautiful Ionian, we are told, "The hair was yellow, the locks a little curled." Poppæa Sabina, also, had golden tresses; and so had Lucrezia Borgia, according to Leigh Hunt, who was in possession of a single hair of that famous woman's head. "If ever hair was golden," he says, "this is. It is not red, it is not yellow; it is golden and nothing else." It was long and abundant, as her portraits show, and in the mass must have presented a magnificent appearance. Landor's description—"Calm hair, meandering with pellucid gold," conveys but a very inadequate idea of its auriferous sheen.

History has often failed to take note of great men's hair; but Alexander the Great, Demetrius of Macedonia, Sylla the Dictator, the Emperor Commodus, Camoens, Tasso and Alfieri, are said to have had yellow or golden hair. Cervantes had brown hair and a yellow beard.

It is not unlikely that the hair of Commodus owed its color to art, for we are told that "when he walked in the sun, his locks glittered like fire, so that some believed that they had been sprinkled with gold dust."

That the ancients sometimes powdered their hair with gold dust, is a fact mentioned by Josephus and others. The coveted golden tint was also produced by some chemical process now unknown; for Ælian, speaking of Atalanta's hair, says: "Its color was yellow, not produced by any womanly art, but altogether natural," which evidently implies that in his day some yellow hair was

artificial. We have, also, the testimony of Tertullian of Carthage, one of the fathers of the African Church, who reproves some of his black-haired countrywomen for being "constantly employed in giving their hair a fair color." Two centuries later, the custom of dying the hair red prevailed extensively.

Mrs. Jameson says: "Every one must remember in the Venetian pictures, not only the peculiar luxuriance, but the peculiar color of the hair—of every golden tint from a rich, full shade of auburn to a sort of yellow-flaxen hue—or, rather, not flaxen, but like *raw silk*. I have often been asked if these pale-golden masses of hair could always have been natural. On the contrary, they were often artificial."

This brings us down to comparatively modern times, since which, although dyeing the hair has been common enough, the art of changing dark tresses to "pellucid gold" seems to have been lost. Perhaps, however, it has lately been recovered. If so, its reappearance is timely; for in nature's laboratory the agents and conditions necessary to produce the yellow hue are generally lacking, and the physical type to which the golden hair properly belongs is, in this country at least, rapidly disappearing.

The blonde American will ere long be known only in history.

As a nation, we Americans of the United States are fast becoming *melancomous*.

The observation of every reader whose recollection goes back even a quarter of a century, will confirm this statement. Who does not remember the time when the light-haired people outnumbered the dark-haired in the streets of New York?

A series of observations made about ten years ago in the streets, in hotels, in dining saloons and in public assemblages of all kinds, showed that the two classes—counting all the fair, the red and the brown hair as "fair," and only the black and the dark-brown as "dark"—were about equal. A similar series of observations, made during the present season, reveals the somewhat startling fact that more than seventy per cent. of the present population of this great Anglo-Saxon city (if such it be) belongs to the dark-haired type.

How has this wonderful change in the relative numbers of the two classes been effected?

Probably there have been brought over from Europe during the last decade quite as many fair-haired Germans, Englishmen, Danes, Swedes and Norwegians, as dark-haired Irish, French, Spaniards and Italians. We must look at home for the causes of the phenomenon. The dark-haired people we meet are less frequently of foreign birth than the light-haired. Among the fair-haired there has been a higher rate of mortality than among the dark-haired, while the percentage of births has been far greater in the latter during the last twenty-five years at least, than in the former. Three-fourths of the young men and young women of American birth who are now coming, or have just come upon the stage of action, have dark hair, and, very generally, dark eyes, also. In the children of the present day the dark type prevails in still greater proportion.

Of the class denominated "fair," scarcely ten per cent. can properly be called blonde, and the greater number of individuals who are strictly so are of foreign birth or parentage—English, German, or Scandinavian.

The indications of the blonde type often linger in the beard when they have disappeared from the hair of the head; and many of the men of the present day

have dark hair and red, yellow, or sandy beards. These will generally disappear in the next generation.

The color of the eyes and the tint of the skin do not always follow the rule of the hair, but it is probable that dark eyes and dark complexions are increasing just as rapidly as dark hair, though the same careful observations are lacking on these points. It is certain that black, brown, hazel, and dark-grey eyes are now everywhere bewilderingly numerous, and that they are by no means monopolized by the imported brunettes of Italy, France, and Spain.

The relative increase of the dark type is greater, perhaps, in New York than anywhere else, and it is certainly greater in cities than in the country; but the physiological change involved is universal in the United States, and probably throughout North America.

The facts thus briefly stated have not been difficult to ascertain, and may be readily verified. The causes of the observed phenomenon are not so easily determined. Some hints toward a solution of the problems involved will, however, be here attempted.

Climate, it is well known, affects the color of the hair, the skin, and the eyes. As a rule, the dark races are found in hot climates, and the fair, in temperate climates. It is also true that individuals of the fair races grow darker under a tropical sun, and that their children are born with brown or black eyes, and have darker hair than their parents. This has been observed in India and in South America. On the other hand, it is an equally well-established fact that there are fair-haired and blue-eyed Jews in Africa and the hotter parts of Asia, and black-haired and dark-eyed Jews in Russia and North Germany; and that the North American Indian has the same dark skin and black hair and eyes in Canada as in Florida.

Still more to the point is the fact that the change of color now under consideration is even more rapid in our Northern than in our Southern States. So far, then, as the question is one of temperature merely, we may dismiss it at once; but there are other climatic conditions besides heat and cold, which affect the human constitution, and which must therefore be here considered.

The climate of America is dry and stimulating. It promotes activity of body and mind. Its effects are seen in our rapid motions, our quick step, our ready perceptions, and what seems to our slower European cousins, our hurried feverish life. Physiologically, it favors the growth of bone and nerve more than that of flesh, and causes a decrease of the cellular tissues, and a shrinking of the muscles; so that we exhibit, as a rule, less plumpness of body than is common in the European stocks from which we are descended; but what flesh we have is dense, tough, and wiry. We abound in solids rather than fluids; so that we are sometimes told that we are drying up, root and branch, and shall some day be blown away by one of our strong north-east winds! Seriously, we are said to be doomed. When the fresh blood of robust Europe shall cease to be poured into our veins, we shall, according to certain very learned ethnologists, die out—become utterly extinct, and the sites of our great cities become again the favorite hunting grounds of the red man.

This sort of nonsense generally originates in England, but is occasionally copied here with a seeming readiness to admit its truth. Do our insular relations imagine that our knees are weak, and that our arms lack manly vigor because our bellies are not so big as theirs? We should soon cure them of this

fallacy were they to be so unwise as to bring upon themselves and us the great misfortune of another war.

The Caucasian race is *not* deteriorating in America. On the contrary, it is improving, as could be shown by facts and figures of the most stubborn kind, were this the proper place to introduce them. It is simply becoming acclimatized —undergoing those physiological changes which are to adapt it to the physical conditions peculiar to the American continent. Among these changes is the increased influence of the bilious element in the temperament, one of the signs of which is the darkness of the hair and eyes. This is not an indication of decay and weakness, but of increasing endurance and power. Fair hair is connected with delicacy and refinement, dark hair with strength, energy, and persistence. No one questions the relation between color and hardiness in its application to the lower animals. Dark horses are well known to have better constitutions than white or grey ones; and so far is this distinction carried that even white feet are considered objectionable.

Here, then, we probably have the grand secret after all. The true American type is *melancomous*. Whatever differences there may have been—and they were not slight—among the aboriginal tribes of this continent, dark hair and dark eyes were common to them all. It does not follow that we shall become red men and revert to savagism. Climate and other conditions modify individuals and nations, but racial distinctions are permanent. Any race transplanted to this continent must, by slow degrees, but inevitably, accommodate itself to its climatic conditions by such a change of temperament or constitution as shall approximate it, within the limits of its own typical forms, to the constitution and configuration of the aborigines. It is this change that is now going on among us, and one of its signs is the increasing prevalence of dark hair and dark eyes.

It may be a matter of profound regret that our climate will not sustain and preserve the beautiful blonde type, symbolical, as it is, of so much that is noble in intellect and exalted in moral worth—the type to which Christ and the Madonna are believed to have belonged—but nature is inexorable, and our regrets are vain. The dark type, however, has its excellencies, different in kind, but perhaps equal in degree, to those of the fair type. America will, no doubt, develop them to their fullest extent. The blonde may still find a home and favoring conditions among the Gothic races of Europe—in Germany, Scandinavia, and parts of England and Russia.

Several causes, at first sight apparently distinct from the leading one already noted, but, in fact, only collateral manifestations of the same principles, are rapidly accelerating the *melanosis* of our population.

1. In the first place, the death rate, as already incidentally mentioned, is higher in the *xanthous* class than in the dark-haired. In this uncongenial climate, fair-haired people are more liable than others to that most terrible scourge, consumption, as well as to other diseases affecting the respiratory and circulative functions; and it is in this class that the true scrofulous diathesis is generally exhibited.

2. While the rate of mortality is higher in the fair-haired than in the dark-haired class, the proportion of births is far greater in the latter—in other words, dark-haired women *cæteris paribus*, are, in our climate, more prolific than fair-haired women. Nor is this all; for while the children of dark-haired parents almost always have dark hair, the children of light-haired parents frequently

have dark hair; and the tendency to a darker hue is general and increases with each generation. Where one of the parents is darked-haired and the other belongs to the *xanthous* type, three out of four (as an average) of the children born to them will resemble the dark-haired parent, the *melanic* element having the advantage of superior inherent strength as well as the co-operation of favoring climatic conditions; and as this *melanic* element is the predominating one among the Celtic peoples, their influence upon our national configuration and character is greater than their numerical strength would otherwise give them.

3. It is an instinctive and unconscious recognition of the foregoing facts on the part of the masculine portion of our population, perhaps, that gives the dark-haired woman her superior chances of attaining the honors and responsibilities of wifehood. Be that as it may, a far greater proportion of fair-haired than of dark-haired women live and die unmarried. In fact, the chances of the dark-haired girl, compared with those of her fair-haired sister, other things being equal, are said by statisticians to be as three to two; and if the eyes also be dark these chances are increased.

4. There is another circumstance, also temperamental in its nature, which may influence conjugal selection in favor of the dark type. It requires some moral courage to mention it, but as all these statements are made without prejudice or unkind feeling, and simply in the interest of truth, no offence should be taken. This circumstance is found in the different mental characters of the two types.

The fair-haired woman is lively, joyous, quick-witted, versatile, eloquent—not in the language of the lips merely, but in expression and action—kind, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. Her impulses are sudden as well as strong. She often falls in love at first sight. She is not bold and indelicate in the avowal of her affection, but at the proper moment says "yes" frankly, and means it—but she may change her mind—in other words, there is, as a rule, a slight tendency to fickleness in the blonde. There is too little iron in her blood. But when the dark-haired and dark-eyed woman loves—well, she *loves*, and with her

Love is love forevermore.

Men admire the blonde, court her society, bask with delight in her smiles, drink in with eagerness the music of her voice, are fascinated by her beauty and her wit—but they more frequently seek in marriage the less brilliant brunette.

It has already been stated that the increase of dark hair is greater in the city than in the country. The increase of cities among us must, therefore, give a still further impulse to the *melanosis* now going on. The fair-haired type requires for its full development the fresh pure air of the fields and forests. The atmosphere and modes of life inseparable from towns, are unfavorable to the sanguinous element of the constitution. The bilious temperament thrives. More iron finds its way into the blood and to the hair, and less sulphur; though just why or how this takes place it may not be so easy to determine.

The result of the physiological change now going on here, unless checked by the intervention of new and unforeseen causes, will be the establishment on this continent of a homogeneous and peculiar people. Physically, the Coming Man of this New World will be characterized by a well-developed osseous system; dense, firm muscles; rather high cheek bones; prominent, but handsome features; dark, strong, and abundant hair; black, brown, or hazel eyes; and a dark complexion—a conformation indicative of great strength of constitu-

tion, endurance, and capacity for work. Mentally, he will be observing, clear-headed, energetic, persevering, steadfast; quick to decide and ready to act; self-reliant, polite, courteous; refined in manners, if not always delicate in perception; ambitious; fond of power; addicted to conquest; often irritable, headstrong, and domineering; jealous of his honor; not particularly averse to strife; firm in friendship; faithful to his trust; constant in love; and terrible in his enmity. In verbal expression he will be direct and emphatic, and his eloquence will be that of earnestness and conviction; and in action, his blows will be both rapid and heavy.

The future American woman will be a dark-haired, dark-eyed, lithe-limbed, agile, elegant, and commanding brunette; only moderately plump in person, and finely proportioned and vigorous. The face will incline to the oval form, with features finely cut and somewhat more prominent than are seen in the European races from which we are mainly descended; but neither angular nor coarse, and full of expression. In her mental character, she will be imaginative, impassioned, earnest, serious, truthful, sincere, proud, and high-spirited. Ardent and devoted in love, unchanging in all her attachments, and with clear perceptions of duty, she will be a helpmate worthy of the name—one to be loved, honored, and trusted everywhere and always. Happy the Man of the Future who shall call her wife!

D. H. Jacques.

EBB TIDE.

GRATEFUL I am for this low-ebbing sea,
That leaves no trace or ripple on the shore:
No wealth of pearl or treasure brings the tide to me;
Yet I could bear this calm forevermore,

Time past I should have chafed at this dull line—
Storms ever found an echo in my breast;
But now, thou wearying sea, no roar of thine
But terror strikes—I only long for rest.

Oh, calm, be no precursor of some coming ill,
Until I reach a haven where I long to be.
Then One who bade the winds and waves be still
Shall lead me on where there is no more sea.

SOFT BROWN SMILING EYES.

I.

SOFT brown smiling eyes,
Looking back through years,
Smiling through the mist of Time,
Filling mine with tears;
On this sunny morn,
While the grape-blooms swing
In the scented air of June—
Why these memories bring?

II.

Silky, rippling curls—
Tresses long ago
Laid beneath the shaded sod,
Where the violets blow;
Why across the blue
Of this peerless day,
Do ye droop to meet my own,
Which have all turned grey!

III.

Voice, whose tender tones
Break in sudden mirth,
Heard far back in boyhood's spring—
Silent now on earth;
Why so sweet and clear,
While the bird and bee
Fill the balmy summer air,
Come your tones to me?

IV.

Sweet—ah, sweeter far
Than yon thrush's trill—
Sadder, sweeter than the wind,
Woods or murmuring rill—
Spirit-words and songs
O'er my senses creep.
Do I breathe the air of dreams?
Do I wake or sleep?

C. P. CRANCH.

DRIFT-WOOD.

REVERDY JOHNSON IN ENGLAND.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON'S quarrel is with a government, not with individuals; and hence, so far as concerns the chief object of his mission, he is free to hob-a-nob alike with foes and friends of "the late Union." This fact we are apt to forget. Naturally enough, we individualize our hates, and, taking bolts from the dread armory of national wrath, hurl them at Lairds, Roebucks, Hopes, Wharncliffes, and Gregories. Accordingly, when we find these men consorting with our Minister, we cry out indignantly. But the Alabama dispute really no more concerns the Lairds, her builders, than Bright and Mill, her anathematizers. Our only redress is in Her Majesty's Government; and, therefore, Mr. Johnson, even though sent out mainly on the Alabama errand, is *technically* excusable in paying those courtesies to Union-haters which have provoked our Yankee ire.

But the question of propriety is quite different. The distinguished gentleman is reported to have said after the Sheffield banquet, that "he did not know how the people of the United States would regard his conduct since he had been in England. He was sanguine of their approval, but he would accept censure with a Christian resignation." This language recalls that of Mr. Campbell, once accredited as Minister to Mexico, but who installed himself instead in the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, where he was at intervals reported as enjoying himself and "contemplating a move not yet authorized to be divulged." Dazed by this gentleman's audacity, Mr. Seward silently stared at him for some months, and then, recovering from his stupefaction, mildly requested him to "move on." Ordering a fresh cigar and a new julep, Mr. Campbell sent back this reply, "He believed the country would sustain him." And, in short, during the many months he was nominally Minister to Mexico, he saw no more of that country than you or I.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson, too, "is sanguine of their approval," *but*, he adds, he would "accept censure with a Christian resignation." Judging from the tone of the American press, we should say that Mr. Johnson will have a chance to exercise "a Christian resignation;" and, furthermore, that most people would be willing to have him try the virtues of another sort of resignation.

To speak plainly, the people of the United States look on Reverdy Johnson's "conduct" with unqualified disgust. In inviting him to dine with Mr. Roebuck at Sheffield and with Mr. Laird at Liverpool, it was his hosts that committed the flagrant discourtesy and stupidity. But the distinguished guest was only too willing; for he lavished brotherly kindness on these gentlemen, though the one was the public champion of Disunion in the House of Commons, and the other the man who boasted in the same place that he had swept our commerce from the seas. The British Press rebuked Mr. Roebuck for his rude insult to the United States at Sheffield —but our Minister warmly eulogized him. The London *News* declared that Liverpool had "violated the neutrality of the banquet" in inviting Mr. Johnson to sit at table with "the most active English enemy of his country;" but our Minister shook that enemy cordially by the hand.

Mr. Johnson may reply, as we have for him, that his quarrel was with a government, not with men—but so was that of Mr. Adams who, nevertheless, stayed away from love-feasts of the Lairds. Or, he may reply that he aims to cement "a new alliance." Not, if you please, Mr. John-

son, with this sort of cement—it will drop out. That species of public reconciliation which may be designated as "arm-in-arm" diplomacy, is as disgusting as it is shallow. Laird at Liverpool only recalls the more vividly Semmes at Southampton; the two public banquets were too much alike; and the "funeral baked meats" for the demise of "the late Union" whereof the Alabama's captain partook, "do coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables" of the new alliance with the Alabama's builders.

Neither Reverdy Johnson nor any man of his political school can possibly represent the American people in a controversy involving the legal status of the Southern Confederacy. "Fine presence" and "high tone" are excellent qualities at any court where we have no "war quarrel" unsettled —but at the Court of St. James we need something more. Mr. Johnson did not follow the fortunes of the Confederacy chiefly because his State did not; and he regards the late war as a strife betwixt States. Of course he sees no theoretical blunder, at least, in Great Britain's recognizing the seceded States as National Powers upon their political act of secession. Hence, he cannot possibly represent the American people.

That he should in good conscience see no harm in fraternizing with Stuart Wortley, Roebuck, and Laird; that the most malignant self-exiled Southerners should instinctively flock to his open doors; that his countrymen should look askance and begin to shun his hospitality as treason-tainted, follow naturally enough. In fine, the best thing Mr. Reverdy Johnson can do for his new-found friends, his country, and himself, is to come home.

With regard to the "protocol" of settlement now talked of, under its sounding manifesto and its pretence of "reference to Russia," we read a substantial break-down of Mr. Seward's obstinate claim. This claim (I mean his famous *sine qua non* of a judgment upon Great Britain's alleged "premature recognition of Confederate belligerency") was always preposterous; but he might have saved some reams of good paper and balls of tape by abandoning it sooner. Russia will probably refuse to decide Mr. Seward's pet point in any satisfactory way, especially as she herself, like Spain, followed close upon England and France in recognizing the war vessels of the Confederacy, and so assigning to it a naval capacity and war-making function. Again, it will be almost impossible to set forth in legal and determinate language, the precise point on which we ask judgment—and without this our cause is lost. Finally, this pompously but indefinitely announced "international point" has obviously nothing to do with the Alabama damages, and is even carried before a different tribunal.

Prussia, in any event, would seem to have been a better arbiter than Russia. A referred point is never decided, of course, either by the monarch or his minister. It is laid before professional lawyers, skilled in international jurisprudence. Few or none of distinction can be found in Russia. Germany, on the other hand, is famous for such jurisconsults. By the way, we must note, in this wretchedly involved case, that the mixed commission should of course meet not in London, as the protocol now provides, but in New York, since the Alabama claimants are this side of the sea.

SOMETHING NEW IN ADVERTISING.

"My dear child," said Mr. Squeers to the new pupil in the coffee-room at Saracen's Head, "all people have their trials. *But*, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, where youths are boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket-money—" and so forth, and so on.

The amiable Mr. Squeers, under cover of a moral lecture, was really advertising his school for the benefit of all within hearing. It is the exact reverse of his ingenious device that the "Evangelical Advertising Association" now proposes to itself; for this Association, under cover of advertising, will aim to inculcate moral precepts. Its object is to mix pithy piety with the daily news; to sandwich religious appeals between miscellaneous advertisements; and to sprinkle moral instruction up and down the columns of the sheet which lies every morning on your breakfast table. It is confidently believed that in this way even those old stagers who have, by a life-long course of adroit dodging, learned to elude tracts,

testaments, sermons, and Sundays, may find their attention entrapped, and fixed perforce on higher things.

It is a very ingenious idea. Some morning, accordingly, we may find (if we are in the habit of reading them) something of this sort in the Personals of the "Herald:"

If the gentleman who bowed to the lady yesterday in a Sixth Avenue car desires to seek his soul's salvation, will he please attend the Fulton street Prayer Meeting regularly at noon?

Or maybe there will occur something in this vein—

HARRY. Come! You know the old place, Dr. Drake's church, religious services every evening.

Or again, haply:

ANXIOUS INQUIRER. Repent and Believe.

And so, too, among the auctions and mock auctions, the banks and books, the courts and quacks, the shipping news, financial news, board and lodging, we may look henceforth for moral and instructive sentences deftly introduced in display type between every two advertisements; just as we now see Helmbold's Buchu and S. T. 1860 X.

With experience, these little apophthegms could at length be so placed as to act as counter-irritants—as antidotes to the bane in the rest of the paper. For example, under the Court Calendar might be written "Thou shalt not bear false witness;" under the Sunday Excursions, "Remember the Sabbath Day;" under Amusements, "This world is all a fleeting show." It is certainly an ingenious idea.

But the first effect will be exasperating to most readers. It will stir up more unruly temper than anything of the sort I can now think of, save, perhaps, the City Directory, which last is not only packed full of advertising fly leaves, but has every blank margin and every space which ought to be white, so beplastered with business notices that you are in doubt whether you are looking into a directory or a descriptive catalogue. So, when an irascible man searches in haste for shipping news, and finds instead an injunction to keep the third commandment, he will probably be wrought up to such a pitch as to commit the very crime he was warned against.

But the scheme is practicable. The association can print its "solid chunks of wisdom" in any paper in the United States, from the "Police Gazette" up to the "Church Journal;" it can paste them on Barnum's drop-curtain, if it likes, or put them as "gags" into the broad mouths of Clown and Pantaloon. So long as it is in funds, it can advertise anywhere and anyhow. The Rev. Homer Wilbur once offered to furnish a sermon gratis to the "Boston Courier," adding, as an inducement, that "by omitting the advertisements, it might easily be got within the limits of a single number, and I venture to assure you the sale of some scores of copies in this town." I have always thought it a great pity that the mercenary publishers declined this lavish offer—but the truth is that nowhere will love do so little for a man, and money so much, as in the advertising columns of a daily paper. There it is an affair not of sentiment but of sixpences; there business is business, insomuch that you will often see flaunted, beheralded by its own bravura, the very thing denounced in the editorial columns.

The "Evangelical Advertising Association" is worldly-wiser than delightful old Parson Wilbur. It pays for its homilies at regular rates, and so long as it does that, all doors will open before its magic talisman. But is the scheme wise? That it is thoroughly philanthropic, that its projectors are inspired by the highest motives, is admitted. But it must use the newspapers for its purpose with great discretion, since any odor of quackery about religious means repels people from religious ends. A genuine man of business naturally itches to transact affairs of the affection like everything else, on "sound business principles," and hence believes in the virtues of advertising; and he is always commendably anxious that the children of darkness should not be wiser in their generation than the children of light. But sound judgment is needed in this matter. On the ground that "the devil must not have the best tunes," we sometimes see most extraordinary feats of comic and operatic hymn-making. In the same way, in order to secure the business element of sensationalism, we see such

travesties on religion as the scenes in John Allen's dance-hall.

Nor let the Association, in adding fresh advertisements to newspapers, overlook the task of reforming those already there. These are mostly so full of lies, obscenity, and all sorts of evil, that it would be an Augean labor to cleanse the columns. Suppose the "Advertising Association" should be formed of men pledged never to say anything but the exact and literal truth in their *own* business advertisements—how would that do, to start with? Suppose they should unite to put down the custom of puffing quack medicines on alleged religious grounds, in editorial columns? Suppose they should consider that habit which some papers have of dividing themselves into a secular and a Sabbath moiety, but putting *secular advertisements in both departments?* One begins, in fine, to see how the uses of the Association open, and therefore to hope that it will not degenerate into becoming a mere instrument for paying sundry advertising agents a living out of "commissions," and "percentages off."

PRESIDENTS AND PRESIDENT MAKING.

THE Presidential contest has resulted in the choice of a majority of electors constructively pledged to cast their official votes for General Grant. Upward of five millions ballots were thrown, whereof the Grant electors received about a quarter of a million majority. This November vote makes Grant's election in due time morally sure, because the Republican electors have no reason to be dissatisfied with him—although, should they for any cause become so, they would of course have the power to ignore the expressed will of the people, and elect another man.

What names for President have we heard, this tumultuous autumn, but Grant and Seymour; what for Vice-President but Blair and Colfax? There was not a "scattering" vote in a million; nor in 1864 was a ballot thrown except for Lincoln or McClellan.

This election points a fresh moral for the political subject discussed in the October "Driftwood," and illustrates all that was then said. At this writing, the following is a fair approximate table of results:

FOR GRANT.

States.	*Electors.*	*Popular Maj.*
Maine	7	28,000
New Hampshire	5	7,000
Massachusetts	12	70,000
Rhode Island	4	6,400
Connecticut	6	3,000
Vermont	5	31,000
Pennsylvania	26	20,000
West Virginia	5	8,000
Ohio	21	35,000
Indiana	13	10,000
Illinois	16	50,000
Michigan	8	30,000
Wisconsin	8	15,500
Iowa	8	50,000
Nebraska	3	4,000
Tennessee	10	30,000
California	5	1,000
Nevada	3	1,000
Missouri	11	20,000
Kansas	3	5,000
North Carolina (?)	9	3,000
Minnesota	4	10,000
South Carolina	6	5,000
Florida	3	(By Leg.)
Arkansas (?)	5	1,000
Alabama (?)	8	2,000
26 States	214	445,900

FOR SEYMOUR.

New York	33	8,000
New Jersey	7	2,700
Delaware	3	2,500
Maryland	7	35,000
Kentucky	11	70,000
Georgia	9	35,000
Louisiana	6	30,000
Oregon (?)	3	1,000
8 States	79	184,200

Here, reckoning the total vote roundly at 5,000,000 (which it exceeds), Grant's popular majority is seen to be one-twentieth part of the whole vote; but his electoral majority (135) will be no less than *nine*-twentieths of the whole electoral vote (294). Again, suppose these changes from Grant to Seymour:

Pennsylvania	10,000	26
Indiana	5,000	13
California	500	5
Nevada	500	3
North Carolina	1,500	9
Connecticut	1,500	6
Alabama	1,000	8
Total	20,000	70

These 70 electoral votes, added to Seymour's 79, would make him President—and

yet, on the gross popular vote, he would still be over 200,000 votes behind Grant! Such would be the injustice wrought by the change of 20,000 votes; and the reader may figure in like manner with New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Ohio, Nebraska, Arkansas, South Carolina, to see what the change of 25,000 more would do. And what we here speak of as possible, in 1824, as will be seen by the table below, actually happened. Such are the beauties of the Electoral system.

De Tocqueville tells us that the Electoral College was devised "to render a majority more probable." That is to say, eighty years ago it was believed there would usually be so many Presidential aspirants as to make a clear majority in the popular ballot next to impossible; and, in fact, in 1789, with but ten States in the Union, there were eleven candidates for the Vice-Presidency; and in 1797, with sixteen States, twelve electoral candidates. But, prescient as were the fathers, they never dreamed of the political metamorphoses of our day. Through many years their theory held good: but at length, where of old were heard a dozen partisan bugle-blasts, these had blended into two or three; two standard-bearers habitually stood in the van, and behind them all the people, as in England, gathered in "two points of mighty opposites."

Jackson received a clear majority on the popular ballot in 1828, and again in 1832; so did Van Buren in 1836; so did Harrison in 1840; so did Polk in 1844; so did Pierce in 1852; so did Lincoln in 1864; so has Grant in 1868. Indeed, with two candidates in the field, a clear majority is a mathematical necessity. Thus De Tocqueville's proposition, that "it rarely happens that an individual can receive, at the first trial, a majority of the suffrages of a great people," has become historically untrue.

The "nominating convention," our modern political device, dissolves, fuses, and recombines whatever elements it touches, in the crucible of American politics, crystallizing, so to speak, every floating particle into one or other of two forms. No matter how obscure the rival candidates, one or the other must be the next President. When Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, growled out that Taylor's nomination was "not fit to be made," it was an omen of Taylor's success—as well as of Webster's support. Grant and Seymour were illustrious; but had any of Seymour's rivals for nomination—say Mr. Church, Mr. Packer, or Mr. Field—been the man, he would have run as well as Seymour. The national conventions of 1844 pitted Polk against Clay. "Who is James K. Polk?" instantly enquired, with great impartiality, both friend and foe—the one that he might vote for, the other that he might vote against him. On investigation he was discovered to be an obscure Tennessee politician, who, in due time, was elected over Henry Clay by a large popular as well as electoral majority. Eight years thereafter, anxious inquirers put a new question—"Who is Frank Pierce?" It was ascertained that this gentleman sustained the same relation to New Hampshire as Polk to Tennessee; and accordingly he was elected over General Scott by a rousing majority. Clearly enough, the device of the "convention" secures to the nominee a solid party vote, no matter who he is; and, accordingly, a popular majority for somebody is now well assured, because the existence of more famous public men of the same political school no longer splits up the party vote. Some belated Whig may think this proves that nominating conventions ought to be abolished; but that is another matter.

But suppose a popular majority were unattainable—why should not a *plurality* suffice? A popular plurality sometimes elects now; for, where there is no majority, the Electoral College merely makes the popular vote *look* as if it were a majority.

Let us now, however, turn to glance at a different matter—the connection of Congress and the College. A cautious housekeeper locks her door, puts the key in her trunk, locks that and puts the trunk-key in a cupboard, locks that and puts the cupboard-key under her pillow—sharp practice, unless the thief, instead of playing hide-and-seek for keys, concludes to pick the lock! The people are allowed to vote for President, but lest they should choose amiss, the real choice is remanded to electors; lest these should do something wrong together, they do not convene, but each

delegation meets and votes in its own State; if they have not disclosed a majority on the very first ballot, they are to have no second trial, but the matter is referred to Congress; and now, suppose, with all these precautions, that Congress should be more corruptible than the College?

The House selects a President from the "three highest candidates;" but why should not a body competent to select the three candidates from whom one must be chosen, also be trusted with power to choose that one? Again, in the House a majority of *States*, not of members, elects the President, thus introducing a new and entirely inconsequential principle of selection. For, whereas the design of the College seems to be to individualize the choice, in the House this choice becomes the *corporate* act of States. Well, then, why not vote by States in the Electoral College, in case of no majority, instead of doing so in the House? Moreover, it is quite possible that the candidate whom a majority of the members of the House vote for, may be rejected—because all the minority members in each State are not noticed at all, the State majority counting as 1, and the minority 0. And, finally, whereas the Electors were designated by the people solely to express their choice for President as that desire existed on the very day of the ballot, now the selection is given to a body chosen for an entirely different and incongruous purpose, namely, that of legislation, and chosen perhaps a year or two before, when the drift of public sentiment may have been precisely opposite. And this other body must not even vote as on every other question, but in a way to give no expression to the minority representatives from any State, though that minority should be (*e. g.*, in New York) to the majority as 15 to 16.

And after all this extraordinary process, in which the original ballot of the people, who imagined they were choosing a President, is utterly disregarded—after all, there is no more chance of a majority than before! For, if we reflect, with *three* candidates, it is obviously precisely as difficult to secure a majority of States in the House as a majority of Electors in the College.

History teaches the same lesson. Two Presidents only had been elected under our system, when, in 1801, the aid of Congress had to be invoked. The House cast no less than thirty-six ballots before a majority vote, even with the undemocratic makeshift of voting by States and ignoring minorities, could be secured for Mr. Jefferson. It was in session seven days, and beds and attendants were provided for the sick. It was worse than starving a jury into a verdict. Three successive Presidents were now elected and re-elected, when again there came a hitch. In 1824, the result of the election was as follows:

	People's Vote.	*Electors' Vote.*
Andrew Jackson	152,899	99
J. Q. Adams	105,321	84
W. H. Crawford	47,265	41
Henry Clay	47,937	37

By the peculiar justice of the Electoral system, Clay, as a penalty for having 4 votes less than Crawford in the College (and 228 less in a joint popular poll of 94,302), was allowed no chance whatever in Congress. Precisely what is gained, by the way, by this provision, it is hard to see—to confine the Congressional choice to the *two* highest candidates would have suggested the purpose of necessitating a choice; but to allow *three*, at once makes the matter doubtful; and, therefore, why bar out the others—for instance, the fourth candidate, who, as in the case just quoted, may tread so closely on the third one's heels? However, Henry Clay being extinguished in this way, the other three candidates went before the House; and that body elected—not Jackson, who had received a large plurality, both in the College and before the people, but Adams, who was far behind!

But to fully set forth the objections to the electoral system would require many pages. That it always and inevitably misrepresents the people, and that it can violate and has violated the expressed will of the people, are grounds sufficient for its abolition. In its place we should have a new *national* elective franchise, with a uniform qualification for voters, and with the President chosen directly by the people.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

HORACE GREELEY.

HORACE GREELEY has done much good and little harm in the course of a hard-working life. Most of the good is permanent, most of the harm will soon pass away. The good he did of purpose; into the evil he blundered by accident, through ignorance, or from some natural, peculiar incapacity. Of the latter all men have each a share; but Mr. Greeley's share is a small one; few men have a wider intellectual scope than his. And when we call to mind how painfully his knowledge has been acquired, how unaided were his early efforts, how he has had to struggle up to each commanding point, from which he has looked off and told those just below him what he saw, we must admit that his is a career which, although not without the signs of weakness and the fruits of error, is full of manliness and worthy of honor. Of the men who, as honorable and at least as able as he, call his wisdom folly, and point out instances in which his influence has been pernicious, and who are therefore his unrelenting opponents, not one will say that he ever did or said what he knew was wrong, to satisfy his greed or to gratify his malice, or that he has used his ability or his position mainly for his own advantage. Few men so exposed to temptation, and so well furnished with means and opportunity, stand before the world so unspotted with self-seeking.

The book which Mr. Greeley has just published* professes to tell, and in a measure does tell, the story of his life, what he has done, and how he did it; and not only what and how, but why. It is a volume of very unequal interest, fragmentary, composed of heterogeneous papers connected only by the fact of his connection with their subjects and the events to which they are related. Indeed some of the sections or chapters have no other title to the places they occupy than his mere interest in their subject-matter. Of these, those which tell of the political contests of the past and the passing generation, and which fill so many pages of this large volume, have the smallest value and the thinnest surface of human interest. Excepting those men who, living now, took an active part in these struggles —I had almost called them squabbles, so low, on Mr. Greeley's own showing, appears to have been the moral tone of those who took part in them, so pitiful the means by which they sought the attainment of ends, sometimes good enough in themselves —excepting these men, who haunted wigwams or log cabins of the political sort, and who drank whiskey or hard cider, which, however political in spirit, was real in substance, what mortal cares a copper how it was that "Old Tippecanoe's" or "Old Zack's" election, or "Harry Clay's" defeat was brought about? What difference would it make to us now if this Zack had been defeated and that Harry elected? What if neither had been at all? The one was a hard-fighting downright old soldier, the other a smooth-spoken ear-tickling politician, who had a great following because he said what his followers liked to hear, and advocated what they wished to have done; but from what deed of the former's is the country now the better or the worse? What speech or state paper of the latter's will now repay the reading? This worship of the shade of Harry of the West is incomprehensible to those who were not among his worshippers. I saw him once, and to my youthful eye he was

* Recollections of a Busy Life, etc., etc. By Horace Greeley. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 8vo., pp. 624.

only an ugly, awkward old man, whose mouth was like a great cut made in his face with a broad-axe, who took snuff with one flourish, and blew his nose with another, upon a red bandanna handkerchief, around whom men crowded almost as I have since seen them crowd around General Butler, and by whom some women sought the distinction of being kissed in public. This was nothing, and the lack may have been not in him, but in my capacity of apprehension; but what has he left behind him, that a man like Horace Greeley should dwell upon his memory?

For Horace Greeley, beginning life with even less advantage than Henry Clay, and having yet some years to live before he reaches the age attained by his idol, has made, and if he were to die to-morrow, would leave an enduring mark upon his country. He has done this by inborn strength, by steady work, and by earnestness of purpose; but partly, also, by being fortunate in his opportunity. The times have ministered occasion to him. At the time when he attained full manhood, there happened to be the need of just such a man as he was fashioned into by nature and by fortune. The need was new and strange—a triangular hole, and he came along, a three-cornered man, and fitted into it exactly—fitted into it so exactly, indeed, that ever since it has been impossible to dislodge or even to unsettle him. No one can come between him and the clientage by which he is surrounded; his very eccentricities, his lack of mental symmetry and of polish have given him the firmer hold in his position. Horace Greeley is the born and bred leader of the intelligent, right-minded, struggling, narrow, untrained "American," who gets most of his education and his information from a newspaper. His lack of early mental discipline and of symmetrical intellectual development, has been mourned by many, even among those who admire and love him. In this they are not entirely wise. *He* would have been bettered by the early culture of which he was deprived; he would have avoided some mistakes that he has made; and he would have addressed himself to intellects of a higher rank than those among whom he has found his audience. But for that very reason, he would not have been the prophet and the priest of so many hundreds of thousands of "Americans" in the farms and small towns north of the Potomac. Twenty-five years ago these men were ready to rise into a position which would give them a shaping influence upon the political and social development of the country They needed a representative, a leader, a teacher; not one who would come down to them, but one who had risen from them, and who had not risen so far that he was above their comprehension, or they were below his sympathy. That leader came to them in the person of a man who, born and bred in the humblest condition known among them, had borne the toughest trials, and had been fashioned by the severest training of honorable adversity, and knowing in his own person all their sorrows and their needs, was yet a born thinker and teacher, and had the energy and found the opportunity to work himself into a position in which he could think and teach.

Horace Greeley has grown wonderfully, even since we who are his juniors, and who yet are mature men, have known him through his writings; and the mass of his readers have grown with him. Like some schoolmasters, he has kept only a lesson ahead of his scholars, learning to-day what he taught to-morrow. But do not all teachers so? The difference between any of them and him is that he has printed his daily exercise, and called it "The New York Tribune." Hence what are called the vagaries and the vacillations of that paper. They are merely the visible, self-recorded efforts of a man who tries now this, now that mode of attaining one end; and who says on one day, I have found the way, come walk with me in it, and on another, No, this is the road, follow; and who is followed. Hence "The Tribune's" former readiness to give a hearing to any ism, so that at one time it had become itself one great ism, and the faith it taught was ism-ism. For all these isms profess to be the key to the great secret of which Mr. Greeley has given his life to the discovery—how to raise men speedily from poverty, and dependence, and wretchedness to comfort and independence, and happiness. He has found out by trial, what education

would have enabled him sooner to see without trial, that that secret is one quite undiscoverable. But if he had known this, he might not have made the efforts which, although they have not attained the end he had or seemed to have in view, have yet done much toward its attainment. His alchemy has not given every man the power of turning iron and lead to gold, but has ended in a wholesome chemistry of common life; his astrology has not revealed what is hidden in the future, but has been moulded by time and trial into the great science which guides us through the darkness and over the trackless wastes of the present. For the present is like the sea; it has no foot-prints, no landmarks.

Mr. Greeley tells a story of himself that is full of significance. One day at Chamounix his wife undertook with her children to reach the Glacier des Boissons, which he says seemed hardly a mile from the hotel. She lost her way, and was obliged to hire a peasant woman to pilot her back to the hotel, and carry one of the fagged-out children. Mr. Greeley laughed at her, and volunteered to lead the party the next morning straight up to the glacier "so that they might put their hands on it." "But," he says, "on trying it, I failed miserably." That is not the only dazzling point that has seemed to him hardly a mile off, and to which he has offered to lead people—women and children—so that they might put their hands on it to-morrow, and on trying it has failed miserably. In which he is but like all the rest of us; the wise, like you, reader, and the foolish, like—one who shall be nameless. But we do not make our efforts, as well as our promises in print, on paper, which, before the ink is well dried, is under the eyes of fifty thousand readers.

Horace Greeley, however he may have failed to do all that he sought to do, has come nearer to the attainment of his purpose than most reformers do during their lives. The country owes him much; and one of its debts it will ere long acknowledge—does in some sort now acknowledge. For if it be to him in a great measure that we owe the agitation which produced the late rebellion, and if in the course of that great commotion he offered, once or twice, to lead us whither we and he wished to go, and failed miserably; yet to him we owe, in at least as great a measure, the development of that spirit which resisted secession as well as slavery, and in the end, under more practical guidance than his, left us citizens of a great, free, and united country. Twenty-five years ago the popular strength and spirit which carried the government safely through our tremendous political convulsion was as lacking as the moral firmness that withstood the spread of slavery; and the growth of the former, no less than that of the latter, among the farmers and the artizans of the Free States, is largely due to the teaching and the influence of Horace Greeley.

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Greeley's "Recollections" is the collection of miscellaneous essays which closes the volume. He has thought much and thought well, not only upon reforms and reformers, but on poets and poetry.

His literary criticisms are always the expression of the liking or the disliking of a healthy intellectual taste and a good mental digestion. Sometimes they show a rare intuitive insight, although at others, it must be confessed that they are amazing; as, for instance, his giving as one reason why he cannot entirely love and admire Shakespeare, the absence of any recognition in the poet's works of the advantage mankind would derive from the discovery of America! There spoke the man who, when another man wrote and sent him a book to better the condition of the poor, told him that if he wished to benefit the poor, the best way was to get a patch of ground, raise as many potatoes on it as he could, and give away all that he did not want to eat himself. In that case he may have been right in his judgment, but possibly not in Shakespeare's. His remarks upon art and the drama show an organization more sensitive to beauty than he is supposed to have by those who do not know him. I am reminded by them of the only occasion upon which I saw him under æsthetic influence. Twelve or fifteen years ago I met him in the lower lobby of the opera house. He wore a black dress coat, a waistcoat, and neck-tie of black satin; and a consideration for the feelings of others had induced upon his hands a pair

of ample straw-colored kid gloves. His boots, however, were of a tint which was neither black nor straw color. After a cordial greeting, and a question as to the style of the opera he was going to hear, he passed to his seat in the middle of the parquet, and I to one in the boxes. I looked at him for a moment—the house was not very full—pointed him out to a friend, and saw that he was absorbed in the intricacies of the *libretto*. Soon I became so in the performance, and did not think of him again, until just as the curtain was coming down upon the grand *finale* of the first act my eye was caught by his figure. There he sat fast asleep.

The opera was one of Verdi's; the air was filled with horror and horns; and amid the blare and clangor of trumpets and trombones, the rattle and thunder of drums, the shouts of the chorus, the roaring of the *prima basso*, the outcries of the *prima tenore*, and the shrieks of the *prima donna*, his fair head, with its child-like beauty, was bowed upon his breast in a sweet and child-like slumber. The *libretto* had long before fallen from his pendent hand, and lay upon the floor. The curtain fell; the din ceased; and aroused by the silence, and comprehending at once the situation, he took his hat and swiftly sidled out of the house. I wonder if he has ever been to hear an opera since that evening; if he has I hope that he was not so worn out as he was then with his unselfish labors, and that he was soothed with a performance in which there was less noise and more music.

Horace Greeley is a shining example of the impotence of malice and abuse against a meritorious, strong, courageous man. Probably no man in the country has been so much maligned as he, and, what is worse, so much ridiculed. For years the "Herald" was conspicuous in its ribald misrepresentation of the man for whom its mildest phrase was "our nigger philosopher." The lash cut, and whoever applied it had the satisfaction of seeing that he gave pain; but that was all; and now who would not rather be the editor of "The Tribune," if it brought only bread and salt, than the editor of "The Herald," with an income that would keep up a principality?

Mr. Greeley comes of that Yankee stock which, contrary to the notion absurdly prevalent abroad, is hardy, capable of great and long continued labor, and toughly tenacious of life. Eighty years and more was not an uncommon age in his family. He has tried his stamina more than any of his kinsfolk, we may be sure; for like all hard workers and thinkers, he has burned his candle at both ends. But somehow men who do this do not always pay the penalty that would seem inevitable. Mr. Greeley has a healthy, well-balanced organization, and is as capable, and as greedy of hard work as ever. May he be the longest lived, as he is the most eminent of the name that he has made so widely known, so much respected and beloved.

R. G. W.

RUBY'S HUSBAND.

— WHATEVER criticisms may be made on the novels of Marian Harland, there is no question of the fact that they have appealed successfully to the popular taste. Her first works, "Alone" and the "Hidden Path," without any preliminary puffing, obtained a large circulation with such rapidity that of itself was a demonstration of sterling qualities. The plots were not at all startling; the course of the narratives was not marked by any of those melodramatic incidents which are so eagerly read by the million; and the characters were those of ordinary life. On the other hand, there were some undoubted merits; a style not often ambitious, excellent descriptive passages, a good degree of fidelity in the delineation of character, and a pervading tone that was healthy and moral. For these reasons Miss Harland's novels have been more enduringly popular, and popular with a better class, than most of our recent American fictions.

Her last book, "Ruby's Husband,"* will sustain the reputation of its predecessors. It exposes, with no little power and dramatic management, the evils arising from a hastily-contracted marriage between a man who, in the best sense of the word, is a gentleman, and a woman who, with some beauty and a superficial education, is vulgar, vain, and selfish at heart. The hero, Lou-

* Ruby's Husband, by Marian Harland. New York: Sheldon & Co.

is Suydam, is introduced as a melancholy, reserved, ambitious young student of medicine, whose family have both wealth and aristocratic tastes. In consequence of a severe wound from the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting, he falls for ten days under the charge and care of the family of Nick Slocum, a rude, shiftless, sporting Anak, whose wife—a woman of real refinement, long suffering, and Christian resignation—had eked out of their slender means enough to give an education to her daughter. The latter, Ruby, avails herself of the opportunity to win the disabled young student's fancy, and is successful. After a semi-romantic courtship, Louis marries her, but secretly, for fear of the displeasure of his father. During the period which intervenes between the marriage and its public avowal, Louis suffers the natural consequences of an alliance with a woman inherently coarse and mean, and of a perpetual hypocrisy toward his family and the world. His sufferings are intensified when, after discovering his wife's unworthiness, he meets and falls in love with one who, in refinement, delicate sentiment, and every noble quality, is the reverse of his wife. Without following the plot we will merely say that the development of this complicated situation is skilfully managed. It is a novel which will be read by thousands with pleasure and interest.

SWEDENBORG'S ANIMAL KINGDOM.

WHATEVER doubt we may have as to the position to which Swedenborg should be assigned, it must be admitted that he still sturdily maintains his ground against those who would snub him altogether out of notice. It is the tendency of modern criticism to ignore those who defy its classifications, and certainly Swedenborg sets all judgments at fault; yet no philosophical or religious writer of the past century is so persistently forcing himself upon the attention of the thinking men of to-day. A few months back a new discussion of his character and claims as a religious teacher was awakened on both sides of the Atlantic, by the publication of the most elaborate and critical biography which has yet appeared; and now his scientific claims are brought before us by the appearance of this elegant edition of the Animal Kingdom.* It is a work hard to classify, for even the position of its author as a man of science is undetermined. We may question whether his scientific works are not indebted to his theological reputation for the attention they receive; or whether, on the other hand, the opposition to his theological views does not prevent his securing the position to which he is entitled among men of science. Following the judgment he himself pronounced upon his scientific writings in the latter years of his life, we should regard them as merely the apprentice work by which his faculties were trained for the greater efforts of his life, upon which his enduring reputation will rest. Their chief value and interest is like that of the novitiate drawings of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo, which have a value beyond their mere intrinsic excellence, as the work of the master, and as showing the process by which he secured that control of his powers which enabled him in after years to give such noble expression to the inspiration of which he was the medium. The present scientific method is wholly in opposition to the character of Swedenborg's genius. It would confine it within limits too narrow to put it to its proper test, and thus fail to estimate it at its true value. Scientific principles rest upon scientific facts, and scientific facts are the result of investigation, while Swedenborg lays no claim to original investigation. His whole effort was to discover general principles, by the study and classification of the facts recorded by others. His work shows a marvellous grasp of principles, and it is wonderful that he should have advanced with his theories so far as he did in the direction of modern research, dependent as he was wholly upon the imperfect data furnished by the scientific observations of a century ago. He was, in philosophical inquiry, an Agassiz or a Darwin, constructing an entire anatomy from the study of some insignifi-

* The Economy of the Animal Kingdom; considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically. By Emanuel Swedenborg. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. Augustus Clissild, M. A. In two vols. Boston: T. H. Carter & Sons.

cant bone. It might be fair to conclude that as his speculations have thus far received the endorsement of more modern research, it will be safe to follow him where he advances beyond our present knowledge; but science is the blind servant of facts, and unable or unwilling to avail itself of speculations which go beyond the recorded evidence. Still, his works will be of service in testing facts, and guiding us to principles which will assist in determining their relations. This criticism applies to the whole series of Swedenborg's scientific treatises. The present work requires no extended analysis. It is already well known, and its appearance in its present elegant form is evidence that the interest in its author and his works is not diminishing.

BIERSTADT'S NEW PICTURE.

"MOUNT VESUVIUS at Midnight" is, on the whole, a disappointing picture, by no means worthy of the high praise it has received from English critics. Brilliant it certainly is, and in a certain sense effective; but, like all of Bierstadt's larger works, it lacks unity and harmonious proportion. There is certainly a great charm in the contrast of the red glare of the volcanic flames with the deep serenity of the midnight heavens. There is something very beautiful in the subtle interchange and play of the volcanic lights and the moonbeams on the masses of rolling smoke, and on the snow-covered hillocks, the ruins, and the clump of barren trees in the foreground. These effects are wrought out with feeling and skill, and with that approach to truth of nature, without reaching its full expression, which may be seen in all of Bierstadt's work. The eye delights to dwell on these effects, and finds more pleasure in them than in what should be the grand central point of the composition.

This is the great fault of Bierstadt's pictures. Take his "Rocky Mountains," for example. If his object in painting the picture was to give his impressions of the magnificent scenery of those mountains—and undoubtedly this was his object—he committed a great error in making the Indian encampment the most prominent feature of the composition. The spectator can't get by those lodges. If for a moment he looks at the placid lake, or the majestic crags and peaks beyond, he immediately comes back to wonder how the lodges look inside, what the wild folk in them are doing, and whether the lad in the foreground will have to wait much longer for the queer little animal in the hole to pop out its head and be shot. And if Bierstadt intended his picture to be a representation of Indian life, then surely he spent too much time in elaborating his mountains, his cascade and his lake — though he might have taken pains to bring his mountain outlines into a closer expression of mountain form. The picture of the two domes of the Yo Semite Valley repeats the same faults under different forms, and "Mount Vesuvius at Midnight" is liable to the same censure. At first glance the eye rests on a pile of ruined walls, and we stop and wonder what the building was once, and how and when it was destroyed. Then, before penetrating further into the picture, the eye falls on a high mountain cone to the left, and persons unfamiliar with the locality at once begin to wonder what its name is, and whether it is really higher than the volcano in the distance, as it appears to be; and when, finally, after this exploration of the foreground, we look at the volcano itself, off in the distance, and at one side of the picture, the feeling is one of disappointment. The mountain suggests neither grandeur of form nor of height, and the column of flame has a meagre and chimney-afire appearance. The frame, too, cuts off the upward-shooting column of flame and smoke, and materially injures its effect. The rolling masses of smoke that envelop one side of the mountain and pursue the stream of lava that pours downward toward the plains, are painted with greater care, and form one of the most effective parts of the composition.

A comparison of Bierstadt's painting with Church's representation of a South American volcano, exhibited here some years ago, will exhibit his failure in a clearer light. Church gave us a vast expanse of plain, across which the eye glanced with the quickness of light to the great

cone of the volcano rising majestically above the far horizon, and dominating every object in the scene. From its summit shot upward a vast column of flame and smoke and ashes, rising to its utmost height, and falling backward and spreading out over the land. The effect was majestic, and there was in the picture no disturbing element. The reflection in the lake, repeating the magnificent spectacle in the distance, adds to its grandeur and impressiveness. There is nothing in the picture to divert the mind for an instant from the point on which the artist wishes to fix the spectator's attention.

In Bierstadt's picture, on the contrary, there are numerous points of interest that catch the eye and destroy that unity of effect which every true artist seeks to produce. Still, as before admitted, the picture has many valuable qualities, and is one of the best examples of the "brilliant" and "effective" school of art to which Bierstadt belongs.

OUR ARTISTS AND THEIR SUMMER LABORS.

RETURNING slowly from their summer rambles in the Catskills, the Adirondacks, the Green Mountains, the White Hills, and the seaside resorts, the artists one and all bring pitiful tales of interruptions by dark days and rainy weather, in which it was impossible to make studies; yet a hasty glance at some of their portfolios shows that they made good use of the little sunshine vouchsafed them. Colman, in the Adirondacks and on the Hudson, was very successful. His sketches in oil and water-color are full of that tender grace and beauty which he always infuses into his work. William Hart, too, has managed to accumulate a large number of sketches—none of them, perhaps, quite equal to the exquisite things he did last year, but still very beautiful, and full of artistic suggestiveness. Perry, whose constant improvement shows how faithful and diligent he is in study, has made some very effective sketches of interiors in the old farm-houses of Connecticut and Massachusetts. One, in particular, will make a very brilliant picture—a New England cider-mill in full operation, with well-disposed groups of figures. Lambdin, Shattuck, Brevoort, Eastman Johnson, Bradford, Edwin White, and Whitredge, have also returned, pretty well satisfied with their summer work. At the time of writing, none of the artists have settled back into their quiet studio life, and further notice of the many beautiful things they have brought home from their summer rambles, must be deferred to the next number.

Launt Thompson's life-size statue of Gen. Sedgwick was formally uncovered to the public at West Point, on the 21st day of last October. A number of cannon, captured during the war from the Confederates, form the material of which it was cast, having been furnished by the Government for this purpose. The statue represents the general in the military dress he was accustomed to wear when on duty in the field,—the dress in which he was most familiar to his men, and in which he met his death in the Wilderness. Thompson has managed his material with great skill. The figure is well posed, the face dignified and thoughtful in expression, and in every line and feature faithful to that of the dead chieftain.

The next exhibition of the Water Color Society promises to equal, if not excel, that of last year. In spite of the bad weather, most of the members were able to make many studies and sketches, and with the added skill and practice of a year will doubtless give renewed impetus to an art too long neglected in this country. It is to be hoped the exhibition will not be opened prematurely, as it was last year. The artists ought to have full time for the elaboration of their studies, and it would be far better to defer the exhibition a month or two, than to open it with a meagre or otherwise unsatisfactory collection.

Mrs. Murray, whose Spanish studies in water-color have attracted great attention at many of our academy exhibitions, has taken a studio in the University building. She is an *artiste* of considerable talent and culture, though her power is chiefly shown in her sketches and not in her finished works.

If well managed—and the character of the gentleman who has it in charge is a guarantee that it will be—the "Derby Athenæum," recently opened in Broadway, will

become a very serviceable institution to artists and the public. The associative plan on which it is conducted—a ticket of membership and a share in the distribution of pictures being given for every five dollars' worth of articles purchased at the rooms—will tend to make it popular for a time, but the system is open to many objections.

S. S. C.

PRANG'S CHROMOS AGAIN.

WE print below Mr. Prang's good-humored protest against our criticisms on his chromo-lithographs. While our opinion remains unchanged in regard to the artistic merits of his publications and their true relation to original works, we must admit that Mr. Prang explains in a very satisfactory manner his own position, and exonerates himself from the charge of setting up for a "philanthropist in art," a "benefactor to his race," etc. We still think the tone, if not the language of his circulars, warranted the inference against which he now protests; but we accept his explanation, and feel relieved to know that he has no idea of setting up for anything of the sort. We still hold, however, to the entire justice of the criticisms signed "S. S. C.," which placed the greater number of Mr. Prang's chromos rather low in the scale, as works of art. That he has published some very beautiful works we freely acknowledge, and hasten also to reiterate the hope that he may rapidly improve his method of production, and every year merit less and less our adverse criticisms.

BOSTON, October 12, 1868.

To the Editor of the Galaxy.

SIR: I recognize in the initials appended to the art criticisms in the last number of THE GALAXY, those of a competent and distinguished metropolitan writer, to whom I am under many obligations for a prompt and generous recognition of whatever in my publications he has deemed worthy of praise; and —what is rarer yet—for a courteous and candid statement of the reasons which have restrained him from extending the same approbation to such of my issues as he could not conscientiously commend. By such a course, without intending it, he has done his best to please me; and by a careful selection of the best pictures, and a careful execution of them, I have done my best to gratify him. I do not always succeed in pleasing him—he frankly says, that "Mr. Prang, or his agent, sometimes falls into lamentable errors in the selection of pictures;" and, with equal honesty I do not hesitate to rejoin that "S. S. C." does not always succeed in convincing me, and that, in my judgment, I think he sometimes falls into lamentable errors in the condemnation of pictures. But I do not presume to dispute his verdicts in his own court; I only enter it to protest against a mistaken opinion that he has uttered in it, which relates to me as a man, and not as a publisher of chromo-lithographs.

Your contributor says:

"The man who supplies the popular demand for the best specimens will do the public a service. Mr. Prang claims rather too much, however, both for himself and for his publications. He wants to be considered a philanthropist, an apostle and preacher of art to the poor. When, in fact, he is merely a merchant of colored lithographs, who keeps the market supplied with his wares because it pays to do so. Let him avoid this nonsensical pretence, and give us no more works like 'The Winter Landscape,' and everybody will be glad to see him prosper."

Is your contributor *merely* a merchant of manuscript who "keeps the market supplied with his wares because it pays to do so?" Is it not quite possible to have a genuine love of art, and the sincerest desire to teach others to love it; to be even (as S. S. C. phrases it) impressed with the desire to become "an apostle and preacher of art to the poor"—and yet to earn one's daily bread—by vending art articles, whether in the form of colored lithographs or magazine criticisms? Your contributor knows that it is so in his case; and I affirm that it is so in my own. "Let him avoid this nonsensical pretence"—this implied assertion that the two things are incompatible, "and everybody will be glad to see him prosper."

But the fact is that I have made no such claim. The statement which your contributor repeats was first made in a form and manner which rendered it impossible for me, with a proper sense of self-respect, either to deny or notice it; and in consequence of my silence it has since sprouted with uncommon vigor in different parts of the country. I have claimed and do claim that chromo-lithography is destined to do for art what the printing press has done for literature; I have claimed and do claim that it will enable every poor man to have copies, in fac-simile, of great works of art just as the printing press has enabled him to own copies of the great masters of literature; I have claimed and do claim that it will prove a benefaction to the people—but I have never done or said anything, which, fairly interpreted, should authorize any one to write that I "want to be considered a philanthropist, an apostle and preacher of art to the poor;" while, on the other hand, I think that I could show (if it were of the slightest interest to any one outside of my own circle of friends) that I do not prosecute my vocation in a wholly mercenary spirit, and, possibly, that I may be something more—may have a higher ambition in life—than to be "merely a merchant of colored lithographs."

Yours truly,

LOUIS PRANG.

NEBULÆ.

— DESPITE some anticipations of trouble, the twenty-first Presidential contest passed as quietly and peaceably as any of its twenty predecessors, and already all parties acquiesce in the result. The ship of State which outrides the fierce storm of civil war, is not to be capsized and swamped by a political squall—by a mere cap-full of oratorical wind. The event, however, is happily over. A Presidential autumn invariably breaks up business, not only by distracting attention, but also by leaving it uncertain what national policy is to rule in the future. When this is decided, whatever the issue of the struggle, all parties are rejoiced to put an end to contention, and to let the affairs of ordinary life push again to the foreground. Both of the two great parties professed a desire for permanent *peace*. Let us accept this as an omen that tranquility will indeed be restored to the country, and that all good citizens will join to

> Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
> With smiling plenty and fair, prosperous days.

We may all add, too, in the prayer of Richmond,

> Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again;
> That she may long live here, God say—Amen.

— IN his notable Edinburgh speech on University Education, delivered just a year ago by Mr. Robert Lowe, M. P., the orator made a great hit by what he said regarding the modern languages. He averred that he had been on the Continent with a party of half a dozen first-class Oxford men, none of whom could speak a word of French or German, to order anything they wanted; "and," he humorously added, "if the waiter had not been better educated than we were, and known some other language than his own, we might have all starved." Precisely how much, or rather how little French a man can travel comfortably with in France, is a subject of calculation with many Americans; or, at least, with those who intend some day to cross the ocean. The *smallest* degree of knowledge we ever heard of being successfully put in use, was that of a young man—we tell the story, which is true, for the benefit of those to whom French comes hard—who was landed at Havre and wanted to go to Paris. He knew exactly *one* word of French in a way to be understood by a Frenchman. That was *Paris*. So what does our hero do but single out a porter, and, pointing to his trunk, say "Paris-choo-choo-choo"—imitating the sound of a locomotive under steam. The effect was miraculous. Without replying a word, the Frenchman seized the baggage, and soon the Yankee was bowling along in the train toward the French capital.

— WE must seize the occasion of the last "Nebula," however, to recall a discussion which took place at a late "University Convention" of New York. It was on this same subject of modern languages, and surpassed, in some respects, even the famous "rod debate" of the Massachusetts Teachers' Convention. Professor Wilson, of Hobart College, having declared that "the use of the calculus has been greatly underrated," that he had "used it in teaching political economy with success, and the best statement of free-will that he had ever seen, was expressed as a differential equation," went on to contrast modern languages with this wonderful do-all, the calculus. He thought that "learning to speak in foreign languages was time wasted, unless we intend to travel abroad." Whereupon another teacher, Mr. Whipple, de-

clared that "there was little utility, generally, in German and French," as that traveller proved, who, at his hotel, used to pull out a pocket-dictionary, and point the waiter to the word he wished to express—as, for instance, "potatoes." Is the "Paris-choo-choo" of our learned friend in the anecdote above much more extravagant than this traveller pointing to his *pommes-de-terre?* And is the farce of *Ici on parle Français* really a burlesque or actual history? A man can get along pretty well with a pocket-lexicon. Still we would not condemn foreign languages for such eccentric people as may want to go to Europe for something besides "potatoes," and who care to see, hear, and know something more than is capable of expression between the covers of a dictionary.

— A LADY reader "wonders at our temerity" in venturing to put in print anything that reflects directly or indirectly upon the assumptions of "the class whom we are wont to call servants, but who are in fact the mistresses." Why, she adds, can there not be some concerted action "to protect ourselves against the insolent ways of our servants and their exorbitant charges for most unworthy services?" She says that she has had $25 worth of property, at least, destroyed by a single servant within two months—and asks, "what can I do?" In the last GALAXY, while talking upon this subject, we gave a story of a cook that held a sort of official reception, in order to select a mistress to cook for. Here is another little incident of the same style. A lady having occasion to go several times to an intelligence office for servants, recognized one, as she thought, whom she had seen there before, and said, "You seem to find difficulty in getting a place; for I saw you here last week, did I not?" "Indade, you didn't," was the brisk reply, "an' if *you* were here last week, you won't suit me!"

— THE great Mississippi highway is destined, apparently, to far grander commercial uses than it has ever yet been put to. A sort of instinctive sense of its value was what brought the West to its feet at the outset of the Rebellion. That barriers should be thrown across this broad path to the sea, that vessels carrying the country's flag should be captured in making their way thither, that Confederate gyves should be fastened upon the arms of the "Father of Waters"—this could not be endured. The hardy sons of the West rose up, and pressed downward through the Mississippi, conquering everywhere, and pausing not until the great river ran "unvexed to the sea." When peace returned, the Northwest seemed to appreciate more fully than before the value of the grand water thoroughfare which it had cost so much to keep open. Governmental surveys and engineering operations were renewed with vigor; and merchants prepared to use the Mississippi outlet more than ever for exporting the products of the West and importing the product of all foreign nations. The great central advantage of shipping grain "in bulk" is of course too patent not to be thoroughly understood. New warehouses and grain elevators—the projects of Western men—are in contemplation in New Orleans. Some railroads, which once thought the great river to be their rival, and their own interests to lie in sending grain eastward for Atlantic seaboard transhipment, now deliver it freely to the Mississippi, in order to open trade with the South. In return, they hope to take not only the Texas cattle trade, but even much of the Isthmus trade of the Pacific. It would, indeed, be a grand commercial change, if a considerable part of the Pacific trade should be checked at Panama, and if imports from that quarter and from Europe, too, should reach the great Western market by way of the Mississippi.

— IN journeying through the mountain passes of Switzerland the inexperienced traveller is sure to be struck with the Alpine villages perched high up on ledges which to his eye seem incapable of holding anything, and presenting such an appearance as to suggest that they and the people must be held by some such power as that which holds a fly to the ceiling—*suction*. An American, to express in characteristic style his appreciation of this feature in the landscape, remarked that "It must be easy to commit suicide in Switzerland—all you have to do is to *let go*."

— Among oft-recurring quotations, Coleridge's lines upon Cologne are always famous and always in favor:

> The river Rhine, it is well known,
> Doth wash your city of Cologne;
> But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
> Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

The same jest, or substantially the same, may be found in one of the Epigrams of La Fontaine—the one on "Dirty Baths," written something over two centuries ago. This epigram runs as follows:

> Ne cherchons point en ce bain nos amours:
> Nous y voyons fréquenter tous les jours
> De gens crasseux une malpropre bande.
> Sire baigneur, ôtez-moi de souci;
> Je voudrois bien vous faire une demande:
> *Où lave-t-on ceux que l'on lave ici?*

La Fontaine himself speaks of this epigram as being taken from Athenæus—as, indeed, were others of his; for example, the one on marriage, derived from Aristophanes, through the medium of Athenæus. Accordingly he put "*Ubi lavantur qui hic lavantur*" as the motto of his lines. It would be hard to find these words in Athenæus, but nearly the same occur in Diogenes Laertius, who saddles the sarcasm upon Diogenes of the Tub. "Diogenes, ingressum sordidum balneum, *Qui hic se lavant*, ait, *ubi lavantur*." That is to say, Diogenes, on going out of a dirty bath-house, said, "Where do those get washed who wash here?" It is probable that the Latin, at least, was familiar enough to Coleridge; and there is even a marked similarity between La Fontaine's

> Sire baigneur, ôtez moi de souci
> Où lave-t-on ceux que l'on lave ici?

and Coleridge's

> Tell me, nymphs! what power divine
> Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

But Coleridge's lines are the keenest; and were they not, he has prefaced them with another couplet, namely,

> I counted two-and-seventy stenches
> All well defined, and several stinks,

racy and strong enough to make the Odor Cologne forever famous.

— "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." We would wager a large sum that not one in a thousand of our readers ever heard of Squire Jovial. And yet we can recount an anecdote of him and of his country practice at the bar which will show that his want of notoriety is a regular case of neglected genius. The Squire once had an important case in a country court, whose decision depended entirely on the way the jury would regard the testimony of one lady. He lost his case, because the fair witness swore positively to an occurrence which she witnessed at the distance of several rods, although there were several persons who stood much nearer than she, that saw nothing whatever of it. The old Squire looked rather blue when the jury brought in their verdict, but revenged himself by rising and telling the court a story of "a lady he once knew" who was very near-sighted, but always declared her eye-sight to be excellent. Accordingly, one day, a neighbor stuck a darning-needle in the side of a barn, and, placing her on the opposite side of the road, asked her if she could see it. "Oh, yes," replied the old lady, "I can see the needle easy; but *whar's the barn?*"

— Perhaps logically we ought to follow this story with the following, something akin. It was the case of Deacon Longbow, a member of the Orthodox Church in the town of A. The Deacon was, in the main, a good-hearted man; but his fancy was very vivid, more so, indeed, than the ordinary duties of his deaconhood required, and, in spite of all his endeavors, his imagination *would* sometimes soar above and beyond the strict bounds of veracity. At length, when he had several times transgressed the road of fact, and employed figurative language to excess, he was arraigned before the Church. The specific charge was that he had told Brother L. that he had seen a walnut sixteen inches in circumference which was really only six, and a hog thirteen feet long—a manifest absurdity. The Deacon put in as his defence that he *thought* the walnut was sixteen inches in circumference, and that the hog was thirteen feet long—but if it was a mistake, it was *only an error in judgment*, and not a crime for which he was amenable to the Church.

— EVERYBODY has heard of the famous "shipbuilding on the Clyde," and everybody knows, too, that the Clyde is in the southern part of Scotland, and flows into the Frith of Clyde, which is contiguous to the North Channel. From this fact, however, as is not generally known, there results a "mixed" population on the Clyde of Scotch, Irish, and English; and "mixed races" are always noted for their address and skill. The reason why Clyde-built ships are so superior is often discussed; for, with the same materials, they somehow usually surpass the vessels of rival shipbuilders. One reason is clear, namely, that the whole population engaged in this occupation are, as it were, *born* shipbuilders —born, as much as a poet is, and not merely *made*. Every man that so much as drives a rivet, has some theory in his brain of the "lines" and "capacities" of the whole model. Thus it happens with all classes and grades of these shipwrights, that their "whole mind" is given to it; and, from a cravat to a corvette, that is the secret of success.

— DURING the past summer a travelling Englishman, in eager search of information, fell upon the soldier who guarded the pit containing the sacred bears of Berne, and cornered him with questionings and cross-questionings in regard to that other Briton, whose after-dinner visit to the bears proved so fatal to him a few years since. The patience of the guard was exhausted, when the final question came as to how his comrades on duty at the time could have had the inhumanity to stand by and see the Briton devoured, instead of saving him by shooting the bears. "Well, the fact is, if you must know," answered the stolid Schweitzer, "bears are getting very scarce of late years in Berne, while Englishmen are plentier than ever." There was perhaps a touch of inhumanity in the answer, but it was very satisfactory from the point of view of a Schweitzer, impatient of finding his toes trod upon by the hob-nailed shoes of the English tourist, even in his most sacred haunts. What with English Alpine clubs, and the Queen's visit to the Alps, even the chamois are crowded from their paths. It must be confessed, though, that the Yankees do not follow far behind. They are quite as adventurous as the English, but do not meet with so many accidents; whether it be that they are lighter of foot or quicker of wit. The English frequently get themselves into trouble through their self-sufficient contempt of the advice and experience of their guides. Thus the accident on the Matterhorn, in which three Englishmen and two guides lost their lives in 1864, was the result of disregarding the advice of the guides and carrying with the party a young Englishman, Sir Frederick Hudson—a mere boy of nineteen, whose muscles were not yet hardened or his nerves under control. Before the accident, he had slipped so frequently that the guides refused to accompany him, until their remonstrances were overborne by the self-willed Englishmen. The story of the consequences is told in the churchyard at Zermatt, where rest the remains, which were buried there after being gathered up in bags from the foot of the precipice, four thousand feet below where the tourists fell. An American followed last summer over the same route, but he went with no one but his guides, of whom he had five of the best. The American merchant who has recently told the story of his ascent of Mont Blanc, also went alone with his guides.

During late tours in Switzerland we heard on every hand of fatal accidents to English, but only one to an American, though our countrymen swarmed upon every road and mountain-top. Another young American did fall, with his guide, into a crevasse on Mont Blanc; but the two were marvellously checked in their descent into the depths below by a projecting ledge of ice, upon which they clung helplessly, and fearing every moment would precipitate them into the hopeless abyss. They were finally missed, traced, discovered, and drawn out; and restored to the upper world as by a miracle. The young American was described as appearing "as cool as if nothing had happened." His unconcern under such circumstances might be questioned; of his coolness there can be no doubt. The accidents and hair-breadth escapes among tourists in Switzerland are far more than is supposed.